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CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME LAXIA	JANUARY-JUNE, 1920
AMERICAN ART SEASON. See The Field of Art.	PAGE
AMERICANS. See Generally Speaking.	
ANCIENT FOOTPRINTS IN THE GRAND CANYON . Illustrations from photographs.	JOHN C. MERRIAM 77
ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS. (A Story) Illustrations by L. F. Wilford,	Amory Hare 617
ANGLING IN THE ANTIPODES	HENRY VAN DYKE 68
ARNOLD, FRANK R. The Mating Season of Co-Education	648
AS I LIKE IT. (Department)	WILLIAM LYON PHELPS 97, 209, 319, 431, 544, 658
ATOM, THE STRIPPED	ROBERT A. MILLIKAN 477
AUTHOR. See On the Right of an Author to Repeat Himself,	
AYLWARD, W. J. In French Ports	451
BALCOM, LOWELL W. China: Linoleum Block Prints .	35
BALTIMORE, DON JUAN IN	LEONARD CLINE 467
BANKER. See The Small-Town Banker Puts on Knickers.	
BARROWS, MARY ALICE. Corridor Adventures	300
BELLEAU WOOD, INTO	JOHN W. THOMASON, JR 306
BELO, JANE. Foot-Hills of Cuba	128
BENDER, HAROLD H. Solving the Riddle of a Lost Race .	252
BIDDLE, GEORGE. Foot-Hills of Cuba	
BLEEDING CROSS, THE. (A Story)	Emerson Low 82
BOHEMIA À LA MODE. (A Story)	Edwin Dial Torgerson . 191
BOTTICELLI, SANDRO. See The Field of Art.	
BOUTON, S. MILES. The German Student Changes His Politics	
BOYD, THOMAS. Good Roads	42
BRITISH COLUMBIA. See The Gitksan on the Skeena.	
BURLINGAME, ROGER. The Doctor's Confession	162
CHINA: LINOLEUM BLOCK PRINTS	LOWELL W. BALCOM 35

	D. O.
CLAUSTROPHOBIA. (A Story)	Abbie Carter Goodloe . 401
CLINE, LEONARD. Don Juan in Baltimore	467
CODDLING CRIMINALS	CHARLES C. NOTT, JR 540
CO-EDUCATION. See The Mating Season of Co-Education.	
COLLEGE WORLD, PLAYBOYS OF	FREDERICK P. KEPPEL 26
COLUM, MARY M. A Critical Credo	387
CONQUEST OF MIKE, THE. (A STORY)	John W. Thomason, Jr 17
CORRIDOR ADVENTURES	MARY ALICE BARROWS . 300
CORTISSOZ, ROYAL. The Field of Art. (Department) .	104, 217, 328, 439, 552, 665
CRIME. $See \left\{ egin{array}{ll} \mbox{The Juror's Part in Crime.} \\ \mbox{Coddling Criminals.} \end{array} \right.$	and the second
CRITICAL CREDO, A	MARY M. COLUM 387
CUBA. See Foot-Hills of Cuba.	
DOCTOR'S CONFESSION, THE. (A STORY)	ROGER BURLINGAME 162
DON JUAN IN BALTIMORE. (A STORY)	LEONARD CLINE 467
DOWNING, J. HYATT. Rewards	412
DRAMA. See Playboys of the College World.	
DRAWINGS. See $\left\{ egin{array}{ll} { m China: Linoleum Block Prlnts.} \\ { m In French Ports.} \end{array} \right.$	
DUTCH. See "More Dutch than New York."	
EARTHQUAKE DAYS IN SANTA BARBARA	HENRY S. PRITCHETT 593
EDUCATION. See The German Student Changes His Politics. The Mating Season of Co-Education. The Mysterious I. Q.	
END OF AN EPOCH, THE—THE PASSING OF THE APOSTLES OF LIBERALISM IN THE UNITED STATES	WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE . 561
ETCHINGS	RALPH M. PEARSON 259
FIELD OF ART, THE. (Department.) Illustrated	ROYAL CORTISSOZ
A Great Modern Draftsman—Jean-Louis Forain Sandro Botticelli Seen Through Oriental Eyes	
Some Episodes in the American Art Season	328
Art	
FLORENTINE FACE, A. (A STORY)	Bernice Kenyon 59
FOOT-HILLS OF CUBA—A CROSS-SECTION OF SPAN-ISH-AMERICAN CIVILIZATION	GEORGE BIDDLE AND JANE BELO
FOOTPRINTS. See Ancient Footprints in the Grand Canyon.	
FORAIN, JEAN-LOUIS. See The Fleld of Art.	
FRENCH PORTS, IN	W. J. AYLWARD 451
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. The Silver Spoon. (Serial)	4, 177, 284, 353, 518, 625

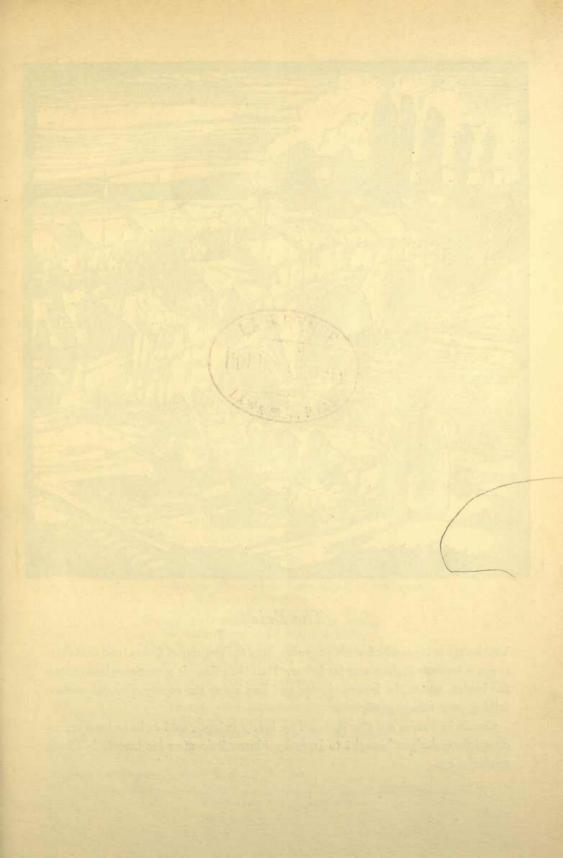
		PAGE
GASTRONOMY. See Small-Town Gastronomy.		IAGE
GENERALLY SPEAKING—ARE AMERICANS "GRASP- ING MATERIALISTS" OR "SLOPPY IDEAL- ISTS"?	T. B. Simpson	654
GERMAN STUDENT CHANGES HIS POLITICS, THE	S. MILES BOUTON	121
GITKSAN ON THE SKEENA, THE	W. LANGDON KIHN	170
GLADYS MARLEY. (A Story)	CLARKE KNOWLTON	263
GOG AND MAGOG, THE LAND OF	OLIVER LAFARGE II	607
GOODLOE, ABBIE CARTER. Claustrophobia		401
GOOD ROADS. (A Story)	THOMAS BOYD	42
GRAND CANYON. See Ancient Footprints in the Grand Canyon.		
HALE, GEORGE ELLERY. Heat from the Stars		47
HAMMOND, JOHN HAYS. The Jameson Raid and the World War		, 376
HARE, AMORY { Moorings		368 617
HEAT FROM THE STARS	GEORGE ELLERY HALE .	47
HINES, HARLAN C. The Mysterious I. Q		155
HITTITES. See Solving the Riddle of a Lost Race.		
HOME. (A Story)	REUBEN MAURY	639
HORSE. See Smoky—A One-Man Horse.		
HOSPITAL. See Corridor Adventures.		
HUNTINGTON, ELLSWORTH. What the Weather Does to	The same is a second	571
I. Q., THE MYSTERIOUS	HARLAN C. HINES	155
INDIVIDUALISM. See The New Reformation.	May with allowing	
IN FRENCH PORTS. Twelve Sketches by	W. J. AYLWARD	451
INSTALMENT PLAN, RELIGION AND THE	EDWARD REXFORD	427
INTO BELLEAU WOOD	John W. Thomason, Jr Captain, U. S. Marine Corps.	306
JAMES, WILL. Smoky—A One-Man Horse		578
JAMESON RAID AND THE WORLD WAR, THE—THE	John Hays Hammond . 227	
JAPANESE ART. See A Leader in New Japanese Art.		
JUROR'S PART IN CRIME, THE	CHARLES C. NOTT, JR	94
KENYON, BERNICE. A Florentine Face		59
KEPPEL, FREDERICK P. Playboys of the College World .		26
KIHN, W. LANGDON. The Gitksan on the Skeena		170
KNOWLTON, CLARKE. (Miss Phabe's Lover		137 263
LAFARGE, OLIVER. The Land of Goo and Magon	AND RESIDENCE OF STREET	607

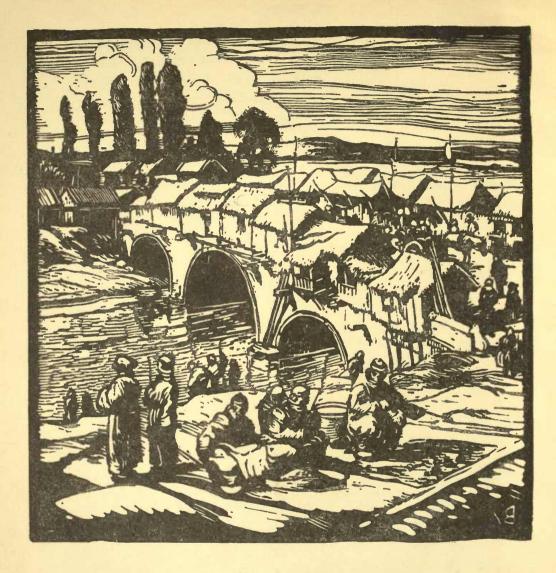
LANDLOCKED. (A STORY)	STELLA BEEHLER RUDDOCK 504
LAND OF GOG AND MAGOG, THE—EXPLORING THE LOST MAYA CIVILIZATION AND THEIR WILD DESCENDANTS	Oliver LaFarge II 607
LEADER IN NEW JAPANESE ART, A—THE PAINTER WHO SET OUT TO FIND MICHAEL ANGELO. Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge and from the work of Seijo.	CAROLINE SINGER 458
LIBERALISM. See The End of an Epoch.	
LOW, EMERSON. The Bleeding Cross	82
MAIL DAY	John W. Thomason, Jr 421 Captain, U. S. Marlne Corps.
MATING SEASON OF CO-EDUCATION, THE Decorations by Margaret Freeman.	FRANK R. ARNOLD 648
MATTHEWS, BRANDER. On the Right of an Author to Repeat Himself	204
MAURY, REUBEN. Home	639
MAYA CIVILIZATION. See The Land of Gog and Magog.	
MERRIAM, JOHN C. Ancient Footprints in the Grand Can- yon	
MIKE, THE CONQUEST OF	JOHN W. THOMASON, JR 17
MILLIKAN, ROBERT A. The Stripped Atom	477
MISS PHŒBE'S LOVER. (A Story)	Clarke Knowlton 137
MOORINGS. (A Story)	AMORY HARE 368
"MORE DUTCH THAN NEW YORK"	EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEF- FER 149
MORTON, LEIGH. The Understudy	529
MYSTERIOUS I. Q., THE	HARLAN C. HINES 155
NEW REFORMATION, THE—THE TRIUMPH OF INDIVIDUALISM IN SCIENCE	Michael Pupin 113, 275
NEWSPAPER. See The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party.	
NEW ZEALAND. See Angling in the Antipodes.	
NEXT CASE. (A Story)	THOMAS RIPLEY 599
NOTT, CHARLES C. { The Juror's Part in Crime	94
ON THE RIGHT OF AN AUTHOR TO REPEAT HIMSELF	Brander Matthews 204
OTHER ROAD, THE. (A STORY)	Edward L. Strater 240
PEARSON, RALPH M. Etchings	259
PHELPS, WILLIAM LYON. As I Like It. (Department)	
PLAYBOYS OF THE COLLEGE WORLD	
PRITCHETT, HENRY S. Earthquake Days in Santa Bar-	

	PAGE
PUPIN, MICHAEL. The New Reformation	
RELIGION AND THE INSTALMENT PLAN	Edward Rexford 427
REPEAT HIMSELF, ON THE RIGHT OF AN AUTHOR	Brander Matthews 204
REWARDS. (A Story)	J. HYATT DOWNING 412
REXFORD, EDWARD. Religion and the Instalment Plan.	427
RIPLEY, THOMAS. Next Case	599
ROSE, WILL { The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party The Small-Town Banker Puts on Knickers . Small-Town Gastronomy	
RUDDOCK, STELLA BEEHLER. Landlocked	504
SCHAEFFER, EVELYN SCHUYLER. "More Dutch than New York"	149
SEIJO. See A Leader in New Japanese Art.	
SILVER SPOON, THE. (Serial) Part I, Chapters VI-XIV; Part II, Chapters I-XII; Part III, Chapters I-V (See also Vols. LXXVIII and LXXX.)	John Galsworthy 4, 177, 284, 353, 518, 625
SIMPSON, T. B. Generally Speaking	654
SINGER, CAROLINE. A Leader in New Japanese Art .	458
SKEENA, THE GITKSAN ON THE	W. Langdon Kihn 170
SMALL-TOWN BANKER PUTS ON KNICKERS, THE	WILL ROSE 393
SMALL-TOWN GASTRONOMY	WILL ROSE 513
SMALL-TOWN NEWSPAPER DIVORCES ITS PARTY, THE	WILL ROSE 314
SMOKY—A ONE-MAN HORSE The Breaking-In At Work On Other Ranges Illustrations by the Author. (See also Vol. LXXX.)	Will James
SOLVING THE RIDDLE OF A LOST RACE—STORY OF THE HITTITES COMING TO LIGHT AFTER 2,000 YEARS Illustrations from photographs.	HAROLD H. BENDER 252
SPANISH ART. See The Field of Art.	
STARS. See Heat from the Stars.	
STRATER, EDWARD L. The Other Road	240
STRIPPED ATOM, THE	ROBERT A. MILLIKAN 477
THOMASON, JOHN W., JR. The Conquest of Mike Mail Day	
TIEPOLO. See The Field of Art.	
TORGERSON, EDWIN DIAL. Bohemia à la Mode	191
UNDERSTUDY, THE. (A STORY)	Leigh Morton 529
VAN DYKE, HENRY. Angling in the Antipodes	68
WAR. See { Into Belleau Wood. The Jameson Raid and the World War.	

CONTENTS

	p p	AGE
WATER-COLOR PAINTING. See The Field of Art.		AGE
WHAT THE WEATHER DOES TO US	Ellsworth Huntington ,	571
WHITE, WILLIAM ALLEN. The End of an Epoch		561
POETRY		
BLUE BOWL		624
MOUNDS	JAMES G. BERRIEN	318
PILATE REMEMBERS	WILLIAM E. BROOKS	375
FROM ITALY: LA TRAMONTANA	DAVID CARTER	486
FEAR NOT LOVE	LEONARD CLINE	25
SAILOR'S SONG	LOUIS DODGE	203
SYRIAN SONGS	Louis Dodge	411
POSSESSION	BARBARA FROST	67
NOCTURNE IN EREBUS	WILLIAM GRIFFITH	653
TRADITION	ARTHUR GUITERMAN	606
SEA WINDS	WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE	190
DERELICT	RUTH LAMBERT JONES	420
THREE AND FOUR	RICHARD V. LINDABURY, JR.	136
AMALFI	BENJAMIN R. C. LOW	127
THE LAST MOONRISE	BENTON B. ORWIG	392
THREE LYRICS	SARA TEASDALE	3
PERSONAGES	FLORENCE WILKINSON	34
TO A FRIEND GOING ABROAD	EDMUND WILSON	274
THE SENIOR	IRENE H. WILSON	657





The Bridge

THE lovely bridges which seem to grow across the streams of China, and cast their moon reflections in the water far below. Half the village is sometimes built along the bridge, where the houses cluster and lean along the coping, like old women talking over village gossip.

Canals in Venice are also spanned by lovely bridges, said to have been reproduced from designs brought to Italy by Marco Polo after his travels in China centuries ago.

-See "China," page 35.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIX

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NO. 1

Three Lyrics

BY SARA TEASDALE

MOUNTAIN WATER

You have taken a drink from a wild fountain
Early in the year;
There is nowhere to go from the top of a mountain
But down, my dear;
And the springs that flow on the floor of the valley
Will never seem fresh or clear
For thinking of the glitter of the mountain water
In the feathery green of the year.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT

MIDSUMMER night, without a moon, but the stars In a serene bright multitude were there, Even the shyest ones, even the faint motes shining Low in the north under the Little Bear. When I have said "This tragic farce I play in Has neither dignity, delight nor end," The holy night draws all its stars around me—I am ashamed, I have betrayed my Friend.

WINTER NIGHT SONG

WILL you come as of old with singing, And shall I hear as of old? Shall I rush to open the window In spite of the arrowy cold?

Ah no, my dear, ah no,
I shall sit by the fire reading,
Though you sing half the night in the snow
I shall not be heeding.

Though your voice remembers the forest,
The warm green light and the birds,
Though you gather the sea in your singing
And pour its sound into words,

Even so, my dear, even so,
I shall not heed you at all;
Though your shoulders are white with snow,
Though you strain your voice to a call,
I shall drowse and the fire will drowse,
The draft will be cold on the floor,
The clock running down,
Snow banking the door.

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The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

VI

SOAMES KEEPS HIS EYES OPEN



OAMES, having prolonged his week-end visit, had been spending the afternoon at the Zoological Gardens, removing his great-nephews, the little Cardigans, from

the too close proximity of monkeys and cats. After standing them once more in Imogen's hall, he had roosted at his club till, idly turning his evening paper, he had come on this paragraph, in the "Chiffchaff" column:

"A surprise for the coming Session is being confectioned at the Wednesday gatherings of a young hostess not a hundred miles from Westminster. Her husband, a prospective baronet lately connected with literature, is to be intrusted with the launching in Parliament of a policy which enjoys the peculiar label of Foggartism, derived from Sir James Foggart's book called 'The Parlous State of England.' This amusing alarum is attributed to the somewhat fantastic brain which guides a well-known weekly. We shall see what comes of it. In the meantime the enterprising little lady in question is losing no chance of building up her 'salon' on the curiosity which ever surrounds any buccaneering in politics."

Soames rubbed his eyes; then read it again with rising anger. "Enterprising little lady is losing no chance of building up her 'salon." Who had written that? He put the paper in his pocket—almost the first theft he had ever committed—and all the way across St. James's Park in the gathering twilight he brooded on that anonymous paragraph. The allusion seemed to him unmistakable, and malicious into the bargain. "Lionhunter" would not have been plainer.

Unfortunately, in a primary sense "lionhunter" was a compliment, and Soames doubted whether its secondary sense had ever been "laid down" as libellous. He was still brooding deeply, when the young men ranged alongside.

"Well, sir?"

"Ah!" said Soames. "I want to speak to you. You've got a traitor in the camp." And, without meaning to at all, he looked angrily at Francis Wilmot.

"Now, sir?" said Michael, when they

were in his study.

Soames held out the folded paper.

Michael read the paragraph and made

"Whoever wrote that comes to your evenings," said Soames; "that's clear. Who is he?"

"Very likely a she, sir."

"D'you mean to say they print such things by women?"

Michael did not answer. "Old For-

syte" was behind the times.

"Will they tell me who it is, if I go down to them?" asked Soames.

"No, sir, fortunately."

"How d'you mean 'fortunately'?"

"Well, sir, the Press is a sensitive plant. I'm afraid you might make it curl up. Besides, it says such nice things about people that aren't deserved."

"But this—" began Soames; he stopped in time, and substituted: "Do you mean that we've got to sit down under it?"

"To lie down, I'm afraid."

"Fleur has an evening to-morrow."

"Yes."

"I shall stay up for it, and keep my eyes open."

Michael had a vision of his father-inlaw, like a plain-clothes man in the neigh-

borhood of wedding presents.

But in spite of assumed levity, Michael had been hit. The knowledge that his adored one had the collector's habit, and flitted, alluring, among the profitable,

had, so far, caused him indulgent wonder. But now it seemed more than an amusing foible. The swiftness with which she turned her smile off and on as though controlled by a switch under her shingled hair; the quick turns of her neck, so charming and exposed; the clever roving, disguised so well but not quite well enough, of the pretty eyes; the droop and flutter of their white lids; the expressive hands grasping, if one could so call such slim and dainty apprehensions, her career —all this suddenly caused Michael pain. Still, she was doing it for him and Kit! French women, they said, co-operated with their husbands in the family career. It was the French blood in her. Or perhaps just idealism, the desire to have and be the best of whatever bunch there was about! Thus Michael, loyally. But his uneasy eyes roved from face to face of the Wednesday gathering, trying to detect

signs of quizzicality.

Soames followed another method. His mind, indeed, was uncomplicated by the currents awash in that of one who goes to bed with the object of his criticism. For him there was no reason why Fleur should not know as many aristocrats, labor members, painters, ambassadors, young fools, and even writing fellows, as might flutter her fancy. The higher up they were, the less likely, he thought with a certain naïveté, they would be to borrow money or get her into a mess. His daughter was as good as or better than any of them, and his deep pride was stung to the quick by the notion that people should think she had to claw and scrape to get them round her. It was not she who was after them, but they who were after her! Standing under the Fragonard which he had given her, grizzled, neatly mustached, closefaced, chinny, with a gaze concentrated on nothing in particular, as of one who has looked over much and found little in it, he might have been an ambassador—so harmless that a young woman, with redgold hair, about an inch long on her deshingled neck, came and stood with her back ato him, together with a soft man, who kept washing his hands. Soames could hear every word of their talk.

"Isn't the little Mont amusing? Look at her now, with 'Don Fernando'—you'd think he was her only joy. Ah! There's

young Bashly! Off she goes. She's a born little snob. But that doesn't make this a 'salon,' as she thinks. To found a 'salon' you want personality and wit, and the 'don't care a damn' spirit. She hasn't got a scrap. Besides, who is she?"

"Money?" said the soft man.

"Not so very much. Michael's such dead nuts on her that he's getting dull; though it's partly Parliament, of course. Have you heard them talk this Foggartism? All food, children, and the future—it's the very dregs of dulness."

"But new," purred the soft man,

"novelty is the vice of our age."

"One resents a nobody like her climbing in on piffle like this Foggartism. Did you read the book?"

"Hardly. Did you?"

"No jolly fear! I'm sorry for Michael. He's being exploited by that little snob."

Penned without an outlet, Soames had begun breathing hard. Feeling a draft, the young woman turned to encounter a pair of eyes so grey, so cold, in a face so concentrated, that she moved away. "Who was that old buffer?" she asked of the soft man; "he gave me 'the jimjams."

The soft man thought it might be a poor relation—he didn't seem to know anybody.

But Soames had already gone across to

Michael.

"Who's that young woman with the red hair?"

"Marjorie Ferrar."

"She's the traitress—turn her out!" Michael stared.

"But we know her quite well—she's a daughter of Lord Charles Ferrar, and——"

"Turn her out!" said Soames again.

"How do you know, sir?"

"I've just heard her use the very words of that paragraph, and worse."

"But she's our guest."

"Pretty guest!" growled Soames

through his teeth.

"One can't turn a guest out. Besides, she's the granddaughter of a marquis and the pet of the Panjoys. It would make the hell of a scandal."

"Make it, then!"

"We won't ask her again; but, really, that's all one can do."

"Is it?" said Soames; and walking past his son-in-law, he went toward the object of his denunciation. Michael followed, much perturbed. He had never yet seen his father-in-law with his teeth bared. He arrived in time to hear him say in a low but quite audible voice:

"You were good enough, madam, to call my daughter a snob in her own house."

Michael saw the deshingled neck turn and rear, the hard blue eyes stare with a sort of outraged impudence; he heard a laugh, then Soames saying:

"You are a traitress; be so kind as to

withdraw."

Of the half-dozen people round, not a soul was missing it! Oh, hell! And he the master of the house! Stepping forward, he put his arm through that of Soames.

"That'll do, sir," he said quietly. "This is not a peace conference. Miss

Ferrar's car is waiting."

There was a horrid hush, and in all the group only the soft man's white hands, washing each other, moved.

Marjorie Ferrar took a step toward the

door.

"I don't know who this person is," she said; "but he's a liar."

"I guess not."

At the edge of the little group was a dark young man. His eyes were fixed on Marjorie Ferrar's, whose eyes in turn were fixed on his.

And suddenly Michael saw Fleur. She had been just behind, and must have heard it all! She stood, very white, smiled, waved her hand and said:

"Madame Carelli's going to play."

Marjorie Ferrar walked on toward the door, and the soft man followed her, still washing those hands, as if trying to rid them of the incident. Soames, like a slow dog making sure, walked after them; Michael walked after him. The words, "Quelle blague!" floated back, and a soft echoing snicker. Slam! Outer door and incident were closed.

Michael wiped his forehead. One half of the brain behind admired his father-in-law, the other thought: 'Well, the old man has gone and done it!' He went back into the drawing-room. Fleur was standing near the clavichord, as if nothing had happened. But Michael could see her

fingers crisping at her dress, and his heart felt sore. He waited, quivering, for the last notes.

Soames had gone up-stairs. Before "The White Monkey" in Michael's study he reviewed his own conduct. He regretted nothing. The red-headed cat! "Born snob!" "Money? Not very much." Ha! "A nobody like her!" Granddaughter of a marquis, was she? Well, he had shown the insolent baggage the door. All that was sturdy and all that was acrid in his blood, all that resented patronage and privilege, the inherited spirit of his forefathers moved within him. Who were the aristocracy, to give themselves airs? Set of jackanape descendants mostly of those who had got on by robbery or jobbery! That one of them should call his daughter, his daughter, a snob! He wouldn't lift a finger, wouldn't cross a road, to meet the Duke of Seven Dials himself! If Fleur liked to amuse herself by having people round her, why shouldn't she? His blood ran suddenly a little cold. Would she say that he had spoiled her salon? Well, he couldn't help it if she did. Better to have had the thing out and got rid of that cat, and know where they all were. 'I shan't wait up for her,' he thought. 'Storm in a tea-

The thin strumming of the clavichord came up to him out on the landing, waiting to climb to his room. He wondered if these evenings woke the baby. A gruff sound at his feet made him jump. That dog lying outside the baby's door! He wished the little beggar had been downstairs just now; he would have known how to put his teeth through that redhaired cat's nude stockings. He passed on up, looking at Francis Wilmot's door,

which was opposite his own.

That young American chap must have overheard something, too; but he shouldn't allude to the matter with him; not dignified. And shutting his door on the strumming of the clavichord, Soames closed his eyes again as best he could.

VII

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT

MICHAEL had never heard Fleur cry, and to see her, flung down across the bed,

smothering her sobs in the quilt, gave him a feeling akin to panic. She stopped at his touch on her hair and lay still.

"Buck up, darling!" he said gently. "If you aren't one, what does it matter?"

She struggled up and sat cross-legged, her flushed face smudged with tears, her hair disordered.

"Who cares what one is? It's what

one's labelled."

"Well, we've labelled her 'Traitress."

"As if that made it better! We all talk behind people's backs. Who minds that? But how can I go on when everybody is snickering and thinking me a lion-hunting snob? She'll cry it all over London in revenge. How can I have any more evenings?"

Was it for her career or his that she was sorrowing? Michael went round to the other side of the bed and put his arms

about her from behind.

"Never mind what people think, my child. Sooner or later one's got to face that, anyway."

"İt's you who aren't facing it. If I'm not thought nice I can't be nice."

"Only the people who really know one

matter."

"Nobody knows one," said Fleur sullenly. "The fonder they are, the less they know, and the less it matters what they think."

Michael withdrew his arms.

She sat silent for so long that he went back to the other side of the bed to see if he could tell anything from her face resting moodily on her hands. The grace of her body thus camped was such that his senses ached. And since caresses would only worry her, they ached the more.

"I hate her," she said, at last. "If I

can hurt her I will."

He would have liked to hurt the "pet of the Panjoys" himself, but it did not console him to hear Fleur utter that sentiment; it meant more from her than from himself, who, when it came to the point, was a poor hand at hurting people.

"Well, darling," he said, "shall we

sleep on it?"

"I said I wouldn't have any more eve-

nings; but I shall."

"Good!" said Michael; "that's the spirit."

"Is it?" she said, and laughed. It was

a funny, hard little sound in the night. And with it Michael had to remain discontented.

All through the house it was a wakeful night. Soames had the three o'clock tremors, which cigars and the fresh air wherein he was obliged to play his golf had subdued for some time past. He was disturbed, too, by that confounded great clock from hour to hour, and by a stealthy noise between three and four, as of some one at large in the house.

This was, in fact, Francis Wilmot. Ever since his three impulsive words the young man had been in a peculiar state of mind. As Soames surmised, he too had overheard Marjorie Ferrar slander her hostess; but in the very moment of his refutation, like Saul setting forth to attack the Christians, he had been smitten by blindness. Those blue eyes, pouring into his the light of defiance, had finished with a gleam which seemed to say: "Young man, you please me!" It haunted him. That lissom nymph, with her white skin and red-gold hair, her blue eyes full of insolence, her red lips full of joy, her white neck fragrant as a pine wood in sunshine—the vision was abiding. It was "sort of uncanny" the way she had left her image on his senses in that one long moment, so that now he got no sleep. Though he had not been introduced, he knew her name to be Marjorie Ferrar, and he thought it "fine." Altogether she was unlike any woman he had known, or seen even on the cinematograph. And he had given her the "frame-down" direct! This made him so restless that he drank the contents of his water-bottle, put on his clothes and stole down-stairs. Passing the Dandie, who stirred, as though muttering: "Unusual; but I know those legs!" he reached the hall, where a milky glimmer came in through the fanlight. Lighting a cigarette, he sat down on the marble coffer. It cooled his anatomy. He got off it, turned up the light, saw a telephone directory resting beside him, and mechanically sought the letter "F." Gee! There she was, sure enough! "Ferrar, Marjorie, 3, River Studios, Wren Street." Switching off the light, he slipped back the door chain and stole out. He knew his way to the river, and went toward it.

It was the hour when sound, exhausted, has laid its head on the pillow, and one can hear a moth pass. London, in clear air, with no smoke going up, slept beneath the moon. Bridges, towers, water, all silvered, had a look as if withdrawn from man. Even the houses and the trees enjoyed their moony hour apart, and with the Ancient Mariner seemed to breathe out Francis Wilmot's favorite stanza:

> "O Sleep, it is a blessed thing, Beloved from pole to pole! To Mary Queen the praise be given, She sent the gentle sleep from heaven That slid into my soul!"

He, who knew not Wren Street, turned at random to the right along the river. Never in his life had he walked through a great city at the dead hour. Not a passion alive, nor a thought of gain; haste asleep, and terrors dreaming; here and there, no doubt, one turning on his bed; perhaps a soul passing! Down on the water lighters and barges lay shadowy and abandoned, with red lights burning; the lamps along the Embankment shone without purpose, as if they had been freed. Man was away. In the whole town only himself up and doing-what? Natively shrewd and resourceful in all active situations, the young Southerner had little power of diagnosis. He knew what he wanted, not why he wanted it, nor whether it was good for him. But if he and the moon could "locate" her windows he could go home and sleep. He passed the Tate Gallery and saw a human being with moonlit buttons.

"Pardon me, officer," he said, "but where in the nation is Wren Street?"

"Straight on and fifth to the right." Francis Wilmot resumed his march. The moon was heeling down across the river, the stars were gaining light, the trees had begun to shiver. He found the fifth turning, walked down "the block," and was no wiser; it was too dark to read names or numbers. He passed another buttoned human effigy and said:

"Pardon me, officer, but where are River Studios?"

"Comin' away from them; last house

on the right."

Francis Wilmot retraced his steps. There it was, then, by itself, back from the street. He stood before it and gazed

at dark windows. Why, she might be behind any one of them! It did not occur to him that he was a fool to have come. He had "located" her; and in the rising wind he turned and walked home. He went up-stairs stealthily as he had come down, past the Dandie, who again raised his head, muttered: "Still more unusual, but the same trousers!" entered his room, lay down, and fell asleep like a

VIII

ROUND AND ABOUT

GENERAL reticence at breakfast concerning the incident of the night before made little impression on Soames, because the young American was there, before whom one naturally would not discuss it; but he noted that Fleur was pale. In his early-morning vigil legal misgivings had assailed him. Could one with impunity call even a red-haired baggage "traitress" in the hearing of some half-dozen persons? He went off to his sister Winifred's after breakfast, and told her the whole story.

"Quite right, my dear boy," was her comment. "They tell me that young woman is as fast as they're made. Her father, you know, owned the horse that didn't beat the French horse—I never can remember its name—in that race, the Something Stakes, at— Dear me! What was the meeting?"

"I know nothing about racing," said Soames.

But that afternoon, at "The Connoisseurs Club," a card was brought to him:

LORD CHARLES FERRAR,

HIGH MARSHES, NR. NEWMARKET.

BURTON'S CLUB.

For a moment his knees felt a little weak; but, the word "snob" coming to his assistance, he said dryly: "Show him into the strangers' room." He was not going to hurry himself for this fellow, and he finished his tea before repairing to that forlorn corner.

A tallish man was standing in the middle of the little room, thin and upright, with a mustache brushed arrogantly off his lips, and a single eye-glass which seemed to have grown over the right eye,

so unaided was it. There were corrugations in his thin, weathered cheeks, and in his thick hair flecked at the sides with gray. Soames had no difficulty in disliking him at sight.

"Mr. Forsyte, I believe?" Soames inclined his head.

"You made use of an insulting word to my daughter last night in the presence of several people."

"Yes; it was richly deserved."
"You were not drunk, then?"
"Not at all," said Soames.

His dry precision seemed to disconcert the visitor, who twisted his mustache, frowned his eye-glass closer to his eye, and

"I have the names of those who overheard it. You will be good enough to write to each of them separately, withdrawing your expression unreservedly."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

A moment's silence ensued. "You are an attorney, I believe?"

"A solicitor."

"Then you know the consequences of refusal."

"If your daughter likes to go into court, I shall be happy to meet her there."

"You refuse to withdraw?"

"Absolutely."

"Good evening, then!"

"Good evening."

For two pins he would have walked round the fellow with the bristles rising on his back, but instead he stood a little to one side to let him out. Insolent brute! He could so easily hear again the voice of old Uncle Jolyon, characterizing some person of the 'eighties as "a pettifogging little attorney." He felt that somehow or other he must relieve his mind. "Old Mont" would know about this fellow; he would go across and ask him.

At "The Aeroplane" he found not only Sir Lawrence Mont, looking almost grave, but Michael, who had evidently been detailing to his father last evening's incident. This was a relief to Soames, who felt the insults to his daughter too bitterly to talk of them. Describing the visit he had just received, he ended with the words:

"This fellow—Ferrar—what's his

standing?"

"Charlie Ferrar? He owes money everywhere, has some useful horses, and is a very good shot." "He didn't strike me as a gentleman," said Soames.

Sir Lawrence cocked his eyebrow, as if debating whether he ought to answer this remark about one who had ancestors from one who had none.

"And his daughter," said Soames,

"isn't a lady."

Sir Lawrence wagged his head.

"Single-minded, Forsyte, single-minded; but you're quite right; there's a funny streak in that blood. Old Shropshire's a dear old man; it skipped his generation, but it's there—it's there."

"He called me an attorney," said Soames with a grim smile, "and she called me a liar. I don't know which is

worse."

Sir Lawrence got up and looked into St. James's Street. Soames had the feeling that the narrow head perched up on that straight thin back was worth more than his own in this affair. One was dealing here with people who said and did what they liked and damned the consequences; this baronet chap had been brought up like that himself; he ought to know how their minds worked.

Sir Lawrence turned.

"She may bring an action, Forsyte; it was very public. What evidence have you?"

"My own ears."

Sir Lawrence looked at the ears as if to gauge their length.

"M'm! Anything else?"

"That paragraph."

"She'll get at the paper. Yes?"
"The man she was talking to."

Michael ejaculated: "Philip Quinsey! Put not your trust in Gath!"

"What more?"

"Well," said Soames, "there's what that young American overheard, whatever it was."

"Ah!" said Sir Lawrence. "Take care she doesn't get at him. Is that

all?"

Soames nodded. It didn't seem much, now he came to think of it!

"You say she called you a liar. How would it be to take the offensive?"

There was a silence. Then Soames

said: "Women? No!"

"Quite right, Forsyte! They have their privileges still. There's nothing for it but to wait and see how the cat jumps.

Traitress! I suppose you know how much the word costs?"

"The cost," said Soames, "is nothing;

it's the publicity!"

His imagination was playing streets ahead of him. He saw himself already in "the box," retailing the spiteful purrings of that cat, casting forth to the public and the papers the word "snob" of his own daughter; for if he didn't he would have no defense. Too painful! Too painful!

"What does Fleur say?" he asked suddenly of Michael.

"War to the knife."

Soames jumped in his chair.

"Ah!" he said, "that's a woman all

over-no imagination!"

"That's what I thought at first, sir, but I'm not so sure. She says if Marjorie Ferrar is not taken by the short hairs she'll put it across everybody; and that the more public the thing is the less harm she can do."

"I think," said Sir Lawrence, coming back to his chair, "I'll go and see old Shropshire. My father and his shot woodcock together in Albania in '54."

Soames could not see the connection, but did not snub the proposal. A marquis was a sort of gone-off duke; even in this democratic age he would have some influence, one supposed.

"He's eighty," went on Sir Lawrence, and inclined to gout in the stomach, but

he's as brisk as a bee."

Soames could not be sure whether it was a comfort.

"The grass shall not grow, Forsyte. I'll go there now."

They parted in the street, Sir Lawrence

moving north, toward Mayfair.

The Marquess of Shropshire was dictating to his secretary a letter to the County Council, urging on them an item of his lifelong programme for the electrification of everything. One of the very first to take up electricity, he had remained faithful to it all his brisk and optimistic days. A short, bird-like old man, in shaggy Lovat tweeds, with a blue tie of knitted silk passed through a ring, bright cheeks and well-trimmed white beard and mustache, he was standing in his favorite attitude, with one foot on a chair, his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his hand.

"Ah! young Mont!" he said. "Sit down."

Sir Lawrence took a chair, crossed his knees, and threaded his finger-tips. He found it pleasing to be called "young Mont" at sixty-six.

"Have you brought me another of your

excellent books?"

"No, marquess; I just want your advice."

"Ah! Mr. Mersey, go on: 'In this way, gentlemen, you will save at least three thousand a year to your rate-payers, confer a blessing on the countryside by abolishing the smoke of four filthy chimneys, and make me your obedient servant, 'Shropshire.'

Thank you, Mr. Mersey. Now, my dear

young Mont?"

Having watched the back of the secretary till it vanished, and the old peer pivot his bright eyes, with their expression of one who means to see more every day, on the face of his visitor, Sir Lawrence took his eye-glass between thumb and finger and said:

"Your granddaughter, sir, and my daughter-in-law want to fight like billy-o."

"Marjorie?" said the old man, and his head fell to one side like a bird's. "I draw the line—a charming young woman to look at, but I draw the line. What has she done now?"

"Called my daughter-in-law a snob and a lion-hunter; and my daughter-in-law's father has called your granddaughter a traitress to her face."

"Bold man," said the marquess. "Bold

man! Who is he?"

"His name is Forsyte."

"Forsyte?" repeated the old peer.
"Forsyte? The name's familiar. Now, where would that be? Ah! Forsyte and Treffry, the big tea men. My father had his tea from them direct—real caravan; no such tea now. Is that the——"

"Some relation, perhaps. This man is a solicitor—retired; chiefly renowned for his pictures. A man of some substance

and probity."

"Indeed! And is his daughter a—a lion-hunter?"

Sir Lawrence smiled.

"She's a charmer. Likes to have people about her. Very pretty. Excellent little mother; some French blood."

"Ah!" said the marquess: "the French!

Better built round the middle than our people. What do you want me to do?"

"Speak to your son Charles."

The old man took his foot off the chair. and stood nearly upright. His head moved sideways with a slight continuous motion.

"I never speak to Charlie," he said gravely. "We haven't spoken for six

vears."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Didn't know.

Sorry to have bothered you."

"No, no; pleasure to see you. If I run across Marjorie, I'll see-I'll see. But, Mont, what shall we do with some of these young women-no sense of service, no continuity, no hair, no figures? By the way, do you know this Power Scheme on the Severn?" He held up a pamphlet: "I've been at them to do it since '90. My colliery could be made to pay with electricity; but they won't move. We want some Americans over here."

Sir Lawrence had risen: the old man's sense of service had so clearly taken the bit between its teeth again. He held out

"Good-by, marquess; delighted to see

you looking so well."

"Good-by, my dear young Mont; command me at any time, and let me have

another of your nice books."

They shook hands; and from the Lovat clothes was disengaged a strong whiff of peat. Sir Lawrence, looking back, saw the old man back in his favorite attitude, foot on chair and chin on hand, already reading the pamphlet. 'Some boy!' he thought, 'as Michael would say. But what has Charlie Ferrar done not to be spoken to for six years? Old Forsyte ought to know . . . !'

In the meantime Old Forsyte and Michael were walking homeward across St. James's Park.

"That young American," said Soames; "what d'you suppose made him put his

oar in?"

"I don't know, sir; and I don't like to

ask."

"Exactly," said Soames glumly. There was, indeed, something particularly repulsive to him in treating with an American over a matter of personal dignity.

"Do they use the word 'snob' over

there?"

States. To hunt lions is a form of idealism. They want to associate with what they think better than themselves. It's rather fine."

Soames did not agree, but found difficulty in explaining why. Not to recognize any one as better than himself, or his daughter, had been a sort of guiding principle, and they were not talked about. In fact, it was so deep that he hadn't known of it.

"I shan't mention it," he said, "unless he does. What more can this young woman do? She's in a set, I suppose?"

"The Panjoys-"

"Panjoys!"

"Yes, sir; out for a good time at any cost-they're very few and they don't really count. But Marjorie Ferrar's in the limelight. She paints a bit; has got some standing with the Press; dances; hunts; she's a bit of an actress; and she goes everywhere week-ending. It's the week-ends that matter, where people have nothing to do but talk. Were you ever at a week-end party, sir?"

"I?" said Soames. "Good Lord-no!" Michael smiled-incongruity, indeed,

could go no farther.

"We must get one up for you at Lippinghall."

"No, thank you."

"You're right, sir; nothing more boring. But they're the *coulisses* of politics. Fleur thinks they're good for me. And Marjorie Ferrar knows all the people we know, and lots more. It is awkward."

"I should go on as if nothing had happened," said Soames. "About that paper? They ought to be warned that

this woman is venomous."

Michael regarded his father - in - law

quizzically.

On entering, they found the man servant in the hall.

"There's a man to see you, sir, by the

name of Bugfill."

"Oh! Ah! Where have you put him?" "Well, I didn't know what to make of him, sir; he shakes all over. I've stood him in the dining-room."

"Excuse me, sir," said Michael.

Soames passed into the "parlor," where he found his daughter and Francis Wil-

"Mr. Wilmot is leaving us, father. "I'm not sure; but it's a virtue in the You're just in time to say good-by."

If there were moments when Soames felt cordial, they were such as these. He had nothing against the young man; indeed, he rather liked the look of him; but to see the last of almost anybody was in a sense a relief; besides, there was this question of what he had overheard, and to have him about the place without knowing would be a continual temptation to compromise with one's dignity and ask him what it was.

"Good-by, Mr. Wilmot," he said; "if you're interested in pictures-" He paused, and holding out his hand, added: "You should look in at the British Mu-

seum."

Francis Wilmot shook the hand deferentially.

"I certainly will. It's been a privilege

to know you, sir."

Soames was wondering why, when the

young man turned to Fleur.

"I'll be writing to Jon from Paris, and I'll be sure to send your love. You've been perfectly wonderful to me. I'll be glad to have you and Michael visit me any time you come across to the States; and if you bring the little dawg, why, I'll just be honored to let him bite me again."

He bowed over Fleur's hand, kissed it, and was gone, leaving Soames staring at

the back of his daughter's neck.

"That's rather sudden," he said, when the door was closed; "anything upset him?"

She turned on him, and said coldly:

"Why did you make that fuss last night, father?"

The injustice of her attack was so palpable that Soames bit his mustache in silence. As if he could help himself, when she was insulted in his hearing!

"What good do you think you've

Soames, who had no notion, made no attempt to enlighten her. He only felt

sore inside.

"You've made me feel as if I couldn't look anybody in the face. But I'm going to, all the same. If I'm a lion-hunter and a snob, I'll do it thoroughly. Only I do wish you wouldn't go on thinking I'm a child and can't defend myself."

And still Soames was silent, sore to the

soles of his boots.

Fleur flashed a look at him, and said:

"I'm sorry, but I can't help it; everything's queered." And she, too, went out of the room.

Soames moved blindly to the window, and stood looking out. He saw a cab with luggage drive away; saw some pigeons alight, peck at the pavement, and fly off again; he saw a man kissing a woman in the dusk; a policeman light his pipe and go off duty. He saw many human and interesting things; he heard Big Ben chime. Nothing in it all! He was staring at a silver spoon. He himself had put it in her mouth at birth.

IX

POULTRY AND CATS

ONE who had been stood in the diningroom, under the name of Bugfill, was still upright. Rather older than Michael, with an inclination to side-whisker, darkish hair and a pale face, stamped with that look of schooled quickness common to so many actors, but unfamiliar to Michael; he was grasping the edge of the diningtable with one hand, and a wide-brimmed black hat with the other. The expression of his large, dark-circled eyes was such that Michael smiled, and said:

"It's all right, Mr. Bergfeld, I'm not a manager. Do sit down and smoke!"

The visitor silently took the proffered chair and cigarette with an attempt at a fixed smile. Michael sat on the table.

"I gather from Mrs. Bergfeld that

you're on the rocks?"

"Fast," said the shaking lips.

"Your health, and your name, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"You want an open-air job, I believe? I haven't been able to think of anything very gaudy, but an idea did strike me last night in the stilly watches. How about raising poultry? Everybody's doing it."

"If I had my savings."

"Yes, Mrs. Bergfeld told me about them. I can inquire, but I'm afraid——"

"It's robbery." The chattered sound let Michael at once into the confidence of the many managers who had refused to employ him who uttered it.

"I know," he said, soothingly, "robbing Peter to pay Paul. That clause in the Treaty was a bit of rank barbarism

camouflage it as they like. Still, it's no good to let it prey on your mind."

But his visitor had risen. "To take from civilian to pay civilian! Then why not take civilian life for civilian life? What is the difference? And England does it—the leading nation to respect the individual. It is abominable."

Michael began to feel that he was over-

doing it.

"You forget," he said, "that the war made us all into savages, for the time being; we haven't got over it yet. your country began it, you know. But what about this poultry stunt?"

Bergfeld seemed to make a violent

effort.

"For my wife's sake," he said, "I will do anything; but unless I get my savings back, how can I start?"

"I can't promise; but perhaps I could start you. How do you get on with that hair-dresser below you? He wants an open-air job, too. What is his name?"

"Swain. He is an opinionated man,

but we are good friends enough."

Michael got off the table. "Well, leave it to me to think it out. We shall be able to do something, I hope." And he held out his hand.

Bergfeld took it silently, and his eyes resumed the expression with which they

had first looked at Michael.

'That man,' thought Michael, 'will commit suicide some day, if he doesn't look out.' And he showed him to the door. He stood there some minutes looking after the German actor's vanishing form, with a feeling as if the dusk were formed out of the dark stories of such as he and the hair-dresser, and the man who had whispered to him to stand and deliver a job. Well, Bart must lend him that bit of land beyond the coppice at Lippinghall. He would buy a war hut if there were any left, and some poultry stock, and start a colony—the Bergfelds, the hair-dresser and Henry Boddick. They could cut the timber in the coppice, and put up the fowl-houses for themselves. It would be growing food—a sort of experiment in Foggartism! Fleur would laugh at him. But was there anything one could do nowadays that somebody couldn't laugh at? He turned back into the house. Fleur was in the hall.

"Francis Wilmot has gone," she said.

"Why?"

"He's got to go to Paris."

"What was it he overheard last night?"

"Do you suppose I asked?"

"Well, no," said Michael humbly. "Let's go up and look at Kit; it's about his bath time."

The eleventh baronet, indeed, was al-

ready in his bath.

"All right, nurse," said Fleur, "I'll finish him."

"He's been in three minutes, ma'am." "Lightly boiled," said Michael, sitting

down on the taps.

For one aged only fourteen months this naked infant had incredible vigor; from lips to feet he was all sound and motion. He seemed to lend a meaning to life. His vitality was absolute, not relative. His kicks and crows and splashings had the joy of a gnat's dance, or a jackdaw's gambols in the air. They gave thanks not for what he was about to receive, but for what he was receiving. White as a turtledove, with pink toes, darker in eyes and hair than he would be presently, he grabbed at the soap, at his mother, at the turkey-towelling-he seemed only to need a tail. Michael watched him, musing. This manikin, born with all that he could possibly wish for within his reach—how were they to bring him up? Were they fit to bring him up—they who had been born, like all their generation in the richer classes-emancipated, to parents properly broken-in to worship the fetich—Liberty. Born to everything they wanted, so that they were at wits' end to invent something they could not get; driven to restive searching by having their own way? The war had deprived one of one's own way, but the war had overdone it, and left one grasping at license. And for those, like Fleur, born a little late for the war, the tale of it had only lowered what respect they could have for anything. Yes! With veneration killed, and selfdenial "off," with atavism buried, sentiment derided, and the future in the air, hardly a wonder that modernity should be a dance of gnats, taking itself damned seriously! And sitting there above the steam, Michael frowned at his progeny. Without faith was one fit to be a parent? Well, people were looking for faith again. Only they were bound to hatch the egg of it so hard that it would be addled long

before it was a chicken. 'Too self-conscious!' he thought, and pulled up the

Fleur had finished drying the eleventh baronet, and was dabbing powder over him; her eyes seemed penetrating his skin, as if to gauge the state of health behind it. He watched her take the feet and hands one by one and examine each nail, lost in her scrutiny. 'Devotion!' he thought. 'That's what we want!' And oppressed by the difficulty, as a member of parliament, of being devoted, he left the bathroom. He went to his study and took down a volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," containing the word Poultry. He read about Leghorns, Orpingtons, White Sussex, Bramaputras, and was little the wiser. He remembered that if you drew a chalk-line to the beak of a hen, the hen thought it was tied up. He wished somebody would draw a chalk-line to his beak. Was Foggartism a chalkline? A voice said:

"Tell Fleur I'm going to her aunt's."

"Leaving us, sir?"

"Yes, I'm not wanted."

"You'll see her before you go?"

"No," said Soames.

Had somebody rubbed out the chalkline to Old Forsyte's nose?

"Do you think there's any money in

poultry-farming, sir?"

"There's no money in anything nowadays."

"And yet the income-tax returns continue to rise."

"Yes," said Soames; "there's some-

thing wrong there."

"You don't think people make their incomes out more than they are?"

Soames blinked. Pessimistic though he felt at the moment, he could not take quite that low view of human nature.

"You'd better see that Fleur doesn't go about abusing that red-haired bag-"She was born with a gage," he said. silver spoon in her mouth; she thinks she can do what she likes." And he shut Michael in again.

Silver spoon in her mouth! How

à propos! ..

After putting her baby into its cot, Fleur had gone to the marqueterie bureau in the little sanctuary that would have been called a boudoir in old days. She sat there brooding. How could her father have made it all glaringly public? Couldn't he have seen that it was nothing so long as it was not public, everything the moment it was? She wanted to pour out her heart, to tell people her

opinion of Marjorie Ferrar.

She wrote three letters—one to Lady Alison, and two to women in the group who had overheard it all last night. She concluded her third letter with the words: "A woman like that, who pretends to be a friend and sneaks into one's house to sting one behind one's back, is a snake of the first water. How society can stick her, I can't think; she hasn't a moral about her nor a decent impulse. As for her charm-Good Lord!" Yes! And there was Francis Wilmot! She had not said all she wanted to say to him.

"My DEAR FRANCIS," she wrote, "I am so sorry you have run away like this. I wanted to thank you for standing up for me last night. Marjorie Ferrar is just about the limit. But in London society one doesn't pay attention to backbiting. It has been so jolly to know you. Don't forget us; and do come and see me again when you come back from Paris.-Your very good friend,

"FLEUR MONT."

She addressed it to him at the hotel where he had said he would be that night. In future she would have nothing but men at her evenings! But would they come if there were no women? And men like Philip Quinsey were just as snake-like. Besides, it would look as if she were really hurt. No! She would have to go on as before, just dropping people who were "catty." But who wasn't? Except Alison, and heavy-weights like Mr. Blythe, the minor ambassadors, and three or four earnest politicians, she couldn't be sure about any of them. It was the thing to be "catty." They all scratched other people's backs, and their faces, too, when they weren't looking. Who in society was exempt from scratches, and who didn't scratch? Not to scratch a little was so dreadfully dull. She could not imagine a scratchless life except perhaps in Italy. Those Fra Angelico frescoes in the San Marco monastery! There was a man who did not scratch. St. Francis talking to his birds, among his little

flowers, with the sun and the moon and the stars for near relations. Ste. Claire! Ste. Fleur-little sister of St. Francis! To be unworldly and quite good! To be one who lived to make other people happy! How new! How exciting, even -for about a week; and how dull afterward! She drew aside the curtains and looked out into the Square. Two cats were standing in the light of a lamp—narrow, marvellously graceful, with their heads turned toward each other. Suddenly they began uttering horrible noises, and became all claws. Fleur dropped the curtain.

X

FRANCIS WILMOT REVERSES

ABOUT that moment Francis Wilmot sat down in the lounge of the Cosmopolis Hotel, and as suddenly sat up. In the middle of the parquet floor, sliding and lunging, backing and filling, twisting and turning in the arms of a man with a face like a mask, was she, to avoid whom, out of loyalty to Fleur and Michael, he had decided to go to Paris. Fate! For he could hardly know that she came there most afternoons during the dancing hours. She and her partner were easily the show couple; and, fond of dancing, Francis Wilmot knew he was looking at something special. When they stopped, quite close to him, he said, in his soft drawl:

"That sure was beautiful."

"How do you do, Mr. Wilmot?"

Why! She knew his name! This surely was the moment to exhibit loyalty. But she had sunk into a chair next his.

"And so you thought me a traitress last night?"

"I certainly did, ma'am." "Why?"

"Because I heard you call your hostess a snob."

Marjorie Ferrar uttered an amused

"My dear young man, if one never called one's friends anything worse than that—! I didn't mean you to hear, or that poptious old person in the chin!"

"He was her father," said Francis Wilmot gravely. "I guess it hurt him."

"Well, I'm sorry!"

A hand without a glove, warm but dry, was put into his. When it was withdrawn the whole of his hand and arm were tingling.

"Do you dance?"

"Yes, ma'am; but I wouldn't presume to dance with you."

"Oh! but you must."

Francis Wilmot's head went round, and his body began going round too.

"You dance better than an Englishman, unless he's professional," said her lips, six inches from his own.

"I'm proud to hear you say so, ma'am."

"Don't you know my name, or do you always call women ma'am? It's ever so pretty."

"Sure, I know your name and where you live. I wasn't six yards from you this morning at four o'clock."

"What were you doing there?"

"I kind of thought I'd like to be near

Marjorie Ferrar said, as if to herself:

"The prettiest speech I ever heard. Come and have tea with me there tomorrow."

Reversing, side-stepping, doing all he knew, Francis Wilmot said slowly:

"I have to be in Paris, ma'am." "Don't be afraid; I won't hurt you."

"Maybe I'm not afraid; but I mightn't be as ca'm as you think."

"Well, I shall expect you." And transferring herself again to her mask-faced partner, she looked back at him over her shoulder.

Francis Wilmot wiped his brow. An astonishing experience, another blow to his preconception of a stiff and formal race! If he had not known she was the daughter of a lord, he would have thought her an American. Would she ask him to dance with her again? But she left the lounge without another glance.

A typical young man would have gone to sleep that night with the jauntier importance. But he was not typical. Six months' training for the Air Service in 1918, one visit to New York, and a few trips to Charleston and Savannah, had left him a countryman, with a tradition of good manners, work and simple living. Women, of whom he had known few, were to him worthy of considerable respect. He judged them by his sister, by the friends of his dead mother in Savannah, who were all of a certain age. A Northern lady on the boat had told him that

Southern girls measured life by the number of men they could attract; she had given him an amusing take-off of a Southern girl. It had been an extreme surprise to this young Southerner. Anne was not like that; certainly she had never had the chance to be, having married at nineteen the first young man who had asked her.

By the morning's post he received Fleur's little letter. "Limit!" Limit of what? He felt indignant. He did not go to Paris, and at four o'clock he was at

Wren Street.

In her studio Marjorie Ferrar, clad in a flax-blue overall, was scraping at a picture with a little knife. An hour later he was her slave. Cruft's Dawg Show, the Beefeaters, the Derby—he could not even remember his desire to see them; he only desired to see one English thing-Marjorie Ferrar. He hardly remembered which way the river flowed, and by mere accident walked east instead of west. Her hair, her eyes, her voice! He "sure had fallen for her"! He knew himself for a fool, and did not mind; farther man cannot go. She passed him in a little open car, driving it herself, on her way to a rehearsal. She waved her hand. Blood rushed to his heart and rushed away; he trembled and went pale. And as the car vanished he felt lost, as if in a world of shadows, gray and dreary. Ah! There was "Congress"! Only one spot in London where he could go and talk of Marjorie Ferrar, and that was where she had misbehaved herself! He itched to defend her from the charge of being "the limit." He would be "some boob" coming back there to talk to Fleur of her enemy, but anything was better than not talking of her. And turning into South Square, he rang the bell.

Fleur was in her "parlor," if not precisely eating bread and honey, at least

having tea.

"Not in Paris? How nice! Tea?"
"I've had it," said Francis Wilmot, coloring. "I had it with her."

Fleur stared.

"Oh!" she said with a laugh. "How interesting! Where did she pick you up?"

Without taking in the implication of the words, Francis Wilmot was conscious of something deadly in them. "She was at the the dansant at my hotel yesterday. She's a wonderful dancer. I think she's a wonderful person altogether. I'd like to have you tell me what you mean by calling her 'the limit'?"

"I'd like to have you tell me why you've reversed since Wednesday night?"

Francis Wilmot smiled. "You people have been ever so kind to me, and I'd like to have you friends with her again. I'm sure she didn't mean what she said that night."

"Indeed! Did she tell you that?"

"Why, not exactly! She said she didn't mean us to hear them."

"No?"

He looked at her smiling face, conscious, perhaps, of deep water, but youthfully, Americanly, unconscious of serious obstacle to his desire to smooth things out.

"I just hate to think you two are out after each other. Won't you come and meet her at my hotel and shake hands?"

Fleur's eyes moved slowly over him

from head to toe.

"You look as if you might have some French blood in you. Have you?"

"Why, my great-grandmother was of

French stock."

"Well, I have more. The French, you know, don't forgive easily. And they don't persuade themselves into believing what they want to."

Francis Wilmot rose and spoke with a

kind of masterfulness.

"You're going to tell me what you

meant in your letter."

"My dear young man. The limit? I hope you don't think she's a typical young Englishwoman! She's a sport!"

Aware that he was being mocked, and mixed in his feelings, Francis Wilmot

made for the door.

"Good-by, ma'am," he said. "I guess you'll have no use for me in future."

"Good-by!" said Fleur.

He went out rueful, puzzled, lonelier even than when he went in. He was guideless, with no one to "put him wise." No directness and simplicity in this town. People did not say what they meant; and his goddess—as enigmatic and twisting as the rest! More so—more so—for what did the rest matter?



The Conquest of Mike

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. S. Rochester; Author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE service record book of Mike Guantanamo, private, U.S. Marine Corps, shows that he joined the guard of the flagship, Caribbean station, when that swanky cruiser put in for her annual small-arms practice. It is further noted that he was born there, under Mc-Calla Hill, where the trades unceasingly flail the blue bay, rimmed around with barren amethystine hills. The first sounds his baby ears heard were the Marine bugles at the Fish Point Barracks, and the first men he saw in his life were the tall leathernecks of the station guard. Other data in his staff returns, duly signed by his proper seniors, give his height as 11 inches at the shoulder; weight, 22 pounds stripped; vision, 20/20 each eye—(noted: can see a bone better than that); religion, Scalawag; next of kin and home address, mother, Bessie, care Sergeant Eisenberg, M. B., N. S., Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Complexion, black but comely, with four white feet. Filed with the other service records of the flagship's guard.

Reared thus among the bugles, imbibing the air of the profession of arms with his mother's milk, it was perfectly natural that he should follow his destiny down to the sea in the first battle-wagon that came along without a mascot. He took to his flagship billet without a rub. By the time

his ship was shaken down for her cruise around the banana ports, Private Mike was as integral a part of her guard as the first sergeant. He knew all the bugle calls. He had his station for all the drills. Fire and Collision—you fall in at the port quarter for that. Abandon Ship-his place was in No. 2 motor launch; and when the high shrill notes of General Quarters went, he was on No. 5 gun crew, and he would cock a wise ear and scud like a black shadow to his own place present and accounted for, Sir! When full guard and band were called away to the quarterdeck for the reception of distinguished visitors, or to attend the official goings and comings of the admiral, Mike formed up to the left of the left guide, facing the gangway, motionless as a blob of ink on the white planking; until the Captain of Marines rasped out "Pr'sent-Hupp!" and the starched and shiny khaki ranks snapped up their rifles with one precise sound. Then Mike would elevate his smart slim body on his haunches, and stand as steady as the best of them. Placed so, he caught the eye of admirals and generals and others of the great, and received their compliments with composure.

Private Mike enjoyed the esteem of his own admiral, and had the privileges of the admiral's sacred hatch, and the admiral's barge, should he desire to go ashore at other than boat hours. It was, altogether, a good ship for a little dog, and he loved it; but he loved operations ashore best of all. "Away, Landing Force" always found his black head over the gunwale in the Marines' boat, between the automatic rifles. Ashore, he charged along the ramp, yapping excitedly, while the men doubled up from the landing to form on the road, and at "Squads right -March!" he swung smartly from the line of file-closers to his highest pride—a post one pace front and right of the Captain of Marines. This put him front and centre of the column; the Marines led the landing force, and Mike led the Marines. Occasionally he would drop back and leap at the captain's hand, just to assure his officer that everything was going well; it was plain that he felt his Balboa. honors and responsibilities. where the flagship lived at a buoy by the cross-roads of the world while not engaged in government business up and down the sea, knew Mike well and learned to look for him when the flagship's people came ashore. . . . A fine, taut little dog, elegant and ebony, his tail cocked at a threequarter curve over his stern, leading three hundred sailors and Marines . . .

It is pleasant to relate that his conduct was for the most part exemplaryas was the guard's-under the hand of that large, jovial, and competent officer, Captain Steve Blade. Mike's book showed only one offence, a regrettable A. O. L., for which his commanding officer awarded him a week's solitary on dry bones and water. It was well known that a low Costa Rican slut from Port Limón was to blame; King David also fell. Nor did Mike sulk under punishment; discipline must be maintained, and his captain knew just where to tickle a little dog's ears, and when one can be tickled without loss of dignity. Mike was convinced that Captain Steve was a god, greater even than the big first sergeant.

But in the fulness of time Captain that is to know your job—all your job—Steve Blade accomplished his sea duty, and his relief reported aboard. Mike to realize that, while this bird lacked the heard the Marines discussing it in No. 7 expansive personality of Cap'n Steve, he gun compartment. . . . "Yeah—a tall, knew his stuff. He didn't talk much, but skinny captain. Came off in the 6.20 what he said meant something. And he

boat. His name—exec.'s writer told me his name—whatinell was that name?
—" "Anybody know him? What's he done?" "Bozo, he says he's heard of him—very diff'rent from Cap'n Steve, he is . . ." "You said it! They're all diff'rent from Cap'n Steve!— What was it Bozo heard? . . ." Such matters are always of uneasy interest to the files, and Mike, his beady eyes going from face to face, sensed the uneasiness and was troubled. The curl went out of his tail, and he turned in early that night.

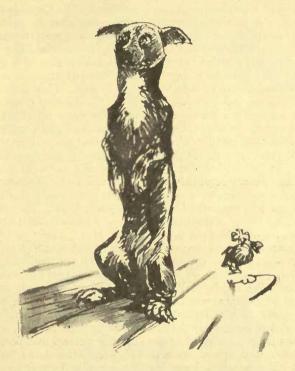
Next day was Saturday—commanding officer's inspection. Mike stood this ceremony on the gun deck, with his bunkie, the police sergeant. When the gold and white of the naval uniforms went by. there was a new officer in khaki with Cap'n Steve-the new Captain of Marines. Mike was brought up to be introduced, and surrendered his paw without enthusiasm. He was sure he would not like this fellow. He listened attentively to the talk of transfers that went around later. (There's always such talk.) In the afternoon, Captain Steve Blade's noncommissioned officers rowed him ashore in the whaleboat, and Mike never saw

him again.

Now, an outfit takes its tone from its officers. Napoleon said once: "There are no bad regiments. There are only bad colonels." Given proper recruit-training and decent non-coms, an organization will hang together and function after a fashion, but the officer transmits or kills the delicate thing called morale, that makes all the difference between a good outfit and a bad one. The new captain understood this as well as any man. He had taken over a splendid weapon, this guard: 103 marines, 80 rifles, 2 machine guns, and the 37-millimetre gun for landing force; it was an organization proved and competent and regarded with schooled respect by more than one frustrated Latin-American junta. He set himself diligently to learn it in all its parts, and to get the confidence of his people. The way to do that is to know your job—all your job—everything about it. The guard was quick to realize that, while this bird lacked the expansive personality of Cap'n Steve, he knew his stuff. He didn't talk much, but

on about as well as ever. All except Mike, captain—who liked little dogs, in modera-

did things. The guard conceded, some- his tail at half-mast. Such a thing had what grudgingly, that they were getting never been seen before; the files stretched their necks at it, and the squads wavered who was not consoled. When the new all ways at once, so that the commander. landing force, a three-striper and a viotion—whistled to him one morning and lent man, sent an orderly to the Captain would have fraternized, Mike affected not of Marines: "Sir, the Commander's com-



Mike would elevate his smart slim body on his haunches, and stand as steady as the best of them.-Page 17.

to hear, and retired under the overhang of the after turret, where he would not be subjected to the indignity of caresses. The guard, standing in ranks for Quarters, observed. The snub was utter and direct. Mike would have none of him. Dragged out by a scandalized sergeant, his manner plainly said that he would carry on if he had to—but as to permitting any familiarities, he'd see that captain in hell first.

The situation was more distressing when the landing force went ashore for drill. Private Mike, openly insubordinate, hid under the 3-inch field-piece. He was carried over the side, regretting the day that he was born, and when the line pliments, and the Commander says what in hell is the matter with the dress of the first company?" Things were not so good, and continued so. "Yuh take a dawg, a dawg's got an instinct about things," said the croaker of the guard darkly. "Yuh the croaker of the guard darkly. know. Bozo said he heard somethin' about this---'

One morning, about the start of the rainy season, the flagship lay at her buoy by the cross-roads of the world, and the hard-driven deck divisions, having scrubbed down with sand, were clearing for muster. The brightwork winked in the sun, and the colors blew out in a little swung into column and took the road, wind from the open sea. The admiral took Mike was in the line of file-closers, with the air on his quarterdeck, his satellites

around him. The ship hummed with ordered activity. Into this came a radio —and by some mysterious underground, all hands and the blue ackets' cat, Nig, knew its contents almost before the marine orderly was out of the flag office with There were bugles, and yeomen dashed around in all directions, colliding violently with the commander's, the captain's, and the admiral's marine messengers. The engineer officer, who had been having a quiet pipe aft, scuttled below to his engines. The fat paymaster bawled for a boat and hustled ashore with a working party to lay in ice and things. The admiral's barge foamed out with such of the staff as slept ashore. In their compartment, the marines scoured rifles already speckless, and certain enthusiasts sharpened their bayonets with a file stolen from the armory. The gunnery sergeant overhauled his ordnance, and the property sergeant struck up field equipment. The commander and his heads of department held conferences all over the place, and the ensigns of the landing force feverishly refreshed their minds from the Army Training Manual.

Three hundred miles north, at Puerto Dios, a nervous consul, having sent frantic radios to everybody he could think of, called on God, wished poignantly that he had taken up the ministry instead of the consular profession, and turned again to his charts and mileage tables, sweating profusely all over the consular stationery. For General Sangrado was coming down from the mountains—General Sangrado, the liberator, with the Army of Liberation, its appetite whetted with the loot of the capital. The general's manifestoes sped before him like leaves before the gale. Several of these interesting documents lay on the consul's desk, flung there by certain heads of government, who had come with lamentable cries to take refuge in the consul's cellar, and firmly refused to take refuge anywhere else. Like Themistocles, or whoever it was, they said, they sought sanctuary under the ægis of the great Republic of the North. The consul re-read a manifesto in which General Sangrado described himself as the Scourge of God, and mentioned particularly his methods with the corrupt and unspeakable minions of envious foreign nations,

who polluted the sacred soil of the motherland by their robberies, and shielded traitors from justice. It was, the consul reflected, especially unfortunate that the Captain-General, Angel Beaucrucis, whose federal army had been driven out of the capital, was at that minute hiding on the premises. The Captain-General's federal army was also in town, assuaging its bruised honor with the rum of the country, having, as General Sangrado so strikingly put it, been scattered in ignoble confusion. like buzzards when the eagle of the mountain swoops. This did not help. To cap it all, the consular doors were continually bursting open to admit emphatic creatures of the Fruit Company, who told the consul that something must be done: get the United States fleet down here. If not. letters will be written to Washington. And talked a lot of wash about supine and incompetent political job-holders.

"Job-holders!" reflected the consul bitterly. Anybody could have his job for two cents Mex. This was the third time the country had been liberated in a year and a half. You got tired of it. The last time, an elegant parlor piece he'd brought down from Iowa—stuffed scarlet tanagers, under glass—had been quite ruined by a stray bullet. And the time before that, a liberator had run off with the consul's pigskin puttees and portable typewriter. The consul calculated, for the fourth time, the sea miles from Balboa to Puerto Dios.

Meanwhile, the flagship was standing out to sea. The chief had lit off every can; the black gang was set for watch and watch. All the hands whose duties permitted were gathered on the fo'c'stle, Mike, emerged from his *cafard*, among them, where the ship's singer, his brown throat bare, sang a song he'd made to the tune of "Spanish Ladies":

[&]quot;Farewell and adieu to you, Panama mamas—Farewell and adieu to you, Balboa janes—"

[&]quot;Expedite," the radio said. Good enough; the old flagship had exceeded her designed speed in her first fight, when she expedited to get a shot at Cervera, the time that valiant man of Spain came out of Santiago to be sunk. And now her veteran engines again dug up extra knots—ten—twelve—even to nineteen she mounted; then settled to a steady eighteen knots



He picked up the Springfield and emptied the magazine, squeezing off every shot.-Page 24.

and held on with a white bone in her teeth across the blue sea, so that her mud-hook rumbled down off Puerto Dios just after midnight some twenty hours later. The town was, for the most part, dark; nothing seemed to be afire. The Fruit Company's radio had communicated that General Sangrado planned to attack the next morning; he was bivouacking at the foot of the hills, inland. The consul, who came off in a shore-boat and climbed the sealadder like a cat, confirmed all this and said he thanked God for the Navy. The landing force embarked and went ashore, to get between the liberator and the town.

Puerto Dios is on a point, very pretty as you come in from sea-low red roofs and pastel-tinted walls, seen through the palms, and a sea-wall the Conquistadores built, where white surf makes eternal agitation. The railroad to the capital follows the old Camino Real, passing inland behind a ridge that starts out of town and angles away from the sea. This country beyond the ridge is covered with palmetto scrub; the Fruit Company's limitless plantations run the other way, up the coast. The landing force, five companies and the artillery section, felt its way through the dark to the beginning of the ridge, and filed along it to position, its right on the road, and the Marines extending the left.

It is not easy to take position at night on a terrain you have never seen, guided by a doubtful map and a Jamaican consular clerk who fancied that General Sangrado was twelve feet high and ate nigger babies. The landing force swore as spiny plants pricked their knees and mosquitoes got home on their hot necks, but they took up their ground. Inland from the ridge they could see a great many twinkling lights; the Jamaican said these were the campfires of the Army of Libera-The Marines, who had the best view, watched them hopefully. "Reckon those birds'll fight?—" "Well, if they don't find out it's us, they may give us a shot . . . no such luck, though." "Aw, they might—at ten to one, if they thought we had our pants down-but they don't fight—" "Well, how come the captain is rammin' us around in the dark, this away—why don't we wait?" "Shucks! he never fought anybody but the Germans and people like that. This war's diff'-

runt . . ." "Pipe down, you animals—"
"Automatic rifles—Aye, aye, Sir!"
"Mike's up forward—Sergeant Hughes is

carryin' him-"

As well as he could in the dark, the captain sited his line and noted that the lights over yonder were going out. Nearly dawn; stars were getting pale; the air was gray with dawn. As the country revealed itself, he was concerned about his left-"No such luck as their fightin'—but in case they do-mustn't miss a chance . . . have to get my flank on something . . . Consul says this Sangrado has a very smart German-ex-officer-with him . . . That scrub forward—that's the way they'll come, if there's one savvy soldier among 'em-not by the road-Corporal Snair! take your squad and cover the front of the company—extend a little past my left-go a hundred yards or so from the foot of the ridge and see if anything's comin'. If they do come along, fall back on me, keepin' contact. If they are too close, file around the left—I'll watch for you. And report back!" Himself, he took his bugler, and went along the ridge beyond the flank.

The light was strengthening; the sky glowed like an opal. The captain ran over his orders as he walked: "This is not punitive: it's entirely to maintain peace and protect lives and property in Puerto Dios. You are not to fire unless fired on, and then only in self-defence. You will not advance beyond this ridge. We are not taking sides with anybody—they can fight all they want to outside of Puerto Dios, but they can't fight there!" "Huh! Liable to run on us here, unbeknown-like, and somebody will get hurt. Nice position, though—Hi! Music, is that a ravine

yonder?"

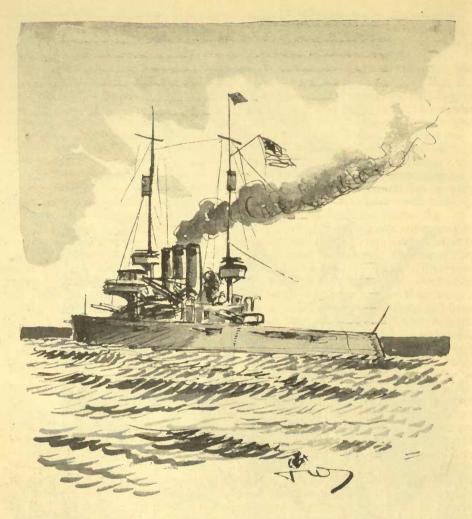
It was a ravine, starting near the top of the ridge and cutting back toward the sea. "Rest my flank on that—Music! beat it back to the gunnery sergeant and tell him to bring his guns up here—on the double! Then tell Mr. Godby to extend the infantry platoon until he connects with me—" The music galloped off, and the captain lit a cigarette and studied the lie of the land.

Down in the palmetto scrub, at the foot of the ridge, he heard movement. That would be the left-flank man: he started



down toward it. Then there was a lot of movement—several men—"Corporal must have met somethin'. That's a whole squad—filin' left—" There was a high Latin shout, and a shot—a Mauser! A spatter of shots, and the unmistakable answer of a Springfield. More shooting: a dog—Mike, surely—barked. The captain ran toward it, his pistol out. German fellow had his points forward, like a

sensible man. The captain came upon a marine, behind a palmetto; the man, his shoulder against the trunk, was striving desperately to straighten his sagging knees and get his rifle up—you could see his back-muscles strain, and there was a bright stain, widening, on his shirt. As the captain reached him, his knees gave way, and he dived on his face. Ahead the scrub cleared a little, and, beyond,



The flagship lying off, all her guns trained out. . . . —Page 25.

straw sombreros bobbed among the fronds, and rifles flashed; the tang of smokeless powder caught your nose. The captain considered that he could not be sure with his gat. He returned it, picked up the Springfield, and emptied the magazine, squeezing off every shot. There were screams and a groan, and a receding trampling. He was aware of Private Mike, his four legs planted, his little black face quite furious. Laboring—it is no light matter for a 150-pound man to get another, quite as heavy, on his back and walk up hill—he hauled his marine across his shoulders some way, caught up the

rifle, and started back. It was not pleasant. A great many rifles seemed to be attending him, and he couldn't run. But the palmetto was some cover, and he noted with satisfaction that none of the shots came from this side of the place where a man still screamed in a curious choked voice. "Damn it, in a war I'd get a Medal of Honor for this. Now nobody will see me, and if they did, it ain't a war, anyhow!" He reached the shelter of the crest, eased his man down, and felt with practised fingers. "Raked his lungs—high. Hell! The bird's dead!" He looked anxiously toward the centre—out farther

than he thought—there they were, coming on the run. "Here you are, sergeant! Get into battery right here. Lay number one on that road, and number two-about eleven o'clock-range 250-"

The naval officer commanding came now, on the skyline with a commandeered horse. "What force they got? Get any-body? Can't see a thing from the

right!-

"Quite a few in the scrub, Sir. Got one of my outposts. Mind yourself, Sir—shooting at you—"

"Mind, yourself! They shoot first? Go on—rake out that scrub a little—got to attract their attention . . ." And the heavy Brownings came into action—

The rest was without incident. The German fellow knew at once it wasn't the federals, and bade good-by to the Minister of War's portfolio that he had counted on. Presently a fussed and perspiring Scourge of God came in under a white flag as big as a table-cloth to get his instructions. He protested, at length and with tears; but from the ridge he saw the flagship lying off, all her guns trained out; and three hundred blue jackets and Marines watched him with wistful faces, like a cat looks at a canary bird. So he agreed

to take his war up another alley. And that was that.

The captain sat on a rock among his Marines to watch the Army of Liberation file off toward the hills, and a damp, velvety muzzle came poking into his hand. Later, all things having been made peaceful, the landing force took the seaward road. Up forward the Marines stepped out, heads up, shoulders back, and pieces dressed, with just the touch of swank a crack flagship guard ought to show; and a whisper passed down from the front: "Say -say-d'yuh see it? Private Mike's back on his own station again!" Nobody stretched a neck to see—that wasn't discipline, but the company wise-guy in the last squad said, out of the corner of his mouth: "What did I tell you? Dawgs has instincts about these things. And Bozo, he knew the skipper before. He said, this skipper Tack—" "Silence in ranks, you!"

Puerto Dios observed, leading the column, a little black dog-an elegant, ebony little dog, with his head high and his tail curled in an arrogant threequarter circle over his stern, who now and then dropped back to jump at his

captain's hand.

Fear Not Love

BY LEONARD CLINE

Were they vain that roof and door, Tower and temple built their town Laughing, vaunting neither war, Flood nor fire should cast it down? Though time strew their stones again That was Babylon. Were they vain?

And they two that flower and stem Growing, vowing law nor creed, God nor prince should sunder them: Though time sunder them indeed Were they frustrate? They that are Héloise and Abélard.

Fear not love and fail not strive. Icarus even is alive.



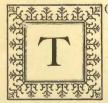
An outdoor pageant at Mount Holyoke College.

Playboys of the College World

BY FREDERICK P. KEPPEL

President of the Carnegie Corporation of New York

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



O one who spent many years in rather close contact with American colleges and American undergraduates, and who has now returned to these contacts after a lapse of seven years,

the outstanding change between that day and this is the greatly increased interest on the part of the students in all matters which have to do with the arts. Although the advance in collegiate music is impressive, the situation is even more striking with reference to the drama.

The march has been so rapid that if I were to describe things as they were in the old days, say fifteen years ago, the average undergraduate of to-day would hardly believe it. I don't mean that there was no acting; of course there was, and some of

it very good, but the typical play was fourth-rate rubbish, the stage accessories and the lighting were of the crudest, and no one seemed to mind. The actors knew no better, and it made no difference to the handful of their fellow students who formed the "house." Altogether, dramatics was a very minor sport indeed. Today, in almost every college, from Portland to Portland, dramatics is distinctly a major sport. The students have the highest standards as to the literary and dramatic value of the plays they present, and their interest is not confined to acting itself, but includes writing for the stage and the direction of performances and goes deeply into questions of stage setting, lighting, and costuming. Indeed, it is the only undergraduate activity which can compete with athletics. The dramatic clubs are usually limited in numbers, with

long waiting lists; but the student body at large is interested, and items of stage lore are taking their place with athletic dope in undergraduate conversation.

Just what has happened to bring about this change? For the past three or four years the drama has been epidemic and no one can say how a new victim catches the fever. But if we go back to the comparatively recent past of, say, six years ago, we can nearly always trace the infection in any particular college to some enthusiastic junior in the department of English, usually one who had come under the influence of George Baker at Harvard and who either woke up a dormant dramatic society or, more likely, built up a new one out of his own classes, or hers. Though the innovator's interest was normally in plays and acting, there is an interesting case where an enthusiast for the establishment of a standard English speech was the initiator of a strong acting tradition in a State university. These pioneers had to combat faculty inertia, on the one hand, and the student fear of being thought highbrow, on the other. they had the real apostolic spirit, and they succeeded beyond all expectations.

This advance in college dramatics has been intertwined with the nation-wide Little Theatre movement. The undergraduate movement is by no means a mere offshoot of the other; on the whole, the influence runs rather the other way, particularly if one includes as college work such professional opportunities as Professor Baker offered at Harvard and Mr. Stevens and his associates have given at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The direction of the non-academic Little Theatres is largely in the hands of college men and women-eleven Oberlin graduates, for example, hold such positions-and the players and audiences are drawn largely from college alumni.

Although the stage tradition is oldest in the men's colleges and the women's, these have been outstripped by the coeducational institutions, which we provincials on the Atlantic seaboard are prone to forget outnumber the separate institutions by 332 to 199, more than a third of the latter being Roman Catholic colleges. In other words, it is in the State and municipal universities and in the evangelical

colleges which have grown up throughout the Middle West during the last century that college dramatics has taken the strongest hold. Most of their students come to these fresh-water institutions without ever having seen anything in the spoken drama better than their own high school play. Nevertheless, an astonishing number of them turn out to be excellent material. I am told that the first thing to be done is to eradicate almost wholly what they conceive to be acting, from what they have seen in the moving picture theatres. They all overact, because they have no realization of the differences between the necessities of the spoken and of the unspoken drama. In spite of all this, those who have taught on both sides of the Alleghanies say that there is a certain freshness and enthusiasm in the Middle Western youngster which more than counterbalances the greater sophistication of the Easterner. In the rapid spread of its influence, the stage seems to have broken down pretty thoroughly all the barriers of denominational and other restrictions. In the very colleges which used to avoid the immorality of the stage by teaching Shakespeare as literature (though they didn't try to teach music by a silent reading of the score), wings have now sprouted from the chapel platform. Perhaps there has been no such partnership between the church and stage since the Middle Ages.

Not so long ago, nothing was more local in its influence than a college play. Today the performances at Iowa City and Berkeley, at Cornell and at Chapel Hill, and a score of other places, are news in New York. Hillsdale College, in Michigan, and Ottawa University, in Kansas, can hardly be included among our more prominent institutions of learning; yet what they do in the drama is duly recorded in the serious theatre magazines. If you turn over the advertising pages of The Theatre Arts Magazine, you can learn that Stanford and Iowa and Northwestern are paying cash to tell you about their courses in the drama.

What do the students play? Perhaps the best way to answer the question is to record a few of the last year's actual offerings. The Cornell Dramatic Club, for example, put on thirty-two plays, usually giving two and three performances of each, and including the first performance in English, of a comedy by Cervantes, a mediæval farce, the third performance, in English, of a Jacques Copeau play, and

The University of Iowa presentation of "The School for Scandal."

examples of Sudermann, Anatole France, Drinkwater, and, nearer home, Booth Tarkington and Eugene O'Neill.

At Grinnell College, in Iowa, last year's bill included, in addition to notable one-acts by Synge, Lady Gregory, and Lewis Beach, "Romeo and Juliet," Shaw's "Arms and the Man," Rostand's "Les Romanesques," Barry's "You and I," Michael Arlen's "Ace of Thirteens," Henry Arthur Jones's "The Goal," and an original All College Revue.

At Iowa, a dozen long plays are staged,

together with a number of one-act plays. Here is the list of the former: Flavin's "Children of the Moon," Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple," Mowatt's "Fashion," Kaufman and Connelly's "Beggar on Horse-back," Galsworthy's "The Silver Box,"

Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Jesse Lynch Williams's "Why Not?" Carel Kapek's "R-U-R," Lewis Beach's "The Goose Hangs High," Euripides's "Iphigenia in Tauris," Dekker's "The Shoemaker's Holiday."

In their six years' career, the Penn State Players have presented twenty-nine long plays and ninety-seven oneact plays; a normal school in Missouri has put on six different plays by Shakespeare in as many years.

By increasing somewhat the list of colleges, we can add Sophocles to Euripides, Marlowe and Beaumont and Fletcher, Molière and Lope de Vega, to Shakespeare. From the stage of the eighteenth century we can add Schiller and Sheridan, and from the modern London stage, Pinero, Milne, Synge, and Dunsany. From the continental, Ibsen, Tchekov and Andreyev, Brieux, Molnar and Pirandello-"and a great many more of lesser degree, in sooth a goodly company." I won't retail the American playwrights,

but I can testify that the students prefer the works of men and women that deserve and receive success on the professional stage to the offerings of the "literary" theatre.

A most interesting and significant element in the whole movement is what has already become the tradition in certain institutions, namely, to encourage original plays written by students and with local settings. These "folk plays," as they are usually called, include not only one-act pieces but full-size dramas. The Univer-

sity of North Dakota gives plays of this character, dealing with pioneer life, in its open air theatre, formed by an ox-bow in the small river that runs through Grand Forks. Since their professor of dramatics, Frederick Koch, migrated from North Dakota to North Carolina, the university at Chapel Hill has put on a number of plays, written and performed by students, and some of them of extraordinary merit, dealing with present-day mountain life or with local historical traditions. Georgia and South Carolina have followed their northern neighbor, and one of Professor Koch's pupils has carried the idea to the State University of Wyoming and thence to Arizona, thereby adding two new centres of local tradition, that of the Rockies and that of the Southwest border. The movement has been vital enough to impel two Chinese undergraduates in American colleges to write folk plays of their own land, and one of these has been deemed worthy of publication in full in "The Golden Book." Sometimes the director takes a hand and adapts some ancient



Frances Gray as Lilly Robinson in "Fixin's," the tragedy of a tenant-farm woman, by Erma and Paul Green, written for The Carolina Playmakers.



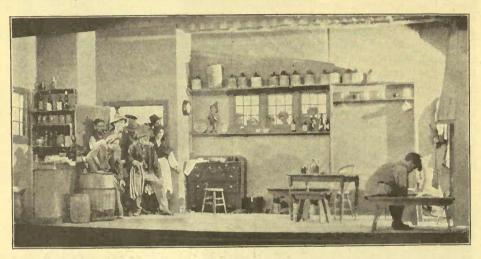
Wilbur Stout as Jake in his own play, "Dogwood Bushes," a country comedy of North Carolina, written for The Carolina Playmakers.

legend for the college stage—Mrs, Flanagan of Grinnell has recently put on two pantomimes of this character, one Egyptian and one Hindu.

It may be observed that the plays given by the college students for college audiences are as a whole distinctly not on what an Englishman would call the jolly side—perhaps because, as one of the college directors has pointed out, undergraduates are happy enough to love tragedy. On the other hand, the comic muse has a fair share of offerings, and the students and their teachers don't hesitate to turn from the classics to George Cohan, or to a home brew of what is perhaps the most characteristic dramatic form we have developed in America, our topical revue.

Oberlin was one of the first co-educational colleges to take up work in the drama, and its organization may be taken as typical. Dramatic activities are under the direction of one of the professors of English. The club is strictly limited in number to one hundred, and is divided into ten producing groups. A play is rehearsed by a group and is first performed before the club at large and criticised by the members. If it survives, it is given before the college, and finally goes farther afield—for the Oberlin actors, like many others, spend their Christmas and spring holidays on the road, their trips ranging from Chicago on the west to New York and Washington on the east. At Oberlin, as elsewhere, there is little or no outside

his work to come at Yale are professional in spirit, as is that at Carnegie Tech. Furthermore, a college actor who takes up high school teaching to-day will find his stage experience to be a very definite vocational asset, because the interest in dramatics in the high schools is second only to that in the colleges. I am told, by the way, that the recent bachelors of arts who have become professional actors or playwrights far outnumber those who have devoted themselves to poetry or



J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World" as presented by Cornell University.

help. The boys build the platform which enlarges the chapel stage. They look after the electrical work and plan and build the scenery, while the girls design and make the costumes. As an example of student co-operation in another college, the book and lyrics of a revue, in which the scenes are laid on the local campus, were written by the students of the English department; the music was "adapted" by students in that department; physical education students put on the dances, and those in art designed and painted the scenery and co-operated with domestic science students in providing the costumes. As a result, fully a third of the student body took some active part in the production.

Next to its rapid growth, I have been most struck by the variety of the manifestations of this new student interest. It can't be pigeonholed as amateur, for Professor Baker's work at Harvard and from seventy-one countries and who

painting or music or any other of the arts, with the possible and understandable exception of architecture.

In a few places, stage work counts for a professional degree. In many others it may be offered toward the bachelor's degree, sometimes as a major; in still others the only reward is the fun of the game. Personally, I think these last are the most fortunate, though I fear the student wouldn't agree with me; because to do the thing for the fun of it is of the essence of the whole movement.

There is no blighting uniformity of eligibility rules. As Walter Prichard Eaton has pointed out, in the theatre your amateur standing isn't determined by whether you play summer baseball for money or sell golf clubs for John Wanamaker. The students living at International House, for example, who come attend forty-three different institutions in and about New York, have their dramatic organization and put on their own plays. Last year they gave a remarkable performance of Drinkwater's "Lincoln."

In the men's colleges the players are beginning to avoid the artificiality of masquerading the women's parts in serious modern plays by calling in faculty wives and daughters. The separate women's colleges haven't yet made the corresponding gesture, but perhaps they will before long. The semi-detached ones are working upon an exchange basis-Radcliffe with Harvard, for example. In the Washington Square Players, of New York University, and in other groups, no line is drawn between undergraduates and alumni. At Evanston, the local Little Theatre and the student club of Northwestern University are closely interrelated, and there is a similar situation at Columbia, South Carolina. Even the faculty is welcome, a department head at the University of Illinois having recently challenged the laurels of Cyril Maude by his performance of Grumpy.

After all, athletics and dramatics are branches of the same trunk. No human instinct is more deeply rooted than that for play, and this instinct, of which the first manifestations for young men and maidens was probably the dance, has from time immemorial tended to swing in one direction toward feats of physical prowess, and in another toward pageantry and the drama. Under the Puritan tradition which so deeply colored the early life of our colleges, physical sport did not happen to be specifically denounced as sin, and it came in time to be tolerated and then to grow into what we now find. The drama, on the other hand, though quite as normal an outgrowth of the play instinct, had to await a breakdown of the intolerances of the Puritan tradition. I don't mean that the breakdown is complete, there is plenty of evidence to the contrary, but within very recent years it has gone sufficiently far to give the drama its chance.

The fact that every sizable university



"Romeo and Juliet," given by Grinnell College.

and college has a stadium or is planning to erect one, points, whether we like it or no, to that permanence which comes with vested interests. The corresponding investment in facilities and equipment, though negligible as compared with that for athletics, is large enough to provide insurance, if insurance be needed, against our waking up some morning to find that college dramatics had disappeared overnight, like Mah-Jongg or the cross-word puzzle. I am not referring to the equipment for the professional study of the stage, such as that at the Carnegie schools, or that now being created at Yale, at the Chicago Art Institute, and at Rochester, where the Eastman School of Music has recently added dramatic action to its programme. Nor have I in mind the great

places of assembly like the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, for their use by the students is incidental. I am thinking, rather, of the rapidly increasing number of well appointed collegiate theatres, of which that at Dartmouth may be taken as typical of a building constructed for the purpose, and those at the University of Colorado and the University of North Carolina as adaptations of older buildings. A new theatre is being erected at Brown for the Komians, and on the campus at Iowa the

The college theatre, on the other hand, embraces all types—professional, vocational, with or without faculty or outsiders. The Californians take advantage of their climate and give outdoor pageants. The success of the folk plays depends, obviously, on devotion to the genius loci.

Even more striking is the difference in attitude toward the world outside the college walls. In athletics, this world is counted on to fill the stadium and its



"Fashion," presented by the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

State is erecting a laboratory theatre admirably equipped, with an auditorium for six hundred people. In addition, the colleges are rapidly accumulating valuable collections of sets and other equipment, most of it home-made. That at Oberlin, for example, is valued at \$10,000.

If, however, the development of dramatics has followed that of her elder sister in certain ways, it has broken sharply away in others. Thus far she has escaped the rigidity and conformity, I almost said the old-maidishness, of her senior. May she ever be free from it! In athletics, the country over, every one must do the same thing at the same time under the same rules, often without rhyme or reason. I have seen, for example, the University of Virginia playing football when it was too hot for the men to wear stockings.

youth to provide husky freshmen, and that is about all. The occasions are very rare where such interest as a college may take in the development of school or community sport cannot clearly be recognized as a recruiting move. Nothing could be more different than the situation in the drama. The students really want to help the work in the schools and to co-operate with that in the communities. They lend them props and other equipment with the greatest generosity. They give performances where there is not the slightest chance of meeting expenses. They don't hesitate to act in one-room schoolhouses lit by gasoline lamps. Here again, as might be expected, the missionary spirit is particularly strong in the institutions which emphasize the student folk-play. The Carolina Playmakers, for example,

show their plays in three States, having given performances last year in twenty-nine different schoolhouses and town halls. The hill towns have no theatres, but they furnish the most critical audience possible for this folk drama.

The partial rising of the cloud of intolerance and the nation-wide revival of interest which the drama shares with all the arts, plus the influence of a few inspiring leaders—these are enough to explain the new impulse in college dramatics. But are they enough to account for the extraordinary hit which the drama has made? May there have developed inside the life of the present-day college some elements which make its advent peculiarly welcome? I have consulted several of the play directors and teachers of the drama about this, but they weren't greatly interested. Being enthusiasts, they see no reason to seek for other causes than the virtues of the drama itself. I may, however, set forth four suggestions as to possible internal influences—confessing that I think most highly of the last two (which are my own).

Some one has made the interesting suggestion that the current cult for selling one's personality may have something to do with the boom in dramatics. Certainly, students to-day hear a great deal of the value of college life as a laboratory of social adjustments and a preparation for the mastery of one's fellow man-in a word, for "putting things over"-far more than they hear of the benefits which will accrue from what we used to call a sound education. And they may well be forgiven if they place too high an emphasis on these qualities, not only for profitable business careers, but for the advancement of education and politics and religion. How far a student who comes to college full of these ideas of salesmanship of self, or who picks them up after he arrives, deliberately selects the college stage to give him poise, to learn to stand or sit without fidgeting or sprawling, to accustom himself to the sound of his own voice if not of his own words, I don't know. I do remember an awkward and tongue-tied student of my own who told me later on that he had in cold blood forced his way into college dramatics for these reasons,

and who, I may add, became a good actor and is now a good professor. On the other hand, the coaches of to-day question whether this is often a conscious influence on the part of the students who take up dramatics; one of them goes so far as to say it never is.

A reader of recent fiction dealing with the life of American undergraduates may well wonder whether the theatre has profited by the absorption of the students in questions dealing with the emotional relation between the sexes, which is set forth in such detail in these novels. How far the student turns to the stage as dealing with matters which he and his friends are constantly discussing, either for further enlightenment or as a sort of safety-valve, I leave for more competent persons to determine. Here again the teacher of dramatics is inclined to regard the factor as unimportant.

The first of my own theories is that, the whole movement being so young, teachers and coaches have not had time to lose their own enthusiasms and become cutand-dried; and to this extent they have an advantage in the unrelenting contest for student patronage which goes on silently behind the facade in our republics of arts and sciences. These teachers of dramatics haven't lost faith in the doctrine that the normal youth really enjoys working with his head as well as with his legs, provided in each case he regards the work as worth while. The actual mental labor which many a student active in dramatics must undergo to learn three or even four major parts a year would, if he were willing to apply it to their courses, perhaps astonish as many professors who have lost, or perhaps never possessed, the art of tapping these sources of student energy.

Finally, I think that in more cases than either undergraduates or teachers recognize, the students who go in for dramatics are unconsciously seeking an escape from the trivialities of the complicated and highly artificial life they have built up for themselves. The war gave the men students a chance to break away from the conventionalized pattern, but it was a chance from which they failed to profit, and nowadays, when it is as much the thing for the girls to go to college as for the boys, with almost the same disregard for

intellectual qualifications, their community life is also becoming rapidly overloaded. In the days of youth real living is imaginative living, and, somehow, these young people have succeeded in building up for themselves a singularly unimaginative existence.

A part in a good play must seem much more real than the monotonous succession of the college days. Such a day for a boy begins, let us say, by skimming the college paper in chapel. Broken somewhat by two or three classes and desultory preparation therefor, and perhaps by some compulsory exercise, it continues with a round of chores for some "activity" or for the fraternity, with watching other students perform and cheering them to order. Sometimes there will be a "pep reasons, likely to feel so too?

meeting" in addition. The evening's entertainment will be a movie, a dance, or poker party. Even worse than the banality of the life itself is the interminable discussion as to its details that goes on during meals and at other times.

The athletes are free while they are actually performing, and the few who are real students have a more permanent way of escape. But isn't many a boy, of the great majority who are neither varsity material nor natural-born students, caught in this squirrel cage of trivialities, unconsciously bored with it all and groping for something to give a real fillip to existence, likely to find that for him "the play's the thing"? And isn't many a girl, for somewhat different but equally cogent

Personages

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

I'm but a poor road-mender with my spade; At noon my jug by a rock's thankful shade; I tend my job; of no man I'm afraid.

The thunder of Their chariots breaks the crust Of the hard coach road. White cocoons of dust Hide the cavorting horses. Heavy hoofs Pound in a pattern,—galloping hail on roofs,— Beginning big, crescendo,—dim and dimmer heard Like that lone drop from eaves—long afterward.

Pit-patter on the dwindling road. Now echo is All that remains of noise. Cicadas whiz, One spiralling bird leaps to a dazzling crown Of song. A leaf drifts punctually down.

Droll, come to think of it, we do not know Where these loud chariots and trumpets go, Or if a mighty city's glittering vanes Rear just beyond my blackberry-bordered lanes.

As with blue-knuckled hands he drank his gin, An old junk peddler chuckled, ripe in sin. He said the road ends by a dirty inn, Without a stable to house proud beasts within. And all that's left of Them that drove so hard Is crumpled wheels, a pile of powdery shard, And golden harness tarnishing in a cobbled yard.

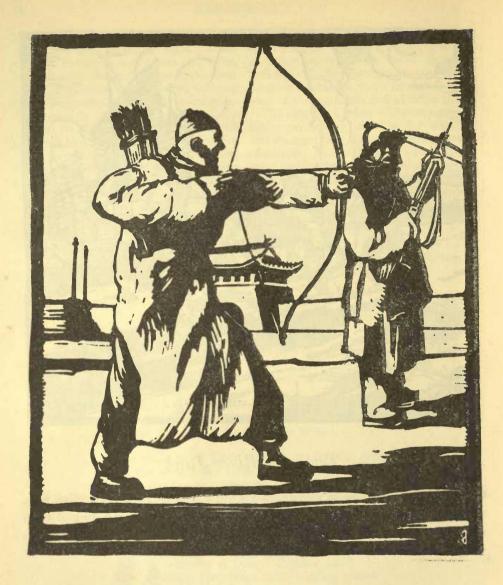


Towing a River Junk

On the river stately junks move slowly past, towed by sweating coolies, who, with plaintive chant, haul and tug with every ounce of strength, to pull them up the stream against the current. If the wind is right, great sails, like huge wings, are raised to help them at their task.

CHINA LINOLEUM BLOCK PRINTS BY LOWELL L. BALCOM

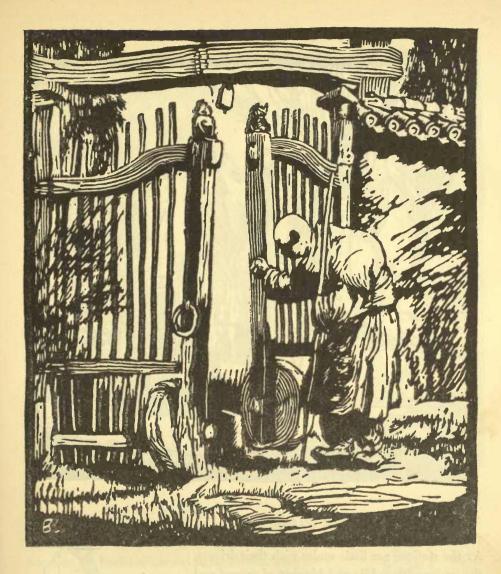




Peking Archers

OUTSIDE the Chinese city, beyond the great gray walls of Peking, dignified Chinese gentlemen gather in the afternoon to try their skill at shooting with the bow and arrow and crossbow. With the care the golfer takes in buying his sticks, they examine and select the bows and arrows in the shops, bending and trying each so that they will have the best, as rivalry is keen.

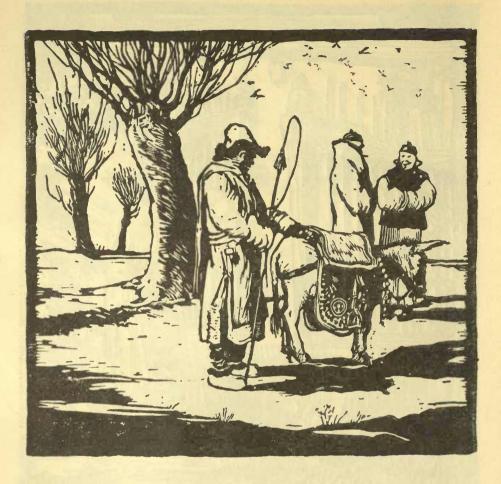




Temple Gate

BEYOND the western hills, across the rose-lit plains of China, the setting sun casts long shafts of light which touch and mellow the great red gates of the temple. An old priest comes quietly into the compound and, slowly pushing the ancient doors on their old stone wheels, closes them for the night.

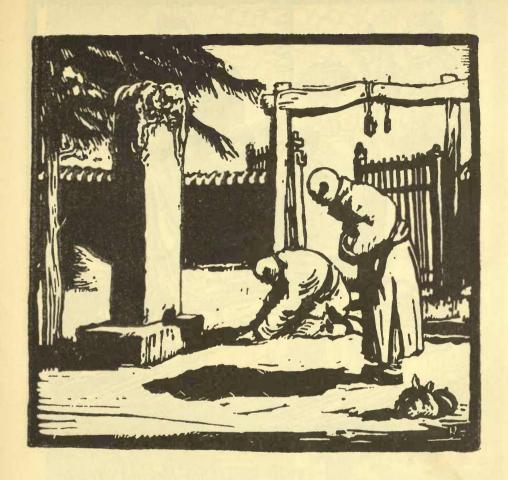




Man with Mule

At the stations are little mules with their drivers, the mules with saddle and blanket of carved and decorated leather, heads adorned with brightly colored tassels and tiny bells that tinkle as they trot—waiting for a customer, who may be a farmer in the inevitable blue, well padded with cotton against the cold, or merchant in sober silks, fur-lined.





Ancestor-Worship

In the temple compound great tablets stand erect, some on the backs of carved stone turtles, with inscriptions telling of the merits of the deceased. Relatives come to worship and, kowtowing before them, bow their heads to the ground in prayer, while immense crows and magpies fly chattering about in the branches of the cedars ages old.

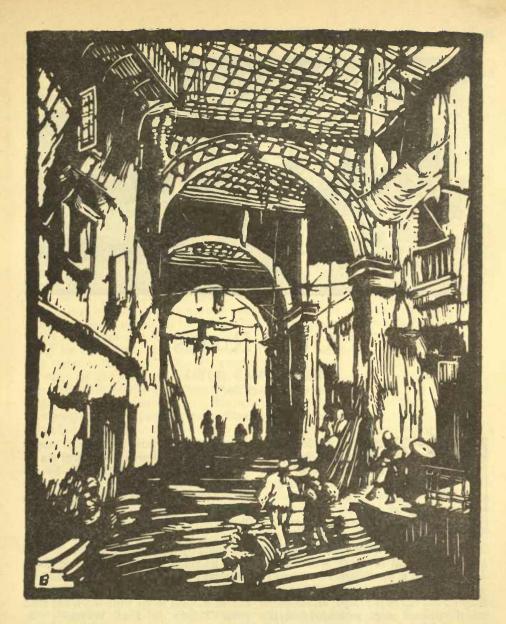




Along Peking Streets



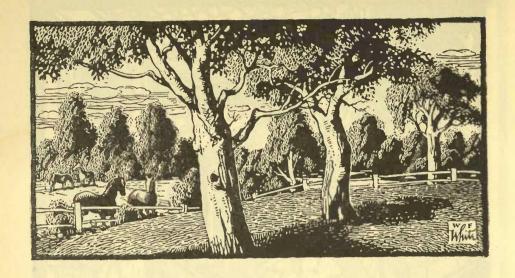
HERE and there along the streets men in their long, blue, thickly padded coats sell their wares. Here one sits with a display of odd bits of glass and china: delicate snuff-bottles of amber or carved with a thousand tiny figures in ivory, old gold pins for the black hair of Chinese women, a pensive goddess of milk-white porcelain, or strips of lovely silk, beautifully embroidered in gorgeous colorings.



Hong Kong Streets

Up and down the steep sides of the mountain long vistas of shallow steps spanned by high arches make Hong Kong streets—narrow lanes of golden sunlight and purple shadows, filled with a neverending tide of colorful humanity.





Good Roads

BY THOMAS BOYD Author of "Through the Wheat," etc.

DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM FLETCHER WHITE



ROM his shaded, deepgreen yard Uncle John looked on the river road that morning, a wide gray path overarched with thick branches of sugar maple and black walnut.

To the north the river road bordered a number of small farms of which Uncle John's was one, small farms on many of which weatherbeaten houses stood peacefully at the top of the slope; on the south ran the disused canal, separated from the Maumee River by a no longer distinguishable towpath. For several miles—from the village of Independence to the village of Paulding-the river road had the peaceful charm that only gliding water, lofty trees, and ragged fences of weatherstained rails and twisting vines can give. The land had been parcelled into oneman farms, and the implements for cultivation of the soil were of the older quated air. Independence, once a boister- except for a few months during cold

ous village, was now a cluster of empty houses, a white church, and a large graveyard; the red gates of the lock by the dam were rusty; and as you went farther eastward you encountered the stillness of a dense wood-though no wood was there: only sky, water, trees, and a road of powdery dust which is separated from the fields by half-hidden fences.

As he stood there that morning Uncle John was muttering. "So they calc'late to change it, do they! Make a state road out of it, join it up with the main road from Toledo to Fort Wayne-" he growled, "Gah-ahd damn!" For his sixty-seven years of life had not decreased the stubbornness with which Uncle John had been born. He did not want that state road to come past his property and he would never change his opinion.

For one reason, construction of that five mile stretch into a cement state thoroughfare meant that Uncle John and the other farmers with land adjoining the generation. Yes, that whole stretch of road would be assessed; it meant incountryside gave forth a quiet, anti- creased taxes, and the end of privacy weather. Uncle John had no money for assessments; and as for taxes, each winter he worried a good deal about how he would get enough money together to pay the second instalment. Even then Aunt Mary's hens helped greatly to supply the cash. And every year there was a little more economic pressure on the sixty acres, all that remained of the section of land which Uncle John's grandfather had cleared. But this remnant of the original farm was about all he could take care of. Spring ploughing tired him more and more; one reason was that his left shoulder was lower than the right, the difference in height being caused by the loss of two ribs which had been smashed a few years ago. For, as he sometimes said, horses had run away with him, but never from him. One day in Defiance when he was loading a barrel of salt on the wagon his team of six-year-olds had become frightened by the noises; had charged down the street as Uncle John leaped, caught a strap on the stallion's flank and was dragged three blocks over the pavement before the team quieted down. He was not aware of having fainted, must have been but semi-conscious as he climbed on the wagon seat and drove the runaway team out to the farm, a good five miles.

Had Uncle John been asked if he was fond of horses he would have rubbed the back of his hand across his short, blunt · beard, stretched backward, and laughed —as he did at all nonsensical questions. Hearing him curse the pair of blacks as he jerked their halters and pushed them against the doubletrees so as to fasten them up to the wagon tongue, the sentimentalist would have thought him a brute. But he never carried a whip, and the fat bellies of the four horses were always glistening. Nor had he a kindly His eyebrows were heavy and uneven, his eyes were rather wrathful, his face was rugged, with high cheekbones, his arms were long, his hands gnarled, and his height just over six feet. Since his accident, one arm and shoulder hung much lower than the other.

He said, "Curse their state roads," as he walked up the yard to the house, a gray frame dwelling with rose and lilac bushes growing close by and a trench for flowers by the stone foundation. Out in the pasture behind the road barn the four horses were grazing, Gyp and Dolly, Calamity Jane and old Prince. Gyp and Dolly were the work team, the six-year-olds who had brought about Uncle John's accident. They were used for ploughing, harrowing, disking, hauling—all the heavy labor of the farm. Both were a glossy black, a little over sixteen hundred pounds, with supple legs, heavy bodies, and short, powerful necks, thickly maned. Their only perceptible difference was that Gyp had a white spot on his forehead while Dolly was black all over.

They made an enviable team; stock dealers had tried to buy them from Uncle John. But Belle and old Prince he could scarcely have disposed of as a gift, except perhaps to the rag man. Old Prince was nearly thirty years old and did no labor. But he ate as much as a draft horse. Except during bad weather, Aunt Mary drove him once each week into Defiance to buy whatever groceries that were needed and to market the surplus of eggs. But that was merely to exercise old Prince. With equal safety and much less time involved in travel Aunt Mary could have driven Dolly or Gyp. Prince had a stringy mane, a somnolent eye, but his size, though worthless, was magnificent. Long, slender legs and neck and a broad, muscular breast, he must have been a superb looking colt. But now he was slow and his joints were stiff. Uncle John was as careful of him as if he had been a prize He kept Belle because he racehorse. imagined that Prince would have been lonely without her; Belle, who had been born on the farm twenty-four years ago and was a smaller edition of Prince in decrepitude.

But there was no apparent reason for his keeping old Prince. And sometimes, when there was no money in the house and some bill had yet to be paid, Aunt Mary would grow impatient and grumbling, saying that if Uncle John had a speck of sense left in his head he would get rid of that old team, good for nothing except to fill their insides with feed that was worth ten times more than they were. But Uncle John was not stubborn for nothing; and Prince and Belle remained.

Uncle John leaned on the rail fence which separated the barnyard from the pasture and thought: "They'll never get me to sign a petition to have that damned

road come through here. If the people in town want it let them put up the money for it, and not go around trying to shove the expense off on the farmers! Saying a cement road'll improve the value of a farm! So it will, if you want to sell your farm like Cal Young does. But if a man wants to keep his farm like I want to keep mine, I can't figure how a cement road'll make the land produce more crops. Nope, if the people in the towns want these roads then let them foot the bill . . . the small farmer comes out the little end of the horn every time these days." Angrily he stalked through the barnyard to the

granary.

A few days earlier Cal Young had driven to his farm with some men from town, bringing a petition for the concrete road and wanting him, as one of the abutting landowners, to sign it. They had come a few minutes before the noonday meal, which could be smelled from the kitchen, was ready, and had comfortably sprawled in the sitting room while they argued with Uncle John. They talked, and talked. Uncle John listened and repudiated the petition. Finally, hearing the dishes being rattled by Aunt Mary, he stood up and said: "Well, I see you wont take No for an answer. It's my meal time and I can't listen to you any longer." It was the first time in his life that he had turned a man out of his house without offering him a seat at the table. But they could think what they liked; he didn't want that damned road.

No matter what he did that summer, the threat of the new concrete road was not far from his thoughts. It was another grievance to rankle in his mind along with the chicanery of the Democratic Party, unfair legislation against the farmer, the capitalistic methods of the trade unions, and the immorality of the cities. And as he went about his work of hoeing in the fields, spraying the potato vines, milking the cows-whatever he didhe muttered against the conditions of society. His discontent was further increased by a thin crop of hay; and when he told Aunt Mary she said: "John, you'd better sell that worthless team. Winter will come, hay will go up to fifteen dollars a ton, and then where will we be?" But Uncle John only scratched his short, blunt beard and answered: "I guess we

can stick it out all right." Aunt Mary tightened her lips and each step over the kitchen floor was a reproach.

But in August, though Uncle John still grumbled, his tone was lighter. For a letter had come from Toledo saying that Jack, his nephew, would be there for a week's vacation toward the middle of the month. Uncle John was fond of Jack. The nephew liked to help him about the farm and had had enough experience in farming not to be of more hindrance than assistance. Besides, Jack played a fair game of cribbage, and with him there Uncle John could spend his resting hour after meals saying "fifteen-two and fif-

teen-four and a pair's six."

Jack came one afternoon, and that evening at supper he pleasantly observed: "Well, everything's the same as it always was." "Yes," responded Aunt Mary sharply, "we've even got that pair of old nags still eating their heads off out there in the barn." Uncle John said, "Pshaw now, Mary," and Jack laughed. The sound of that laugh, thought Uncle John, would discourage Aunt Mary from trying to get Jack to devil him about old Prince.

But the laugh had no such effect. For, a few evenings later, when he and Jack faced each other across the card table in the front room and Uncle John was riffling the cards, his nephew said: "Uncle John, why don't you do something about that old team. You could sell both of those horses, and even if you had to pay somebody to take them you'd be saving money."

Uncle John dealt the cards without speaking. He spent some time in studying his hand, deciding on which two cards he would put into the crib. He scratched his head. "Let's see," he asked, "it's my crib, ain't it?" And it was not until the cards were again in the deck and the pegs advanced to their proper holes that he

answered Jack's question.

"Sell old Prince! No, sir. Old Prince will stay right here on this farm as long as he's able to draw breath. He was born here and he'll die here—unless I can't keep up my taxes and the sheriff sells me out. I made up my mind to that long ago, young feller, before the old gentleman [Uncle John's father] died. You would not believe it, to look at him now, but Prince was one of the best colts in this part of the country, and he could be as

devilish as they make 'em when he had a mind to. I couldn't do much more than get a saddle over his back before he was off up the lane as hot as a hornet. I'd go to put my foot in the stirrup and before I could h'ist my leg he was gone. But the old gentleman, he took it into his head to ride him after the cattle. In those days we pastured them 'way up where the Tewell cross-roads are now, and that's a pretty fair jaunt from here. He'd throw the saddle over his back and he would stand stock still-well, he'd do that for me too. But for the old gentleman, Prince would stand there like a lamb until he had got both feet in the stirrups. He was well on in years, too-it was only a little while before he died-and you could see his hand shake as he put it on the pommel to raise himself into the saddle. But that colt wouldn't move until he was all settled. Hence Prince must have figured out how things stood with the old gentleman, because he'd ride him after the cattle every night and he'd stand there just as quiet as you please. But if I tried to straddle him-whoof! And I said to myself then, I said: 'That colt will always have good care; I'll see to it myself." Uncle John challenged Jack with a look, passed the cards to him, and said: "It's your turn to deal; carve the papes."

Jack had no answer to make. Probably he had forgotten that Aunt Mary told him to convince Uncle John that the old team should be disposed of. He sat and stared in a kind of abstraction that vanished only when Uncle John spoke again. He said: "Prince got kinda sick a few years back and I took him to the veterinary up at Defiance. The veterinary looked over the horse for a while and then he said: 'John, you better sell this animal. He wont live longer'n a year at the outside." He paused, and a look of profound satisfaction, sharpened by a little malice, gleamed out of his eyes, "Humph! That veterinary had been under the sod four years this November, and old Prince still travels right along."

Jack went back to his job the next week and left Aunt Mary and Uncle John alone once more. Throughout the rest of the month Aunt Mary put up fruits and vegetables for the fall and winter, Uncle John helped his neighbors with their would, but we've threshing and in turn was helped by once in a while."

them. And in the pauses of the tumult of the loudly chugging engine, the teams of horses pawing, backing, being shouted at by their drivers, the thick cloud of chaff blowing up from the separator, and the molten stream of grain pouring into sacks there was talk of the new concrete road. "Ain't much chance of it goin' through," said Frank Evans, "not if the abutting landowners have anything to say about it. I don't know six that signed that petition that Cal Young and them dudes from town was around here with."

"Don't count too much on that," said Bill Osgood. "If the State takes it into its head to put that road through it'll put it through and all hell can't stop it. I was reading in *The Blade* the other night that they were figurin' on a scheme down at Columbus where the county'd pay so much, the State so much, the Federal government so much, and that would leave the farmers only about ten per cent of the cost in assessment."

"The hell you say," muttered Uncle John. "Damned skunks."

"Naw," said Jess Egley, who owned the house by the dam where the road jogged before it entered Independence and who was reputed the laziest man in the vicinity, "I calc'late it'd be a mighty good thing to have that road. I was figurin' that if it went through I'd put in a gasoline station and sell sandwiches and soft drinks to the tourists."

"Anything so you wouldn't have to work," grumbled Uncle John.

"Wouldn't last very long. First time that old river went on a rampage the water would turn up the concrete like it was so much paper." said Bill Osgood.

They talked and read about the possibilities of the road being put down throughout the fall and winter. Uncle John's haymow was but scantily filled.... You could see light through the cracks in the boards of the corncrib. By December he was buying grain. Aunt Mary grew worried, and a little frightened at seeing the money leaving the house. She said: "I'll declare, John, if I can see the use of scrimping and pinching every day if you're going to spend every penny we're able to scrape together on that team. I'd hate to see them go as much as you would, but we've got to think of ourselves once in a while."

Uncle John answered: "We ain't on the point of starvation yet."

Aunt Mary retorted: "No, but we're pretty near it. It this keeps up we won't

be able to pay the taxes."

Meanwhile the four horses continued to munch rhythmically in their stalls, Prince and Belle consuming as much as the work team. How quickly the hay, the corn, the oats disappeared in their champing jaws! About the farm hung the deep silence of winter, and over the fields and the vard, which stretched to the river road, lay the soft white snow. Inside the house was silence also, a kind of estrangement acutely felt. Uncle John would sit with his stockinged feet on the nickel fender of the big base-burner; Aunt Mary would quietly sew by the front room window. They spoke in monosyllables. No more talk about the team or the new concrete road.

But one day, after Uncle John had come in from the mail box with the daily paper which the rural carrier had brought, he muttered and cursed for so long a time that Aunt Mary asked from the front room: "Now what is it: has wheat gone up again or is it the concrete road?"

"They've got it through all right," he muttered. "The paper says that the abutting landowners will be assessed about four dollars and a half an acre. That's nearly three hundred for us."

"And the taxes," said Aunt Mary.

"Won't it raise the taxes?"

"And the taxes," growled Uncle John.

He sat with his chin in the palm of his hand, staring with smoldering eyes. Moments passed and he did not move. The great clock continued its ticking from the wall; the draft murmured through the coals in the base-burner; from the front room Aunt Mary's rocker kept up a measured creaking, but Uncle John was motionless. After a while a light flared out from his bushy brows, died down until the pupils were dulled. He rose.

"Well?-" said Aunt Mary.

"Well, hell," said Uncle John in a voice that shook. He slowly crossed the room and climbed the back stairs. And when he came down he carried the rifle which Jack had used in the war. One shell was in the chamber and another in his pocket. And without speaking he went out to the barn where old Prince and Belle stood unsuspiciously in their stalls, browsing over the hay in their mangers.

And now the old dirt road is gone, the rural quiet is gone, and old Prince and Belle are in the boneyard; but there is a nice new concrete road running past the house along the river; and tourists in Fords and Buicks find the countryside between that old house and the dam so picturesque that every year they stop in droves and camp there, and leave their old cans and bottles and pasteboard plates and paper littered over the trampled grass before they proceed on their bumpy but adventurous ways.



Heat from the Stars

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Honorary Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



IGHT is the most universal of all languages. Its messages reach us with equal facility from the depths of the universe and from the electrons whirling in the nearest atom. Like

the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, its tones are silent, but, unlike them, it tells of the present as well as of the past. Its daily reports from the most distant stars were despatched millions of years ago, but within the limits of the solar system its slowest deliveries are completed within a few minutes, and on earth within small fractions of a second. The new knowledge that it brings is of the most varied character, ranging from the constitution of matter to the structure of the universe. Recently it has told us much of the evolution of the stars, whose life-cycles we are at last beginning to comprehend.

A few years ago Russell advanced his now famous theory of giant and dwarf stars. Starting from the early conceptions of Lane and Ritter, but developing them in the light of modern discoveries, he sketched for us the extraordinary characteristics of early stellar life. Nebulæ we had previously pictured as vast regions of space filled with faintly glowing rarefied gases, and stars were supposed to condense out of them. No one imagined, however, that a fully formed star like Betelgeuse, which marks the right shoulder of Orion, could actually be a gaseous sphere 300,000,000 miles in diameter, so highly rarefied that its average density is far less than that of the air we breathe. To test this theory and to prove beyond doubt the tremendous rise in temperature and decrease in diameter which it indicated for the successive stages of stellar life, has taxed the capacities of our ablest astronomers and best-equipped observatories. Fortunately, we are in the midst of a period of rapid progress, in which new instruments and methods are keeping pace with the demands of new theories. Some of these have been described in previous articles. But other vital steps remained to be taken, one of which was to measure with precision the radiant energy of the stars, and especially to determine the relative proportions of the visible and invisible rays emitted by the cooler ones.

VARIETIES OF RADIATION

It was in 1666 that Newton made the first analysis of sunlight with a prism. After him more than a century elapsed before Sir William Herschel took the next step. Fig. 1, from Herschel's paper in the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society" for 1800, shows the simple but effective means employed by him to supplement the limited powers of the The spectrum of sunlight, formed by a prism on the white surface of a table, was visible through the well-known range from violet to red. But at these limits it seemed to stop. A thermometer, exposed to the violet, showed a slight heating effect, but no sign of radiation was found beyond these visible rays. At successive points toward the red the thermometer rose higher and higher, but at this end of the visible spectrum the heating effect did not cease. On the contrary, the exposed thermometer continued to give higher readings after it had been moved entirely beyond the range of the red. In other words, the maximum heating effect of the sun's rays when analyzed by a prism seemed to lie in an invisible region beyond the red, since known as the infra-Herschel rightly concluded that light and radiant heat are identical, their observed effects simply depending upon the powers of the receiving instrument. The human eye responds only to the rays

from red to violet, while his thermometer detected not only these rays but also others, which are less refracted by the prism. Later he gave further evidence of this identity, by proving that the invisible heat rays can be reflected, and also refracted by concave mirrors or lenses, in the same way as light rays. We are all familiar with such invisible heat rays, which are given by a stove long before it is heated to redness.

This first step into the invisible having been taken, within a year Ritter discovered the existence of ultra-violet rays, beyond the visible violet, by their effect in blackening silver chloride. Then followed, in 1802, the great advance of Thomas Young—the first measurement of the wave-lengths of light of various colors. He found that the difference between red and violet is merely a difference in wave-length, the waves of the former being about half again as long as those of the latter. A simple experiment will make this difference clear.

Take a long piece of rope and fasten one end to a post. Hold the other end in the hand, with the rope drawn nearly taut, and vibrate it up and down. It is easy to make waves run along the rope from the hand to the post. If the hand is moved quickly, the waves will be short. If more slowly, the waves will be longer. In the case of violet light the vibration frequency is high and the waves are very short. For yellow light the frequency is lower and the wave-length greater (about 50000 inch). Toward the red and in the infrared the wave-length continues to increase, as Fig. 2 illustrates. The extent of the spectrum has grown with the development of new and more sensitive instruments and the discovery of radiations, such as the X-rays, which were at first supposed to be utterly unlike the rays of light. Now we recognize no distinction, except that of wave-length and the diverse effect on our receiving instruments, as we pass from the shortest known radiations of radium through the ultra-violet into the visible spectrum, and then beyond its red end into the immense range of increasing wave-lengths which finally culminates in the longest radio waves.

The illustration (Fig. 2) is due to the late Ernest Fox Nichols, who presented it in connection with a paper read before

the National Academy of Sciences as the last act of his life. Just as he concluded its presentation, after having described his success in producing the only type of waves previously undiscovered in this long sequence, he quietly sank to the platform and died. Such a passing, under the dome of the Academy's superb new building, dedicated on the previous day by the President of the United States to science and research, was the fitting culmination of a life devoted to the increase of knowledge. To Nichols, as we shall see in the course of this article, we owe some of the most important advances in the study of radiation and the first successful measures of the heat of the stars.

HEAT FROM THE STARS

Sir William Huggins, the great pioneer in astrophysics, was the first to attempt to measure the heat radiation of the stars. His discoveries with the spectroscope had taught him the advantage of utilizing laboratory instruments in the observatory, and he accordingly attached a delicate thermocouple (a junction of two metals very sensitive to radiant heat, see page 56) to his 8-inch telescope in 1860. Some of the brightest stars, when focussed on the thermocouple, seemed to give indications of heat radiation, but their accidental origin became evident twenty years later when Boys failed to detect stellar heat with far more sensitive instruments.

Thus matters stood in 1898, with no evidence of success after several serious attempts to measure the heat radiation of stars. The Yerkes Observatory had just been completed, and Nichols was developing the radiometer which, in the special form given it later, served so successfully in the classic investigations of Nichols and Hull on the pressure of light. It was already beautifully adapted for refined radiation measures, and as it greatly surpassed the best previous devices for this purpose, I invited Nichols to try it at the Yerkes Observatory during the summer of 1898 for the detection of stellar heat.

The special radiometer which he built for the purpose was an instrument of extreme sensitiveness. Its delicate mica vanes, suspended in a vacuum, received the star's image, given by a 24-inch conobservatory. By moving the heliostat by the observation of standard candles

cave mirror, after reflection from the mir- means of testing, and also of measuring ror of a clock-driven heliostat mounted the loss of heat caused by absorption in between the north and south domes of the the earth's atmosphere, were afforded

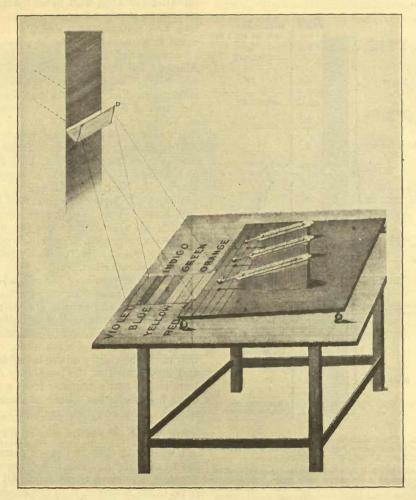


Fig. 1. Herschel's discovery of the invisible infra-red rays.

The infra-red portion of the solar spectrum, which cannot be seen by the eye, was detected by means of its heating effect on thermometers set at various points beyond the red end of the visible spectrum.

mirror, the star's image could be thrown on or off the vanes, and the resulting deflection could be measured by observing through a small auxiliary telescope the image of an illuminated scale reflected from a minute mirror attached below the radiometer vanes.

A standard candle, at a distance of about 27 feet, was used to test the sensi-

mounted in tents at distances of 2,000 feet and 4,500 feet respectively. To give an idea of the sensitiveness of the apparatus, it may be said that the average deflection for a candle in the nearer tent, 2,000 feet away, was 67 millimetres (the apparent motion of the scale in the auxiliary telescope). One evening Doctor St. John, who was in this tent, extinguished the tiveness of the radiometer. Additional candle and placed his head in front of the

VOL. LXXIX .-- 4

candle-box when the signal to expose was given. The observed deflection, due to the heat radiation of his head at a distance of 2,000 feet, was 25 millimetres,

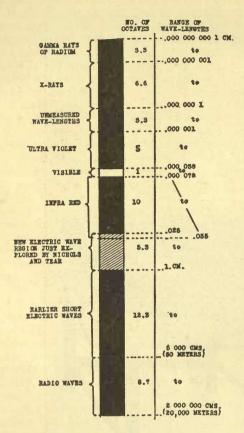


Fig. 2. Chart of the complete spectrum, showing the new electric wave region just explored by Nichols and Tear.

The entire length of the visible spectrum, from red to violet, is comprised in the narrow white region just above the middle of the chart. The immense range of the complete spectrum is thus apparent.

repeatedly checked! In fact, the sensitiveness of the apparatus was so great that, if there were no loss due to the absorption of the intervening air, the number of candles in a group at a distance of about sixteen miles could be determined from the average of a series of measures. The radiometer employed was found to be twelve times as sensitive as the radiomicrometer of Professor Boys, and this advantage, combined with the increase in diameter of the concave mirror from 16 inches to 24 inches, sufficed to make

possible the first successful measures of stellar heat.

The average deflection produced by the bright star Arcturus, combining the observations of 1898 with those made with somewhat improved apparatus in 1900, was 1.08 millimetres. Vega, a star of equal brightness but bluer in color, gave an average deflection of 0.52 millimetres. Allowing for their difference in altitude, which involves a difference in atmospheric absorption, Nichols found that the total radiation of Arcturus was 2.2 times that of Vega. As these stars are of equal brightness to the eye, this means that Arcturus sends us more invisible rays from the infra-red region. This result. as Nichols pointed out, may be accounted for by the fact, now abundantly confirmed, that Arcturus, though of lower temperature than Vega, and therefore sending us a greater proportion of the longer wave-lengths, is so much greater in diameter as to give us about twice as much total radiation.

The pioneer results of Nichols, who also succeeded in measuring the heat radiation of Jupiter and Saturn, opened a new and very important field of astrophysical research. They pointed to the existence of comparatively cool stars whose radiation might be chiefly of the invisible sort and they hinted at the possibility of determining a star's diameter from a study of its heat radiation. Both of these possibilities have now been realized.

THE WORK OF PFUND AND COBLENTS

I wish that time and space permitted me to describe in these pages the whole progress of modern astronomy. All I can hope to do, however, is to tell of some of the principal advances of my associates, with such historical background as to render their significance clear. But before passing on to recent work at Mount Wilson a word must be said of the important progress achieved by Pfund and Coblentz, who perfected the thermocouple, and applied it with marked success to the measurement of stellar heat.

The thermocouple is based upon a discovery made by Seebeck in 1822, He found that if two different metals fixed in contact are at different temperatures, an electric current is produced. Nobili, who had devised a sensitive galvanometer for

the study of feeble currents, applied the thermocouple, with its aid, to the measurement of small temperature changes. In 1895 the Russian physicist Lebedew found that a thermocouple made of iron and the alloy constantan was more sensi-

up at Flagstaff some experiments begun at Mount Hamilton, Coblentz studied the relative proportions of radiations of different wave-lengths by means of absorbing filters, and thus obtained estimates of the temperatures of 16 bright stars.

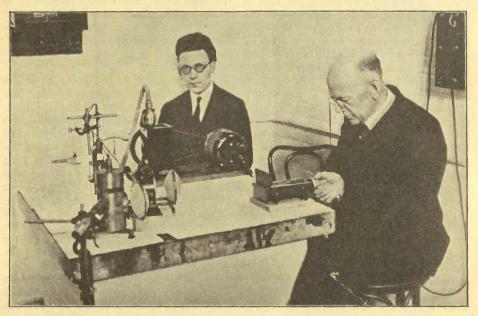


Fig. 3. Ernest Fox Nichols and his assistant, Doctor Tear. The apparatus shown is that used in the exploration of the new electric wave region indicated in Fig. 2.

tive in a vacuum than at atmospheric pressure. Pfund made effective use of this principle in 1913 at the Allegheny Observatory, where he was very successful in measuring stellar heat radiation with a 30-inch reflecting telescope.

A year later Coblentz, of the Bureau of Standards, made another important advance at the Lick Observatory, where his improved vacuum thermocouple, employed with the 36-inch Crossley reflector, enabled him to measure the heat radiation of 105 stars. The variation of the heat radiation with the spectral type of the star, indicated by the results of Nichols for Arcturus and Vega, was beautifully shown by his results, which reached stars as faint as magnitude 6.7, just beyond the range of the naked eye. His most important conclusion is that radiation as blue stars of the same photometric magnitude." In 1921, following

OBSERVATIONS WITH THE 100-INCH HOOKER TELESCOPE

The Hooker telescope on Mount Wilson* is admirably adapted for the measurement of stellar heat. Its concave mirror, 100 inches in diameter, collects more than seventeen times as much light as the 24-inch mirror used by Nichols at the Yerkes Observatory, and its optical and mechanical perfection permit observations to be made with far greater ease and certainty than was possible with the apparatus then available. It is astonishing to realize, however, that Pettit and Nicholson, using with this telescope improved vacuum thermocouples of their own construction, have been able to measure the heat radiation of one star as faint as the thirteenth magnitude—not "red stars emit 2 to 3 times as much total far above the limit of visibility in Herschel's 20-foot telescope! Moreover,

*Described in "The New Heavens," p. 18.

with a star of the type of X Cygni at minimum brightness (see below), it would be possible to reach five magnitudes fainter.

When employed for the measurement of the heat radiation of stars, the thermocouple is mounted at the upper end of the tube of the Hooker telescope, in the focus of the 100-inch mirror. The deflections of the galvanometer produced by the star's heat are recorded photographically, and under favorable conditions they can be measured with extremely small errors. As the atmosphere forms only a thin shell around the earth, its absorption decreases rapidly from low to high alti-This means that as a star rises from the eastern horizon toward the meridian, it constantly appears to grow brighter. The sensitivity of the thermocouple is so great that in the case of bright stars at low altitudes the resulting change in brightness in one minute can be detected. Thus under such circumstances the limit of precision in the measurements is set by the difficulty of correcting for the exact loss due to absorption by our atmosphere.

The thousands of observations made with this apparatus by Pettit and Nicholson during the last three years have led to many important conclusions. In harmony with the results of Nichols and Coblentz, the proportion of radiations of great wave-length (infra-red) emitted by the stars is found to increase with their spectral type. That is to say, the redder the star the greater the proportion of invisible heat radiation it sends us. In the case of red variable stars like Omicron Ceti this effect is surprisingly large. Thus at its minimum brightness, when beyond the reach of a telescope less than 3 inches in aperture, this variable sends us 1,300 times as much heat as a white star (type A_0) of the same brightness. As the variable is so faint visually, it will be seen how great a proportion of invisible infrared radiation it must emit at such times. But Omicron Ceti is outdone by X Cygni, a variable star ranging from the fourth to the fourteenth magnitude. Observations show that while to the eye X Cygni is 10,000 times as bright at maximum as at minimum, the total radiation as measured with a thermocouple undergoes a variation of only 1.7 times. At minimum

brightness X Cygni emits 50,000 times as much heat as a white (A_0) star of the same magnitude. Its diameter must therefore be enormous. The possibilities of the thermocouple used with the 100-inch telescope, which is sensitive enough to detect the heat of a candle 100 miles away if there were no loss due to absorption by the intervening atmosphere, are well illustrated by these results.

RECENT ADVANCES BY ABBOT

The success of Abbot's studies of the solar spectrum on Mount Wilson led to a trial of the bolometer (another instrument for measuring feeble heat radiation) for similar investigations of the spectra of bright stars. In his preliminary observations with the 100-inch telescope in 1923 he succeeded in making an approximate examination of ten stellar spectra. But the bolometer proved to be hardly adequate for this difficult task, and a Nichols radiometer was chosen to replace it. This delicate instrument, built under Doctor Nichols's direction by Doctor Tear, has proved to be a marvel of efficiency. Retaining the great steadiness necessary for measures of precision, it is nevertheless fully fifteen times as sensitive as the stellar radiometer used at the Yerkes Observatory. Combining with this the advantages to be expected from the large aperture and stable mounting of the telescope, the altitude and clear sky of Mount Wilson, and certain minor instrumental improvements, a thousandfold gain in effective sensitiveness appeared probable. In spite of the great weakening of the radiation caused by dispersing the star image into a spectrum, Abbot believed that energy curves showing the intensity of radiation in various parts of the spectrum might be obtained for some of the brighter stars.

Observations were made of nine bright stars in October, 1923. The resulting energy curves, after correction for the absorption of the earth's atmosphere and the utilization of certain visual observations of the brightness of these spectra in the visible region, are shown in Fig. 8. This illustration, for the sake of economizing space, contains two sets of curves, one (to the left) referred to the horizontal wave-length scale at the bottom of the figure, the other referred to the scale four

squares above it. In both cases the inframum intensity has a simple and definite red region is on the right, the visible spec- meaning, of the greatest interest. Take a trum extending only from 0.4 to about bar of iron and heat it in the fire. It gets

The height of the curve measures the red light. Finally, when greatly heated,

very hot long before it begins to emit dull-

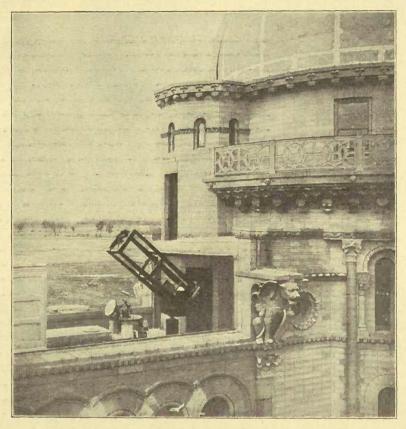


Fig. 4. Heliostat room of the Yerkes Observatory, where Nichols made the first measurements of stellar heat.

Light from the stars was reflected by the circular heliostat mirror to a concave mirror which formed the stellar image on the radiometer vane. (The larger instrument above the heliostat was not employed for this work.)

intensity of the radiation at the corresponding point in the spectrum. It will be seen at once that the maximum, which is in the ultra-violet, far beyond the violet limit of the visible spectrum in the case of the bright bluish-white star Rigel in the constellation of Orion, moves steadily toward the right in the following stellar sequence: Rigel, Vega, Sirius, Procyon, the Sun, Capella, Aldebaran, Beta Pegasi, Betelgeuse, and Alpha Herculis. In the last four stars the most intense point in the spectrum is beyond the red limit, in the infra-red.

it becomes "white hot." During the heating the point of maximum intensity in its spectrum, at first far out in the infra-red, steadily advances from the invisible infra-red toward the visible red and then on toward the violet.

The corresponding differences found by Abbot in the stars, and confirmed by other observers in a different way, may be similarly interpreted. Along the route from Alpha Herculis to Rigel the surface temperature steadily rises from about 2,500° to about 16,000° C. (see Fig. 8), and the color changes from red to bluish-This change in the position of maxi- white. We are thus observing, with the

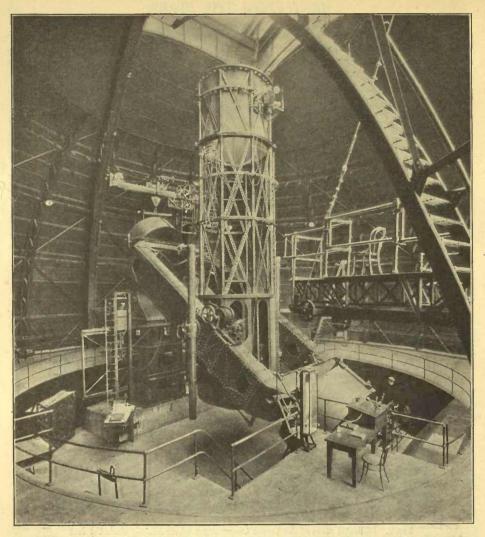


Fig. 5. The 100-inch Hooker telescope used by Nicholson and Pettit, and also by Abbot, for the measurement of stellar heat.

aid of a new device, the predicted progress of stellar evolution.

These results are not given by Abbot as final, but they are at least approximately correct, and they certainly represent great progress in astrophysical research. Making due allowance for the necessity of future revision when additional measures become available, Abbot has also deduced provisional diameters of these stars from his measures (supplemented by the visual observations of Wilsing and his associates and the photographic observations of Rosenberg), with results that are in most cases of the same

order of magnitude as the interferometer measures of Michelson and Pease* and the theoretical determinations of Russell. Sirius and Procyon are found to be of about the same size as the sun, while the other stars observed range from twice to 500 times the sun's diameter. Let us see how these new results harmonize with the latest theories of stellar evolution.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF A STAR

Great advances in our knowledge of stellar evolution, made within the past

*See the chapter on "Giant Stars" in "The New Heavens."

year, now enable us to sketch more precisely the life history of a star. We see it in its extreme youth as an enormously of the sun. distended mass of gas, sometimes exceed-

diameter, shown by the Michelson interferometer to be more than 300 times that

Such a star radiates much heat, slowly ing 300,000,000 miles in diameter. The decreases in diameter, and increases in

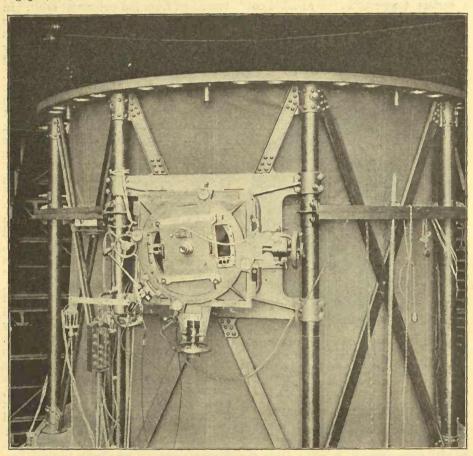


Fig. 6. Upper end of the tube of the Hooker telescope with thermocouple attached.

surface temperature of this red giant is comparatively low, ranging from 2,500° to 3,000° C., and the density of its outer parts is so slight as to be comparable with that of the residual gas in a vacuum tube, from which most of the contents have been pumped. At the centre of the star, however, the pressure must attain thousands of tons and the temperature two or three million degrees. The well-known red star Betelgeuse in Orion is an excellent example of this early stage of stellar life. Although its surface brightness is comparatively low, its great total bright-

density. These changes are accompanied by a steady rise in temperature, which becomes greater and greater as the star changes in color from red through yellow to white. The surface temperature of the white stars may exceed 20,000° C., and their central temperature may reach 30,-000,000°. After the maximum surface temperature is attained the surface temperature begins to fall, but the central temperature may remain nearly constant for a long period. The color meanwhile changes from white through yellow to red, so that at one end of the scale we have ness is accounted for by its immense huge expanded red giants and near the other small condensed dwarfs, also comparatively cool at the surface but with internal temperatures of many millions of degrees and enormous internal pressures. The sun, which is an early dwarf star, has a surface temperature of about 6,000° C., and a central temperature perhaps as great as 30,000,000° C. Thus far the history of stellar life does not differ greatly from Russell's theory, but some new and surprising modifications of the theory have recently become necessary.

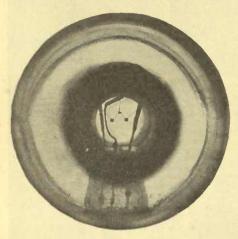


Fig. 7. The junctions of the vacuum thermocouple, as seen through the eye-piece.

Galvanometer deflections in opposite directions are obtained by setting the star first on one junction and then on the other.

STRIPPED ATOMS IN THE STARS

We are becoming accustomed to think of atoms no longer as fixed entities but as planetary systems, in which from one (hydrogen) to ninety-six (uranium) negative electrons whirl in their orbits about a central positive nucleus. With the aid of his "hot spark," taken in a high vacuum, Millikan has just been able to strip the seven outer electrons from their orbits in the atoms of chlorine and other elements, thus reducing these atomic systems to simpler forms. A cosmic counterpart of the modern physicist would be some Titan, operating upon the solar system, hurling into space first Neptune, then Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the earth, and Venus, as he brought more and more powerful thunderbolts to bear upon the planets.

The spectra of the sun and stars plainly

reveal the existence of similar phenomena. In the great flames or prominences which rise thousands of miles above the sun's surface, the calcium atoms are shown by the spectroscope to have lost one electron, torn from the outermost orbit. In the atmosphere of the hottest stars the loss of from two to four electrons changes the spectra of the metals so completely that all of their lines in the visible and accessible ultra-violet regions disappear. while the remaining lines, in the extreme ultra-violet, are completely shielded from our view by the absorption of their light in the earth's atmosphere. In the hottest stars only the lines of certain elements whose atoms are less easily disrupted are found in the regions open to our study.

The highest temperature attained in the atmospheres of the stars does not greatly exceed 20,000° C., whereas 300,000° C. would be needed to accomplish the effects of Millikan's most powerful sparks. Within the stars, as we have seen, the temperature rises to many millions of degrees. Under such conditions the lighter atoms must lose all their electrons, and be reduced to completely stripped nuclei, resembling the sun deprived of all the planets. The heavier elements may still retain a few of their inner electrons.

A dense body is one in which the atoms are closely packed together. In ordinary matter, with its electrons intact, this process of crowding cannot go very far, even under great pressures. The orbits of the electrons are widely separated and the outer orbit acts like an impassable boundary which cannot be broken down by any pressures attainable in the laboratory. Platinum, the densest substance we know on earth, is only 21.5 times as dense as water. But when the atoms are stripped of all or most of their electrons, as they are within the hottest stars, the gravitational pressures of hundreds of millions of tons per square inch may crowd the electrons and protons much closer together, and thus produce densities up to 100,000 times that of water.

The faint companion of Sirius is a case in point. It is one of the exceptional white dwarfs (most dwarf stars are red), of small diameter, great surface brightness, and enormous internal temperature. If Eddington's calculations are correct, its density must be about 50,000

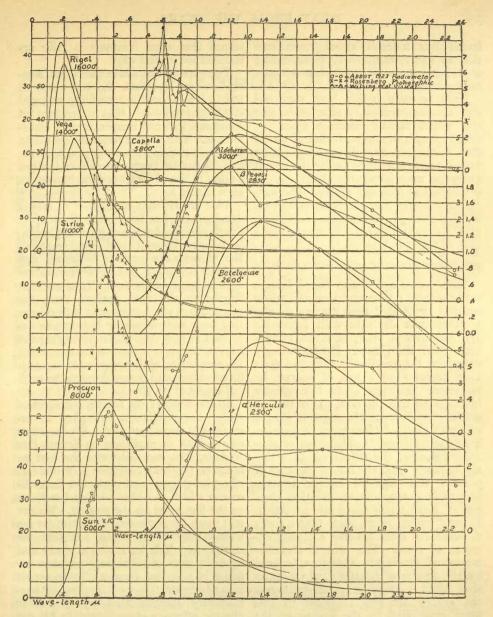


Fig. 8. Abbot's energy curves of stellar spectra.

The height of the curve measures the intensity of the radiation at the corresponding point in the spectrum. The maximum of intensity, far in the ultra-violet for the very hot star Rigel, moves steadily toward the red in stars of lower and lower temperature.

sity the lines in the spectrum ought to be greatly displaced toward the red, according to Einstein's theory of relativity. It is very difficult to photograph

times that of water. With such a den- the aid of the 100-inch Hooker telescope on Mount Wilson, Doctor Adams is at work on the spectrum of the companion, and it is probable that he will be able to determine whether this shift of the lines separately the spectrum of this faint ob- occurs. If his results confirm Eddingject, because of the close proximity of ton's prediction, we shall have every Sirius, the brightest star in the sky. With reason to believe that in this strange celestial object a density about 50,000 times that of water, enormously transcending anything known on earth, has actually been attained.*

Until recently it has been supposed that the compressibility of a condensing star would rapidly decrease when the density began to approach that of water. But Eddington has shown that stellar atoms, reduced as they are by the loss of electrons, may have only about \(\frac{1}{10000}\) of the bulk of ordinary atoms. The substance of a star may then continue to act like a perfect gas, of high compressibility, until a density greater than 10,000 times that of water is reached.

THE SLOW REDUCTION OF STELLAR MASS

Three years ago Seares found from a study of over a thousand stars of various spectral types that their masses showed a progressive decrease with increasing age, the dwarfs being of much smaller mass than the giants. He accordingly suggested the possibility that the mass may decrease with loss of energy by radiation. Eddington, who has recently investigated this question, has come to a similar conclusion. He suggests that a star may gradually lose mass by burning itself away through the liberation of subatomic energy. Jeans believes that this might result from the falling together of positive and negative electric charges and their consequent annihilation, their energy being transformed into radiation. In any event, Jeans holds that a star's development must involve a steady decrease of mass. The rate of transformation of mass into radiation is fixed by the theory of relativity, which states that when a given mass is destroyed, the energy set free is equal to this mass multiplied by the square of the velocity of light. Knowing the energy radiated by the sun, Jeans calculates that the sun must consequently be losing mass at the rate of 4,200,000 tons per second. Some of the giant stars of large mass must be decreasing at 10,000 times this rate. Thus it seems probable that we must give up the old idea that a star's mass is constant, and substitute the conclusion that the red dwarf stars, after ages of copious radiation, are so reduced in sub-

* Since this article was put in type Adams has confirmed the prediction of Eddington.

stance that their faintness is fully accounted for in this way.

The exceptional white dwarfs, in Russell's view, represent the last stage of stellar life, when the remaining material is so "intractable" that it requires an enormous internal temperature to transform it. The central temperature would therefore rise far above 30,000,000° C., and the surface temperature would return to that of the white stars or perhaps to an

even higher level.

This remarkable conception of stellar development has been made possible by the powerful resources of modern physics, both experimental and mathematical. But theories are made to be tested, and without adequate means of observation their value would be lost. Thus we must depend in the final analysis upon the capacities of our instruments, which have now been augmented by the devices described in this article. In measuring the heat radiation of a star we are measuring the outpouring of its energy as it burns up its substance and passes through the vari-

ous stages of its life.

In the work of the future, measures of stellar heat radiation will play an increasingly important part. We therefore owe a debt of gratitude to Ernest Fox Nichols, who not only was the first to measure the heat radiation of a star but who also devised and perfected the radiometer which in Abbot's hands has given us the last word on the subject. We are still more deeply indebted to him for his unwavering devotion to scientific research, to which he returned again and again in spite of all obstacles and in defiance of a mortal disease. Twice drawn into administrative work, and at last permanently incapacitated by a serious organic affection, he adhered to his determination to renew research in his favorite field of radiation. Many a man of science will envy the sudden close of his life, at the very moment when his latest discoveries had made complete the long sweep of the spectrum. like Nichols, with a heart devoted to the most fundamental interests of mankind and a mind therefore concerned before all else with the advancement of truth, science owes its rise to its present heights and the world its escape from mediæval ignorance.

A Florentine Face

BY BERNICE KENYON

Author of "Songs of Unrest"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY TOWNSEND



ON'T believe them. They never tell the truth."

In plain English, the words sounded straight against his mind, without the intermediary process of

translation; therefore they had a singular force, and captured his attention. He traced their direction—some tables down and to the right across the dining-room. From his lonely vantage-point he saw two people, a man and a woman; the man faced him, and had, now that he noticed it, one of the strangest faces in the world. High domed brow, shrewd eyes, and satyric mouth, very little color at all, but wrinkles indicative of cruel humor. Julian Henderson, watching, put his age at fifty, and wondered why the face seemed so familiar here in Italy, where he knew no one. Then it dawned on him-it was the face of a famous drawing of Machiavelli's "Prince."

"Don't believe them, I say. They never tell the truth." The repeated sentence brought up a second time against Julian's attention. To what part of a conversation, he wondered, did it apply? But what followed was less distinct, and he could not make it out. Well, it really didn't matter, and it was no affair of his; still, English was pleasant to hear.

In that dining-room of the Casino Hotel, in Rapallo, were some three hundred people, of whom about two hundred and fifty were wealthy Germans, and the rest a bad assortment of French, English, Italians, and Americans. Julian felt more alone than ever before in his life. It was impossible to be interested in his American countrymen here represented, and the English were not much better. He wondered what brought all these people together. Italy was no place to come

for rest or diversion. One's very mind shrivelled in the cold Riviera wind, and with it all pleasant sentiment and fellow-feeling. The best one could do was sit and look on at the rest of the dreadful hotel guests until, from disillusion and persistent hardness, one's face grew to look like that of Machiavelli's "Prince"

over vonder.

Julian Henderson himself made a striking, dark, clean-cut figure in that room full of rotund Germans. They had no style, no apparent breeding or culture. Still, they appeared to be enjoying life, while he could not shake off a persistent uneasy sadness. Yet he didn't envy them their jollity, for somehow, at that moment, it seemed to him obscene. They laughed without humor, heavily, and with their mouths full. In their harsh Teutonic chatter, the softer voices speaking French or English were lost and confounded; he could no longer hear distinguishable words.

To forget for a moment the unpleasantness of the surrounding scene, he pulled a letter out of his pocket, and be-

gan to read:

"Villa Paraggi, Paraggi, Italy.

"My dear," (it began). "The happiness that you give me is not given to many women. It is more than I can express to you in words. It takes immense courage to do what you have done. And because you make me so very happy, I can wish much good to the whole world—I can even wish that your ex-wife may enjoy her new freedom as much as I shall enjoy yours.

"But I am writing like a fool. What I want to say is come—come immediately. This villa which I have lived in so long, with a fair amount of content, seems suddenly empty, waiting for you, though you have never seen it. At last I find some

reason in all my work. I never knew why I planted flowers, or rebuilt terraces, or constructed the breakwater to the west of the point. Now I know—it was for

you, my dearest.

"And if I cannot write you a warm and moving letter, remember all my letters of the past, that were warm, and did move you. All that I said in them is true today. Come, and you will know this beyond a doubt. Forgive me if I have forgotten persuasion. There's something about this country that turns one hard; and when the need or the desire for softness comes, there's no way left to express it.

"I wonder, are you as happy as I am? If I could only make you so, dear Julian!"

Happy! Happy! When had he been

happy?

Nevertheless, through his mood crept a warm excitement. It colored his thoughts to sudden irrational loveliness, as a vision of this woman took shape before him. Ten years since he had seen her; she would be thirty-five now, and he only five years older. Something startling and overwhelming would come of their meeting; with both of them grown mature, but not old. They would both have changed, but what did that matter, since their letters had already bridged whatever differences lay between them?

And yet— It was absurd, this mood; and yet, something in that letter did have an ominous sound that frightened him profoundly. "I cannot write you a warm and moving letter," and "there's something about this country that turns one hard." Was it true? Did the country do it, or did one's own life and character cause the hardness? If the first, then he could win again to all the woman's fascination that had charmed him; but if the second, it would be gone, there'd be nothing left to win. Always his excitement gave way in the end to the uneasiness which had possessed him since he reached Italy the week before. His coming would fulfil the happiness he had put aside for ten years and almost given up as lost; but being here to claim it made him neither happy nor assured.

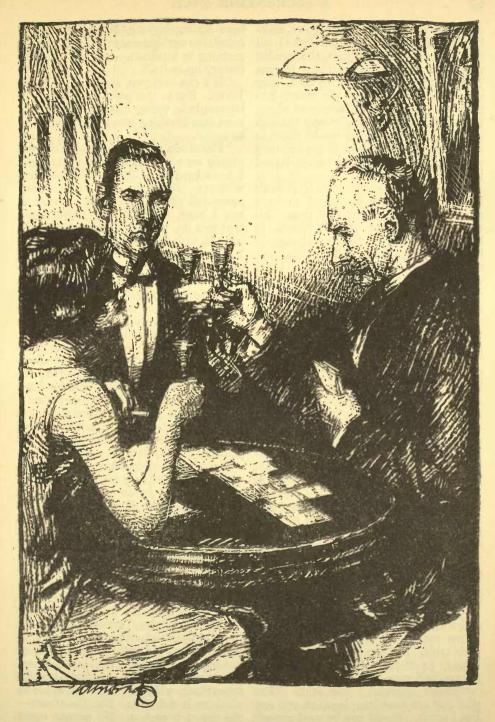
The great dining-room emptied gradually, and grew quiet. Julian smoked and drank his *strega*, and watched the remain-

ing couples move out. Every one was gone now except Machiavelli's "Prince" and his companion. With the woman's back toward him, it was still safe to imagine that she, too, might have an interesting face. Her black curly hair was cut short in the back like a boy's, in the latest neat French fashion; the shoulderstraps of her dinner-gown were sea green in color, and fitted smoothly over the well-formed shoulders. She undoubtedly had on a pretty gown, though he did not hope to find her a pretty woman. There weren't any in the hotel. Not that prettiness mattered, but one did need beauty now and then-beauty of faces-human, live, changing. It grew tiresome finding one's share of beauty always in distant and impersonal things like clouds and sea and trees. Even music, to Julian's being as necessary as bread, satisfied him now only while it lasted, and at its end left in him the same empty craving that had been there before it began.

On his way out to the terrace, where he intended to smoke a cigar in the dark, Julian passed the last occupied table, and turned to catch a glimpse of the woman's face. No, she wasn't really pretty.

He went quickly by, and out. For a time, strolling up and down the different levels of the garden, he listened to attenuated dance-music coming from across the drive, through the curtained glass of the casino windows. Nobody gambled over there any more since Mussolini put a stop to roulette. Not that he wanted to gamble—but what was a casino for? To dance in, apparently, round and round aimlessly between the little tables, under the glaring light, like dazed moths. Last year's American jazz, on a tuneless piano and an uncertain violin, sifted toward him through the darkness and the shadows of trees.

But one could always look at the water and the small lights of the town. Rapallo, clustered under bleak hills close to the sea, settled early to sleep. By day its tiny, crooked, arched streets, between rose-tinted walls, streamed with market-people intent on their own simple affairs, oblivious of tourists. Along the waterside, where spindling wooden docks ran out as landings for the fishing-boats, children played and women sat before



"I drink to the happiness of your stay in Italy, monsieur."—Page 64.

their bolster-shaped colored pillows, making lace in the sun; and barefooted old men crouched mending nets, the wooden shuttles flying in their stubby fingers. Toward twilight, as it grew cold, they would move back from the water into their houses, calling out their good nights to each other in a friendly way through the dusk. A few lights would shine in the doorways of bars and shops, but they were put out soon. The village lapsed into evening quietness.

But there was no quietness in Julian's being. Here, where he hoped to have a moment of strengthening peace, his thoughts would not let him alone. It had been that way in Genoa, but vaguely he had believed that coming to the small fishing-town would steady him. What was it he needed? Maybe the exchange of words with his own kind. He should never have come to this tourists' hotel.

He shivered in the dark. The cold mistral was blowing up, destroying the softness of the air, chilling him through.

He went back aimlessly into the salon and found a chair. At his right, her back half turned, sat the woman he had noticed in the dining-room, and beyond her the man with the extraordinary face. Julian contemplated him out of the corner of his eye. A hard face, distorted by a queer personality. Presently Julian was surprised to see the woman turn aside from her companion and address him in French.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur, but perhaps you would be kind enough to assist me? You will forgive, I hope, the unconventional way in which I enlist your services. You can help me greatly if, by any chance, you are English or American. Am I right in taking you for one or the other?"

"Yes, I'm American, and I should be delighted to help you if I can, madame." Julian moved his chair around toward their table. She was attractive when she talked, he thought; a warm, intuitive person, and very much at her ease.

"That's splendid," she said. "I'm glad you are American, because, you see, I'm French. Would you be good enough to translate a little English for me? For some foolish reason, I never learned your language. However, my friend here has

been instructing me, but he refuses to translate anything—says I should get the meaning by intuition. And I left the dictionary up-stairs."

"If I can help you, madame—" began Julian. But at this point her companion interrupted, using English, his sharp, lined face breaking into a crafty smile as

he spoke.

"Please do not help her. You will readily see why. As a lesson for to-night I have been teaching her the following wisdom: 'Don't believe them. They never tell the truth.' You understand me, I hope, my dear sir? And seeing that you do, we may as well change the subject, with this lady's permission. But I note that you are sitting alone. Will you not join us in more general conversation? I have given enough wise instruction for one evening." He put enough of this into French so that the woman could understand him, and after that they spoke no more English.

"Wisdom is all very well, you see," laughed the "Prince," in Julian's direction; "but it would be displeasing to have this lady learn too much. For if you have a great amount of wisdom—or rather I should say if you have more than you need—you get to have a face like mine. Now you wouldn't care for that, would

you, my dear Odette?"

The shrewd deep-set eyes sharpened with mirth as he bent his brows in a pretended scowl. Julian had never before seen such a great domed forehead on a living human being. The colorless wrinkled face looked like a gray mask, moulded to reveal a diabolic wisdom. There was nothing exactly evil about that face; rather, it astounded and fascinated you at the same time, till you doubted its reality. Sardonic was the only adjective that fitted it.

"My companion," remarked the lady, "always boasts about his countenance, or else threatens me with the possibility of looking like him some day. But I confess to you that I am accustomed to his appearance, which no longer awes me as much as it did once. But the threat—the threat is useless. No woman could ever grow to look like that, no matter what she might learn of the world. Is it not true?"

They sat laughing at each other, and presently the older man pulled out a pack of cards and set up a game of Canfield. He played along for a time, and when the cards didn't come to suit him, he mis-

played them so that they did.

"Oh, don't be surprised at the way I play," he remarked pleasantly as he saw Julian watching him. "I always cheat at cards, when I play by myself. It's the only thing I do cheat at, and I come by it quite naturally. It's part of an old desire to fool myself. I always hope, vainly of course, that when I win by manipulation I'll be able to forget how I won. But it's quite hopeless. And I've won enough times fairly to understand how that feels, too, and to know that it really doesn't matter." And he went on quietly putting down one card after another.

"Now I am French, as I told you," smiled Odette, "so of course I don't see the charm of playing like that—taking no chances. But monsieur my companion is a Florentine, and therefore feels differ-

ently."

The "Prince" continued to play with-

out looking up.

"She's right," he said. "The difference in our feelings is purely national, and relates to national standards. Now the French patrician standard is charm, a partially interior quality; while the Italian patrician standard may be described as fineness of finish—success on the surface, if you will. At any rate, it's nothing very interior. Look at our frescoed houses, made to appear from a distance like marble palaces or like picture-galleries. Or look at our beautiful decorated leatherwork, or our lace. But perhaps this bores you, my dear sir?"

"Oh, not at all," exclaimed Julian Henderson. "I've been trying to understand Italy ever since my arrival, and what you say helps a great deal. Please go on."

"Then you must remember always that what I say does not apply to peasant Italy, or to such joyful young manifestations as those of the Fascisti and the like. I'm speaking about people of our own class.

"We're old, and some of us are charmingly corrupt. We're polished, like our jewels or our leather; but first we are hardened, before we can take the polish. And some of us are so fine-grained that

we have no grain at all. There's nothing mysterious about us except our future. What will become of us? We older Italians have a terrible way of lasting, you know; and what is the use of lasting, will you tell me, when you look like me? frighten the world ahead of your face. Maybe you think me cynical, but I tell you, my dear fellow, I am one of a type, and I know what I'm talking about. I haven't lived for nothing. None of us have, I suppose. But unhappily, all my life I've had a genius for finding out the wrong things about life, the things that take away illusion. I leave you to guess from your own experience what sort of things these were. And now, even if I achieved a new illusion I could never make it apparent, on account of this surface—this face. You remember, people sometimes dared jokes about the nose of Cyrano, and those jokes kept him sensitive and humble; but nobody has ever been known to make a joke about my forehead. You can't make a joke about the Rock of Gibraltar. My forehead isn't a sad, misfit feature. It's just the forehead I ought to have. It's reality."

And he continued to play.

"Please try to forgive my companion his horrible conceit," the woman remarked. "And don't take him for a typical Florentine. I assure you he is not typical of anything. As for me, I am conceited too, but it's about another matter. I have a son eighteen years old. I was married at fifteen. I'm proud of that. You see, now and then as I travel around giving my concerts (for I'm a singer), I find myself near to Fontainebleau, where he's studying, and it makes me very proud to have him doing so well. But possibly you have children of your own, and therefore understand me. Now my companion, who has an American wife in Florence, but no children, thinks me a fool." blew out a deep cloud of smoke.

"Nevertheless, Odette, I think you have one good thing about you besides your charm: you're the only woman I've known well who's never been afraid of me. That's rather foolish of you, too, but I can't help liking it. It makes you a de-

lightful travelling companion.

"But I do feel, my dear sir, that we've bored you with too much talk about ourselves—a failing that the bourgeoisie can never forgive, but which, I'll venture, you don't really count as a failing. And tell me, have you been seeing the sights about here? It's really a beautiful coast when the weather serves, and I'm quite fond of it. Between here and Genoa there are many charming places. You've been to Portofino, I suppose?"
"Not yet, no." The vague excitement

stirred again in Julian. He would be going

in that direction soon.

"Well, when you go," the poised voice continued, "you'll like to drive by the sea-road; and when you're nearly there, you'll pass Paraggi, a town so small that it barely serves to mark a loop in the road. But before you get there you'll reach the Villa Paraggi, on a point jutting out to the left into the bay. I used to know one of your countrywomen who lives there. She's had the place a long time for an American—nearly ten years. A lonely sort of woman. But she's lately taken a great interest in the old villa, and made modern improvements. She's even built a breakwater back of which small boats can anchor. You'll see as you go by." For a moment the gray mask of the Florentine's face was lifted from his successful games of patience; and he appeared to be gazing not at Julian or at Odette, but past the two of them in the direction of an entertaining memory.

"She used to be a very pretty woman,"

he said.

As he listened, the fear that had been in Julian rose again suddenly and grew to a formless pain. He did not reply but sat perfectly still, trying to control his hands so that no motion of them, as he smoked, would betray him. He could feel the eyes of the Florentine slipping toward his, and presently he looked up into that face. There was no change in it—but of course there could be no change. He could not tell whether the Italian read at all what had been passing in his mind.

"But you are surely going to Portofino sometime?" the quiet cynical voice was asking him. "The loveliest miniature sea-town in Italy. And yet, on second thought, I do not see why you should go. One loves a country just as well—better, perhaps—for not seeing everything in it. I tell you I have seen too much, or the

wrong things. And yet, though I have lived on the Continent most of my life, Europe remains studded with famous sights I have not seen. In Paris, for instance, where I lived many months, I never went to look at the Mona Lisa. I prefer to keep her a mystery, because I know very well what I should discover if I gazed at her: a hard, complacent woman, smiling not mysteriously at some secret of her race, but fatuously and sneeringly at her own selfish triumphs. I should understand her perfectly, and her smile, too; but I could not like her. But then, she was an Italian woman, if you remember. And one understands one's own kind."

During this speech, a frankly worried look had come into Odette's face. She crushed out her cigarette hastily against the tray, and kept glancing at Julian.

"I think," she remarked, "that we have been taking liberties with this gentleman's interest and with his time. He is probably tired, and would prefer to leave us. We might drink another liqueur before we break up our little party, though, might we not? Waiter, three camparis, please. I hope, monsieur, that you like the Italian cordials? You may have noticed that they are strong and fullflavored, but they do not warm you as do the French ones."

When the pale-gold liquid had been poured out into their glasses, the Florentine lifted his, with a queer twist of his

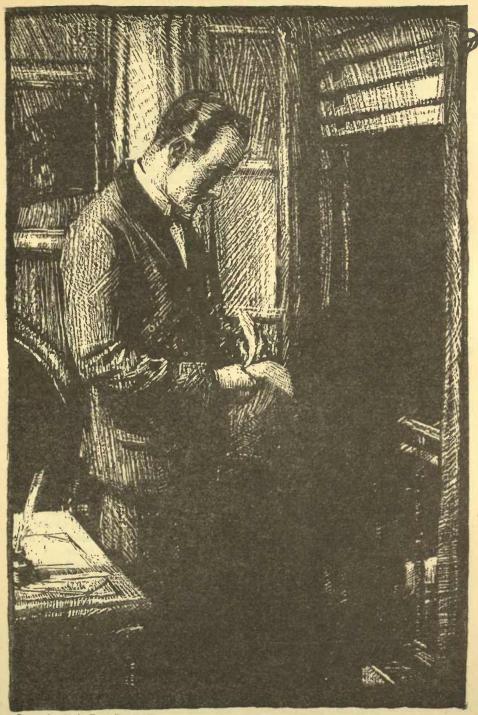
wrist, to the light.

"I drink to the happiness of your stay in Italy, monsieur," he proposed. "I have always liked Americans." And he tilted the glass to his fine, narrow lips. Odette, watching the faces of the men, took a sudden gulp of her liqueur; and Julian quickly raised his glass, and acknowledged the toast with a bow.

"I suppose in Italy as in France," he said, "one drinks to his own happiness? It is a custom I find very hard to remember, it being quite against my national superstitions. Still, I thank you both." And he drank, and then went up to his

room.

He was alone, and, being alone, came gradually to wonder what his sudden renewed distress had all been about.



From a drawing by Harry Townsend.

It was better not to know the wrong things—better to keep one illusion.—Page 67.

A chance meeting with a strange couple in a hotel full of unpleasant people. A conversation about racial and temperamental differences.

No, no. Might as well face it. This terrible man, this cryptic gray-faced fellow, had destroyed what little assurance

remained to him.

And what could it mean to a woman, association with men like this—listening to this sort of philosophy? For of course she would have met many people like him, having lived in the country so long. She would not have stayed friendless for ten years. And if this man were typical of his race— Still, whatever powers changed most people need not have changed her, for hers had never been a weak character.

To keep himself from fearing, he turned on the light over his table, and started to compose a letter. It began well enough.

"Your message reached me in Genoa, and I have come on here, but only for a day or two. I should be with you in three days. I could make it sooner, but I am not quite ready yet to meet you after so long a time. I want to come in a boat and take you away with me. We won't have to speak about my recent life, or yours. A trip along the Mediterranean, by ourselves, ought to cut us off at last from the rest of the world, and give us what we have wanted.

"My dearest, it is only now that I can believe, being so near you, that ten years has not been long to wait. It has been an eternity. But for some things one spends an eternity gladly, and when at last I've reached the end of this one, and can rejoin you—can see you—touch you—hear you speak—hear you laugh again because we have both something at last to be

happy over-"

He could not write any more, for somehow, at that moment, he knew he would never reach her. The ten years were

gone for nothing.

He thought of his wife, a light, unthinking person. She had not greatly cared whether he existed or not. People like himself went through hell when they made the mistake of marrying the wrong person. Everybody's precious time was wasted—life, years of it—thrown away for some reason no deeper than a whim.

His wife—his wife no longer—had a nature that did not brood too much over things. She would not take her experiences very hard. There were fortunately no children to worry about, so that she was now entirely free. She'd do as she pleased, and forget him easily. One thing

cleared up, anyhow.

Outside the mistral was blowing harder, and the sky beginning to cloud over. A jabber of guttural German came to him through the thin walls of the hotel room. The old war feeling of hatred surged up in him, as it always did when he was forced to live among these people. war hadn't humbled them in the least; it had merely coarsened them. And it had tempered the British, and stung the French to a lasting fury, and made the Italians laugh, though somewhat unsteadily. Their own private war wasn't over yet, and they were being nice to the Germans now, and sneering at the English, and paying no attention to the French. Italy—Italy of the old great days-where did it remain? Surely, not only in the minds of a few patricians, proud, uneasy, cynical, behind some moveless Florentine mask like that of the fellow down-stairs? He would never really live again, that man. He was a pathetic figure, if you could look at it that

No, he was a devil. He was evil incarnate. And he had put into Julian's head the idea of not going to Paraggi, ever, after all, not by land nor by sea. He had established Julian's fear—made him feel he did not dare to go to the villa, nor to discover what woman was living

there, at the end of ten years.

That night in his high room overlooking the sea, Julian fought it out with himself. What business had he in Italy at all, if not to see her? Possibly she would not be the same woman that he had known ten years before; still, he had no right to deny himself or her any pleasure they might have of this late meeting. And had not everything in his recent life been leading up to this? The divorce with his side of the case uncontested, his business arranged to run without him for a year, and, more important than that, his hope and his every desire—the long hurting want of her at last to be healed,

the happiness just beyond him to be loneliness and the cold mistral. taken and possessed after so many days. wanted to see him; she said so, and

"Don't believe them. They never tell the truth." The words from the dining-room echoed across his mind without relation or meaning. Who never told the truth, or what? His fears? If they would only once be untrue! If he went to her house, he knew what he would find: some one hard and strange, not the woman he had hoped to meet again.

He would have to go and see for himself. Really, all he was facing was a possible disappointment. It sounded quite

simple when put like that.

"Don't believe them. They never tell the truth." A nightmarish feeling came over him, till his thoughts lost coherence. "Florentines never tell the truth. They cheat at cards, they have ghastly gray faces, and smile horribly— Good God!"

Outside he could hear the sea roaring up against the rocky terrace below the hotel. It would be roaring up against her house, too, and against the breakwater, behind which a boat might anchor in safety. She, too, must be very tired of

loneliness and the cold mistral. She wanted to see him; she said so, and he could not now refuse her. He needed to know what had been happening to her.

He ought to take his chances—claim what he had fought for. Did it matter, really, whether or not that thing proved empty? If it did, one could go about the world forever, gazing out of a mask-like face—a grim Florentine face—and nobody would know whether that meant triumph or defeat, for both of these are frightening things, and mark the end of illusion.

There stood his hope and his fear.

And he kept saying to himself something which sounded like a lesson he was trying to learn, or to understand: "Don't believe them—" Don't believe which, hope or fear?

But he already knew—had known for a long time. Hope lied. Hope lied.

He could not go. It was better not to know the wrong things—better to keep one illusion.

Deliberately he took the half-written letter, tore it into small pieces, and flung them down before him on the table.

Possession

BY BARBARA FROST

They say I own the cottage on the hill.

But it ain't so.

The cottage owns me, though,

That's how it really is. It ain't my will

To just keep staying on, year after year.

I've often thought I'd get away from here.

Just half way up—guess you can see it now—Faded and brown,
It kind of snuggles down.
The trees bend over it, you notice how?
Protecting-like, and whispering so low
It's quieter than anything I know.

My married sister wrote and sent for me.

And I did try—
She couldn't figure why
I never came. Queer, how a house can be—
The house they say I own, up on the hill—
So little and so stubborn and so still.

Angling in the Antipodes

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Author of "The Newness of New Zealand," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



HE only native freshwater fishes in New Zealand (so far as I have been able to learn) were various kinds of minnows, large eels, which the aborigines loved, a few

fugacious grayling, and an inferior species of trout so sluggish that the Maoris called him Kokopu, "the Sleeper." Of saltwater fishes there always were, and still are, a great plenty and variety all around the coasts. Sea-fishing with rod and line has been much improved and developed in a sporting direction during the last few years. The Bay of Plenty and the Bay of Islands are the most famous places. Mako sharks, kingfish, hapuka, and swordfish of imposing dimensions are taken and recorded by ambitious fishermen every year. It is said to be huge and exhausting sport—but no more so than you can get off the coasts of California and Florida, if you like that sort of thing.

To the confirmed fly-fisherman, however, all this is but "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." He listens to the wondrous tales of four hundred pound swordfish and three hundred pound make sharks with polite attention, but without envy; and gives credence according to the moral character of the tellers of the tales.

But for him (this mild, though incurable, type of anglimaniac) no fishes seem truly worthy and desirable unless they may be taken with the artificial fly. It is an irrational prejudice, an artistic bigotry, a fantastic fad, a harmless hobby—call it what you will. But the man who is afflicted with it can not shake it off even if he would. He does not defend it with shrewd arguments, such as the superior skill required to cast the feathered lure afar upon the waters, the joy of seeing the fish rise to take the fly, the swift, nervous

reaction needed to connect the thrill of that vision with the automatic strike of the wrist which hooks the fish, the delicacy of the tackle suited to this sport, and the consequent difficulty of playing and landing the fish. All such reasons for his preference he could well adduce. But to what purpose? They might not convince, they might even annoy, fundamental addicts of the worm, the live bait, and the troll. So he keeps his own counsel and remains rooted in his belief that fly-fishing is the "top-hole" form of angling.

Of this special sport the original Maoris had no experience. They had no opportunity. Besides, their appetite always exceeded their taste. Food, not a trial of skill with a fish, was what they wanted.

But when the sporting British came to New Zealand they felt that the innumerable lakes and rivers were fit and worthy to receive nobler inhabitants so that they might furnish better sport. Accordingly they turned their resolute minds to the problem of stocking the new waters with old kinds of game fish.

It is not very easy to trace all the historic details of this laudable enterprise. But I shall try to give a brief outline of it, relying upon meticulous ancient anglers of the Dominion to correct my mistakes. This is a thing that meticulous ancient anglers are always ready to do, sometimes with joy, sometimes with acerbity.

It was in 1868 (so far as I can learn from the books) that the first planting of European brown trout, salmo fario, was made in the province of Otago, South Island. The eggs were brought from the island of Tasmania, but the original stock came from England. A number of other plantings followed with success. The fish multiplied, and replenished the waters, and grew immensely in size without losing their fighting spirit. In 1885 a hatchery

was set up at Clinton, fed by a cold mountain-stream with a temperature of fortyone degrees in the spawning season. This establishment now turns out hundreds of thousands of ova and fry every year. In the province of Wellington, in the North Island, the first hatchery was set up at Masterton, about 1883. In both islands other species were added to the brown trout-Scotch burn trout, Loch Leven trout. American brook trout (salvelinus fontinalis), and California rainbow trout (salmo irideus).

All these species have survived. But the two which have flourished exceedingly and above measure are the English brown and the California rainbow: the former predominate in the South Island, the latter in the North, where the waters are a little warmer. But "browns" and "rainbows" have been caught weighing over twenty-five pounds apiece. One "brown" of forty pounds was reported from a certain lake; but I am not sure that he was weighed by any scales except his own. Catches of a dozen or fifteen were made in the good old days with an average of ten or twelve pounds per fish. Every hotel in New Zealand that is reputable and patriotic has a huge stuffed trout-sometimes five or six of them-displayed on the wall. But I noticed that most of these enticing and encouraging effigies bore a date of some years back. This led me to moderate my personal expectations. I considered the fact that in every true Fishermen's Resort one hears two familiar sayings: "You ought to have been here forty years ago," "You'll find great fishing forty miles further on." Why forty? I don't know. 'Tis a mystical, symbolic number. Let us leave speculation and go after the trout.

The first place where we tried our luck was at Temuka, a thriving small town on the South Island, and a noted angling station since the olden time. The Crown Hotel was a square, uncompromising structure on a corner of the main street; but beside it was a long garden full of roses and other joyous flowers. Here we could pull off our wet waders and brogues before dinner and sit on a secluded bench after dinner while "Mac," the whitebearded Scotch landlord, talked to us of from the far-away mountains, and coming

the glories of "auld lang syne," and of his desire to retire from the hotel business. and told my girls about the admirable qualities of his girl who was in Sydney

studying to be a singer.

The inn was quite full of people. There were various travellers; a local woolbuyer, of prosperous connections and cordial manners, who told us all about the wool trade; an electrical engineer from Ohio, who had been in New Zealand for twenty years and liked it; several native anglers who were keen on sport; and an agreeable Australian and his wife who were touring the Dominion in their own

Fiat car, fishing everywhere.

Close to the town there were two lovely little rivers flowing down to join their waters a mile or two below and run together into the sea. The Opihi was the larger and ran in a broad bed of shingle. The Temuka was smaller but prettier; well-wooded, especially in the upper reaches around the sleepy village of Winchester, where the great willows overhung the clear stream just as in England, and the lazy cows came down to drink and then to cross the river just where you wanted to cast your fly.

"But the fish? The fish, old Piscator.

Come to the point!"

Well, we tried, and the Australians tried with us—we had two happy all-day picnics together—and all the brethren of the angle tried their best. I even went out night-fishing with the three most esteemed of the local fishermen, they using bait, I sticking to the fly. (I took three fair trout and they two between them.) But the net results were always the same. Not a fish was brought into the Crown that week which weighed over a pound and a half. The most that I got in a day was eight trout, running from half-a-pound to a pound. But in spite of all, the fishing itself was lovely. wade down the Temuka between the wooded banks; casting the fly now on this lovely ripple, now on that eddying pool; watching the obese rabbits bounce through the bushes like furry rubber balls; listening to the small birds, wrens and tits, warbling in the thickets; taking shelter in a hollow willow-tree from a fierce thunder-storm that swept down

out again into a sun-dazzled world of dripping leaves; hoping always for a big trout in the next pool—the *fishing* was delightful, I tell you, though the creel was not full.

About this time I saw a curious item in the newspaper of the neighboring town of Timaru. It read thus: "Fine sport is being had by the anglers now at Temuka. Large baskets of very heavy trout are being taken in every pool on the Opihi, etc., etc." This set me wondering whether the inhibitory effect of angling on the human nerve of veracity is universal. Grover Cleveland used to maintain that fishermen are not necessarily liars, though some of them embroider a little for picturesque effect. Perhaps the man who wrote that paragraph in the Timaru paper was only an enthusiastic artist. Perhaps he was not a fisherman at all, but only a publicity promoter.

Our Australian friend had just been through the most celebrated fishing regions of the South Island. He certainly was no "embroiderer," though he could cast a beautiful fly. "Two weeks," he said, "we travelled and fished, and we only got five trout that were really worth keeping." So I made up my mind that this was probably a poor year for the southern waters; and after we had seen Mount Cook and the region around about we set out for the North Island again.

We spent another pleasant week with our friends in Wellington-receptions, dinners, teas, cinema parties, and other innocent diversions—and then took the so-called express train for Rotorua. Railway travel at night in the Dominion is still bumpy and simple enough to satisfy a person of the most primitive tastes. Early in the morning we had to change cars. The new train (local) crept slowly through a cattle country where the pastures were green and the waters still, into a sheep country where the innumerable woolly flocks roamed the hills checked only by the invisible wire fences, and so on to the high ridges of a timber country where the rich and tangled virgin forest still clothed the steeper hillsides and choked the deep ravines. From the crest we looked down on open slopes, and a broad valley dotted with low farmhouses,

and the lovely oval lake, Rotorua, and beside it the little metropolis of the thermal region, in which the principal occupations are bathing, angling, and gossiping.

It has numberless small hotels and private boarding-houses, in one of which, Waiwera House, we found a snug abode. There are churches and neat little stores, schools, and garages, souvenir shops, and tourist offices (the best is the Government Bureau), and a fine hospital on the hill. which was built for wounded soldiers of the World War, but is now devoted to crippled children, mainly those who have been victims of infantile paralysis. by far the most imposing affair at Rotorua is the fine state bath establishment. large and handsome central pavilion is set in a splendid park, full of all manner of trees and flowers in opulent bloom. There are excellent tennis courts and velvety bowling greens, open to all. You can have all imaginable kinds of baths, if you need them and the clever balneologist, Doctor Duncan, prescribes themhot, cold, sulphur, iron, soda, or mud baths—according to your necessity. If you don't need any particular kind, you can go to the beach and bathe in the lake just for fun.

The principal point of interest for curious tourists is the hot-springs village, Whakarewarewa, commonly called Whaka for short. The geysers and thermal waters did not attract me so much as the Maoris who dwell around them and show them off. They are no longer cannibal savages, though they still live on strangers. In the deep pool below the bridge two women—mother and daughter, I think—swam and dived for pennies and sixpences, preferably the latter. A few of the best-looking and cleverest girls are chosen as guides. Of one of these I heard a good story.

Maggie Papakura was handsome and amiable and spoke perfect English. One day she guided a Cockney tourist from Sydney through the wonders of Whaka. As the visitor was going she said to Maggie: "W'y you're quite the lydy! You speak h'English h'almost as good as me." Maggie smiled, and her black eyes flashed. "Good 'evings," she said, "'ow proud you myke me!"

At the top of the steep hill above the hot-springs valley we saw a Maori "pa,"

or fortified village. Here were the ditches and palisades, the carved gateway, the "where," or dwelling, the storehouse raised on a post, and the images of unknown gods—all faithfully reproduced from antique models. It was from strongholds like this that the warlike tribes used to repulse marauding and hungry neighbors, and even British infantry. But now the Maoris give concerts and "poi" dances twice a week in the Town Hall (tickets three shillings each). We found the singing good and the dance amusing.

Meantime we angled faithfully. Nulla dies sine linea—"let no guilty fish escape"—was our motto. Mr. Moorhouse, the able and jolly state superintendent of game in the district, took us under his friendly wing and out every day in his motor boat or car. He told us about the

problems and trials of his job.

"A few years ago," said he, "the size of the trout in these waters began to lessen, but their tribe increased. Evidently the lakes were getting overstocked. food was running low, minnows disappearing. If you want big trout you must not let the number outrup the food supply —that's the rule. So we went to work to net out some of the superfluous trout in order that the minnows might increase. Hearty approval from the wiser fishermen! Violent and even profane objection from some of the others, who said we were spoiling their sport! But we kept on and got some improvement. Next year we may have to do it again.

"Another thing we have to contend with is this disease among the trout—a kind of intestinal parasite, whose eggs they pick up in the water. It lodges and hatches in their stomachs, bores through their insides, and finally into their flesh, coming out sometimes in a sore or a big lump just under the skin. Trout with this disease are long and lanky and weak—"slabs" we call them. A slab long enough to weigh twelve or fifteen pounds will turn the scale at only eight or ten

pounds.

"Now the devil of it is that this bug or worm or parasite, or whatever you may call it, is brought to maturity inside of a bird, a very ugly and greedy bird—the shag—of which there are many species and great numbers in New Zealand. So the shags eat vast quantities of trout with worms in them; and the worms lay their eggs in the shags and they drop them into the water; and the trout pick them up, and the worms eat the trout. It's just a vicious circle, and the only one who enjoys it seems to be the shag."

"It is just the same," said I, "as the story of the pelicans and the trout in Yellowstone Park. Why don't you ex-

terminate the shags?"

"For the same reason," said Moorhouse, "that you don't exterminate the pelicans. If you try to do it, all the bird-lovers cry aloud in horror: 'Why do you slaughter those quaint and picturesque birds? They have as much right to live as you have.' Besides, it's impossible. There are too many shags, and they are too clever—clever as crows. They always know when a man has a gun."

There must be more than a dozen fine lakes about Rotorua. We visited seven of them and fished in three. The day that I remember best is the one that we spent on a small lake called Roto-ehu. We motored over twenty-five miles of a billowy mountain road to the head of a large and beautiful lake called Roto-iti. Then we turned into the thick woods and came to the broad trail which Hongi, an educated but particularly ferocious Maori chief, cut through the forest a hundred

years ago.

His enemies, the Arawa tribe, were encamped on the hilly island of Mokoia, in the middle of Lake Rotorua. They stuck out their tongues and shouted insults at Hongi, who raged on the shore and had no boats. But defiance did not mean defeat to Hongi. He went back to the seacoast, gathered his war canoes, hewed a broad track thirty miles through the bush, and made his slaves drag his navy to the head of Roto-iti. From there it was an easy paddle through the Ohau channel into Rotorua. Then the mocking Arawa trembled and fell before the muskets of the Ngapuhi. There was a great slaughter, and Hongi presided at an abundant banquet that night on the isle of Mokoia.

It seemed to us unreal, like one of the

"Old, unhappy, far-off things"

of which the poet Wordsworth speaks. Yet here was the track by which the war

canoes travelled overland. The stately bush grew thick around it, but had not obliterated it. Huge pines stood like clustered columns; dark totaras spread their glossy shade; wide-armed ratas let down their tendrils to make new roots; plumed cabbage palms threw up their blade-like leaves; feathery tree ferns trembled in the light breeze; all shades and forms of green undergrowth, and airnourished orchids, and trailing vines wove their wild tapestry among the interspaces of the taller trunks.

As we walked through this rich and tranguil confusion of forest life, we heard the wonderful sweet song of the tui (the parson-bird, they call him, because he has two white tufts on the breast of his dark coat). Then from the other side of the thicket the bell-bird struck his clear chime. But when we came down to the willows by the lake, it was the tiny wren that welcomed us, warbled and trilled to us, just as he does beside the Swiftwater or the Neversink in America.

We had no boat, so we must wade for our fishing. At one corner of the bay by which we had come out there was a tributary stream—a stream so small and still that you could hardly detect its flow, save by the waving of the moss at the bottom. But it was colder than the lake, and here, in the deepish water between the shore and a shoal covered with reeds, the trout

were wont to gather.

We stepped into the water, waded out beyond the waist-line, and began to cast. I was using a fly called the "Gold Demon," which seemed to have a charm on it that day. Presently there came a swirl beside it. I let it sink, drew in a couple of inches, felt a touch, struck lightly, and was fast in a good fish. After some lively play he came to the gaff—a plump rainbow trout of about seven pounds. Five others, larger and smaller, were deluded by the Gold Demon that morning. Then we had lunch under the willows with the girls. After that I took three more trout of about the same size. We had a round dozen of pretty fish to spread on the grass in front of the kodak before we went away. It was certainly no great catch, but it was a very lovely day. The wren was still singing when we left.

some information about salmon-fishing in New Zealand, not based upon my own experience (for I did not try it), but drawn from the books and from skilful and ap-

parently trustworthy anglers.

The first game fish which the sporting Britishers tried to acclimatize in the Dominion (1864) was the king of all, the Atlantic salmon (salmo salar). These early efforts were not successful, so the acclimatizers turned their attention to a variety of the Pacific salmon, the quinnat (salmo oncorhynchus). The first planting of eggs was made in 1875, and many others followed. But it was not until 1006 that the first quinnat was taken, in the Waitaki River, and in 1000 one more was captured at the mouth of the Rakaia. Slow work. you see; two fish in thirty-four years. But through perseverance the results improved. In 1911 the guinnat started running up the southern rivers, and are now taken in considerable number-by trolling, for the quinnat does not seem to care for the fly here any more than in California.

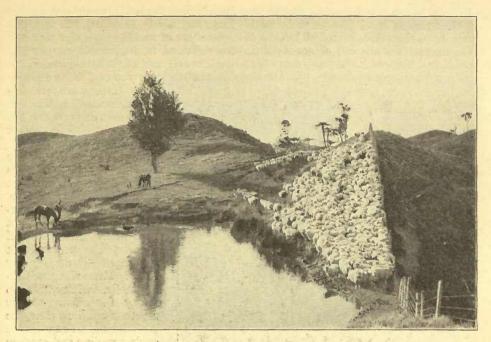
Meantime his nobler cousin (salar, "the leaper") began to make himself at home. In 1922 fifty-six Atlantic salmon were taken in the Waiau and its tributaries. In 1923 larger numbers were caught, especially at Lake Te Anau, in the South Island.

I asked an honest angler who had fished salmon in Scotland, Norway, and Canada, and had tried Te Anau with good luck, to tell me his experience and opinion.

"Well," said he, "almost all my fish were taken by trolling with the spoon or minnow. They ran from three to seven pounds in weight. They were rather They did not look to me dark in color. like the real Atlantic salmon which I have caught in Europe or America. The troutfishing is still the great thing in this coun-

try."

My own guess is that New Zealand may be developing her own variety of "landlocked" salmon, or ouananiche-a fine fish, which goes up to twenty pounds in some of the lakes of Maine and Newfoundland, and fights splendidly. He also rises to the fly in rapid water. But if a man desires to take salmo salar with the fly, he doesn't need to go to New This may be a good place to interject Zealand; he can do better in Great



A flock and a fence.



The tribe at Waihaha, Maori chief new style.

Britain, Norway, or Canada. Not in the lake in New Zealand, twenty-seven miles United States, alas! For we fool Americans have absolutely ruined all but one of the fine salmon streams of our Atlantic coast, and that one is running mighty low.

long, and nearly as broad. It is a fine open sheet of water; mountains near and far surround it, huge cliffs rise on the western side, and at the southern end, the In a book written by Captain Hamil- head of the lake, you can see in the dis-

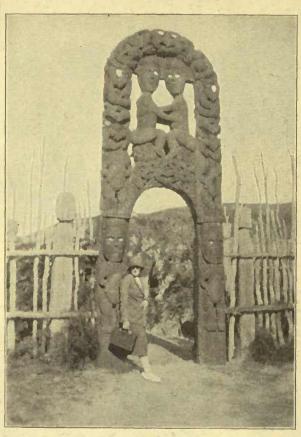
tance three ancient volcanoes, one of which still fumes and shows a dim red glow at night, while another

is snow-capped.

The hotel called "The Terraces," a couple of miles from the village of Taupo, at the northern end of the lake. is a beautiful and comfortable anglers' rest, with a bath in the little valley of warm springs behind it fit for angels—if angels ever bathe. There was good fishing in the vicinity, but too many fishermen. At the mouth of one little river, the Waitahanui, we saw twelve anglers wading and casting; and when we came to the stream we had chosen, twelve miles farther on, we found four other fishermen there. Naturally, our total catch was not large. But the next day a boy eight years old caught a thirteenpound "rainbow" in the same place. That small boy will remember it as long as he lives-a gold-letter day in his autobiography.

Moorhouse said that I must abandon the Capuan luxury of The Terraces and

go over to a hut on the Western Bay, twenty miles away. When the motor launch landed me and my bag and my rods on a white, curving beach at the foot of the rugged cliffs, I found that the English hut was already full—two anglers there, and room for no more. But there was a Maori hut near by, and in this there was only one angler, a very pleasant, quiet Englishman named Smallwood, who fished well and read a two months old copy of the London Weekly Times for diversion. So I got the other room, with a clean bed, but not a chair nor a toilet



Gate of Maori "Pa."

ton, in 1904, called "Fishing in Maoriland," more than nine hundred and ninety lakes, rivers, streams, and burns are listed: in regard to all of them he gives careful information about "banks" and "bottoms," wading and landing places; of all he says: "Contains brown trout," or "rainbows," or "both." Evidently a field too vast even to scratch in a couple of months! So I left the girls at Waiwera House to enjoy the tennis and dancing and bathing and picnicking, and hied me away with Moorhouse to Taupo, the centre of the rainbow-fishing and the largest

to go outside and try to catch my reflec- bottom and clear water, overhung with

tion in one of the

windows.

But, after all, there was no real hardship about it. The Maoris were smiling and friendly: the women mostly very fat, except a few who were very thin; the children numerous but tractable; the countless dogs and pigs peaceably inclined; the big, stout chief of the Waihaha valley. Pidi (or Peddie, I could never quite make out his name), most good-natured and obliging.

"You see that little pig," he said, as a litter scampered past us, "how you like him to dinner?" But when I explained that fresh pork did not agree with me, he bethought him of other expedients, and our table was supplied with rabbit and wild duck, as well as plenty of fish, of course.

"Have you always lived here?" I asked

him one day.

"Born this valley," he answered. "Gone away nine year. When I come back, two uncle and two niece dead. Put in ground out there beyond wire fence. I get cement, make tombstone—see?" (He pointed to four long, low erections of concrete among the bushes.) "Please you make photo those and send me, eh?"

Of course I did it. There was a cross on the front of each of the tombs. Peddie was a real chief, loyal to his tribe.

set, nor even a fragment of looking- Evenings, when the dusk was falling, glass, in the house. When I wanted to we would go out to fish the little river brush my hair or shave, it was necessary Waihaha—a deep, slow stream with dark



The boy "Tai," and my best trout.

willows, and sometimes divided into channels by bushy islands. We came home when it was too dark to see without a torch, bringing two, or three, or four good rainbows. One day the score ran thus: 9 pounds, 9½, 10, 11½, 12½. It was exciting, playing the fish at night. But, after all, there is something queer about it, not quite as good as daylight fishing.

Mornings I went out on the lake at the mouth of the stream. Peddie got an extra boat for me from another river, with a nice Maori boy, named Tai, to row it.

One day, about ten o'clock, the supreme pounds. It was not a monster, to be sure. sixty or seventy feet, letting it sink, and

moment of my angling in the Antipodes but it was the best rainbow that I saw or unexpectedly arrived. I was casting heard of being caught with the fly while with a claret hackle, getting the fly out we were in New Zealand. I had set my modest limit of satisfaction, before we then pulling in slowly by hand—the reg- came, at fifteen pounds. So you see, I



Fishing in Lake Roto-ehu.

ular method of fly-fishing in New Zealand. There came a sudden touch on the line. I struck. A great rainbow leaped three feet in the air. Then he turned and rushed toward the middle of the lake, not less than two hundred and fifty yards before I could stop him. There he made three more fine leaps, and then the fight to get him in began. We had to follow him with the lumbering boat. Tai was tense but calm. Again and again the fish was brought near, only to turn and run out more line. At last he was close to the boat and quiet. Tai took the little gaff and made a clean stroke and a steady lift. The fish was ours—a plump, perfect, sunrise-colored trout—weighing sixteen

was more than satisfied and took the rainbow's picture twice.

Of my further adventures at the Hut Camp on the Tongariro River, where I met three prime anglers (Dyer of Wellington, Whitney of Auckland, and Neilson of Poverty Bay) and caught some fine trout as well as a vile neuritis from wading too deep and long in the snow-fed stream—of the happy reunion with my sunburned offspring at Rotorua, and my kind, efficient treatment by Doctor Duncan at the big bathing establishment—of the indolent voyage homeward, by way of the Fiji Islands and Honolulu, to Vancouver —there is no need to write. It is better to consecrate the last moments of an ill-

the gentle reader.

First, if you are addicted to the pernicious but agreeable habit of smoking, take your cigars with you when you go to New Zealand, for those that you can buy there are both dear and disappointing. Second, "put money in thy purse"-Dominion money—for the rate of exchange on travellers' checks and letters

spent article to a bit of moral advice for of credit is simply godless. Third, clear your mind of the fond dream of a place where you can walk down to the water any day, chuck out a line, and haul in enormous trout. There is no such place. Even if there were, you would not be happy in it.

> For, as of many other things, so of angling, uncertainty is the secret charm,

even in the Antipodes.

Ancient Footprints in the Grand Canyon

BY JOHN C. MERRIAM President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



LTHOUGH our libraries and museums furnish a wealth of evidence regarding the meaning of history, no source of information can ever equal in interest actual original rec-

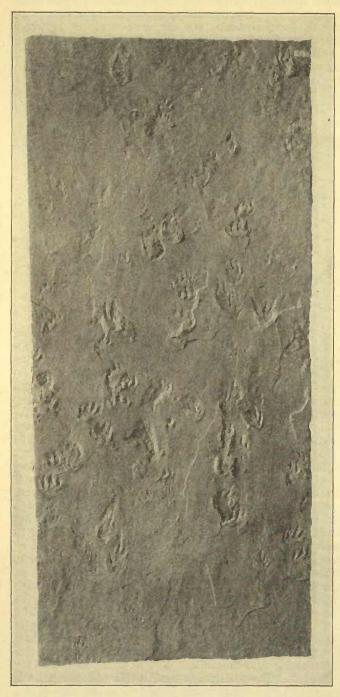
ords when we find them undisturbed since the time of their making. So it is that the arrow-point which a boy discovers deep in the body of a tree makes real to him the picture of frontier days described by his grandfather. Or a finger-print in cement of an ancient wall causes our vision to flash back across the centuries and brings the builder before us as an unavoidable reality. The thrill that comes from examination of such first-hand evidence serves as does no other kind of experience to lay solid foundations for education and belief.

It was while searching for materials of value in a special study of ancient life that the writer first had opportunity to see an original record of surpassing interest in the form of a trail crossing the south wall of the Grand Canyon. The finding of this trail was described by my guide as we stood on the Canyon rim with the panorama of the gorge open before us.

As the story ran, the caretaker on Her-

mit Trail was clearing away rock from the lower end of the White Zigzag, a thousand feet below the rim of the Grand Canyon. Lifting the slabs of sandstone he noticed that they were smooth like stones of a pavement. As he uncovered a long block in widening the path, he was thinking: "Here is one which no foot of man or brute ever touched." Then his eye caught the print of a little clawed foot with toe-marks thrust deep into the sand -and then another, and another, and another, as the tracks, evenly spaced, reached across the slab. The last showed only the tip of a heel where the overlying rock bordered the path. It occurred to him that the toes of this foot might be under the rock. Looking more closely, his eyes stepped again from print to print until they rested on the heel pointing beneath the cliff. Seizing his pick, he carefully pried up the slab above. The heel stretched forward into imprints of toes, and just beyond it another heel marked a continuing trail leading under the wall.

Leaning against his pick-handle, the trail-maker looked up at the cliff-across the thousand feet of rock, layer upon layer, that built the wall above. turned and looked out toward the Can-



Footprints of several individuals differing considerably in size, from Coconino sandstone on the Hermit Trail, Grand Canyon of Arizona.

yon, cut nearly a mile into the earth since the topmost rock stratum was finished, and said to himself: "It was sure feet that made them tracks, but it's a long while since they passed this way."

Mike and Bert, who had told me this story, promised to point out the spot where the trail with ancient footprints marked in solid rock crossed the White Zigzag on the Canvon wall. Next morning found us dropping over the rim at Hermit Rest. Passing down into the gorge, we crossed a great thickness of limestone layers, filled in places with shells of animals that lived in the sea in which these deposits were formed and left their lime-bearing remains to make a part of the accumulating mass. Lower in the Canvon the rocks changed to sandstone, spread originally as even sand layers but hardened during the lapse of ages to plates and slabs of stone now called the Coconino sands. Where strata of different texture were separated we could see the surface of each bed of sand exactly as it was before succeeding deposits were laid upon it.

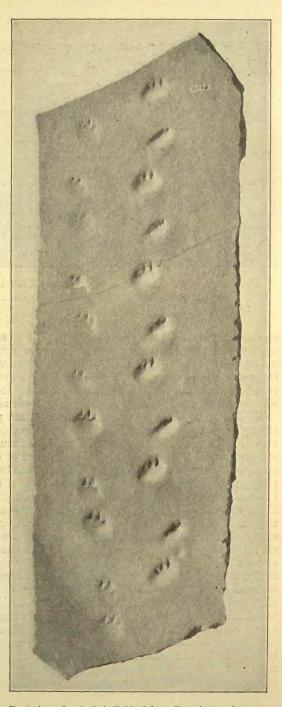
Resting on the way for a moment, in the shade of a projecting rock, we were talking of the object of our excursion when Bert pointed to the footprints of a wildcat which had followed the path some hours before Then we hurried on down the slope—following the trail which the big cat had marked in the dust.

In crossing the strata of the lower Zigzag, every exposed surface of ancient sand layers was inspected with care until Bert, somewhat in advance of other members of the party, waved his arms in indication of success in his search. We hurried to the spot. At this point the trail was cut into the rock. Below it was a mass of loose blocks, partly formed by natural disintegration of the cliff and partly torn out in cutting the path. On the upper side, undisturbed sandstone was exposed in a succession of thin layers readily

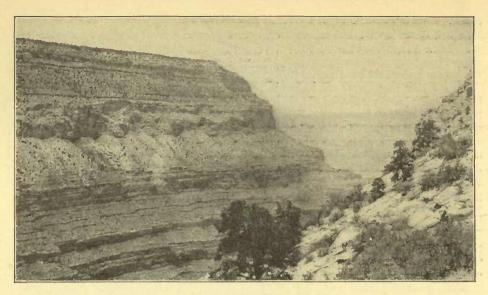
pulled apart.

Bert pointed to a wide slab extending into the wall. Bending eagerly to examine it, we saw on the fine sand of its surface marks of feet walking from the dustsprinkled floor of the trail over the face of the rock and disappearing beneath the layers above. The four feet had been set down daintily and yet firmly—the sharp toes cut deeply into the sand. The spread or straddle of the double row of footprints indicated limbs set wide apart, as in salamanderlike forms whose bones are found in rocks of the age in which the Coconino sand was deposited. The tracks were not those of any animal known in the life of Arizona to-day, but their clear imprint, and the regular spacing of footsteps crossing the surface, left no room for doubt that we looked upon the trail of a creature that moved alive over this sand.

Looking back to the spot where the slab with ancient footprints crossed the path over which we had come, I noticed the touch of a wildcat's foot showing faintly in the dust. Kneeling, I wiped the rock with my hand, and then with closed eyes blew away all remaining particles. When the air



Footprints of a single individual from Coconino sandstone on the Hermit Trail, Grand Canyon of Arizona.



Looking across Hermit Basin, in the Grand Canyon.

The Coconino sandstone is included in the lighter portion of the section in the opposite wall.

cleared, I looked again. There, where the cat had left its imprint in a film of dust a few hours earlier, were tracks of little feet marked on the sand, now hardened to stone, and between them in the same rock was the sharp cut of a mule shoe.

No one of us had seen the cat quietly tiptoe by in early morning, nor had we watched the mule with its tourist passenger tramp circumspectly down the slope, but we needed no further evidence to assure us of their recent passing. We knew also that even the venerable cliffs rising around us could not have viewed the making of footprints in the Coconino sand. We realized that the Canyon with all its majestic expression of antiquity and stability must have been still in the future of creation when the seconds and minutes of that early time were marked off by rhythmic movement of the feet which made this earlier track. And yet, as we looked upon the two records, the prints on ancient sands, preserved through time beyond human understanding, were not less real than were the traces of feet of cat and mule made in the morning of the day on which we found them.

Here was the crossing of two trails. Each was clear and unmistakable; one made that day, the other held unchanged as by a miracle from time so remote that we could only vaguely appreciate the magnitude of intervening ages.

Down into the gulf of the Canyon we had followed the tracks of wildcat and mule zigzagging over uncovered edges of strata piled upon the surface marked by the older trail. Each successive layer of the multitude traversed contained a record of events that marked years leading back to the day of the Coconino creature. Then, as we halted where this modern trail crossed that made by the ancient footprints, we had seen the path on which we came reach down across still greater depths of strata in the gorge below. And we knew that this further volume of history extended into periods that already represented a distant past at the time these imprints were being made.

Looking out over the gorge with its wonderful records we were impressed beyond measure by the effects of the power that opened the earth to make this chasm, and by evidence of vast forces involved in building and moulding the world everywhere laid bare on the walls. It seemed that, with all its overpowering grandeur, the Canyon could tell us nothing so impressive as the story of making the earth, opened to view along this path crossing

from to-day to yesterday. But when, in the midst of evidence of vast changes in the face of nature, we saw the touch of moving feet, still fresh and clear upon the sand, the ancient earth with its unstable continents and shifting seas was transformed from a theatre for play of lifeless forces to the scene of eons of growth and struggle in a world of living things. Expressing with surpassing vividness the reality of beings that walked about on feet like those of man and beast, these traces on the shore brought clear realization that in this early time life resembling ours was making its way and meeting the difficulties of a changing world. With this added story the record of the great gorge was given a meaning such as it could otherwise never have possessed. The creature that walked the Coconino Trail brought a message, which made us see the majesty and beauty of the Canyon as a background, over which there moved a picture of that greatest of all dramas—the story of life.

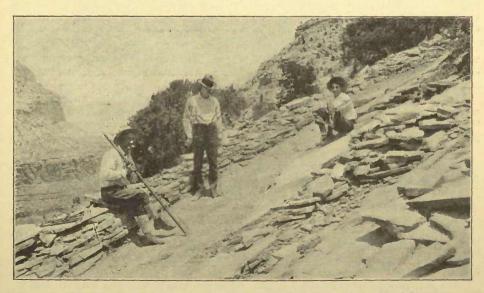
After a morning spent in learning something of the account of ancient life given in this record of the rocks, we stopped for rest and luncheon under a juniper on a steep slope near the trail. Mike sat quietly looking out over the Canyon where we could see the Coconino sandstone marked clearly in its place among

the strata on the opposite wall. Then, turning quickly, he asked me how far the makers of the footprints had probably travelled. I said: "Do you mean horizontally or vertically? We have a moving picture of them as they passed. We cannot follow them as individuals to the journey's end, but we know that generation after generation of their descendants saw layer built upon layer above the sand in which these tracks were buried. As the pile grew they moved upward over the changing landscapes formed upon it. With passing years a sea came in to replace the land, but the procession kept on its way over other steps that the gorge has not opened to view.'

We looked again at the ladders and stairways formed by strata in the Canyon wall rising around and above us. "Well," said the youngster of our party, "it was the game to keep moving and climb as fast as the stair was built."

As I think back to the thrill of this experience on the Hermit Trail, there is impressed upon me with increasing emphasis the wonder and beauty of the story one reads along the way. But I realize that with all the joy of discovery we only begin to understand the meaning of what we see.

where we could see the Coconino sandstone marked clearly in its place among in the beginning of a great span of earth



A portion of the Hermit Trail bordered by slabs containing fossil footprints. Grand Canyon.

history, we as human beings represent one stage in a procession of generations that have played the game and climbed as fast as the stairway opened. We have made our paths over continents, and seas, and through the air. We have walked back into the past across trails of almost infinitely remote eons, bringing into our life to-day the experience of this world through vast periods of trial and experiment. And yet, with all our compass of knowledge and our wide reach through time, the future toward which we travel is but little clearer than was the future Grand Canyon to the maker of footprints on the Coconino shore.

Standing on the very sands in which these traces of moving feet have remained so long to tell their story, we look up to the cliffs and out over the Canyon, seeing as reality what could have been only a vision of the future when the ancient creature pressed its feet upon the same surface. Then we turn and read the story of that still greater past opened to view in the record of the gorge below. And we ask whether, with all our knowledge of this movement of the world through time, we may not learn to build upon the past—to build, as well as wait to climb the stairways when they rise before us.

The Bleeding Cross

BY EMERSON LOW
Author of "The Man Who Had Been Away"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIMHKA SIMKHOVITCH



HERE were footsteps.

A slow dragging of feet came over the road outside. Janusz Karski raised himself in his chair in the garden.

He saw above the hedge a group of men

and women: figures that were black and worn: like dim factory smoke against the sky: like sorrow. He started.

"Who are they?"

Mr. Balcerek's blue eyes smiled strangely, and he glanced at his daughter. "They?" he replied. "They're pilgrims.

"Pilgrims!"

"Yes, from Zmigrod. It's a mining town about ten miles up the railway, and these are workmen in the mines."

"But where are they going?"

"To the crossroads. . . .'
"The crossroads?"

"Aye, about a mile up."

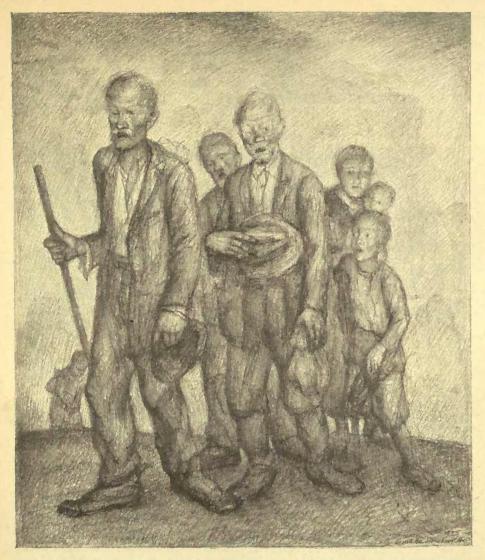
"But I had no idea that there was a shrine in this part of the country—"

"It's something rather recent," began Mr. Balcerek. He was apparently embarrassed, and kept glancing at his daughter. Janusz looked at her. Her face was fading from him in the darkness of the trees. But it seemed intense: as if she were listening to the footsteps.

He was surprised. "What is it, Uncle?"

"Well, you see, it was two months ago —or was it three, Nastusia? Eh, was it three? Och, well, it doesn't matter, perhaps. . . . Anna, old Anna, was coming along the road from Krosno late at night. She wanted to see the doctor about a niece of hers. . . . She was walking fast, because it was dark and a storm was coming.

"Do you remember that where our road meets the road to Krosno there's an old calvary? And four pine trees? It was put up about a hundred years ago by a wealthy landowner on the death of his wife. Some say that he killed her. The rain took the paint off years back, so there's nothing left but the boards. Well, our Anna was passing there just as the storm came. She crouched under the cross, thinking she'd be safe. But the wind nearly dragged her out—she said it was like fingers tugging at her. . . . And then it suddenly stopped



Figures that were black and worn: like dim factory smoke against the sky.—Page 82.

—like a sob, she said. And all was still. Anna looked to the Saviour to thank him. . . . When she felt something trickle down. . . ."

Mr. Balcerek stopped.

Nastusia, who had seemed not to be listening, spoke up in a voice that was almost angry: "Father thinks because you've been at the *university*, you're against religion. He's been reading about Communism—and that they don't believe in God."

"Nastusia! I never said Janusz didn't believe in God!"

"No. But you said he'd probably have new ideas—"

"I haven't any! Oh, I've seen enough of Communism! I assure you, Uncle, of that!" he cried, lighting a cigarette. The cigarette, miles away from Krakow, tasted different from any he had ever smoked. "No! I have no new ideas, thank God!"

Mr. Balcerek hesitated a moment. "She felt something trickle," he went

on slowly. "It came from a hole in the *left* side of the body. . . .

"Old Anna told me the next day, and I went to the mayor, of course. Then we

drove up there with Stach, the butcher. Stach took some of it and found that it

was-blood. . .

"They come now from all over the country. I can't begin to tell you, Janusz, of the miracles that have happened to our villagers! Of the protection! We had some bad cases of fever—just a week ago. And now there's only old Karol and his son left in the infirmary."

Mr. Balcerek glanced hurriedly at his nephew—at the young doctor—as if he still expected some cynical remark. But Janusz said nothing. His eyes were on a figure in white that was moving slowly along by the hedge, outside of the darkness of the trees. Was it old Anna? His uncle called down to her—the figure moved on as if it didn't hear. Then it turned and came slowly across the soft grass.

"I heard some one call," said an old woman in a curious hollow voice and

addressing them all.

She was a little woman, almost deformed, with a large head, and shiny, quick eyes—like the backs of beetles under a stone, Janusz thought. He remembered her on his first visit: she was dirty and had seemed to be doing all the heavy work about the place; and now stood before them in a white starched apron, and city shoes—by the manner in which she kept lifting her feet. It was plain that she was living up to her new position of prophetess!

"I have just been telling Doctor Janusz

about the bleeding heart. . . ."

"Aye and you well might!" spoke up the old woman, swaying a little from side to side like the lilacs, "for it is the miracle of the age. It has come to us in our sin. It has come to wash away our desires. . . . It is Christ bleeding for us that we may be saved. Every few days, Doctor. Tuesday it did, and now. . . " She stared up at the dark sky. Two or three stars appeared through the branches of a tree. "Now. . . . I feel it again. . . "

Another crowd went by in the road.

They were singing.

Mr. Balcerek gazed after them, and

then disappeared.

"It is the first happiness that has come to the village," Nastusia said, eagerly, "Papa didn't tell you half about it. You can't imagine all that it means. . . . Above all, what it has given the peasants.

For their life is shut in. They work like gray insects, beating their wings in the sun, until they are tired and drop to earth. Day after day. For there is nothing in their lives. No reason. No opening. This faith has brought them—an opening. If you'd seen what I have seen. . . ."

"Yes, I think I have—"
She looked at him expectantly.

"And that is the chief thing," he went on, tugging at a long grass. "I'm a doctor and yet I believe in cures by faith. It doesn't make much difference what it is, as long as one has it. . . . Take the old Hindus and their white cows—"

He stretched back. She had been only twelve when he had last seen her; and who would have imagined then that she *could* have grown into what she was! . . . He glanced at the curve of her healthy cheek; there was a fascination, he was thinking, in everything about her—in her slenderness, in her dress, her plump brown arms,

her shoes. . . .

"I felt so too," she said suddenly, thoroughly disappointed. She didn't know whether to go on or not. It was like a dark cloud. She half got up. "You see, I'm more like you in one respect—that is, I've had a modern education, although I haven't been through the university yet. With papa it's different: he's of the old school. So in some ways I was the only modern one here. I thought it was something that Anna had made up: she used to be stupid. And old Stach the butcher is nearly blind. . . .

"I went there one afternoon—out of curiosity. It was rather late and I was standing in the road looking at it. I saw there was some one there and was about to go away. It was old Helena, the butcher's wife. Suddenly she rose from her knees and gave a shout and ran down the road. She had been lame all of her life.

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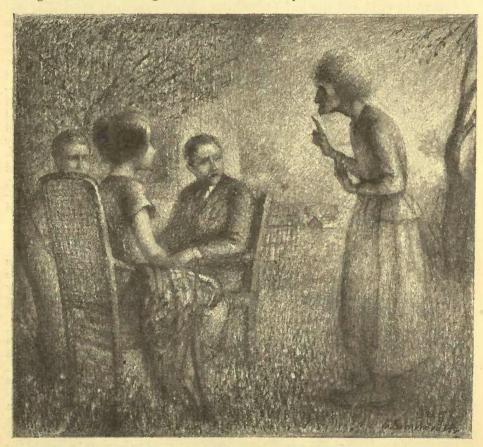
Janusz was looking at her again. He had never seen her face as compelling. There was at that moment for him an excitable beauty about her. Her lips were opened, and her eyes of a distant blue were alight with the energy of her thoughts. He leaned over toward her.

They heard a voice.

Looking up, they saw another face that was staring at them from the hedge. Yes, catching every motion of them, as a reflector does the sun. The eyes were like bits of tin, and about them hung gray strings of hair.

"It's Anna," said Nastusia, rising quickly to her feet. "She wants me."

He walked slowly after her. He watched her green dress skimming over the field thing for the peasants, no doubt, whose lives were drab enough. But for a young, imaginative girl. . . . He felt that he knew her nature and the intensity of it. There was something distinctly unpleasant in the idea that she too believed in this superstition. . . .



"It is the miracle of the age. . . . It has come to wash away our desires."-Page 84.

grass and daisies, like a bird over water. Until she disappeared.

He walked on. He remembered her as a little thing with bare legs. . . . Yes, that was pleasant to think of. And now it seemed a wonderful thing . . . like a fulfilment of Wodna . . . the little village which had remained, during the long years at the university, a romance in his memory.

Yes, a little thing with bare legs . . .

and now talking religion.

As he thought of that he felt annoyed. This miracle cross: it was a providential

He let himself through the gate into the garden. There was no one about. The air was still.

He felt troubled.

II

OLD Karol's son was delirious. They could hardly hold him down. A rash had broken out all over his long body. It was typhus.

Four more peasants were brought in that afternoon.

At one damp hut in the village, Janusz

Karski found a young woman with child. She said she had been working in the field but had found the sun too hot—putting her hand in a bewildered way to her forehead. She was a little dizzy: with a child so nearly coming. . . . She did have a slight rash on her arm. Yes, now that the doctor spoke of it, one arm had broken out a little. . . . It was the sun, very likely.

Go to the infirmary? She? She began to laugh boisterously. "Och, Doctor, no doubt some do! But do you know my husband was nearly dying this last month—aye, there were sores for you! There were sores! But he was carried up. And now he is at work in the field. And the cross gives us all things, Doctor. Yes," she went on in a quieter voice, "it is the cross—the cross—that watches over us. . . ."

· But she grew weak, somewhat, with talking. . . . A trifle unsteady. . . . She reeled once; and so after a time promised to go to the infirmary until the evening, when he would come back.

And her Marja might go up. . . .

A child raised its little head. A black eye danced on either side of a running nose. The child was off. Janusz watched the little thing dart down the mud.

He was amazed at one house to find Nastusia. It was warm, but she was bending over a fire, one cheek in her hand; sitting by the side of a fat peasant woman. She looked up casually.

Janusz explained what had taken place. He said that he was making an inspection of the villagers. The woman began to

laugh.

She was big and half rolled herself over to the window. "There, Doctor! So!" She planted herself stubbornly in the light. He examined her thoroughly but found nothing. She began to laugh again. She grew hoarse. "Ho! And did you see how he looked at my skin? Och, Doctor, I was sick enough if you had come yesterday! But I wouldn't stay in bed—not I! I went up—and was healed, may God be praised!"

Janusz Karski's one thought was to take his cousin Nastusia away. Heaven knows how many cottages she might intend to visit. . . . He had left the priest and the old peasant woman, who was acting as nurse, to care for his patients;

whom he had isolated as far as possible. "Are you going home now?" he said.

"I have the carriage," said Nastusia, quickly. "I'll drive you up if you like."

As they drove along he took the opportunity to look carefully at her: she was strong and healthy: as far as he could see, there were no signs of a fever. But that evening he would make certain. Whether she liked it or not! Yes, she would probably make a scene! He grew angry. He felt again that sense of unpleasantness. She was a modern girl, and clever, and yet she had given in to this superstition—body and soul—like a peasant. He'd probably have the most trouble with her!

He said quickly: "I'm afraid of a bad epidemic. I think it wiser for you to stay away from the village for a time——"

She held the whip upright in her gloved hand. He could see her eyes cloud over, and in them the stubborn look of a peasant. She evidently had no intention of doing so.

"I must insist on that," he began. "Do you think I'm afraid of it!"

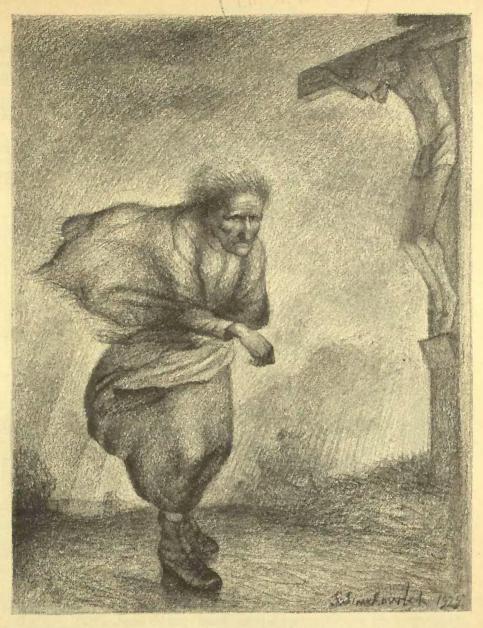
He grew angry. "No, I suppose you're not! I can only ask you, then. You see I'm working on this alone—it is practically my first case. I want to be as free as I can—and naturally——"

Her cheeks, which had been on fire, softened somewhat. She sat there with the reins loose in her hands, her blue eyes looking over the quiet fields. In thought. There was something about her eyes like Anna's, something restless. . . . something not at ease. . . . No doubt this was the time to tell her once and for all-but probably they were too near the house to begin it then. And he must be back at the village. Och! he had rather tell her that he loved her! . . . After all, why should he be the one? It would come soon enough. . . . He felt the opportunity slip from him as if it were a physical object. And an actual pleasure in it. It was always so in Wodna . . . the last time, for instance, he had taken all his books down and never looked at them.

Even now, above all else, he was think-

ing that he loved her.

He saw Anna standing by the gate. She was standing with her feet spread apart, muttering something, her white face against the hedge. Janusz laughed heartily to himself. Old Anna! prophetess!



She rode on the mist like a witch on clouds.—Page 91.

old Anna and her cult! He shouted but she didn't hear.

Nastusia pulled in the horse.

"Better drive back," she said brusquely and jumped down onto the road.

He bent over. "Nastusia, you'll not go again?" he said.

She looked thoughtfully at him. Her cheeks were still unnaturally flushed and

in them he seemed to see pain. As if she were making an effort within herself. "No," she said at last, with a softness that surprised him. "I won't. No—not now!—" And then, as if she could hardly help herself: "But if you stay here long enough you'll change!"

At the edge of town Janusz Karski saw the priest without a hat. He was running. "Doctor! there are more! God in Heaven!—it is as if the devil were working behind our backs!"

The room was low and damp that he led him to. In the centre was a cot surrounded by candles. Janusz recognized

She stared at him wildly, and her little body, covered with a rash, stiffened in excitement. She seized his hand and raised herself over it in her delirium.

And Janusz Karski saw, in the light that came through the door, her lips



"Father in Heaven! I have found it again. We have it back!"-Page 92.

with a start the room where he had seen an old woman die only a few days before.

"It is her sister," said the priest in a whisper.

Janusz Karski bent over her. She was dead.

He was just going out when he heard a stir in one corner of the room. He went up. Something was on the floor . . . a dog? He stooped down and felt it. It was a child. He carried it over to the light of the doorway. Saw two black watery eyes like a dog's. . . . It was little Marja, whom only the other day he had sent up to the cross.

gather like a purple spider and press down upon his hand. . . .

He was driving quickly along the road now. It was hours later, and suddenly close, as if a storm hung in the air. He sped by a group of pilgrims headed back toward the town. They were singing in a strange dialect—miners from Zmigrod—and their feet tramped in time. . . . He saw the pine trees, and the miracle cross, and some one at the foot of it. It was one of the pilgrims, a woman who had lingered behind, with one last desire. . . . He leaped out and drew closer. He heard her groan, and saw her press her thin lips

on a spot at the base of the cross. . . .

Some rain was coming down, and he heard the sound of a gig. He heard the wheels cutting against the rocks. He stood in the middle of the road.

The gig stopped. A man with a delicate face and thin white beard and waterproof

leaned forward.

"Are you going into town?" asked Tanusz.

"Certainly."

"You must help me! It is a matter of life and death. Can your man take my

carriage?"

"Certainly. Get in. . . . You say a matter of life and death? I am a doctor. I am Dr. Slawski, of Krosno."

"Then you've come—at last!"

"I was called away to Nida-it was God's will."

"There is an epidemic of typhus in the village!"

"Typhus!"

"It's the cross—the disease must have been carried there."

"The miracle cross! Are you a

doctor?"

"Yes." Tanusz roused himself. He said, putting his hand on the man's arm in the darkness: "We haven't any time! —Some one must send a telegram to-night to the authorities at Krakow. There are some pilgrims further down the road they mustn't be allowed to leave town

The doctor rose and lashed his horse. The rain came down hard, blurring all things.

"There won't be any more going up to-

night," cried Janusz Karski.

'You look completely worn out. Where are you stopping?"

"At the Balcereks'."

"Och, yes. We're almost there. Have you had any supper?"

"Hadn't you better have some first?

Excuse me, you are young. . . ."

Janusz Karski was silent. The rain hurled against the leather apron that reached to their waists. They sat there, their heads cramped against the storm, their knees together. While the gig lifted and swayed. . . . The doctor was muttering under his breath. He rose and

VOL. LXXIX.-7

slowly, as if her whole existence was in it, lashed his horse. He lashed his blot of a horse.

> A light appeared through the trees. Janusz Karski was held by a sudden fear. He sat there unable to move. The gig stopped before an iron gate, and without a word he slipped down into the rain. He made his way, blinded, up the garden. Ahead was a light: one of the lower rooms was lighted. He reached the porch. On it was a figure in white. It was Anna. She did not see him. Her eyes were fixed on the storm and her arms were lifted above her head. He caught her roughly by the arms.

> Her knees gave way. "Oh," she cried in a thin wailing voice, "there is something—there is something wrong with

Nastusia!"

III

It was growing light with the rising sun: the night was over. The little group at one end of the infirmary gathered nearer the window. It was the deputation which had arrived from Krakow early on the previous morning and had taken up its quarters here in the storeroom. It comprised a police official, a doctor, a bacteriologist, and three nurses. With them had come a supply of morphine, and screens to isolate the patients. The circumstances had been explained. Janusz Karski knew how deep the faith of the village was in the bleeding cross, and was anxious that the shrine be removed with as little agitation as possible. The commission had driven up that first morning to the crossroads. In about an hour they had returned. They had discovered a red liquid trickling from a hole in the side of the figure a little higher than the level of the eye. They had found deep in the hole a rusty nail, which held the figure in place, and which had splintered the back of the cross, so that the rain leaked through. "blood" was rusty water.

The bacteriologist had begun immediately to take the culture of the wood where the pilgrims had pressed their lips.

All day and all that night he had been

at work in the adjoining room.

And now the little group was waiting. Waiting and staring at the sun, which spread slowly over the field of daisies.

He appeared in the doorway at that rosy

moment with red eyes. "There is typhus on the agar plates," he said in a low voice.

The police official was of the opinion that if this were revealed to the people it might make a difference. The disease had been reported at Zmigrod, the mining town, he said, and had probably been carried here. The shrine must be destroyed.

If necessary they would use force. . . . The day was growing lighter . . . wider.

. .

By noon the town had heard. Had pushed its way to the door of the store-room.

A shiny little man stepped out of the crowd. He took off his cap, but his eyes were red and stubborn.

"We hear you want to take the cross."
"You see," said the police official, lighting a cigarette to make himself less nervous, "we find it—the cause of the disease."

There was an angry shout.

"The miracle cross!"
"Give us a disease!"

"The liars!"

"They want it for their own village!"

"Let them try to steal it!"

"Where's Halka?"
"Show them Halka!"

"Halka!"

A young woman red as a carrot was pushed forward. Janusz Karski, who had just come up, recognized her as the woman with child whom he had sent on the first

day to the infirmary.

She stood there with her fat hands on her hips. She looked straight at Janusz Karski. "They said I had it!" she bellowed, "and now look at me!" She threw back her head and laughed. "There's the doctor—he'll tell you! Och, Doctor, didn't I say? Didn't I? Didn't I say I wouldn't go to the infirmary? Eh, Doctor? I think too much of this inside of me for that!—I went up to the cross!—"

Tanusz Karski examined her.

To his amazement, every symptom of the disease had disappeared. The peasants who had crowded around saw at once the look on his face. They began to shout.

"He knows!" they cried. "The doctor knows! Och! and they want our cross! Our miracle cross! Look, here's Jezzy and here's Wanda!——"

Janusz Karski made his way forward and was shocked to see five or six in the crowd that only the day before had been carried into the infirmary. He called to them. He called out the doctor from Krosno. Every sign of fever had gone from these peasants; as had the rash that had covered their bodies. The two doctors determined to hold a more rigid examination later in the day, but the crowd had caught again the expression of amazement, and had raised a final triumphant shout.

And like a far-off echo, came an answer

from the infirmary.

The police official hurriedly promised that nothing would be done that day. They could go home in quiet. They could go back to their simple hearths and resume their daily duties in peace, he said, adjusting his glasses.

But all the afternoon the villagers stayed in the meadow. They walked up and down. They walked on the heads of the daisies. It was their lives against

the unknown, they said.

When it was nearly dark, Janusz Karski stepped out. The men took off their caps. No, they felt no enmity to him; in fact, considered him rather as their champion. And Janusz knew the value of their confidence, their faith: knew that without it he could do nothing. . . .

He hurried through the village. Beyond, the highroad was deserted. Here he met a band of men who were walking slowly along and singing. It was a hymn, and they carried sacks on their shoulders. He passed them without a word. They were police officials from Krakow.

The garden was light as he approached. On the steps he met Mr. Balcerek in an overcoat. He was much troubled. He kept walking up and down. "She's been awake since you left her. She wants to see you or Anna. The nurse has just gone out—"

Janusz Karski entered one of the downstairs rooms. Nastusia raised her head. She was on a cot near the window.

"I've been waiting for you," she said with a thin smile. She lifted herself higher. She pulled a scarf, a stringy bit of crochet, across her chest.

"I want to ask you something."

Her face in the electric light was flushed with fever. But he seemed to see the high

color once more as a sign of mental pain. Of the struggle within herself. The room was silent: only the sound of an alarm clock and the restless branches of a tree against the house. Finally she rolled her head to one side and looked at him with her eyes, now near and vivid: her whole being was in that look. "I gave in to you—now you're to let me go—"

Janusz Karski started. "Where?" he said in a strained voice.

She only gazed at him. "But not now. . . ."

"Not now!" She raised herself up on one elbow. "I must!" she cried. "I am being punished—for not returning to the villagers in the time of trouble! For staying away when they needed my help!—For listening to you—Do you know why I didn't go back that day—do you?—do you?"

TV

Anna that morning! She rode on the mist like a witch on clouds—back and forth across the valley to the village.

A mist had come: a fine yellow mist

like the pollen of daisies.

The huts on the main street had never looked as black and weary. It took a morning like this to show what shacks they were: the paint had already begun to drop off in patches, as if the very wood was diseased. . . . And the half-built factory now rose in all its ugliness: like a beggar holding up his stump of an arm.

As Janusz Karski approached the infirmary, he saw a group of peasants against the wooden building: as if they had been swept there like wet leaves.

The priest stepped silently out. Janusz Karski walked to the door with him. Not since the first spread of the epidemic had he seen such terror on their thin faces. It was the cringing terror—that has no hope.

"The nursing is going on well," he said

hurriedly.

The priest shook his head. His blue eyes looked absolutely faded.

"We are keeping the upper hand of it

The little priest looked at him. "I am a modern man," he said at last, "my education has made me so. Until now I have believed, as you see, both in the faith of our village and in science. . . .

But now I know that without our faith we can do nothing—"

Janusz Karski grew angry. For the first time he felt he was *combating* this faith. "It's all superstition!" he shouted, "there's only one *hope*—"

A young peasant ran by half naked. His face, broken out with the fever, was distorted in agony. He vanished around the corner of the building.

He was shocked to find that those in the infirmary had already been told. The

effect was appalling.

Their faces were fixed with stupor. They seemed to make no effort to fight the plague, but sank hopelessly under it. As if they were wedged there. One after another stared at the ceiling and fell into the stupor that comes before the death. Yes, as if all the creed that was left to them lay in the thin boards of the ceiling! Their eyes were wild, their mouths open, they saw nothing. Nor heard the mutterings of the priest.

They died stubbornly.

The doctor from Krosno whispered to Janusz: "They have burned it. Lord, you could smell it down here! They took it a few miles up the road. Och, that's one good thing, God be praised! But these people are like flies!—they go into this stupor like flies in winter!——"

Anna! Anna entered to see the doctor. Well, no one would try to keep her out. She had a word or two, she said, to say

to the doctor—the young one.

The wonder of it was that she had not caught the typhus. Janusz examined her frequently but there was never a sign. And now she stood there like a cucumber, and blowing her good breath in his face. No, no one was healthier than old Anna, in spite of her wild looks at times.

"What is it?" said Janusz, scrutinizing

the old girl and frowning.

"Doctor, we must have it back."

"What?"

"The cross from Krakow."

"But I've had nothing to do with it?"

"But the doctor knows perhaps where it is? He is good and wise. He can see that the people have to have it!—Or it is death. . . ."

A fat peasant nurse ran up in her white

apron.

"Doctor, Mr. Balcerek is outside and wants to speak to you at once!"

Janusz Karski rushed out.

His uncle was standing there, spattered with mud.

"Janusz!" he cried seizing his arm.
"Come at once! Anna has told her!"

V

It was a close evening, heavy, like wet wood. Trees and bushes were motionless with their own weight. And a patch of yellow light from a downstairs window

looked sodden on the grass.

Janusz Karski came out. He was thinking that he would have to look to himself now: guard his own energies. He felt at that moment weak—downright weak—and everything about him in the night drooped like a rag. The house seemed oppressive and he had a sudden desire to take a walk up the open road.

He started down the garden.

The gravel creaked painfully under his shoes.

His uncle was standing at the gate. "How is she?" he asked.

"I have given her morphine. She is sleeping."

"You are tired, Janusz."

"No. Only nervous. I'm going to take a walk."

"Yes, yes, you are right-Yes, you more

than any of us must take care."

The remark somehow irritated him. He heard his uncle call: "I wouldn't go far—it's going to rain. . . ." But he didn't even look back.

A wind had come up and he eagerly sought it. He unbuttoned his collar, and after a time his coat, and then his shirt. He hurried on with the fancy that the further he went the deeper and cooler this wind would be. Once he stood still, and looked back, as if he saw something. Under the trees by the road was a whitish light. Bending his head he kept on. He glanced up now and then and saw lightning, as if it had nothing whatever to do with himself. He even sat down on a stone and carefully took a pebble out of his shoe. He was suddenly struck by the idea that he might keep right on to some village and take the train to Krakow. He would take Nastusia with him. There was certainly nothing improper in taking a sick girl up to Krakow. . . .

And what could be gained by his stay-

ing in Wodna, where he was slowly losing his own faith? . . .

He rose and went on. He laughed quietly. The rain was heavy. His legs positively began to give way: he'd have to find another stone. He thought of that night when he had driven with the doctor from Krosno, and stopped once more to look about. He was at the crossroads.

It was hard to see. But there was the spot where the cross had been: they had plucked it clean out like a telegraph pole. Nothing stood there now but new dirt and stones and four short pine trees. He crouched under one of these.

Faith! It was this place—this hole—

that he was still combating!

And this was where he had sent up little

Marja, now dead!

The rain grew more and more blinding—like his thoughts—as it had on that night... Yes, it was deceptive. He thought he saw a figure standing in the road: a woman with her arms uplifted ... would have sworn that some of those streaks of rain were strings of gray hair.

It was Anna!

"O Father in Heaven!---"

It was Anna!

Her arms were raised.

"Father in Heaven! I have found it again! We have it back! We have it back! I see the bleeding cross on high!

VI

These were hot days, penetrating days: the yellow wheat standing in the sun, and the yellow sun beating down on Wodna; and that stagnant pool that still lay at the edge of town seemed to be drying up... the infirmary, which stood in the field of daisies like a visitation, grew smaller (the outhouses had already been removed). Many had died there, and many had been cured. The building stood among the white daisies like a sore that was slowly healing in the sun.

Most of the villagers had returned to

the fields.

It was the noon hour in the yellow fields. The grain was at its height: it stood full and silent under the sun as far as the eye could see. Never had there been such a harvest. . . . The peasants lay about on their backs. A young woman

was staring up at the blue sky. She pointed slowly to a white drifting cloud.

"It will come like *that*," she said in a deep voice.

Some of the brown faces looked up.

"Yes, so it will, but it will come more

from this way."

"It lies above old Staho's field," said a very old peasant sitting upright in the grain and staring at them angrily with his bushy eyes. "I saw it only last night when I was walking home—"

"I did, the day before!"

"The best place to see it is the cross-roads."

"Aye, about sundown, if you stand there long enough—"

"It cured me of palsy," shouted back the old peasant.

"It cured my Tadeusz—"
"And look at the crops—"

"Aye, and there it is!" said some one, "as good up there as down here—"

"We have it again."
"It's a miracle."

Said the woman: "Well, we wanted it."
The sun was strong. Growth!—one could almost feel the wheat rising, rising in the sun. . . . And there was the urgent hum of insects, an intensity.

The woman, looking about for her baby, glanced up. "It's the doctor," she said

blinking.

"And the young miss."

"Well, may the blessed cross protect them too!"

They came nearer. Through the still

grain. They stopped.

Nastusia stood on the dirt path in front of him. She wore a broad straw hat; her face looked warm from her walk. And they had been arguing . . . the whole way from the village. . . . She pulled at some of the yellow grain vigorously with her fingers. Around her feet on the path was the flight of insects.

"Why is it any different?" she said at last, and in her blue eyes was the stubbornness of a peasant. "You think that I'm superstitious. Well, I am. And now, too, even when I know. I believe more than ever in this—if possible—"

He did not reply for a moment. He

seemed to be in thought.

"Yes," he said, "and I too-"

She glanced up quickly, like the flick of a whip, as if she didn't believe him.

"Nastusia! Can't you see that it's the same? We both must have faith!"

She looked again. No, she didn't seem able to understand it then. . . . She stood there a long time in the tall grain; one could almost feel it grow: one could feel the beat of it. Her eyes half closed. There was the distant shout of a peasant. . . . Her blue eyes seemed to rise from the intricacy of her thoughts. She drew near him. . . .

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I do . . .

now. ''

VII

Ir was peaceful in the garden, with the hedge waving. Mr. Balcerek was stretched out in his accustomed chair by the tea table asleep over the Krakow paper. Yes, that was the way one did in Wodna! Better let him have his tea first and then tell him, they said. . . .

There were white flowers along the path, and at the bottom a white figure moving by the hedge. It was an old woman. They called down to her. At first she pretended not to hear . . . and then came slowly across the soft garden.

"Some one called," she said, the strings of her hair standing straight out. "I heard a voice!" Then she stared at them, and half shut her old, fleet eyes. "Aye, it is well you are happy!" she began—did she know all about their engagement?—had she seen that too in the field?—"for now the cross has come again to watch over us. The bleeding cross that was carried up to the skies to be purged of the touch of sinners! Aye, there it is!—a wonder of all ages!—and you see, Doctor, I was right, that we had to have it..."

She turned slowly. There were steps on the road outside. It was growing darker, and now there were steps. . . . The footsteps of pilgrims, like a far-off croon . . . coming from a distant town: coming from as far as Zmigrod: coming from the mines . . . to the spot where the cross is seen. . . .

So the villagers wait. They are waiting for the bleeding cross that watches over Wodna. "And which," says old Anna, shaking her gray head fiercely and staring upright at the sky, "will come flying down from burning clouds of purple and green and gold. . . ."

The Juror's Part in Crime

BY CHARLES C. NOTT, JR.
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N this year of grace, 1925, it is with profound diffidence that any one who has had practical knowledge and experience along any particular line of human activity should

air his opinions and conclusions; for the present day is the millennium—the period of jubilee—for the individual who knows a little about a great many topics, and his views, expressed with the utmost authority, are but so many illustrations of Alexander Pope's immortal warning that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." In connection with no subject is this more true than with the subject of crime and the enforcement of the criminal law; and I have been so frequently corrected and contradicted in my views on these subjects by young ladies who have taken a six months' course in social uplift, or by those of more mature years who on several occasions have taken fruit to the inmates of some penal institution, or by some person who has read a "magazine article" by a convict describing the discomforts to which he had been subjected while in durance, that it is with much hesitation, after twenty-three years spent in the administration of the criminal laws. I advance any ideas on the present conditions of crime in this country.

Making every allowance for the difficulty of obtaining precise figures, because of the deplorable lack of accurate and scientific criminal statistics in most of the United States, there can be but little, if any, doubt that, compared to nearly all other civilized and many half-civilized and uncivilized countries, the volume of crimes, both against the person and against property, is appallingly large, both in absolute figures and in proportion of the amount of crime to population. It has been calculated that if the ratio of criminal homicides to population were the

same here as in England, we would have about 480 criminal homicides a year in the United States, instead of which we have over 8,000. In the last ten years we have suffered over 85,000 of them (more than our losses in killed in the World War) instead of the 4,800 which the English ratio would have produced. The ratios of larcenies, robberies, and burglaries are indicated as still more unfavorable to us. The larceny business, in all its different forms and ramifications, may fairly be described as one of the most important and flourishing in the country, and the value of its annual "turn-over" is colossal -not less than three billion dollars, according to the calculations of the burglary and theft insurance companies. The larcenies of automobiles alone amount to millions of dollars a year; the amounts of goods stolen while in transit, from railroads, express companies, and steamship lines, run into millions more; while the "hold-up" department of the business has of late years made astonishing progress, and the swindling and "get-rich-quick" departments turn in their millions with increasing regularity, and the workers in the burglary and embezzlement branches can point with pride to their earned profits.

Of course "the law" is blamed for this tremendous exhibition of law-breaking, although few people have in mind clearly what they mean by "the law" in this connection. Certainly our criminal lawsthat is, the statutes themselves—are about as good as the corresponding Canadian statutes; yet on one side of an imaginary boundary-line a condition exists differing materially from that on the other, though the criminal laws of the two countries do not differ materially. If by "the law," the administration of the law is meant, a different situation arises. Undoubtedly the administration of the law in all parts of this country is less efficient than in some other countries; but also undoubtedly in some parts of this country it

is at least as efficient as in some other countries—and yet even in such parts the percentage of crime is higher with us. To illustrate, the police department of the city of New York and the machinery of the courts are at least as efficient and up to date as those of the island of Bermuda. On the occasion of a visit there a few years ago, I found the island much excited over their first criminal homicide in twenty years—a stabbing, following a quarrel in a saloon. On the basis of proportion of crime to population, the city of New York ought to have had 300 such killings during those twenty years. It is perfectly certain that they were at least While the difference in the administration of the law does account for the excess of crime in this country to some extent, that extent varying greatly in different parts of the country, it comes far short of accounting for the whole excess of crime here.

In my opinion the weak spot in our administration of the criminal law is not so much in our police forces, or our prosecutors, or our courts as in our juries, which is equivalent to saying—in our people's general attitude to the criminal. The tendency of the American jury is not to deliver a verdict according to the evidence, but to pronounce a sort of judgment of Solomon, although the qualifications of the jurors for such a delicate piece of work are usually in striking contrast to those of the monarch whom they imitate. Thus, in a homicide case, they do not decide whether A unlawfully killed B, but whether B had really cheated A out of the \$8.50 which was the subject-matter of the dispute, and therefore ought to have been killed; not whether C stole \$500 from his employers, but whether the latter were paying him an adequate salary in view of his having a wife and eleven children, and also whether the employers were, or were not, using fair methods in competing with the store on the next block; not whether D had criminally abducted the girl, but whether the judge would give him more than one year, if he had so abducted her. A perfect illustration of this tendency is afforded by a murder case that was recently tried before me. The defendant (A) and the deceased (B) were both members of a prominent labor union. Bad

blood had arisen between them, and finally a formal fight was arranged between them, at the close of working hours in the building where they were employed. Although B was the larger and heavier of the two, he had failed to acquire the information that A had been a professional boxer of considerable experience, and he was therefore both surprised and mortified when his smaller antagonist knocked him out with neatness and despatch. Instead of taking his defeat in a chastened spirit, he brooded upon it and waxed sore and vengeful, made many threats against A, and on one or two occasions tried to precipitate another fight. Finally one night, in the meeting-room of the union at the close of a meeting, while some twenty or thirty members still remained. B broke loose and projected himself at A, who thereupon drew a revolver and shot him dead. While the conduct of B left much to be desired from a sporting standpoint, and while he had undoubtedly become a nuisance in A's life, yet the latter had conclusively shown his ability to take care of himself in a fair fight, and the presence of numerous of his friends and fellowworkers in the room insured him against any serious harm from B, yet A was promptly acquitted. Human life (except that of a defendant) is held very cheap in our jury-rooms, and B had made such a nuisance of himself that a jury found that his removal was justified. It is this attitude on the part of juries in homicide cases, as much or more than any one other thing, that causes the enormous percentage of acquittals in this country in such cases, with the consequently enormous number of homicides.

This quality in American juries is the expression of a wide and underlying attitude in the mass of our people toward the criminal. Of course, every one has, and expresses, a dislike for crime in the abstract, but in dealing with the concrete manifestation of crime, which is the criminal, this attitude of good-natured sympathy and tolerance for him, and of indifference to the evil he accomplishes, goes far toward paralyzing the efforts of judges and prosecutors.

In the city of New York about 900 men, women, and children are killed annually by motor vehicles, a substantial

proportion of them being the victims of gross negligence and disregard of the rights of pedestrians at street crossings. The police almost invariably arrest in such cases, and the district attorney prosecutes in a large number. If juries were capable of looking beyond the individual and of making an example for the general good, this evil could be materially reduced by the certainty that a fatal accident due to negligence would bring punishment. But our juries are incapable of anything of the kind, and so constantly acquit even in the clearest and most extreme cases that the prosecutor goes into these cases as foregone failures. The defendants' attorneys draw a pathetic picture of the disrupted home, and inquire whether a model husband and father, who was guilty only of a deplorable lack of judgment under trying circumstances, should be sent to Sing Sing to herd with murderers and thieves—and the juries acquit.

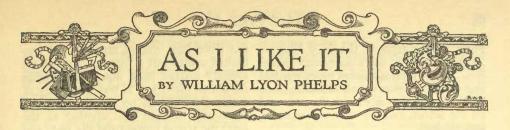
This attitude of juries is well illustrated in their attitude toward the police. It may be stated generally that they have no liking for the police, no sympathy with them in the performance of their duties, and that they rarely believe them if there is any excuse whatever for their not doing so. But the moment that a policeman is himself brought to trial as a defendant, he is taken into the sympathy extended to all defendants, his word is taken and believed (although, of course, his motive to falsify is much stronger than in any case where he testifies merely as an officer), and if any of the witnesses against him are criminals.

their testimony is regarded, for once, with suspicion.

No word, nowadays, is really more abhorrent to the American people than the word "discipline." They hate to subject their children to it, they hate to submit to it themselves or inflict it upon law-breakers, and even when an infinitesimal portion of our criminals reach state's prison, they refuse to bring the hated thing to bear upon them. They seem to regard "discipline" and "cruelty" as synonymous words and, in a well-meaning effort to avoid the latter, throw the former to the winds and provide a summer baseball schedule and a weekly series of motion pictures and vaudeville shows throughout the year to men who are supposed to be used as living examples of the biblical but un-American saying that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Religion and the teaching and practice of religion involve discipline, and therefore a generation is now on the stage who are well-nigh pagan, according to any religious standards of the past. But you can have discipline without religion, and the pagan youth of Greece and Rome were brought up with a strict sense of discipline in the home and to the state, while our modern pagans are without discipline of any sort. The natural and inevitable result has followed; and short-sighted indeed is the person who seeks to attribute to our statute law, or to our methods of procedure in enforcing that law, the unexampled volume of crime which now afflicts us.





N a certain New Year's Day in the twentieth century I entered the city of Munich. The sky was cloudless, the air was crisp, and in the strong sunshine the holiday groups were full of animation, as in the second act of "Faust." Military bands were playing; indeed, the whole atmosphere seemed full of music and laughter. We drove up the broad Ludwigstrasse, turned into the Schellingstrasse, and at Number 3 debarked at the Pension Nordland, kept by two charming North German ladies, Frl. Junkers and Frl. Lammers. Our rooms faced the south, and were flooded with sunshine; in the corner stood the ornamental but practical porcelain stove, reaching to the ceiling. I had an indescribable feeling of buoyant happiness; and although Munich and its people were almost unknown to me, I felt like an exile who at long last had returned home.

With a brief Italian interlude, I remained in Munich seven months; the charm of the first impression steadily deepened. Outside of America, it became my favorite town; and if I had not been able to live in the United States I should have chosen Munich over any other place on the globe. Its advantages were many; I will mention a few.

One characteristic remains a mystery. Munich was about the same size as Boston, and yet there were comparatively few people on any street. I never saw the sidewalks crowded. Where were all these hundreds of thousands of people? After dark the place was as quiet as a village in Vermont: the cafés and resorts were brilliantly lighted within, but there were no grandiose or flamboyant entrances. My friend and colleague, the late Professor Henry Emery, arrived in Munich in the evening, and after dinner he drove about in a taxi; not seeing any resorts or any people, he thought the driver must be taking him to some remote quarter. He therefore called out: "Take me somewhere." "Isn't that rather indefinite?"
"Why, you know what I mean. Take
me where there are plenty of lights, lots of
noise, and crowds of people." "What you
want is the railway station." And indeed
that was the only place in the vast city
that could fill such a prescription.

Everything in Munich I wanted to see was within walking distance. The Court Theatre, the Residenz Theatre, The Playhouse, the Art Galleries, the English Garden, the University, the State Library, were all within ten minutes on foot. The tennis courts were in the heart of the city; the golf links was ten minutes by trolley.

Munich seemed to be arranged for the convenience of the average person, not for the pleasure of a leisure class. Grand opera, which I attended twice a week, always began at six o'clock; it was usually over at ten; it was a very long opera, like "Meistersinger" or "Götterdämmerung," that extended toward eleven. Playhouses began their performances at seven or seven-thirty, and concluded not later than nine-thirty. Both opera and theatre were regarded not as luxuries, but as necessities; they were given for people who would have to rise at the usual hour on the next morning, and do the regular day's work. The result was that during all the weeks in Munich, I averaged five nights and two matinées at the theatre or opera, and never felt fatigue.

To go to the theatre or opera in England, France, or America, means—apart from its expense in money—a terrible expense in time and energy. Many plays do not begin until nearly nine, one is not out until nearly midnight, and one is a

long way from one's cubicle.

Furthermore, at the Munich theatres the playgoer wastes not a moment. The time when the performance will begin is previously announced, the one "long pause" between the acts is advertised, and the time of closing; all three events take place exactly according to schedule. For a trifling expense, the daily *Theater-Anzeiger* is left at one's door every morning. This contains a list of every musical and theatrical event that will take place in the city on that day; with the names of all the actors, and the time of beginning

and closing.

Although Bavaria was a kingdom, I have never known a more democratic community; one could go to opera in evening dress or in golf knickers without attracting attention. All the theatres were repertory theatres, with the bill constantly changing; so that one could hear standard and modern plays both native and foreign. The actors were engaged for long terms; one actor in 1904 told me he had just signed a contract engaging his services until 1010! This gave him a chance to have a home, educate his children, and perform the duties of citizenship. At afternoon teas and social functions, one met the actors and opera singers as a matter of course; they were as much a part of the social life of the city as were professors or public officials.

The opera opening at six and the theatre at seven had other advantages besides time: one did not attend stuffed with a soggy dinner, but with body and mind

alert.

This is the way I spent an average day during my long sojourn. I rose at seven, and after the Continental breakfast, I spent the morning in work, studying, writing, and attending lectures at the university; in the afternoon I played golf, tennis, or went skating in the English Garden, according to the season; at five I had tea, with those delicious sugared rolls called Schnecken; at six to the opera, or at seven to the theatre; after the performance to a café, where, in the cheerful, brightly lighted room, we had a hot supper, glorious Munich beer, delightful conversation. By eleven I was in bed. It was thus possible, day after day, to study and work, to have plenty of outdoor exercise, to hear a fine play or great music, to enjoy a convivial supper, and to lead a godly, righteous, and sober life.

The surroundings of Munich, beautiful lakes and noble mountains, made an occasional holiday something to be remembered. One morning thirty of us took the train about twenty-five miles; we came to

the river Isar, rolling rapidly, and embarked upon a raft of logs, upon which we joyfully floated back down the rushing stream to the city. It was the poetry of motion; no steam, no sails, no oars; a steersman in front and another at the rear; the strong current did the rest; and as we swept past meadows and country houses, we lifted up our voices in song.

The people of Munich were indescribably friendly. I have never known a place where every one seemed so happy and so demonstrative. They had immense enthusiasm for everything, from a ham sandwich to a Bach fugue. All the shopgirls who sold you goods seemed eager to help without being officious; and as they counted out the change, they seemed to stroke and pet every coin with rhythmic and affectionate tenderness—ein und

zwanzig, zwei und zwanzig, etc.

The professors at the University showed in their teaching a similar enthusiasm. Professor Schick, who taught English literature, wept as he described the death of Chatterton, and doubled his fists with an aggressive attitude when he spoke of Doctor Johnson; his colleague, Professor Sieper, was an idolater of English authors, and did all he could to strengthen friendly relations between England and Germany, a hopeless task, for by the year 1911 "preparedness" had done its fatal work, and there was everywhere in Germany an organized but none the less fanatical hatred of England; the war literally killed Sieper; he died of a broken heart. Professors Muncker, Petersen, and von der Leyen lectured on German literature with enormous gusto; and a Belgian gentleman, Doctor Simon, who became one of my most intimate friends, and remains so, lectured in French on the classic authors of France.

Life in Munich was cheap financially but rich in the things of the spirit. O Munich, if I forget thee, may my right

hand forget her cunning!

I induced many of my fellow countrymen to go there and enrich their souls. One of these happy pilgrims, Doctor Lawrence Mason, wrote me from the Pension Nordland:

[&]quot;Open my tunic And you'll find Munich!"

The only unconsciously funny thing in Munich was English as spoken by the natives. Every one apparently thought he could speak English perfectly, and insisted on doing so. It required a strong will to learn German in that city, but I did it, because I informed my acquaintances that if they spoke English to me, I should not answer. I had come there to learn German, and even if I failed in that endeavor, I certainly would not teach English. An excellent example of English as used by Germans may be found in a delightfully unconsciously humorous work called the "New Opera Glass." It was published in Leipzig, and written in alleged English by a German, apparently for the benefit of Americans who wished to attend the opera and to know in advance something of the plot. Here is the author's English summary of "Romeo and Juliet":

ROMEO AND JULIA

First act: Palace Capulet. Masquerade. Capulet greeting his guests. He is introducing his daughter Julia. Romeo, a Montague, seeing Julia, is falling in love to her, which is returning by her without to know another. Romeo hears, that Julia the daughter of Capulet. Tybalt, the nephew of Capulet, is going away with Julia; Romeo crying: "God with you." Tybalt renown Romeo, the enemy of his house; the two are quarrelling, but Capulet smooths the quarrell.

Second Act: Pavillon in Capulets garden. Romeo singing from the love to Julia; Julia going in the garden, singing also from the love to Romeo. Their hearths are finding together and after lovely sweers are going from another.

Third act: Romeo visiting Lorenzo, the monk, begging to help him to be united with Julia; he is ready for that and Romeo and Julia are become man and wife. In the battle with Tybalt he murdered him.

Fourth act: Romeo and Julia are sweet united in the room of Julia; beeing banished from the city he must fly. The dying father of Julia wished to see Julia as wife from the count Paris, but beeing Romeos wife Lorenzo is helping her from the fatal situation.

Fifth Act: Romeo enter; he is seeing his wife Julia in the apparent death. In the

meaning of her really death he is thrinking a bottle poison wishing to be united with her also in the death. In the same moment Julia awaked. Willing to fly the death is coming: Romeo falling on the bottom; Julia takes the sword and murdered herselves.

And yet the above specimen of English written by a foreigner is nearly equalled by the following report in an American college paper of a lecture on Shakespeare:

He stated in America Shakespearian plays are not appreciated, and a person makes themselves think they like it or you really don't enjoy it. In Europe, especially Germany, one would really enjoy a Shakespearian play. In Germany the stage is a large square flat one and the orchestra is beneath. The actors and actresses talk more to the audience than do American characters, and do not talk so much to others taking part in the play. There are no footlights. One large light is placed in the centre of the stage, and this prevents shadows appearing in the rear of the stage. . . . His lecture was most unusual.

It is good news that a handsome, complete edition of Stevenson is at last available at a price that places it within the means of the average book-buyer. Everybody needs Stevenson, and nearly everybody wants him. In order to dislike Stevenson, one must be eternally vigilant, one must see to it that the fires of hostility are constantly fed; for if you relax your defense a moment, he will steal inside of your heart.

I wish Hugh Walpole had not written his latest story, "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair." Such a book is well enough for a hack writer to turn off; but for the author of "The Green Mirror," "The Cathedral," and "The Old Ladies," it is sorry stuff. The strange thing is that although Mr. Walpole knows it is not an important work, he thinks to disarm criticism by forestalling the charge that it is only "readable"; whereas the fact is that this wild yarn is not only inferior in every way to the author's best work, it is not nearly so readable.

Arnold Bennett used to imagine that he wrote potboilers to please the public, and the "Old Wives' Tale" to please himself and satisfy his conscience. But the public received the "Tale" with such enthusiasm that the previous potboilers finally

became profitable. Moral: newspaper publishers, theatre managers, and authors sometimes make a mistake in under-

estimating public taste.

The average autobiography is not nearly so disappointing as the average novel; and the reason should be evident. Among recent life-histories worth reading, I recommend Herbert Quick's "One Man's Life," Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years Of It," J. B. Bishop's "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years." It is interesting to observe that Mr. Bishop idolizes both E. L. Godkin and Theodore Roosevelt—how those two men hated each other! Godkin was always attacking Roosevelt, and Roosevelt had far more admiration for the conventional professional political boss than he had for a reformer like Godkin.

Joseph Conrad's last novel, "Suspense," should not have been published in its unfinished state. It was evidently written by a man both weary and sick; it

is heavy, labored, and tedious.

I had the pleasure of meeting this week Mr. Richard Curle, the intimate friend and official biographer of Conrad, who is his literary executor, who knew him as well as any man could know him, and who was with him on the day he died. Mr. Curle has brought to America the manuscripts of a number of Conrad's essays, which should make interesting reading; and he promises shortly to publish a collection of letters, which should be the literary event of the year 1926. According to Mr. Curle, Conrad was one of the best letter-writers who ever lived. He was certainly one of the best of men, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Mr. Curle has been a great traveller, and he shows how every one of Conrad's novels is connected with a definite place, and how every tale he wrote is founded on

fact.

H. G. Wells has done it again. "Christina Alberta's Father" is a brilliant novel, as full of real people as "Tono-Bungay." The artist and novelist have triumphed over the preacher and reformer, and we have a book of distinction, filled with observation, wisdom, and humor. He says that a certain Englishman had a neighing voice—can't you hear it?

Floyd Dell's "Runaway" is a charming novel, with appealing characters and good conversation. As I was bored by "Mooncalf," I take unusual pleasure in recom-

mending this fine story.

St. John Ervine has written a polemic and provocative biography of Parnell. Even if he were not the author of "John Ferguson," one might guess from this work that he was a natural dramatist. He began his book with a feeling of antagonism to his subject, and ended with passionate admiration. Not every one will agree with his final summary, or with his statement of what ought to have happened in Committee Room Number 15. Parnell's career ended in a way most edifying to his religious opponents, and it simply won't do to call them all hypocrites.

I have received a number of candidates for the Ignoble Prize. Mr. Dexter Hoyt Teed, of the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, proposes that

the dash as a punctuation mark be stricken from the records of polite grammatical society. It spoils the appearance of a printed page; it is the mark of slovenly punctuation; and other punctuation marks, as the colon and comma, can serve in its place without destroying clearness, emphasis, or meaning.

Perhaps so; but what would have become of Poe's prose style without the dash?

Where I particularly dislike the dash is where it is used as a blank substitute: in the year 19—, in the town of B——; why on earth shouldn't the novelist give a year and a place? In oaths, too, the dash is often more silently profane than the word would be.

Miss Frances E. Otis nominates the

custom of actors appearing at the end of scenes for applause. This certainly is a striking example of soloism, and one which nearly ruins my disposition at every performance I see.

I agree with her. I hate to see a corpse

rise and grin appreciatively!

Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge, writing from Victoria, B. C., nominates for the Ignoble Prize

all authors who spell through "thru" and use st for ed; and all authors who prefer a

long word where a short one is better. This is a common American vice; as location for place, donation for gift, reservations for berths or rooms, transportation for tickets, ocean for sea, and "wept copiously" for cried hard. I include, too, those ruffians who spell surprise with a z, and defence with

Manifestly, Mr. Dodge prefers English spelling to American spelling, and is opposed to spelling reform, and so am I.

Mrs. Gibson Berry, of Round Moun-

tain, Nevada, writes:

How about the "Mona Lisa" for the Ignoble Prize—the cat! but then you like cats, don't you?

I will consider then that "Mona Lisa" is nominated for the Ignoble Prize, but that cats are not.

Miss Hortense Metzger sailed from America to Europe last summer for the express purpose of joining the Asolo and Fano Clubs. In Arezzo she had an extraordinary experience. The Italian guide brought her a photograph of Mrs. Browning which he found in an old pension in that town. Who left it there, and to whom Mrs. Browning originally gave it may forever remain mysteries. On her way home she visited the Louvre, with the result that she nominates for the Ignoble Prize "La Belle Jardinière," Raphael's blond madonna, although this picture is one singled out for special mention by Browning.

Honorable James R. Sheffield, our distinguished ambassador to Mexico, who returned to the United States last summer for the double purpose of receiving an honorary degree from Yale and undergoing a serious operation, and who has returned to his post apparently none the worse for either experience, writes me again in relation to my remarks about the town of Dubuque, where he was born:

Your September SCRIBNER's reference to me has brought me several letters, one asking for a snappy article detailing the standard of baseball in my day in Dubugue, and other recollections of the game, and permitting me to add, to make it more readable for that cultivated society, some reminiscences of my life.

Thus the fame you thrust upon me has

already borne fruit, though I would have preferred simply flowers.

I had to write that my recollection of baseball, as played in my day in Dubuque. was nines consisting of from 3 to 18 on each side, played on any vacant lot, but chiefly behind the Third Ward School. It was played with a lively ball, of all makes and sizes, and a good many had to be provided, because the neighbors were rough about our crawling over the fence to retrieve a home run or foul, especially when it had gone through a window. For this reason, also, we wore padded pants. It was straightarm, under-hand pitching, nine balls and six strikes being permitted, and in all close decisions the runner was given the preference, or a fight ensued and the game was broken up. In fact, I hardly recollect during the first eleven years of my life any baseball game going nine full innings. The score generally got top-heavy along about the third inning, the half inch stub of the only pencil among the spectators or players being used up in keeping track of the runs, so that I think it is fair to say that, even without the fight, the game was called between the third and fifth innings, and was sometimes interrupted by one of the mothers appearing and withdrawing the chief pitcher or catcher in order to wheel the baby or run to the grocery store, or to come home and have his face and hands, not neglecting his ears, washed before supper, as company was expected.

Gee! But how we did hate those other

boys' mothers.

The only other reminiscence worth while, in baseball as played in Dubuque in my youth, was one game where we played the "Muckers," and one of them not only stole second base, a flat stone, but picked it up and ran all the way to third base with it, claiming he could not be put out, because he was safe on second anyhow, and had never left the base. We found no rule to cover this act of larceny, and as he was bigger than any of us, he got away with the theft. But my soul still rankles with the injustice of that logic.

Just after copying the above extract from Ambassador Sheffield's letter, I received another one from him written at the City of Mexico, from which it will be seen how Scribner's connects in space towns so far apart as Dubuque, Iowa, the City of Mexico, Waterloo, Iowa, and New Haven, Connecticut. Furthermore, it is such a splendid tribute from the distinguished public man to the woman who was his school-teacher in his childhood

that the letter should be printed for the encouragement of all primary school-teachers.

free from the New York Public Library, "Romans à Clef; a list of Novels in which Characters are Based on Real Persons."

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Mexico, October 17, 1925.

Your September SCRIBNER'S reference to me has brought me one more letter—but this a rare and choice one, like a bit of Dresden china almost forgotten on the top shelf.

A dear old lady, for she must be very rich in years, writes to know if I am the Jamie Sheffield she taught as a little boy in a children's school in Dubuque-and also if I am the original of a photograph she enclosed of said Jamie, in a velvet suit, taken with a little girl "whose first name was Bessie." The extraordinary thing is that I am. The photograph must have been taken at least 55 years ago-(My Mother kept one on her table) and this dear old school teacher, reading your As I Like It, recalls those far off vesterdays of some old man's boyhood, searches her cherished store of memorabil. and pulls out that particular picture and sends it to me here in the Embassy at Mexico for confirmation. . . . She has not lived in Dubuque, for many years living in Waterloo, Iowa. As I read her letter memory got very busy. Of course, I recalled her school -the little girl was Bessie Moore-almost a half-century forgotten. Who can say just what part of our character and usefulness, if we have any, is due to the kindly guidance, when little children, of a teacher who cared enough for her tiny scholars to keep such a memento through more than fifty years. . . . The work of the Embassy halted and that letter of Miss Mary Page Edgerton had first place in the answering correspondence of the American Ambassador.

Of course there are fairies. I believe in them. Some come in our day dreams, some in our dreams at night, some hover about us at Christmas or birthdays, some come only when we travel back through the years to events that couldn't have been with the fairies left out. . . .

Although I do not like the torso of "Suspense," its appearance has brought forth unexpected and valuable fruit. Mr. Earle F. Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club of New York, has printed in *The Publishers' Weekly* an interesting list of unfinished novels in English literature, twenty-five in all, with appropriate comment on each. The same scholar prints a pamphlet, which may be obtained

free from the New York Public Library, "Romans à Clef; a list of Novels in which Characters are Based on Real Persons." He gives nearly one hundred titles, with notes naming the "real persons." Among these novels are some by Dickens and Thackeray and Stevenson, George Moore's "Evelyn Innes," Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," Edna Ferber's "So Big," H. G. Wells's "Mr. Britling," and others. Such a list is a valuable contribution to the history of literature, and readers should be grateful. A prefatory note is supplied by Edmund Lester Pearson, of the New York Public Library, himself a writer of distinction, who has made murder attractive.

I have been both commended and condemned for my tribute to Sweden. The latter friends tell me that Sweden deserves no credit for the peaceful withdrawal of Norway. Indeed? But actions are more eloquent than words. The fact is that (no matter by what agencies) Sweden allowed Norway to become independent without bloodshed, and thus set an immortal example to the world. When I hear a man say, "I am in favor of peace, but—" then I know he is really in favor of war.

In the year 1898, the United States deliberately chose to become a world power, annexing, among other parcels of land, the Philippines. Hence we became responsible for the inhabitants of those islands. Among other evils and tragedies that afflict the Filipinos there is the appalling curse of leprosy. Governor-General Leonard Wood is doing his best to stamp this out, fighting it with physicians, nurses, and laboratories. He has made an appeal to the people of the mainland, and has proved that the disease can be effectually checked and the future population saved from its ravages, if we will contribute sufficient funds. Money should be sent to the Leprosy Relief Fund, War Department, Bureau of Insular Affairs, Washington.

Explanations of "Xmas" will not down. I certainly started something when I released that abbreviation. From the United States Battle Fleet, U.S.S. Colo-

rado, I received the suggestion that it can be blamed on the Russians, whose word for Christ begins with X. Possibly; but if we go abroad, it is more likely that the Greeks are the original villains. The Reverend Paul R. Kirts, of Philadelphia, writes: "To those who are influenced more by their algebra than by their Greek let me say 'Do not use Xmas.'"

The Reverend Gay C. White, of Mitchell, South Dakota (a State especially dear to me), catches me out neatly:

I was greatly relieved to read that it was somewhere in the nineties of the *last* century that you read, etc. We might have thought that it was in some earlier century—what?

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Mr. J. C. Meem, of Brooklyn, who hates the bad expression, "different than," gives me an illustration from the New York Sun. Dana must have turned in his grave. Mr. Meem adds:

if we are going to have audience and vidience (not optience, I trust), can't we have legience for those who read a certain author or a department such as yours?

Very truly, of your legience, J. C. MEEM.

I hope that Mr. Otto Kahn will*not for a moment be disturbed by the clamor arising in certain quarters about the foreign singers employed at the Metropolitan Opera House. This is not a patriotic institution, nor is it in any way a protection to infant industries. The business of the directors is to get the finest singers to be found in the world, and they have been remarkably successful in accomplishing this. I had far rather hear a first-rate foreign singer than a second-rate native. Art has no national boundaries.

Just as I had finished writing this paragraph I received a booklet called "The Metropolitan Opera," a statement by Otto Kahn, which is so dignified, clear, and convincing, that I hope all who are interested in American art will read it. Let me quote one paragraph:

We of the Metropolitan are only too glad to give to the American composer and the American singer the most favoring opportunity and consideration that we can conscientiously justify toward the Metropolitan's rightly exacting audiences. But the Metropolitan Opera is not, in justice to its patrons cannot be, in the preservation of its own standards cannot undertake the function of being, a laboratory, a training and experimenting ground for either composers or singers.

Mrs. Richard Mansfield has performed a good service to the drama by organizing "The Richard Mansfield Players," a company of professionals living at New London, and sallying forth to produce good plays in neighboring towns. They began in New Haven with Philip Barry's admirable comedy, "You and I."

On the train between Detroit and New York I had the pleasure of encountering in the dining-car Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crane, and we had much good talk together. Despite the fact that Mr. Crane is eighty, he is vigorous both in body and mind. He is writing his autobiography, the recollections of a happy and useful life. I shall never forget him in "The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and in Bronson Howard's fine play, "The Henrietta." They say that actors are quickly forgotten, but every time I see a good play well acted, I obtain a pleasure that, so far from being evanescent, remains with me in ever-increasing degree. I regard every good player as a public benefactor.





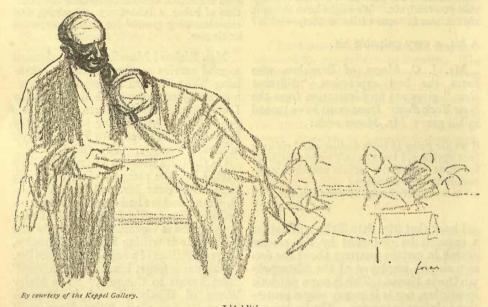
THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



N some reminiscences of Degas which Walter Sickert published a few years ago, there was a brief passage telling what the master did with the printed work of his friend Forain. He took every number of *Le Figaro* that contained one of the drawings and placed it on a little mahogany table set apart in his studio for the

spread vogue. It was James Gordon Bennett, I believe, who got him over here in the early nineties, along with Paul Bourget, a rather incongruous companion. His visit was a nine days' wonder, hardly more than that. I have before me a souvenir of his stay in Newport, in the shape of a copy of La Comédie Parisi-



L'Addition.
From the drawing by Forain.

purpose. There the papers were preserved, to accumulate as in a sanctuary. Himself a great draftsman, Degas had in this way to recognize a peer. The episode is symbolical of that cult for Forain which persists wherever good drawing is appreciated. I have been a member of it all my life, and I have always been interested to observe its development in this country. This, however, was long in gaining any real impetus. The few collectors who cared for the artist's work somehow could not make their enthusiasm general. Not even a visit to this country could establish Forain in a wide-

enne inscribed to "Monsieur Oliver Belmont." Bound in with it are half-adozen thumb-nail sketches of his host, light, glancing things. In their fleetingness they are characteristic of his American sojourn. But in recent years the cult has prospered.

Forain's etchings and lithographs have found increasing favor with amateurs here, and the Kraushaar Gallery has done invaluable pioneer work in bringing over his paintings. There is nearly always at that establishment something interesting of Forain's. Early this winter at the Keppel Gallery there was shown a remarkable

collection of his drawings, including many not, long ago, have been made the sub-

done during the Great War. It exposed ject of a rich monograph, but if it exists his art as a draftsman at full length, and I have not discovered it. I write amid it has prompted me to look exhaustively a perfect wilderness of Forain publicainto the subject. Frankly, I find it irre-tions, portfolios, albums, and books. The



By courtesy of the Kraushaar Gallery.

The Picture Dealer. From the painting by Forain.

sistible. Forain is a sheer delight to a lover of line.

WISH I could begin by communicating to my reader something about the man, but biographical details are curicare and be scantily enough rewarded by ously sparse in his case. It seems incredithose details which bring back a personble that a veteran of his distinction should ality as well as a talent. It was only VOL. LXXIX.-8

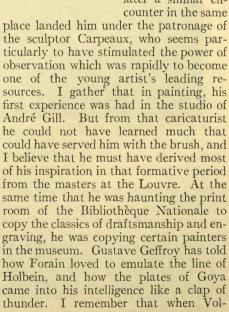
precious catalogue of his etchings and lithographs compiled by Marcel Guerin in three stout volumes is at my elbow. His name is on the title-pages of English as well as French publications. Yet one may explore this wilderness with the utmost

from a footnote of Mr. Campbell Dodgson's that I learned that Forain was born at Rheims, on October 23, 1852, and that, amusingly, is about all that the artist himself has seen fit to contribute to Qui Etes-Vous? He adds that he is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and that he is a "dessinateur," but that is all.

of fashion; but latterly he has gone cleanshaven, and from a fairly recent photograph, taken in his studio, he strikes one, in his long robe, his spectacles, and his broad-brimmed hat, as being an austere individuality with a faintly monkish tincture.

Information about the artist is more

accessible than information about the man. It appears that he was born with an instinct for drawing, and by the time he was twelve or fourteen used to frequent the Louvre with a sketch-book. It was while he was engaged with it, one day, that old Jacquesson de la Chavreuse looked over his shoulder, and was so impressed by the promise in his work that he forthwith hunted up the lad's parents and took him under his wing for instruc-Two years later a similar encounter in the same



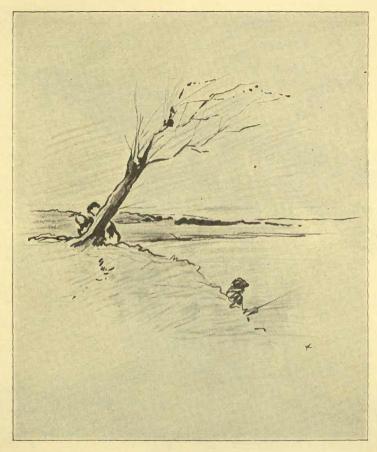


Still Life. From the painting by Forain.

From what stock he sprang, and what the circumstances were that brought him at an early age to Paris, I do not know. His private life remains a sealed book, save that he has a repute for witty conversation, and is a devoted motorist, with a liking for high speed. His early career was that of a poor Bohemian who knew positive misery, but he has for many years lived in a handsome house on the Rue Spontini. Once he had definitively arrived—and his arrival was not too long delayed-fortune waited on him with both hands. He works untroubled by care in a studio that has been described as notably untidy and crowded with artistic impedimenta, but also notably spacious. In one of his earlier lithographs he depicts himself as wearing a beard and a mustache. From his garb also he would seem to have been at that time rather conventional in appearance, almost with a touch thunder. I remember that when Vol-

lard's big book about Cézanne came out, picture! Of course, I battened on it, and I read a passage in it that could not but stick in my mind. Cézanne told him that once when he was in the Louvre, back in

the interesting thing for me was that it showed Forain to have been a not unworthy disciple of Chardin. I do not the seventies, he saw Forain there mak- pretend that it struck me as a mastering a copy of a Chardin. I have always piece, but it had beauty of tone, it had



The Fisherman. From the drawing by Forain.

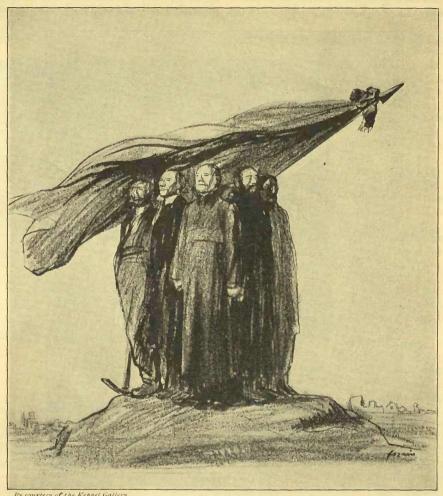
days, in that mood; and by almost unbelievable luck, I have lately had the chance. Going down to Pittsburgh the other day, to see the International, at Carnegie Institute, I entered the French section expecting the usual thing. There it was in the shape of a huge ambassadorial por-Salon. But, cuddling unobtrusively beside it, was a little still-life by Forain, painted in 1873, perhaps the very year

honed to see how Forain painted in those both breadth and delicacy in handling, it had quality. How far could it be said to have foreshadowed the essential Forain? It is a complicated question.

IE painted that still-life of his when The was twenty-one and, so to say, trait by Besnard, the last word of the old at the parting of the ways. He was sitting ardently at the feet of the old masters and they were nurturing in him ideas of sound workmanship which were to stay of Cézanne's anecdote, if not the very with him all his life long. He was being

grounded in the integrity of technique and, incidentally, developing a certain intellectual seriousness which he was never to lose. But he was young, a Parisian,

not find that the luminosity of Monet entered into his hypothesis of painting, he undoubtedly adjusted himself to the swift, spontaneous notation of actuality which



By courtesy of the Keppel Gallery.

All France Standing Under the Flag. From the drawing by Forain.

Nouvelle Athènes he fell in with Manet, Degas, and Marcelin Desboutin. By 1879 he was exhibiting with them and the rest of what was then the most progressive intensely raffiné author of A Rebours. He was launched in a world far removed

and in temperament nothing if not modisa prime characteristic of Impressionism. ern. Impressionism was in the air. At the He has deviated occasionally from the broad movement of the school. I have seen a painting of his done in the early eighties, a subject drawn from fashionable life, which in style might have come group in Paris. His best friend and backer from a conventional Salonnier. It wasn't in the literary wing was Huysmans, the like him. In his natural gait as a painter he has been all for freedom, boldness, and an almost rough, summary touch. Somefrom that of Chardin, and though I can times the elegance which is part of his

brush, but as a rule, and especially in his later years, he has been almost as stenographic in color as in black and white, much nearer to Manet than to Chardin.

most significant commentary on his canvases-he oscillates between painter's painting and the painting of the man who is primarily an artist in black and white. It is not an accident that his paintings are low in key. He didn't get that from Chardin alone, either. It is the natural outcome of his life-long activity as a draftsman, etcher, and lithographer. Though his paintings have a legitimate existence of their own, they do not have quite the status with him that, for example, Daumier's paintings have in his cosmos. They are interesting, they excite admiration, but they do not obscure the fact that the transcendent elements of Forain's genius reside in his drawings.

PPRECIATION of the draw-A ings, I think, is heightened by some consideration of the milieu from which they have sprung. The giants in that milieu, of course, are Daumier and

Gavarni, Forain's predecessors. The field of French satire has been tolerably crowded since their day, and in the crowd there have been numerous brilliant figures. Toulouse-Lautrec, Steinlen, Louis Legrand, Willette, Léandre, and divers others have vividly expressed the spirit of Montmartre. Nor must we forget the Parisianized Russian, Caran d'Ache. He, by the way, made a most effective collaborator with Forain in the celebrated "Psst . . . !" of the Dreyfus days. But to call up in mental review the ideas of philosophy and style associated with these draftsmen is to be struck at once by Forain's singularity among them. He alone seems to be free from the strain of personal idiosyncrasy. There is something wistful about Willette. There is a homely quality in Steinlen. Léandre has a repulsive side to his power. Toulouse-Lautrec gives you

make-up will temper the force of his the uncomfortable sensation of feeling that he is steeped to the soul in the vicious stuff in which he works. Forain detaches himself from his colleagues as he detaches himself from his subject, functioning in All the time—and this is, perhaps, the the rôle of a passionless observer. He has



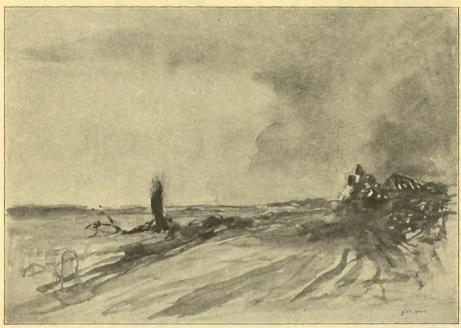
Head of a Girl. From the drawing by Forain.

known prejudice, as in the Dreyfus time, but his career at large has been that of a man holding no briefs. Only in the Great War did he double the character of the artist with that of the patriot. Otherwise he has disinterestedly, I might almost say cold-bloodedly, held the mirror up to nature. There is little in him of that gayety of Gavarni which points to sympathy for the blithe human spectacle, and if there is an echo in him of the ferocity of Daumier, it is unwarmed by that master's generous wrath. No; his savagery seems scientifically poised. He wields a kind of sterilized scalpel. His understanding of human nature is apparently boundless, but although he has tenderness and can use it when he wishes, the fundamental power of the man seems to me to lie in a kind of glacial research. It is not precisely cynical but it is, I repeat, profoundly dispassionate.

I must pause here to avoid the conveyance of a false impression, and touch upon those passages in his work which show that he can be tender when he chooses. In those of his paintings which deal with court-room scenes he can make successfully the grimly emotional appeal liberated by crime or misfortune in the clutch

what lies at the core of the matter. That is the serene aloofness to which I have referred, the impersonal operation of a seeing eye and an unerring hand. In other words, the great Forain is the great technician.

He differs from some masters of line in two respects. In the first place, it took



By courtesy of the Keppel Gallery.

The Devastated Land. From the drawing by Forain.

of the law. He has touchingly embodied the pathos of poverty. No Frenchman of his time better than he has delineated the awfulness of death. In his etchings of Scriptural subjects he has plumbed some of the depths of devotional art. His Rembrandtesque Christ is a wonderfully moving creation, one of the indubitable modern contributions to Biblical iconography. His religious subjects have dramatic force besides. Then in his war drawings Forain unquestionably rose to heights. He made them with burning sympathy. There is much tragic stuff in Forain, and, in short, it would be grotesque to conceive of him as a man who did not feel. But if I say all this with unqualified earnestness, and in gratitude for many a design that touches the heart, I say it also as it were in pass-

him longer, I think, than it takes most born draftsmen to get into his linear stride. A positive gulf divides the earlier and later designs contributed by him to a host of periodicals. Secondly, his line has not always preserved what I may call a personal unity. I cannot go along with the more fervid connoisseurs of the etchings. They do not seem to me to denote absolutely conclusive puissance with the needle. The line is sometimes strong, but it is sometimes feeble if not meaningless, and it frequently lapses into confusion. Turn to the drawings, however, and presently you have done with distinctions, finding unalloyed joy in Forain's linear brilliance. The tale begins, roughly, with the collection of 250 designs published under the title of La Comédie Parisienne, ing, because it is not strictly relevant to in 1892; it is continued in the 188 pages



By courtesy of the Keppel Gallery.

Bolo Pacha. From the drawing by Forain.



By courtesy of the Keppel Gallery.

Les Kamerads. From the drawing by Forain.

the Doux Pays of 1807. But the climax is marked by those war drawings from which in this essay I took my point of departure. In them it is as though Forain faced the great theme of his life, and, summoning all his technical resources, rose to the pitch of its adequate celebration. For several decades he had been dabbling in the rather acrid humors of Parisian life, portraying hordes of its basest types, interpreting some of the pettiest phases of its vice. There is no sunshine and there is little wholesome laughter in the great body of Forain's work. He wakes, rather, the sinister or cynical chuckle. His people walk in shadow and are shady company at the best. The war released him from all that. Dedicated from his youth, as I have indicated, to a certain gravity of mind and imagination, the tremendous crisis of his older years found him fitted to celebrate it with dignity, pity, and a noble rage. He avoided, withal, the dangers of exag-

the lover of Forain's draftsmanship must

That is where his line comes in, the as Menzel and Charles Keene.

of the second series, issued under the terse, epigrammatic line by which he same designation a few years later, and lives. Whistler must have known him and Forain is if anything more triumphant in cherished him as a proof of his old saying that the artist is known

by what he omits. With a few brief touches Forain puts the subject before you, and the linear language he employs is not only eloquent but has the beauty and the distinction which such a language must possess if it is to prevail. It is a keen, dry idiom that he uses, economical, precise, vivacious, not exactly supple, yet with a great fund of nervous energy unmistakably behind it. It is intensely modern, and it has a peculiar vitality. Compare it for a moment with the polished elegance of a draftsman like Helleu. That individual's art seems restricted within the confines of a very limited world. It rustles with the frou-frou of the drawing-room and the boudoir, and somehow it "dates." It is different with Forain. Something of the accent of universality lies upon his linear speech. He states enduring truth in the concise, lucid terms of almost the Chinese tradition. I have spoken of his occupying a

geration. A terrible truth is stamped place apart in the perspective of Montmarupon his war drawings. It is the more tre. He occupies a place apart in the view impressive because it is set forth with that takes in the whole range of European such humanness, with such tragic sin- draftsmanship. He will be remembered, I cerity, with so simple a stroke. It is on believe, long after most of his immediate the simplicity of the stroke above all that colleagues. He will be remembered with forerunners of his like Daumier and Gavarni, and with such men of other schools



Study of a Girl. From the drawing by Forain.

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The New Reformation

THE TRIUMPH OF INDIVIDUALISM IN SCIENCE

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Author of "From Immigrant to Inventor," "From Chaos to Cosmos," etc.



HO has not heard of, or read about, the recent discussions concerning an alleged conflict between *science* and *religion?* The discussion has been going on during several years

and is still going on, particularly among the English-speaking peoples. There is a conflict, but not between science and religion; it is between two mental attitudes. the scientific and the theological mental attitude. This conflict is very old, as old as Christian theology. It was during its early history a part, only, of the general conflict between ecclesiastical autocracy and individualism. Ecclesiastical reformation was the first manifestation of this historic conflict, and its success paved the way for the assertion of the inherent individualism in all activities, and particularly those in science. The growth of scientific individualism was so rapid and its achievements so beneficial to the evolution of our civilization, that the scientific mental attitude and the scientific method of inquiry began, over two hundred years ago, to influence the mental attitude in all activities of the more advanced Christian nations, including the mental atti-tude of the Christian theologian. This influence inaugurated a new movement, which may be called the second reformation. Its first triumph was achieved when Galileo and Newton revealed to the mind of man a new universe never dreamed of during the previous epochs of human history. The clashes of recent years between

the scientific and the theological mental attitudes are the manifestations of the progress of this reformation movement in our Christian civilization. But if the scientific mental attitude and scientific method of inquiry are really a powerful driving force in our modern progress, then a better understanding of them is certainly desirable. This discussion is offered with the hope that it may contribute a little to this understanding.

The Scientific Mental Attitude is beautifully described in the following well-known lines:

"To him who in the love of Nature holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A various language. . . ."

Following this suggestive idea of the poet we may describe science as the interpretation of nature's language. This description implies two things: first, the method employed in conducting the inquiry which leads to the interpretation; secondly, the knowledge of the physical truth which this inquiry reveals.

The scientific method is the universally adopted method of observation, experiment, and calculation. Its simplicity and definiteness are strikingly illustrated by the well-known legend, which tells us how Archimedes found a solution of the problem which Hero, the tyrant of Syracuse, had placed before him. The problem was to determine how much silver there was in a crown supposed to have been made of pure gold. One day, while floating in the swimming-pool of the public baths of Syracuse, Archimedes

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suddenly thought of a solution. The thought occurred to him that floating is nothing more than balancing the weight of the body against the weight of the displaced water. That is to say, the weight of a body when submerged in water will be less than its weight in air, and the difference will be equal to the weight of the displaced water. If nature's language, which she addressed to Archimedes, is correctly interpreted by this thought, then Hero's problem is easily solved. The rest of the legend about Archimedes's shouts of joy, "Eureka, Eureka," we all have heard from our teachers, who told us that Archimedes rejoiced because he had made an invention which helped him solve Hero's problem. But history says that it was a discovery which thrilled him and not a mere invention, of which he had quite a large number. Yes, it was the discovery of a new concept, the concept of "fluid pressure." He abstracted from the language of nature this new concept and located its position in the logic of nature. By logic of nature is meant the physical operation, implied in the concept "fluid pressure," which makes floating equivalent to balancing the weight of the floating body against the weight of the displaced water. The original observation which Archimedes made while floating in the swimming-pool of the baths of Syracuse, his experiment of weighing the crown when submerged, and his calculation for the purpose of finding out the proportions of gold and silver in the crown, are the three separate steps in the scientific method of inquiry which he employed. His discovery of the concept "fluid pressure," resulting from this inquiry, may be called the deciphered message, the interpretation of the language and logic of nature. According to this mode of speech scientific knowledge means an understanding of the physical concepts and of their relation to each other in the logic of nature.

Archimedes employed the same simple method of observation, experiment, and calculation in all his work, which gave us the essential parts of the science of Statics. It is obvious that the method of Archimedes postulates a definite mental attitude which appeals to the language of

nature and of human experience as the only court of appeal; it pays no attention to authoritative opinion. This mental attitude recognizes that this court has the only evidence worth considering, and that it employs the inductive method in arriving at a verdict. This is the scientific mental attitude, and Archimedes was its earliest representative. He is the father of Physical Science. Its most characteristic feature is individualism, hence its history is a part of the general history of individualism.

The work of Archimedes was not taken up again for nearly two thousand years. This certainly is one of the most significant facts in the history of European civilization. It throws much light upon the evolution of that civilization.

The period of the rapid rise and gradual decline and fall of the Roman Empire during the five hundred years between the time of Archimedes and the last days of that Empire offered no encouragement to the cultivation of the scientific mental attitude and the scientific method of Archimedes. The deductive method of Greek philosophy which the Romans followed was probably responsible for it; the fascination of speculative philosophy like that of Democritus and of Anaxagoras may also be responsible.

The next period of nearly fifteen hundred years in European history witnessed the rise of a new ecclesiastical and a new political organization in the European social order, the Christian church and the Christian empire. This period not only offered no encouragement to the cultivation of the scientific method which Archimedes had inaugurated, but did everything to prevent it. The causes of this opposition will be reviewed here briefly, but only in so far as they throw light upon our main thesis. The aim of this thesis is to show how the individualistic spirit of the Christian civilization not only eliminated this opposition to the cultivation of the scientific mental attitude and of the scientific method of philosophical inquiry, but assigned to it the leadership in creative thought.

MEDIÆVAL AUTOCRACY

Church and state may be described as two human instrumentalities the mission

of which is to co-ordinate the three fundamental activities of the human soul: the intellectual, the æsthetic, and the spiritual Without this co-ordination there would be a social chaos, and such a chaos threatened Europe during the Dark Ages. Authority backed by power was the only efficient co-ordinator of the barbarous masses of the Dark Ages. Mediæval autocracy of the church and of the state was the inevitable result. autocracy of the Christian church during the Middle Ages demanded an organization which was destined to become highly The faith which it guarded became complex also, and thus lost the simplicity of the original Christian faith. Christ said to Peter, his favorite disciple: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," and on the brow of the Vatican hill, where Peter was crucified, there is to-day the most beautiful edifice of the Christian art, testifying to the fulfilment of this prophecy. It proclaims to the Christian world that Peter is the rock supporting the foundation of the Christian church. But Peter was a simple fisherman of Capernaum, and the gospel which he preached was the gospel of a simple faith. Scientific theories of the ancients were not a part of this gospel; the spiritual and not the physical world was the field of his mission. He knew nothing of the dialectics of Greek philosophy which blossomed out during the Middle Ages as scholasticism, the favorite philosophy of the mediæval church.

AUTOCRATIC CONTROL OF KNOWLEDGE

The Christianity which Peter brought to Rome was not the extremely complex Christianity of Rome and of its ecclesiastical dependencies during the Middle Ages. This Christianity pretended and had many good reasons to pretend that it had the knowledge of all things worth knowing not only in theology but also in philosophy and in science. It refused to draw a line of distinction between knowledge in the spiritual and that in the physical world, and it would not tolerate any dissent from its dogmatic teaching. It was this intolerance which issued its interdictum against Roger Bacon's new knowledge relating to the physical world, and against his Oxford lectures about it, and later kept him in prison for fourteen years during the closing days of his remarkable life. The great offense of this prophetic Franciscan friar of the thirteenth century was his audacity to proclaim that experimental science was the queen of all sciences, and that those ignorant of its methods were guilty of lamentable ignorance.

The scientific spirit of Archimedes. after a slumber of fifteen hundred years. woke up again and manifested itself through the soul of Roger Bacon, but it clashed with the spirit of mediæval scholasticism. The practice of observation, experiment, and calculation, which Roger Bacon advocated, was considered a practice of the black art and condemned by the leading disciples of the scholastic school. It was suspected to lead to results which, in their opinion, threatened to undermine the Christian faith as interpreted by ecclesiastical authority. Roger Bacon's science was considered a black art, because it told people how, among other things, to make mirrors and lenses, and it even described the construction of a telescope. All this happened over three hundred years before the telescope was first constructed and disclosed to mankind a new world of heavenly bodies. establishment and maintenance of its power and authority were much more precious to the mediæval church than the advancement of new physical truths. Physical truth had small value in the eyes of the doctrine which regarded human life as a preparation, only, for the supernatural life to come, and taught that in this preparation man must be guided by the language of the divine spirit and not by the language of nature. This explains the radically different mental attitudes of the theologian and of the scientist of the thirteenth century.

Intellectual activities and particularly those which deal with nature's language and logic may, and we all hope that they will, lead us ultimately to a better understanding of spiritual truths. Their primary object, however, is, and always was, the truth in the physical world. To reach this truth we must, according to Archimedes and Roger Bacon, turn to nature as our highest court of appeal and not to

mere notions of ancient authorities such as the mediæval ecclesiastics demanded. The notion, for instance, that bodies fall to the earth because they have a horror of the vacuum above, or because they seek their proper place, meant nothing to a mental attitude like that of Archimedes and Roger Bacon. To a scholastic mind it was perfectly acceptable, because Aristotle was the author of that notion, and scholasticism bowed to ancient authorities, and particularly to that of Aristotle.

CONFLICTING MENTAL ATTITUDES

The conflict between Bacon's science and ecclesiastical autocracy was a conflict between two mental attitudes and not between science and religion. This old conflict is still on, but one of the contestants is no longer the autocratic church of Rome of the thirteenth century. Its place has been taken by an influential party of irreconcilables in the Protestant church of our modern democracy. This party, like the scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages, is making vain efforts to decide physical truths by arguments supported by the weight of ancient authorities. One cannot help seeing in these efforts a desire to go back to the methods of the orthodox theology of mediæval scholasticism, although there are no good reasons which will justify the existence of so strange a desire.

The mediæval church had good reasons for claiming supreme authority in all matters pertaining to learning, no matter whether that learning referred to the intellectual, the æsthetic, or the spiritual activity of the human soul. It had rescued many precious remnants of ancient learning and culture from the ravages of barbaric invasions during the Dark Ages of Europe, and had provided new nurseries for it in the monastic and cathedral schools. These schools were the cradles of the ancient universities, like the Universities of Paris, Bologna, Pisa, Rome, Oxford, and Cambridge. They all had originally an ecclesiastical character and were essentially a part of the mediæval church. The church was their guardian and was responsible for their financial support and for their teaching. It is not surprising that many of the great teachers in table and is perfectly intelligible.

these mediæval seats of learning were primarily theologians and only secondarily philosophers. The main object of their philosophy was to harmonize Greek philosophy with Christian theology: to reconcile Aristotle and Plato with the Holy Scriptures; to evolve a universe which is in harmony with the visions of the ancient prophets. Their ears were deaf to the language of nature; their minds were closed to nature's logic; their speech was never addressed to the earth, and hence the earth never taught them. Is it surprising, then, that they never paid any attention to Archimedes, and that they frowned upon new and to them unintelligible methods of inquiry. advocated by an obscure Franciscan friar

like Roger Bacon?

The conditions of European civilization after the fall of the Roman Empire would not permit the Christian church to contract its sphere of activity so as to become a simple co-ordinating instrumentality of the simple Christian faith. It had to become a guardian of learning as well as of the faith, and as such it had to assume the guidance of the intellectual and æsthetic as well as of the spiritual activities of its followers. The church exercised its guardianship like a stern parent, permitting very scanty freedom to the individualistic tendencies of its children. One can imagine what such a guardianship meant to the growth of scientific individualism! Individualism like that of Roger Bacon was immeasurably more annoving to the mediæval church than exhibitions of so-called radicalism on the part of individual professors are to a university president and his board of Individualism could find no trustees. place in an organization like that of the mediæval church and state, whereas in science it has always received a place of honor. Individualism is the first idea suggested to one's mind whenever the names of Archimedes and Roger Bacon are mentioned. Individualism is the prime mover in the progress of science. conflict between the mediæval ecclesiastical autocracy and scientific individualism was, therefore, inevitable and is perfectly intelligible. But the defeat of the ecclesiastical autocracy was also inevi-

THE RISE OF INDIVIDUALISM

History shows that the weakest elements in the design of the mediæval ecclesiastical structure were, in the first place, the excessive load of responsibility for the cost of its maintenance, including the maintenance of the many seats of learning which looked to the church for guidance and support; in the second place, the irrevocable commitment of the church to the idea that there must be one universal church, employing one universal vernacular, the Latin language. demanded an acquisition of wealth the management of which was in the hands of the learned servants of the church, who directed the activities of the ecclesiastical machinery. The source of ecclesiastical revenue and resulting wealth was supplied by the common people, but they had nothing to say about its management. Besides, their ignorance of the Latin language made them feel that not only the worldly wealth of the church but also the spiritual wealth of the Holy Scriptures, recorded in an ancient vernacular, were monopolies of the learned ecclesias-All this gave to the church an appearance resembling feudal aristocracy, which the common people thoroughly disliked, as the numerous peasant risings during and after the Middle Ages clearly show. Ecclesiastical aristocracy was repugnant to the mind of these people, who saw in Christianity a brotherhood of man in which all are equal before God. That was the great force which attracted them. The history of the Bogomil struggles in Bosnia shows that in the early days of the mediæval autocracy the Slavs of the Balkans were among the first to rebel against the fundamental ideas of the mediæval ecclesiastical aristocracy. Simplification of the ecclesiastical structure and return to Christian democracy was their aspiration. The rebellion spread to northern Italy and southern France, where the Albigenses and the Waldenses had caught the spirit of the Bogomils.

Finally, England became infected with a similar spirit of rebellion. Here Wycliffe was its leader. He gave the first philosophical statement of the causes of this discontent. Wycliffe's statement can be summed up briefly as follows: The church must give up its wealth and worldly power and become Christ-like. The second indictment of the universal church by Wycliffe was the interference of Rome in the ecclesiastical affairs of England, many of which were subject to the authority of the English sovereign only; and the third was a criticism of the church for hiding behind the screen of an ancient vernacular the spiritual wealth of

the Holy Scriptures.

Wycliffe was an Oxford man; he must have known of Roger Bacon's sad experience, who was also an Oxford man and lectured at Oxford less than a century before Wycliffe started there his pioneer movement of ecclesiastical reformation. But Wycliffe never referred to the hostility of the ecclesiastics toward Bacon's science. This hostility was a minor incident: it was a natural result of the ecclesiastical structure which was dominated by scholasticism, and Wycliffe attacked what he considered the weakest parts of this structure. What Wycliffe had in mind may, broadly speaking, be described by paraphrasing Lincoln's words, as follows: Church of the people, by the people, for the people; that is, an ecclesiastical democracy. Such a democracy, long before Europe was prepared for a political democracy, was of course unthinkable from the point of view of the mediæval church. Wycliffe's dream of it, though hazy and vague, warned the church that a new spirit was rising, the spirit of individualism, which does not bow to ancient authorities, and does not recognize the truth which is supported by nothing more substantial than subtle scholastic arguments. Wycliffe was preparing the field for the cultivation of scientific individualism without knowing it; the individualism which Wycliffe preached was destined to advance the philosophy of the older Oxford individualist, Roger Bacon.

John Huss, a Bohemian individualist, a contemporary of Wycliffe, introduced Wycliffe's ideas into Bohemia, where the people received them with open arms, and established the national church of Bohemia, which was to be a reduction to practice of what Wycliffe preached. This was the boldest challenge which the ecclesiastical autocracy had ever received up to that time, and was met with

equal boldness by the Council of Constance.

OPEN REBELLION OF INDIVIDUALISM

The most important event in the first chapter of the history of the Renaissance is undoubtedly the drama in which Wycliffe and Huss were the principal heroes. During the second chapter of this history there came the expected gradual emancipation of philosophy, of science, of literature, of the fine arts, and even of the simple Christian religion from the trammels of scholasticism and orthodox theology. To the orthodox theologian the progress of this emancipation must have looked like a funeral procession carrying mediæval scholasticism to a grave which promised no resurrection. Without scholasticism the ecclesiastical autocracy was like a mediæval knight without his steel armor, and there were many bold foes eager to attack. The blow was finally delivered when in 1517 Martin Luther nailed his ninety-five theses on the church door of Wittenberg. The proud and mighty church which for many centuries had struggled for supreme authority not only in ecclesiastical but also in secular affairs of the state could not consent to the humiliating limitation of its sphere of activity demanded by Wycliffe, Huss, and Martin Luther. On the other hand. without this limitation no emancipation could be expected from the trammels of orthodox theology and of the highly complex ecclesiastical organization which was the nursery of this theology. Not reformation but ecclesiastical reconstruction, which made emancipation from mediævalism possible, was the real aim of these three originators of the great movement called the Reformation.

The emancipation came and it certainly led to the boldest intellectual and spiritual upheaval in the history of mankind. It succeeded because the historical evolution of the individualistic Christian civilization paved the way for it, a way which in the course of nearly three centuries led gradually from ecclesiastical universalism to nationalism in church and state; from ecclesiastical guardianship to unhampered individualism; from the artificial and anti-individualistic modes of thought developed by the scholastic school to the nat-

ural methods of inquiry preached and practised by Archimedes and Roger Bacon.

TRIUMPH OF INDIVIDUALISM

The discovery of America by Columbus, and the vision of a new universe, which appeared to Copernicus soon after this discovery, were a welcome stimulus to the awakened scientific individualism of those days. But these discoveries were isolated manifestations only of that Christian spirit of individualism which supplied the moving force to the European Renaissance in general and to the ecclesiastical Reformation in particular. That spirit was born and bred among the Christian nations and was always a vital part of their Christian faith. It received its rigorous gymnastic training and discipline in the schools of the mediæval Christian church, which was its stern and autocratic guardian. But as soon as it had felt its power it began to address its youthful accents through the mouths of Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, and other prophets of succeeding generations. Its voice awakened the slumbering genius of the Christian nations. It is not a mere accident that the same century which listened to Martin Luther, listened also to Shakespeare, Gilbert, and Francis Bacon; was thrilled by the matchless art of Hals, Holbein. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michelangelo; wondered at the astronomical achievements of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler; watched in spellbound admiration the first flashes of the flame of Galileo's genius. No other century in human history can boast of having discovered so many stars of the first order of magnitude in its intellectual, artistic, and spiritual firmament. Each one of these stars was a brilliant manifestation of the new spirit of that individualism which seemed to go out of existence when the last traces of Greek civilization disappeared among the ruins of the Roman Empire. No other civilization had such a Renaissance, but no other civilization had the nursery which the mediæval church, in spite of its many shortcomings, had offered to the Christian civilization of Europe.

This brief description of the gradual unfolding of the Christian civilization will, it is hoped, explain why the develop-

ment of the scientific mental attitude of Archimedes became dormant and waited fifteen hundred years until Roger Bacon made the first serious attempt to revive it, and why Bacon's efforts apparently failed. It also shows why after this failure another two hundred years were needed to prepare the adolescent individualism of the simple Christian faith to exercise its power in the evolution of European civilization, encouraging individualistic efforts in all activities of the human soul, one of which was the cultivation of the scientific mental attitude and the scientific method of inquiry.

RESURRECTION OF SCIENTIFIC INDIVIDUALISM

As a striking illustration of the awakened activity of scientific individualism during the Renaissance, the discovery of America and what followed in its wake will be briefly described. The ancient astronomers believed that the earth is a sphere, and Columbus inferred from that belief that by a western voyage he could reach India and perhaps other still undiscovered lands. His inference was supported by several observations of mariners of the Atlantic who had found driftwood not known in Europe. His attempt to reach India resulted in the discovery of America; it may be considered a new experimental test of the inference regarding the figure of the earth which the ancients had drawn from their astronomical observations. Encouraged by this discovery and by the knowledge which he had found at the mediæval universities of Bologna and Padua, Copernicus gave to the terrestrial sphere a hypothetical rotary motion around a fixed axis directed toward the celestial pole. This hypothesis eliminated the sphere of fixed stars rotating around the earth, which was an essential element in Ptolemaic astronomy. It fitted admirably into an ancient suggestion of Pythagoras, the suggestion, namely, that the planets, including the earth, revolved around a central luminary, and Copernicus substituted the sun for this central body. The heliocentric system of modern astronomy was thus invented, and the invention appealed strongly to the imagination of the scientific man of those days, because it suggested a new and

beautiful view of the universe. But it had its opponents also.

The opposition of the theologians is illustrated by what Martin Luther said about it. He called Copernicus a fool who dared to contradict the Bible, and an "upstart astrologer who set his own authority above that of the Sacred Scrip-The great reformer lost his temper, probably because Copernicus assigned to earth and man and even to Martin Luther himself a much more modest place in the universe than some proud theologians of those days were willing to accept. Humility was not always a cardinal virtue of religious reformers, but it was such a virtue of men with a truly scientific mental attitude. In the presence of God's eternal truth they humbly bow down and cheerfully accept any place which that truth assigns to them.

The criticisms of the Copernican scheme coming from scientific men of those days were reasonable. It was admitted that the scheme satisfied, partly, the requirements of a truly scientific method, because it was based upon the observations of ancient astronomers and upon their experiments as well as upon the historical experiment which resulted in the discovery of America. But it did not quite satisfy astronomical calculations. It was obviously an imperfect scheme, and the problem of making it perfect was solved later by the scientific efforts of Kepler, Galileo, and Newton. These efforts offer a beautiful illustration of the scientific method of observation, experiment, and calculation, first adopted by Archimedes and then again fifteen hundred years later by the Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon. Lord Francis Bacon, the great author of "Novum Organum," was a contemporary of Kepler and Galileo, and he undoubtedly had in mind the achievements of these two men and of Columbus and Copernicus when he formulated his rules for inductive sciences and philosophy. What he preached was the actual practice which had been adopted by the scientific men of his day who had followed the example of Archimedes. He must have known also the "Opus Majus" of Roger Bacon, who anticipated him in many essential points relating to the inductive method in science.

THE FIRST TRIUMPH OF SCIENTIFIC INDIVIDUALISM

The history of science covering the period between the publication of Copernicus's great essay, "De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium," in 1543, and the publication of Newton's immortal essay. "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica," in 1687, describes a scientific progress with a perfectly definite end in view, the end being the last link in the chain which guided scientific thought through a period of two thousand years, from Archimedes to Newton. The definiteness of purpose was Francis Bacon's requirement for every true progress of human knowledge. Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer, had a definite purpose in mind when he recorded the data of his numerous astronomical observations. He knew that some day they would be called as witnesses to testify for or against the validity of the Copernican scheme. This call came from Kepler, and the testimony which he extracted from these data was most convincing, and it was certainly beautiful in its simplicity. It can be stated briefly as follows: The planets, including the earth, revolve around the sun in elliptical orbits, the sun being located at one of the foci, and not in circular orbits as Copernicus imagined; the radius connecting a planet to the sun sweeps over equal areas in equal times; the squares of the periods of revolution of the planets around the sun are in the same ratio to each other as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. This testimony, known under the name of Kepler's laws, enabled the modified Copernican scheme to give a satisfactory answer to the scientific objectors of those days. Never did man in his "love of nature hold communion with her visible forms" in a more sincerely affectionate fashion than orthodox theology.

did Tycho Brahe and Kepler, and never did nature address to man a simpler or more intelligible language. But did nature disclose also all her logic which was hidden behind the words of this simple language? She did not, because she could not; there were several concepts in nature's logic which had not yet become a part of human understanding. These concepts were hidden behind the phenomena of accelerated motions, to which the planets in their orbital motion around the sun called the attention of the inquiring mind of man.

The detection of new concepts in nature's logic is the greatest mission of science. It is the result of its efforts to solve new problems in science. Kepler's laws were not laws in the strict sense of the word; they were a description of the planetary motions and contained a clearly formulated scientific problem. The problem was to find an answer to the question: Why do the planets move in accordance with Kepler's description? Kepler's undving fame is due to the formulation and not to the solution of a great scientific problem. The efforts to solve this problem covered a period of one hundred years, and exhibited as no other inquiry up to that time ever exhibited the great power of the scientific mental attitude and of the scientific method of research.

The final solution of the problem revealed not only the beauty of a new physical universe, but also the beauty of a new philosophy, the natural philosophy which was inaugurated by Archimedes. The influence of this revelation upon the mental attitude of mankind, and particularly upon the mental attitude of the theologian, was so striking that one is tempted to call it the inauguration of a second reformation, the reformation of orthodox theology.

[Another article by Professor Pupin on "The New Reformation" will appear in the March number.]

The German Student Changes His Politics

BY S. MILES BOUTON



passed since the German revolution, but its traces are still discernible in almost every department of human life and endeavor. It is not merely that the revolu-

tion overthrew kings, dukes, and princes, and made a republic of the former empire. These, after all, are inconsequential and unimportant things, no matter how vigorously the ardent republican may deny it. Pope's dictum still obtains, that only fools contest over forms of government; what-

ever governs best is best.

Despite really remarkable advances in the last year and a half, Germany still shows all too many effects of the overthrow of November, 1918. Government is neither so honest nor so efficient as before the war; there has been a more than normal lowering of ethical and aesthetic standards; per capita industrial production is still considerably below the figures for 1013. Cultural activities are crippled by the general impoverishment of the great middle class, in Germany, as everywhere, the main bearers of culture. Many unworthy and unfit men, direct legacy of the revolution, still occupy positions of authority, although their number is steadily growing smaller. All the known varieties of radicalism have been added to the traditional differences among the Germans, and these handicap administration and every undertaking dependent on united public spirit.

But one glory has not departed. The German educational system has weathered all revolutionary storms, despite the extravagances of a few harebrained fanatics in a half-dozen cities and some tampering here and there with the preparatory schools. The higher schools, corresponding to the American high that there are almost no fixed regulations schools but including further the equiva- for a course of study, virtually no control

EVEN years have lent of the first two or two and a half years of American university work, and the universities themselves show few traces of the revolutionary upheaval except for a Bolshevist professor here and there, whose lectures are generally attended only by a handful of students and who retains his chair only because of the extreme interpretation of "academic freedom" in Germany. The dismissal of a university professor in Germany for political reasons is unthinkable.

> The students exhibit the same ardor and the same thirst for learning as before the war. Let me say rather that they exhibit a greater thirst for learning, for their number is greater, despite the loss by Germany of roughly a tenth of her population as a result of the Treaty of Versailles, and also despite the fact that, as will be seen later, the acquiring of education has become vastly more difficult

than before the war.

Professors of various universities with whom I have talked agree that the attitude of the students toward their teachers has been little affected by the war and the revolution. Some of my informants believed that they had observed a slightly greater degree of independence and selfreliance among their charges, but the change, if any, is very small. A certain lack of discipline was observable from 1918 up to 1921, but this has virtually disappeared.

That the universities suffered less from the 1918 upheaval than did other institutions is probably due, not merely to the fact that all classes of Germans have for centuries had an almost superstitious reverence for education, but also to the structure of the universities. The American university student is astonished to find, when he enters a German university,

and no restrictions on his life and work. Every student formulates his own course of study, and he may attend lectures or not as he wishes. Hence the revolution found no set scheme or plan to overthrow. The instructors kept on lecturing and the students kept on studying quite in the old manner.

In Berlin and one or two other revolutionary centres some complaint has been voiced, especially by the older professors, that entrance requirements have been somewhat relaxed and that some newly matriculated students enter the university without that adequate and uniform preparation given by the various Gymnasia and Realschulen. Professor Gustav Roethe, rector of the University of Berlin in 1923–24, said, in his retiring address:

"The great and strong foundations of our higher education—instruction in Latin and mathematics—must retain their former favored position. . . . These two, which give the greatest intellectual training, have at the same time been for us the best preparation for scientific work, without which we cannot flourish. Politically disturbed periods, which demand more than they give, always tend more and more to exalt that 'intellect' which they believe is able to dispense with hard, patient, and unyielding labor."

Such complaints, however, are rare, and there is little reason to believe that the condition complained of by Professor Roethe is at all general or even important. It is true that the Prussian Minister of Education recently decreed that the usual requirements for matriculation could be dispensed with in individual cases where the applicant showed "extraordinary gifts" and possessed a preliminary education insuring his ability to complete the university work successfully, but only few such applications have been granted. In general there can be no talk of any discernible lowering of standards.

There were sixty-nine thousand two hundred ninety-six students enrolled at all German universities in 1913, about eight thousand of these at Berlin. The enrolment at Berlin climbed to more than twelve thousand in the "inflation year" 1922-23, but the quality of the increase left much to be desired. The authorities

had to discontinue the former practice of leaving classrooms open for study without supervision because of the great number of thefts committed. The year 1024 still showed the big total enrolment of one hundred two thousand eight hundred sixty for all Germany, but this number will be greatly reduced in the coming year -one of the many indications of the constant worsening of the general economic situation and the rise in the cost of living. These conditions make it impossible for an increasingly great number of Germans to study, and result also in a decline in the number of foreign students, who can pursue their studies more cheaply in almost any other European country. Despite all this, however, the total registration is considerably greater than before the war.

Another result of the impoverishment of many classes of the people is seen in the large increase in the number of students who elect the so-called "bread courses," that is, studies fitting them for earning money. Before the war the majority of German students had the ambition to acquire a broad general education first of all. To-day, however, most philosophical faculties show a smaller registration, while medicine, law, and political economy are overrun—the two last-named because they furnish a preparation for business life or for governmental positions with secure tenure, certain pay, and retirement pensions.

The theological faculties show a heavy decline in all universities, and this despite the fact that the graduate in theology is virtually sure of finding a charge as soon as he leaves the university. There were four hundred sixty-four students of theology at the University of Berlin in 1912–13, but only two hundred thirty-one in 1924–25, despite a much greater total enrolment.

The reason for the decline is probably twofold. For one thing, the pay of German clergymen is grossly inadequate, a result of the separation of church and state and also of the generally bad economic situation. For another thing, although there is a strong religious trend among the youth, this is not mainly in the direction of orthodox beliefs. It is rather the primitive, vague, and almost

subconscious religious feeling that so frequently or even generally marks peoples that have gone through great tribulations.

My eldest son is "Primaner" in a Berlin Oberrealschule, that is, member of a class which will be ready for the university next year. Recently the pupils in this class were asked what they intended to become. With very few exceptions the answer was Kaufmann, German for business man. Ten years ago only a small minority would have answered The change is significant of the losses incurred by the great bulk of all Germans, but particularly by the middle class, in the terrible inflation years, which all but wiped out the savings of this class -professional men, teachers, civil servants in good positions, etc. This class formerly furnished more than a third of the whole student body. To-day it furnishes 27.6 per cent. Small shopkeepers, subordinate civil servantsmail-carriers, railway conductors, locomotive engineers, etc.—furnish 21.5 per cent, and 19.5 per cent come from the families of big industrialists, merchants and civil servants in high positions. Small peasants and the laboring classes furnish seven per cent, a somewhat higher percentage than before the war, but not markedly higher. Of these students Professor Ernst Schultze, of the University of Leipzig, writes me:

"These, and also the sons of teachers in the common schools, and, above all, the sons of widows exhibit an especial energy

in their studies."

The same report comes from Professor Johannes Hoops, of Heidelberg, who deplores the fact that it is not possible for more members of these classes to attend

the university.

An additional result of the impoverishment of Germany is seen in the so-called Werkstudent, the student who is compelled to work his way through the university. This type was not altogether unknown before the war, but he was much rarer than in America, where the university course requires far less hard work and general knowledge than in Germany. To-day eleven per cent of all German students receive no help either from parents or other sources, and another two per cent must earn part of the money required.

The universities remit either in whole or part the tuition and other fees for poor students. Thus the University of Berlin granted last year one thousand one hundred of the one thousand nine hundred requests for remission, and took but fifty per cent of the normal fees from another five hundred students. Ten per cent of the whole student body of Germany were compelled last year to interrupt their studies, which means in most cases that they will not resume them. The poorer financial situation of the bulk of those that finish the course is further shown by a great decrease in the number of textbooks bought. A considerable part of the students have to borrow books from friends or the libraries.

There is almost unanimity of opinion among the instructors that those students who are compelled to work their way through neither do nor can be expected to do justice to their studies. The University of Berlin has recently decreed that no student shall be matriculated who is compelled to employ more than four hours a day in gainful pursuits. While similar hard-and-fast rules have not yet been generally promulgated in other universities, the tendency is in that direction, and students who are compelled to work at least half of every day are discouraged.

University education remains remarkably inexpensive. Tuition and other fees rarely exceed twenty-five dollars per semester, or fifty dollars a year. Students at Jena told me that they could get along with from one hundred to one hundred twenty marks a month (\$24 to \$28.80). Later, in conversation with a professor, I expressed surprise at the fact that so little money was required. He threw both arms in the air.

"Aber das sind die Reichen!" he exclaimed. "Those are the rich students. The average is nearer sixty marks a month, and we have some students who

get along with fifty."

Sixty marks a month amounts to fortyeight cents a day. Room and morning coffee (made of roasted barley) can be had for about sixteen cents a day, leaving thirty-two cents for the other meals, laundry, amusements, etc. Various university organizations serve warm meals for about fifteen cents, but even then the margin is distressfully small. Rye bread without butter or even margarine, tiny portions of cheap cheese or sausage, and the alleged coffee already mentioned make up the main part of the fare of these young men and women who are so hungry for knowledge that they gladly disregard their hunger for food. Small wonder that one of the phrases most often heard on the lips of Germans of the better class is that "the hope of Germany rests on her

vouth."

The percentage of foreign students in German universities was so great during the inflation period that several institutions seriously considered adopting a numerus clausus to regulate that percentage. With the stabilization of the mark, however, conditions changed rapidly, and to-day the foreign participation is somewhat less than before the war. Now, however, it has begun to increase, and this tendency is being encouraged, particularly at Berlin, where the "German Institute for Foreigners," a department of the university, is furthering the work This institute gives foreign would-be students eight hours of instruction weekly in the German language under highly competent teachers, organizes railway excursions to different points at greatly reduced rates, presents a course of lectures, and places a library and working-room at the disposal of the students, and does all this for ten marks, or two dollars forty cents, per week. One of the institute's leading spirits is Doctor Georg Kartzke, for nearly nine years an instructor in German at Yale University.

Academic sports, which were all but unknown before the war, are gaining ground, but the participation is still minimal. Something is being done in the way of competitive field and track contests, but it is unlikely that these will ever assume more than a fraction of the importance attached to them in America. The Germans of the better class still regard sport as a means to an end, not as an end in itself. In other words, small stress is laid on competitive contests and recordmaking. Hence a great part of such students as do indulge in physical exercise remain faithful to the gymnastic work or Turnen based on the ideas of

"Turnvater Jahn" and of the Swede

Ling.

Much remains to be done along these lines; very much more is needed. No careful observer can have failed to note the result on the youth of the abolition of the former compulsory military service, which took charge of the young man for from one to two years, straightened his shoulders, strengthened his muscles, and sent him back to civil life greatly improved physically. I note in passing that the lack of this military training manifests itself strikingly in the German villages and on the farms. The "youth movement"-boy scouts and similar organizations—is doing something to compensate for that lack, but at best it reaches only a small part of the young men, and it does not reach those who most require it. The German generation now growing into manhood is physically inferior to its fathers'.

If this article concerned itself with American universities it would be fairly complete at this point, for it has already dealt with all important phases of academic life as this is known in America. But in Germany those phases are almost overshadowed by another aspect of the situation—the political and psychological. No one can approach an understanding of the situation in Germany unless he realizes at the very outset that politics politics of an intransigent and bitter variety of which the average American has no conception—intrudes itself dominatingly into every department of life, including even the exact sciences, and divides the people into warring groups which combine more or less roughly into nationalists and patriots on the one side and internationalists and enemies of patriotism on the other.

Among American ideals not the least are patriotism, service to the state, devotion to one's native land, pride of race, self-respect, and the readiness at all times to make the supreme sacrifice for the preservation of the state. A considerable part of the Germans, probably some forty per cent, reject these ideals, but they are firmly held and propagated by the overwhelming majority of the German university students. Internationalism,

Socialism, Bolshevism, Syndicalism, Pacifism-all these new isms of the last century have affected only an inconsiderable minority of the young men and women who make up the German student body. Even three years ago, when the political parties of the international Left were much stronger than they are to-day, the then Prussian minister of education, the Socialist Konrad Haenisch, wrote sadly that "it must be admitted that the republic has not succeeded in gaining the support or affection of intellectual Germany."

This is still less the case to-day. The political complexion of the students is reflected in the representative bodies which they themselves elect to confer with the authorities on various matters affecting discipline, stipendiums, student aid, sports, etc. On a recent visit to the University of Jena I found that of the eleven student representatives, ten belong to the political Right; there is one Democrat and no Socialist. This, it is true, is a somewhat extreme case. represents in part the natural reaction against the hostile attitude of the Socialists and Communists who were for two years in power in Thuringia, and who bent every effort toward rooting out old student customs and tried to destroy the famous theological faculty at Jena, renowned for two centuries and more. The red masters of the state even endeavored to prevent the singing not merely of patriotic songs, but also of all songs containing any reference to God or heaven. Their extravagances had the natural result. The blood of the martyrs is just as surely the seed of the church in politics as in religion.

But, extreme though the situation may be in Jena, there are many other universities where the make-up of the representative student body is nearly as one-sided, and there are few where the combined parties of the political Left have as much as thirty per cent of the total. Only in the universities situated in the occupied districts are the internationalists and republicans in the majority, and this is so merely because the occupation authorities have rigorously suppressed

their opponents.

The situation presents a seeming anomaly. The original German republicans

and democrats were university students. and the movement went out from Jena. Two of the Burschenschaften-organizations devoted to student duelling and the strengthening of patriotism-still wear on their caps and ribbons the blackred-gold of the revolutionaries of the first half of the nineteenth century. parent organization, from which have sprung all the score or more of the present 'color" organizations, was formed in 1815 with outspoken democratic, republican, and revolutionary aims. At the Burschenschaft congress at Frankfort-on-Main in 1831 the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"In the case of an uprising of the people every Burschenschafter has the duty to strive, even by forcible means, for the achieving of the organization's aims, and is therefore obligated to take part in uprisings of the people that can lead to the

realizing of those aims."

In 1833 a group of revolutionary students stormed police headquarters in Frankfort and called on the people to rise against oppressing kings and princes. Students were behind the revolutionary movement in Germany and Austria. Students were the moving factor in Japan's bloodless revolution of 1869. Students are back of to-day's revolution-

ary movement in China.

But these German students of to-day, while they still wear the colors that have been adopted as the official flag of Germany, cling politically to the old blackwhite-red of the Empire. They are mainly haters of Socialists, pacifists, and all internationalists; patriots and "reactionaries." At the annual students' congress held in Berlin in August of the present year, the republican students formed only a trifling minority. chairman was a student from Viennathe congress included representatives from German universities in Danzig, Austria, and Bohemia—who has for some time carried on a sharp agitation against Doctor Willy Hellpach, President of Baden and Democratic candidate for national President in the last election. Among other charges launched against Hellpach by this student is that he lacks patriotic spirit. The great majority of the students ostentatiously left the aster of education arose to address them— On this point Baron von Münchhausen a demonstration of protest against the minister's recent action in defending a pacifist professor at Hanover who had attacked General von Hindenburg bit-

terly in the foreign press.

This conversion of originally republican and democratic students to the precise opposite, anomalous and ununderstandable though it may appear on the surface, represents in reality an almost compul-sory development. It is the sum of reactions, in part against domestic, in part against foreign, factors. The Democratic and Socialist press professes to be unable to understand it, and complains that the students have little sympathy with the laboring classes. Why this sympathy is lacking has been well explained by Baron Börries von Münchhausen, editor of the Musenalmanach published annually by the University of Göttingen. In the preface to the last edition he wrote:

"A passionate consciousness of race and nation is only natural with educated young men. The difficult economic situation has compelled many of them to work together with factory workers, miners, and farm-hands, and their experiences have shown them plainly how unclear and impractical the ideals of the workers are. Twenty-five years ago the students were overwhelmingly liberal; even young men of whom one would least expect it tended toward Socialism. All this has changed since the students have learned to know the laboring classes better, and especially since these classes have carried on a bitter fight against the students, whose income is so far below that of their opponents."

The doctrine of the "class struggle," so ardently propagated by the Marxists for more than eighty years, has much to answer for in Germany. The continuous fight carried on by the Socialists against all religion, which they term a Verdummungsprozess—a process for making people stupid—also bears a big share of the responsibility for the attitude of the bulk of university students. No one can associate long with these students without becoming aware that, while they make no parade of their religious beliefs, they are at heart religiously inclined. The basic letter of the cabalistic monogram of the

sembly-room when the Prussian minis- Germania Burschenschaft is a big G: God.

"It is pretty certain that there is not at this moment another man in Germany who has read so many poems by students as I have read—thousands of poems submitted by many hundreds of students. And since it lies in the very nature of lyric poems that they are confessions of feeling, I believe that I can make some well-founded statements regarding the soul of the German student.

"At the very outset the most noteworthy thing for me was the mighty religious movement of youth. Twenty years ago the Catholic students did not send me such passionate poems of faith as I received this year from the color students. Cynical mockery in the style of Heinrich Heine, which was formerly all the mode, has disappeared utterly. Of importance is also a certain turning from Wittenberg and a tendency toward Rome. I regarded some of the students as assuredly Catholics until I learned from their correspondence that they were Lutherans. And I even found that the Summa Theologiæ of Thomas Aquinas is being widely read.

"As is well known, everything percolates downward through the various classes of the population and then, with a spring, begins at the top again—fashions of dress, names, slang, opinions. In the matter of faith we have again reached a point where the educated classes have seen through the hollowness of the nonreligious ethical school and have become believers again, whereas the uneducated say, like that oft-cited Bartscher during the French Revolution: 'It is true, my lord, that I am a simple man, but I have my lack of faith as well as the finest

gentlemen."

Almost none of the students with whom Baron von Münchhausen came in contact read the German writers who are the special protégés and favorites of the postrevolutionary radical and extreme liberal school. Nor do the student-poets and prose-writers deal with criminals or fallen women—the types that appeal most to the Socialists, Communists, and bourgeois radicals.

The other deciding factor that has

AMALFI

tionalism and hence away from the republic, whose most ardent supporters are mainly internationalists and pacifists. has been the unwise treatment of that republic by the former enemies, and above all by France and Poland. The "passionate consciousness of race and nation" so natural to educated young men and women has been outraged too many times. The invasion of the Ruhr was a tremendous victory for all those Germans whom Americans in general regard as "reactionaries," the shooting down of German workmen at Essen at Easter time in 1923 was another, and every pinprick, big or small, has reduced still more the strength of the parties of the Left in Germany. Without the help of France, there would probably still be Socialists in the German cabinet and General von Hindenburg would most likely not be President.

Another effect of this unwisdom can be found in the fact that the membership in the student duelling organizations is proportionately as great as before the war. A prominent professor writes me:

"The fact that the duelling organizations have as large a membership as be-

turned the students away from interna- fore the war is, to judge by my observations, in large part due to the education in nationalism received by the whole German people through the excesses of French imperialism, which unfortunately were also permitted by the other Entente states."

127

The outlook for any speedy conversion of these students to political democracy in the extreme form propagated by the international Left is small. Rather, it does not exist. Future development is almost certain to strengthen the present trend, and this especially because of the fact that the recently organized "Hochschulring deutscher Art" has become a powerful factor among both graduates and undergraduates. This organization, which embraces all students of German tongue, not merely in Germany, but also in Bohemia, Austria, Danzig, etc., is growing rapidly. Its aim is "to develop loyalty, uprightness, nobility of character, and the ability to defend ourselves, our honor, and our liberty."

These, with patriotism, religious feeling, and pride of race, are also American ideals. Hence Americans will understand the confidence with which patriotic Germans look to the university students as the future hope of their country.

Amalfi

BY BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

IT would have to be like this: In the small hours, Just leaning out of sleep Down sheers of shadow, Upon the faint of unreal orange bloom,— Right in a round moon's path; And hearing oars and seeing fishermen, Out of Arabian Nights, Adventure, dark on silver, for the dawn. To touch, once only, finger-tips With that diminished music. That breath of cradle song, That cobweb catch Of moth dust from a star:-It would have to be like this.

Foot-Hills of Cuba

A CROSS-SECTION OF SPANISH-AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

BY GEORGE BIDDLE AND JANE BELO

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY GEORGE BIDDLE



E rented our house from Pepe, the alcalde of Cristo, and hired the furniture from Emilia, who lived with Jesus Maria Alvarez, the owner of the Café de la Barre at the juncture

of the carretera and the railroad track. Moreover, Emilia agreed for the further sum of twelve dollars a month to cook and serve our meals from her own kitchen,

and daily to clean our dwelling.

Cristo lies among the foot-hills of the mountains that sweep about Santiago de Cuba. It is at an elevation of close to a thousand feet, some ten miles inland from the coast. It has, I suppose, about five thousand inhabitants, of whom nearly seventy per cent are of African mixture. In a haphazard sort of way it serves as a summer resort for the Santiagans, who have cottages where they send their families for the hot summer months. The village is built along the railroad track, and straggles in either direction up and down the carretera. There are plenty of light frame houses, yellow, blue, pink, with royal palms, hibiscus hedges, and crotons; a few thatched huts, such as one sees in the country, the walls made of strips of palm-bark, with goats, chickens, and naked children wandering in and out. It is all rather nondescript and untidy. No restaurants, no hotels, and no sewer or water system. Flocks of carrion vultures hover over the muddy yards. The aguador, or water-carrier, carts water with a burro more or less daily, and sells ten gallons for a real. The Chinese peddle baskets of vegetables, swung from a pole, and almost any one peddles chickens, pigeons, eggs, fruit, and milk. The village is tawdry rather than picturesque, and the country about it is as beautiful as a

page from the Old Testament. There are a hundred such villages in Cuba, and thousands more like it anywhere in Spanish America.

Life in such a village gives a crosssection of Spanish-American civilization. Its drama and excitement lie in its utter anomaly. There is always a Maxfield Parrish background of melodramatic beauty. The standard of civilization is the standard of the movies, of Sozodont advertisements, of Ford cars. The songs which the girls sing in the evening first made their appearance on Broadway or in a Madrid music-hall. They are transformed into something a little Spanish or a little negro. When the negresses dress up, as they do of an evening, they wear high-heeled slippers, silk stockings, and imitation lace. The dresses are always torn but usually clean and starched. The people who are reaching toward, without grasping, this standard of Broadway and the commercial drummer are living with an almost Biblical primitive simplicity. Their water is carted daily to them from a stream. Their diet consists chiefly of beans, plantains, and yams, which they grow themselves or buy from the Chinese venders. The horse is the usual means of transportation; and the pack-mule has little competition from auto-trucks over the mud roads. High-withered oxen cart the sugar-cane over the gently rolling plains to the primitive mills, where it is crushed and boiled in enormous iron vats.

There are two outstanding facts about the civilization of Cuba and probably of a great section of Spanish America, which makes that civilization exciting as a background as well as a social experiment. There is almost no middle class, and there is almost no color line. Years ago, in Mexico, I noticed the same conditions.

Street scene in Cristo. Behind: the foothills of Oriente.

There was the man who wore a derby hat and shoes and stockings; and there was the pelado or peón who wore sandals and a wide sombrero, ate jerked meat and tortillas, and carried a machete. The one was probably wealthy and had been educated in New York or Paris; the other could neither read nor write, and lived like an Indian. In Cuba, as in Mexico, there is a tiny fraction of the population which boasts of having Spanish blood. Thirty per cent of the population is negro, and perhaps ninety per cent has some negro or Indian blood. The mixture shows every shade between black and white; sometimes the negro and sometimes the European or Indian type dominates. But there is little evidence of fusion into a new racial type. The color line that exists is, I suppose, less marked than the social line dividing West from East 68th Street.

Jesus Maria Alvarez, who owned the Café de la Barre, where he sold Bacardi rum, American champagnized cider, Cuban cigarettes, fruits of the country—las frutas del pais-hard-boiled eggs, and ham sandwiches, was a Castilian, which is in Cuba equivalent to a Colonial Dame in Oklahoma. He had two daughters, Lily and Mary Charity, who were also Castilians, and lived with Emilia, a colored lady. Emilia's husband was living with some one else in Cuba-as they call Santiago up in the foot-hills. His sons, Ramon and John Samson, were about the age of Huckleberry Finn, and did not go to school, but helped their father run the bar. Emilia also had a colored daughter, Pura, aged ten. Pura went to a private school, the exclusive character of which gave tone to the whole family. She took lessons in mathematics, geography, Cuban history, and drawing. In her off moments she did all of the housework, and helped with the cooking and laundry. Of an evening she dressed up in white lace and ruffles, walked about the plaza, paying visits at the pharmacy, or took a seat at the movies. This family of seven lived next door to us in two rooms. There were also two beds, of which one was reserved for Lily and Mary Charity. Ramon and John Samson, I have been told, slept in a room back of the Café de la

Barre, a quarter of a mile up the railroad track. The other half of our neighbors' house was occupied by Cristina, a lively young negress, with Victor, her half-witted son, whose sombre and Magdalenian expression she could mimic to a nicety. "Muy feo!" ("Such an ugly fellow!") she would cry, clapping her hand over her mouth, and the audience would rock in noisy approval.

Our service was adequate but sketchy. Although Emilia had languorously contracted to do everything herself, we soon found that she operated like the general staff of our Regular Army, through delegation of authority, or what is known among the lower echelons as "passing the buck." It was passed down and not up. Emilia did the cooking for the nine of us over an open charcoal brazier under the back stoop. Ten-year-old Pura did the rest. "Pura, se puede comer?" ("May one eat?") "Si, chica, ahorita" ("Yes, child, in a moment"), Pura would answer with unruffled maternal dignity. addressed us always, as they do each other, by our first names or a more familiar diminutive. Half an hour later would repeat the same question. "Ahora mismo" ("This very moment") she would cry. Sooner or later some one would wander in with a spoon and three knives, or two spoons and a plate. Eventually the meal was served, and occasionally when it was all over Emilia would shuffle in with a bowl of soup.

Meanwhile the family would gather around to watch us eat. Lily and Mary Charity were Castilians and never worked. All day long they sat in starched rags on the front steps, and sang over and over again the monotonous verses of a sentimental ballad. But in the evening they powdered their faces and necks to a delicate mauve, put on some glass jewelry, high-heeled slippers and an evening dress, and entered the dining-room without knocking. Mary Charity would assume the attitude of a dress-model, right foot behind her, poised on toe. In one hand she held a rose. Her eyelids drooped. She murmured: "Ay, chica, que hermosa!" Or she would cry with startled vivacity: "Ay, Juana de mi alma, que graciosa tu ropa!" ("Ah, Jane of my soul, what a becoming dress. How much did it cost in

We hired a house on the railroad track.



Pura.

New York? Don't ladies wear stockings in Paris?")

She slowly encircled Lily with one arm and threw back her head. Her eyelashes quivered. She embraced us all in a smile and gently let fall her rose. It was not at all funny; it was tragic—the tragedy of an unfulfilled desire in the laborious imitation of a gesture seen on the screen or absorbed in a dime novel.

Cristina rocked heavily in the corner, her legs spread apart, her splendid black arms crossed on her starched white bosom. She threw away her cigar stump and spat voluptuously on the tiled floor.

More threads of conversation. Jane was typewriting a letter. Pura stood behind her, stroking her hair. "And will you be talking to your mother in New York?" she said, rather by way of information than inquiry. "Ah," ventured Ramon, "I thought it was a piano, but did not hear the music."

Dinner had been over about half an hour. Emilia swayed listlessly into the room. She surveyed the table with a look of horror. It had not been cleared away; but it was never cleared away until the subsequent meal, and not always then.

"What, child," she cried to Pura, with the dizzy intonation of any perfect lady who should find her daughter in a dungheap, "where were you brought up? How can Juana work with your arm about her? Haven't you yet made the bed? And do please, child, straighten your hair."

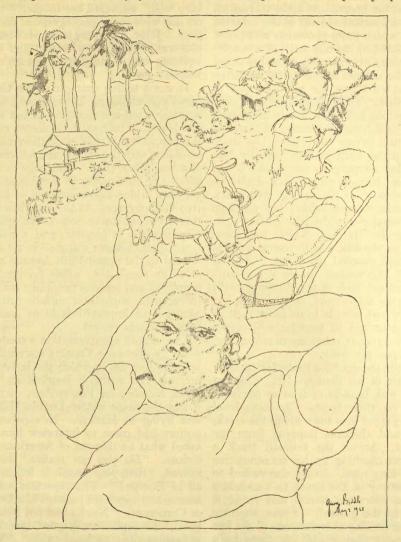
Having established her social prestige and authority, she sank into a chair, gave the dog a vicious kick, and threw a bananapeel at Periquo, the white goat. Most colored people are orators and actors, but they are all poker-players; and Pura easily realized that she was the excuse for vituperation rather than the cause. "Chica," she answered, "I do the work and you get the pay." Then in charming mimicry of the Chinese: "Yo no sabe?" and, swaying her hips rebelliously from side to side, she pouted her way out of the room.

They love being laughed at—it is a certain genius for buffoonery, a lack of dignity which distinguishes the negro from other primitives, such as the Indian or Tahitian. But under it all is a curious



Victor, the Magdalenian-browed half-wit.

sensitiveness which comes perhaps from a immensely pleased by Jane's visit. "But feeling of inferiority, perhaps from the why does Jorge never come in to see us? strain of Spanish. One day Jane went Is he too proud to visit poor people?"



All day they rocked and gossiped.

into our neighbors' house to inquire if lunch would never be ready. The family were gathered at a meal, but not about a board. Pura and Mary Charity picked out yams and slices of plantain with their and was served by Ramon and John Samson. He gravely called for the other write to me." chair for his guest and offered her a piece of meat on the end of a fork. They were

Another time little Pura said to Jane: "You must promise to write to me from New York, and I shall write you letters too, but you must write first." "I think it is up to you to write me the first letter," fingers. Jesus Maria Álvarez sat in state answered Jane. "No," the child replied sombrely, "for I know that you will never

One day I had been making drawings of Conception and her little baby, Nativity.

Conception's shanty lay across the track from ours under the shadow of a mango. All day she rocked with the little black parcel at her breast. At night we rocked. too, and watched the tip of the inverted Dipper which hung above her roof-poles. We listened to the oily swell of a concertina which a neighbor played on her steps, or to the threads of gossip she and Cristina bawled across the railroad track to each other. Thus we had become very friendly long before she had been induced with a gathering of friends, all starched and white, to pay us a visit. The afternoon passed harmoniously. Little Nativity lay sleeping in her mother's lap. Pura and Ramon played jack-straws on the tiled floor. Cristina, legs well apart, her hands clasped behind her spacious rump, wandered in childlike ecstasy from drawing to drawing, which had been pinned on the wall. As the coincidence of a likeness dawned upon her, "Ay, mi madre," she wailed, "mire el negrito!" ("Oh, mama, look at the little nigger!") Victor, the soft-witted, stood behind my shoulder and with hideous facial contortions pretended to exorcise evil spirits from me, and at other moments to cast spells upon my work.

Outside the aguador bawled, sitting on the shaft of his donkey-cart. Children passed with baskets of fruit or cocoanut candy on their heads. An occasional farmer jogged into town along the track, ducks and chickens flapping from the pommel. Across the railroad track a man was climbing up his cocoanut-tree with a long rope. Every one rushed to the doorway of the house to watch him cut the enormous bunch and swing it slowly to the ground. It was, together with the passing of trains, one of the few occurrences that would stir them from their rocking-chairs. In the excitement the baby woke up and began to cry. Conception resorted to the usual quieting device, and I made a sketch of her nursing it. When the drawing was finished, I took it over and pinned it on the wall, expecting the general acclaim of pride and recognition. To my surprise Conception rose indignant and, straddling the baby on her hip, shook her fist at me.

"Ah, Jorge, take that down at once, or I will tear it from your wall!" In vain

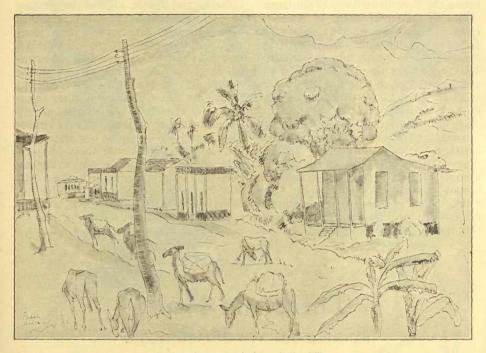
Jane tried to calm her, qualifying the picture with the powerfully ingratiating adjective "simpatico." "Nativity is all very well," answered her mother, "but I do not wish to be photographed in that pose. Jorge, I am muy bravo, muy bravo." She was, indeed, very angry; and for a week we sulked and pouted at each other without speaking.

It was a telling example of the Cuban negro's psychology. There is none of the aggressive self-consciousness of our Eastern black. Their attitude seems rather the simplicity of the plantation nigger, combined with the dignity and self-respect of a Senegalese chief. This may be a reflection of the Spaniard's punctilious and ingrown pride—not a survival of primitive African grace. At any rate, it is clear that from whatever source the quality may come it is genuine, and a part of their Spanish-negro culture—in no sense related to the upper Fifth Avenue aping of white men's airs. This fundamental simplicity and sense of propriety are hard to reconcile with their surface preoccupation with imported fashions and the latest Victrola record.

I remember a conversation a couple of years ago between Frank Crowninshield and Soudyekine, in which the latter was pressing the æsthetic possibilities of a Black Number for Vanity Fair. I think it was the same winter Darius Milhaud was living in Harlem. Newspaper reporters had come to interview him and asked what he thought of American musicians. "Do you not realize," he answered, "that your music is influencing all of Europe?" The reporters wanted names, and suggested perhaps MacDowell or Carpenter. "No, he had not heard of them," he replied in feigned ignorance, wounding their national pride. "Why, who then?" "All your negro jazz music!" Milhaud replied. Soudyekine, too, satiated with the high-brow cult of primitive negro art in Paris, had probably seen "Shuffle Along." With the fresh eyes of a foreigner he viewed the dramatic qualities of the civilized negro—the negro of Harlem-in contrast to the negro of the plantation. The prosperous negro who rides luxuriously in his limousine, the colored doorman of a Fifth Avenue jeweller, the pony ballet of "little yaller

gals" from "Runnin' Wild"—these were completely removed from a background of cotton-fields and Southern shanties. The native artistic qualities which had brought primitive African art into renown in Europe had been carried over into the new American civilization. Here they had lain dormant in the tedious routine of plantation life. And now, with the

It was a familiar incident of New York street life the day I landed from Cuba which pleasantly emphasized for me this fact. Outside the doors of a West 52d Street theatre the audience had gathered between acts to smoke. A group of little nigger boys, divided into two camps by a chalk line, improvised clogs and hip dancing—backs thrust forward from the



Pack mules coming in from the foothills.

coming of adequate prosperity to the black, these same artistic qualities had blossomed out into a musical contribution of world importance.

Among races, as among personalities, a given emotional energy or genius will fructify into a different artistic personality in changed surroundings. It is too obvious to dismiss Trotzky by saying that his genius depended largely upon his decade, or that had Cézanne been born twenty years later his reputation as a prophet would have diminished fifty per cent. We are too apt to think of the negro as a series of crystallized types; he is essentially an emotional and social energy which among varied cultures may produce varied flowerings.

hips, knees together, thumbs and heels snapping in syncopating and competing rhythm-the old familiar thing. here was a folk art as truly national, if less highly developed, as anything from the Ukraine or Balieff's dancers. What made it charming was that it lacked the "imported" quality which characterizes the Hawaiian orchestra—as well as the guests-nightly gathered at the Varsity Club under the Elevated on lower Sixth Avenue. Here the setting was unpremeditated—the sallies which received the inevitable spurious nickel, the final appearance of the "cops," and the rapid immersion of the minstrels in the crowd.

The little scene was in charming contrast to the Cuban accordions and muffled guitars; the minor "drags" which characterize the sentimental Spanish ballad; the gentle and formally polite absurdities of the West Indian natives; in contrast to the laden and stifling fragrance of the Caribbean wind; the bewildering luxuriance of palms and mangoes; the dripping green which gloves the mountains of Oriente, rolling and tossing above the Bacardi factories of Santiago.

he lives in the crude conditions of the black section of one of our Southern towns. Here is a creature who does not suspect the existence in any country of rules against the intermarriage of blacks and whites, of restricted negro suffrage, of a "race problem." He has never had to cope with the "All-God's-Chillun-Got-Wings" complex. His is a state of racial oblivion, and inertia. If it is the tyranny

Out of an environment of American culture has come a new type, a negro with a Broadway background. When one is contrasting this new type with the primitive black, who lacks his civilization, and with the Southern negro, who still lives under a taboo, it is well not to overlook the negro of the West Indies and Central and South America. This Spanish negro, bred in the dominant traditions of a Spanish social heritage, Catholic and Spanish speaking, is nevertheless in touch with the adjacent robust American commercialism. should not be totally ignored by Americans. Here is a negro in a setting of civilized living, with an untrammelled civil status, and complete assurance. Yet

black section of one of our Southern towns. Here is a creature who does not suspect the existence in any country of rules against the intermarriage of blacks and whites, of restricted negro suffrage, of a "race problem." He has never had to cope with the "All-God's-Chillun-Got-Wings" complex. His is a state of racial oblivion, and inertia. If it is the tyranny of the whites that has prodded the higher type of negro in America to a racial identity, then the Spanish negro will remain a mongrel—for the mixture with the Spanish has been too general for an artificial antagonism of the "Castilian" ever to spring up. In Cuba, as in other countries, the strands have been too closely woven to be untangled. And the resulting social tissue is not one of clashing colors, but harmonious and, above all, durable. When Americans are wrangling over the future of our negro in the North and in the South, and the possible necessity of more strict social bans, let them remember the proven solidity of this society which has never known any bans.

Three and Four

BY RICHARD V. LINDABURY, JR.

A TWELVEMONTH ago
I'd a fair little farm,
A lad or two to friend me
And a bed to keep warm.

A twelvemonth ago
I was harvesting corn,
With meadowlarks singing
And Autumn born.

Queer things happen
Twixt friends in a year—
One of mine died
While bread was dear;

The other's not dead,
But he might better be;
And a third friend lives
Where once lived we.

My third friend's a strange one, Or how could he thrive When they lost all that kept them Men alive?

And how can I thrive
At a bitter year's end,
Without couch, without corn,
And but one false friend?



"But you mustn't go!" shrieked her hostess. "We haven't decided yet about the bazaar!"-Page 138.

Miss Phæbe's Lover

BY CLARKE KNOWLTON

. Author of "The Apollo d'Oto"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

Mrs. Cartwright's hat seemed to bristle with indignation.

"I've given up trying," shrilled Mrs. J.

HERE'S simply no keeping men in Foster without pajamas—that would pajamas!" The very feathers on have been unthinkable; the ladies were merely conversing with that superb and telepathic understanding which must forever prove somewhat confusing to those C. B. Foster with animation. Not-of vulgar persons of lesser mentality decourse—that Mrs. Foster meant to pic-pendent for what is meant on what is said. ture for the assembled ladies a J. C. B. The remark was obviously intended—and

who would dare deny it?—as the expression of Mrs. Foster's whole-souled appreciation, founded upon personal experience, of the difficulty involved.

The younger Miss Lampson, who was seated between them, said nothing.

"Only a few weeks ago," Mrs. Cartwright continued, "I bought Will four new suits. And now—the same old story -four perfectly good coats and absolutely nothing to go with them!"

"Really?" exclaimed a lady across the "Why, the tops of Roger's paiamas are in shreds before the bottoms are worn at all!" The two ladies regarded each other earnestly—the evidence of the differences in husbands is always a vital

"I don't see-" began Mrs. Foster, and then the conversation became general; the ladies all spoke at once. All, that is, except Miss Lampson, who permitted a foolish self-consciousness, a certain sense of ignorance perhaps, to render her ill at ease. It could only have been this, as otherwise, taking an established figure a dollar seventy-five, for instance—and sticking to it, she might reasonably have felt that she was contributing her full share in the current exchange of ideas.

"Three pairs at three dollars—"

"And I said to him-" "Before the war-"

"If you expect me-"

"Nightshirts?" "And he said-"

"One ninety-eight." "Pajamas---

"We'd only been married-"

Miss Lampson felt that she really must

go. "Expect my husband-"

"Three dollars!"

"And if you think-"

"I never heard of such a thing!"

"My dear, silk pajamas!" Miss Lampson rose hurriedly.

"But you mustn't go!" shrieked her hostess. "We haven't decided yet about the bazaar!"

What Miss Lampson replied was lost in the tumult. From long years of experience she very well knew that whatever was decided in meeting would be undecided by telephone within the week.

The early December dusk had already

closed down when she issued from the mansion; it was later than she had thought. A raw fog, malignant and oppressive, enveloped the naked trees; it got into one's throat. Unconsciously, as she hesitated upon the steps, she pulled the furs tighter about her chin, and gave a nervous glance at the shrubbery, a tangled mass of dead leaves and branches, that skirted the walk on either side—just the place for snakes!

The street seemed very far away. Almost she decided to turn back, to wait for the other ladies. At home she kept a stout stick for just such emergencies—to protect her, day or night, when crossing the lawn. But she couldn't very well have brought a stick, though she might easily have carried an umbrella-an umbrella would have afforded some measure

of protection!

Dry leaves scurried across the ground, exactly the noise that snakes must make when assembling for attack. Miss Lampson hurried a little; she could fairly feel them nipping at her ankles. What was that lying across the walk? If not a stick, it was certainly a snake! But there was no turning back now! Gathering her skirts high, she achieved a leap that would have astonished those placid individuals ignorant of mind's dominion over matter. Strictly speaking, however, the endeavor was notable rather for altitude than for distance—very nearly, in fact, Miss Lampson came down directly upon the object she wished at all costs to avoid. And then, suddenly, without quite knowing how, she found herself gasping at the street-curb.

But now a new difficulty presented itself. Dark figures moved here and there among the shadowy automobiles that waited, one behind the other, in two long lines that disappeared into the unknown at right and left. Even the nearer cars seemed very far away. All those strange chauffeurs, and retreat cut off behind! The street-lamps, a row of orange disks swimming through the fog, sent very little light down upon the pavement. Where was Wilbur? And could he possibly see her?

"Wilbur," she called timidly, but her voice seemed a light thing, a mere whisper that quivered and expired. "Wilbur."

In spite of herself she could not keep the strange chauffeur how uneasy she would not there?

anxiety out of her voice. Suppose he were have felt! One never could tell about a strange chauffeur! Then, too, a younger "Yes, Miss Phoebe!" The noise of a man would never be content to drive the



Gathering her skirts high, she achieved a leap that would have astonished those placid individuals ignorant of mind's dominion over matter.-Page 138.

chugging motor. A car's lights. At last Packard at a reasonable speed. She reshe was safe in the limousine.

tucked the robe about her.

What a comfort Wilbur was! So relitively emiles an hour. Was that so very able and considerate! To-night with a fast? But there was nothing reckless

e was safe in the limousine. membered that just the other day the "Home, please," she said as Wilbur Jones boy had said something about a Packard being able to make more than about Wilbur; he hadn't even wanted to learn to drive the car. Was it ten years ago that they had given up the horses? Still, to-night she did wish that he would go a little faster! So much vacant property out here; and only last year that terrible murder, with the body dragged into the bushes—before or after, they had never known which! Should she suggest that he drive a little faster? It might only confuse him. He was so old now, and couldn't see very well. It was better to take the risk. Life was full of risks!

The Lampson house was old, older even than the elder Miss Lampson, older than Miss Katherine Lampson, who had been, though briefly, the bride of Henry Duffy. And it had charm, that old house, as Miss Phœbe had charm, the charm of a vanished epoch, somewhat bedizened and stiff and formal, but nevertheless stamped with an inimitable distinction sadly lacking in this age of standardization.

As the car negotiated the difficult turn into the driveway, a turn designed for horses, and rolled heavily up the twisting carriage-drive between clumps of evergreen and mortuary shrubbery, Miss Phœbe caught a glimpse of Bessie, the faithful source of the Lampson milk-supply, standing dejectedly in the light from an upper window that streamed down like the eye of God or a guilty conscience and starkly illumined the outraged lady with a broken pitcher to whom Bessie was unwillingly companion. The encroachments of an ever-crowding city, to say nothing of the activities of youthful neighbors, had long since caused a gradual withdrawal of guileless Bessie into the solemn sanctuary, the inviolable seclusion of front-lawn existence. Her position tonight, directly opposite and conveniently adjacent to the monumental front portal, gave evidence of the sincere esteem, the profound appreciation, in which the Misses Lampson held her—it isn't given to every cow to be tethered even with varying success to an antique lady with a broken pitcher. But Bessie was either oblivious or forgetful of the honor; for, from time to time, she stretched forth her neck and complained mournfully to the lighted window of what she must have felt was a gross neglect in Wilbur.

"Put up the car, and then take Bessie to

the stable!" Miss Phœbe ordered as she alighted.

Old Sarah opened the door for her. Miss Matilda came bustling through the hall, the bunch of keys depending from a cord at her girdle jingling with a reassuring familiarity to her sister's overwrought nerves.

"I was so afraid the car had broken down!" Miss Matilda was always afraid the car had broken down. "I really felt I should have driven out with Wilbur!" It did not occur to Miss Phæbe to question but that Matilda could have fixed the car.

Up-stairs in her room, she removed her wraps and hat. There were things that looked like little black leaves upon the hat and countless buckles—somehow, no matter what kind of a hat Miss Phoebe bought it soon had things that looked like little black leaves upon it and many buckles; they seemed to grow there, and the longer she had the hat the more of them there seemed to be, or so people said.

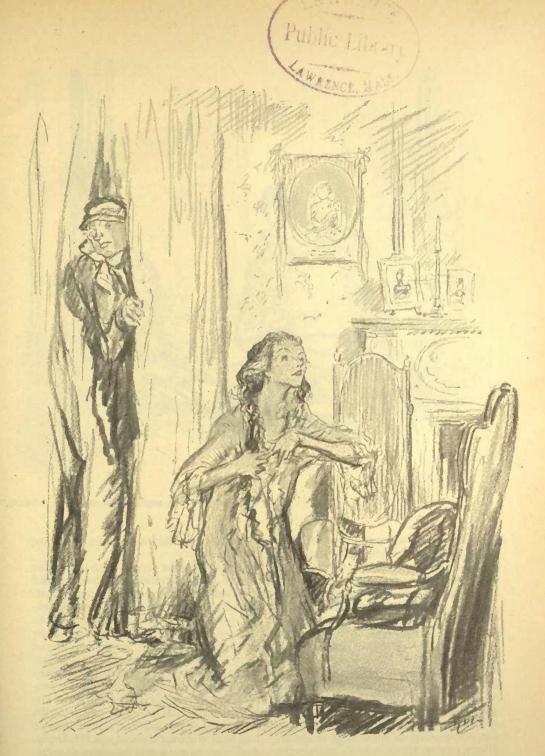
In the great dim hall with its distant gas-jet, she bumped into Miss Katherine Lampson, who, as has already been said. had been the bride of Henry Duffy. Miss Katherine had an air, not the quiet little shyness of Miss Phæbe Lampson, not the firm practical assurance of a Miss Matilda, but nevertheless an air-an air of quiet achievement, resembling if nothing else—dare one say it?—that of a cat who has partaken of canary. Together they descended the grand staircase, the open well of which appeared only a little less cavernous by gaslight than it did by day when colored rays from the stainedglass skylight struggled in a losing battle against distance and dark wood.

In the lower hall Miss Phœbe paused before the high black walnut door that led to the drawing-room. "I'm going in here," she said.

"What for?" inquired Miss Katherine, surprised. No one ever went into the drawing-room.

"To think about my funeral!" replied her sister bitterly, and she left Miss Katherine staring after her with an expression which, on a less high-bred face, might readily have been termed vacancy.

When she had closed the door behind



From a drawing by George Wright.

There ensued a long conversation in which Miss Phoebe was first Lord Cecil and then the heroine.—Page 145.



"Do you write?" queried Miss Phoebe, surprised into speech. . . . "Lady,"

her, Miss Phœbe leaned against it rebelliously. It was dark in that room and cold. As she well knew, every effort to heat that vast house by means of rumbling furnaces had been long since abandoned. After a moment she fumbled her way along the wall to a gas-jet that consented to function—she had brought several matches in case the first one refused to work. She would have liked to light all the fixtures, the crystal chandeliers, the prismed wall-lights; she would have liked to have had fires laid in the enormous fireplaces under chilly marble mantels; she would have liked to restore that old room for one evening to something of the festive splendor which it had certainly possessed on that long-gone night—just how many years before the Spanish War she seldom cared to remember—when old Judge Lampson had presented his youngest daughter, Phœbe, to a by-no-means dazzled society.

It was in this room, too, that Miss Phœbe had quarrelled with her one and only suitor, had ordered him nobly from her presence as befitted the granddaughter of a general. She had meant for him to crawl back and beg forgiveness, but he had taken her at her word, had stayed away, and finally married another. Against those rose-pink panels Miss Katherine Lampson had become the supposedly reluctant bride of the former Mr. Duffy, and in the self-same spot, after an indecently short period, a funeral service had been said over the body of Mr. Duffy. And now there would be three funerals in that room, nothing more! If she lit it up, Miss Matilda would ask questions. She feared Matilda's questions and the remarks of Sister Katherine. Turning out



expostulated her companion indignantly, "I'm a burglar!"-Page 147.

library.

It seems extremely doubtful if the three ladies would have dined together so calmly had they had the slightest foreboding of what was to transpire before morning. Great moments arrive quietly, so quietly that, though the stage is set and the ention that we realize how inevitably we ourselves prepared the inexorable dénouement. If people had ever known all the facts, they might have said that if Wilbur had not had that nocturnal engagement—that unfortunate engagement which he was never properly to explain to the satisfaction of Miss Matilda-he would not have forgotten to lock that small rear door, and that if Wilbur had locked that small rear door the whole affair would have been avoided: but then,

the light, she sought the open fire in the if Wilbur's engagement had not been just the sort of an engagement causing him to return home in that darkest hour preceding dawn, he might never have discovered that self-same door standing so suggestively wide open. Certainly, if Wilbur could have foreseen all that was to be revealed by his indiscretion concerning that trances arranged, it is only in retrospec- door, he would by all means have quickly closed it and gone quietly about his business—a business obviously his own. But no, Wilbur's participation in the impossible disclosures of that night of nights, destined to provoke such wide-spread comment, was as inalterably fixed in its necessity by the nature of hidden sin as Miss Phœbe's lifelong terror was the incomparable magnet which drew to her the realization of what a psychologist might interpret as a lifetime of desire.

At all events, dinner was served just as

usual, with a great show of plated silver the real silver was at the bank where for the last thirty years, except for a brief period coincident with the residence of Mr. Duffy, it had been stored in perfect safety.

"I'm thinking of bringing home the silver," remarked Miss Matilda for the thousandth time as she picked up her soup-spoon. "I don't see that it's doing

any one any good where it is."

"Grandfather's silver!" exclaimed Miss Phœbe, as usual, aghast at the proposal; she would as soon have championed bring-

ing home the family jewels.

"We can store it in Phœbe's room," suggested Miss Katherine, not without malice. "She keeps a light burning all night."

"And the gas-bill goes up and up,"

mourned Miss Matilda.

"I keep it for writing," maintained Miss Phœbe with asperity. "When I wake up in the night with a thought, I want to put it down."

"I wonder why Phœbe keeps on writing"—Miss Katherine pretended to address Matilda—"she never sells any-

thing!"

If it were possible for a lady to snort, one might say that Miss Phœbe did so. "Editors," she snapped, "are not hospitable to ideas; they wouldn't know the truth if they met it, and even if it were pointed out to them, they'd be afraid to print it!"

"But, Phoebe"—Miss Katherine egged her on, as usual—"if that's the case, why

send them your stuff?"

Miss Phœbe regarded her with scorn. "Of course, Katherine," she explained patiently, "there's always the possibility that one of my stories may reach an intelligent person—among all the editors there must be one such."

"It wouldn't seem so!" jeered Miss

Katherine.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised if *The Ladies' Home Journal* took this new-story." Miss Phœbe lowered her voice confidentially. "That is—if I soften it down a little."

"It's about time."

Miss Matilda sought to change the subject, though her choice of topic was perhaps unwise. "By the way, Phœbe, I found out about that man you thought followed you the other night."

"He did follow me," corrected Miss Phœbe. "He followed me all the way from the Boulevard!"

"Yes, Mrs. Webster told me about it; it was Mr. Webster! He thought he recognized you when he got off the car and intended to catch up with you and see you home for fear you might be nervous in the dark. She said he told her that he only realized he'd frightened you when you began to run, and that he tried to call to you, but when you ran up that drive he wasn't sure but that he had made a mistake."

At the memory of those awful moments cringing among the bushes, Miss Phœbe's anger rose. "How was I to know what his intentions were? His actions were certainly suspicious!" she cried in a tone

that annihilated Mr. Webster.

The talk veered to other topics. Miss Matilda inquired about Miss Phœbe's afternoon. Miss Phœbe recounted the conversation at the meeting. "Mrs. Cartwright said that there was no keeping men in pajamas and that Mr. Cartwright always wore out the bottoms before the tops, and Mrs. Beamis said that that was funny, because Mr. Beamis always wore out the tops of his before the bottoms." She turned to Miss Katherine. "Why do you suppose that is?"

Miss Katherine buttered a piece of bread carefully before replying. "That is something," she said at last, "that you, Phebe, can hardly be expected to un-

derstand."

Miss Matilda laid down the carvingknife abruptly. "As I remember it," she said sharply, peering at Miss Katherine above her glasses, "Henry wore nightshirts!"

"As you remember it?" Miss Katherine almost shricked.

"Good Lord, Katherine"—Miss Matilda grew quite indignant—"you don't think I've superintended the washing in this house for thirty years without reasonable conclusions?" There were times when even for Miss Katherine there was no arguing with Miss Matilda. One cannot but wonder, however, what would have been the sensations of Mr. Beamis and Mr. Cartwright had they been able to interpret the side looks of certain ladies upon the next occasion of meeting.

"I've told Wilbur to keep up the fire

in your room, Phœbe," remarked Miss life be spared. Certainly a number of Matilda as they rose from the table, "and to leave plenty of coal in case you work late."

"Thank you. . . . I may," replied Miss Phœbe, who was always running

out of coal about midnight.

As she sat writing some hours later she was indeed sincerely grateful for the companionship of the blazing fire. She was having some trouble with her story, though it was a fascinating story—all about a little prostitute thrust by fate and various men into a life of terrible sin. Miss Phæbe chewed on the end of her pencil and regarded the fire. This was the point in the story where the hero must discover the innate purity of the heroine. If only she could get inside him, identify herself with him, discover what he would feel, say, do! There had been no difficulty about the heroine.

After a while she wrote: "Languidly Lord Cecil crossed to the fireplace." (Should she describe the fireplace? She decided it would be an interruption.) "He was wearing pajamas of heliotropehis favorite color—the firelight turned them to rose." That was good as giving the sensibility of the hero! But he would have to say something soon! She had already described the maiden crouching beside a chair-and all the maiden's maidenly sensations. The Ladies' Home

Journal would like that part!

Next she wrote: "Lord Cecil always wore out the tops of his pajamas before the bottoms." But that didn't seem to hitch on! Crossing it out, she wrote: "The tops of Lord Cecil's pajamas showed signs of wear; he always wore out the tops before the bottoms." That was better! Miss Phœbe meditated—it is impossible to know her thoughts. After some minutes she drew a line through the word tops and wrote bottoms above it. That meant change the other part! She did so. She was beginning to feel tired; perhaps she had better get into bed-wait for inspiration.

She must have slept, although her intention had been merely to relax for a very few minutes. Perhaps a merciful God decreed that she escape the sight of that slowly twisting door-knob, of that gradually opening door, in order that her hours had elapsed since she had so carefully turned low the light, when a burly figure stole into the room-a muscular and sinister figure that slipped with stealthy economy of movement from one shadow to another. A tiny flash-light played over tops of stands and tables-a glowing circle no bigger than a dollar—it found the dresser and descended to the locked top drawer.

There must have been some sound. At all events, Miss Phœbe stirred in her sleep, and the intruder slipped behind the heavy curtains that concealed the deep embrasure of a window. Miss Phoebe sighed, tossed about for a few minutes, and finally awoke. She decided to get up, to continue with her story. Rising, she turned up the light, and after some difficulty succeeded in resuscitating the almost extinct grate fire. Then she sat

down to write.

Now Miss Phœbe's genius was genius of the kind that thrives upon external impression. She found it a great help to hear the words spoken by her characters. even to act out the parts, to assume the positions, to identify herself with them completely, as she would herself have put Probably unacquainted with this characterization of writers in general, the gentleman behind the curtain was doubtless no little nonplussed at what seemed to be going on in the room. At first Miss Phœbe's utterances were limited to hums and ahs; but as the creative urge grew stronger she let fall whole words, phrases, and at last whole sentences. Presently she rose, flung herself beside a chair, and "became the heroine." The confession of that heroine, given with sobs and the utmost realism, was enough to astound just anybody. The curtains were parted a tiny fraction and an amazed black eye peered into the room.

Having worked into the scene, Miss Phœbe became Lord Cecil. She strode up and down with a manly tread. "It is the price you pay," she cried, "the price

all women pay, must pay."
"Oh, Lord Cecil, don't say that!" im-

plored the heroine.

There ensued a long conversation in which Miss Phoebe was first Lord Cecil and then the heroine. From time to time

VOL. LXXIX .-- 11

bled down important lines.

Little by little the window-curtains fell apart as the attention of the intruder became more and more engrossed, but the shadow of the curtain fell across him and concealed the interest with which he watched her every move. And now the heroine was struggling in the arms of the hero, being borne backward toward the waiting bed.

Suddenly Miss Phœbe stiffened, and a wave like a dash of icy water passed over her. Behind her she distinctly heard a voice, not at all Lord Cecil's voice, a very

different voice, that said:

"Say, how do you get that way?"

She clutched at the bedpost, and there was an awful stillness in that lofty room. At last she managed to turn around; there appeared to be no one else in the room. She sat down for support on the edge of the bed. Could it have been only her imagination? She peered about her; and then, all at once, she recoiled with horror into the centre of the bed; for there on one of the parted curtains she distinctly saw a hand—a great knotty hand that gripped the fabric. . . . When she opened her eyes, a man was coming toward her; hastily she closed them again and tightly.

Her well-laid plan for just this occasion -she had intended to call for Miss Matilda—became obviously out of the question. Miss Phæbe found that she could not lift her voice. Her other plan, involving the sword of General Lampson so carefully placed beside the bed, seemed equally impossible of execution, for Miss Phœbe knew that she could not wield it her body had become a poor weak thing, shaken with tremors, the most feared treachery in herself. Would he hear her heart? Would he have pity?

Now, in the invulnerable completeness of her despair, there yet remained one vulnerable heel. It seems purely accidental that the burglar hit upon it—the one sure method of restoring the lady to a show of reason—even granting that he had forgotten the motive of his call.

"Lady," he declared angrily, "you got it all wrong-all wrong!" With an accusing finger he pointed to the offending manuscript. "If you wants to write a story-and I take it yer does"-Miss Phœbe's eyes flew open and she stared at

she rushed to the table and hastily scrib- him in blank amazement—"why don't you pick somethin' you can understand?"

"Wha-at?" she quavered faintly. "Your dope," went on the burglar, "ain't possible. This here Lord Cecil and her, they ain't accordin' ter nature!"

Miss Lampson could not believe her ears. Then slowly up, up, through the waters of terror, gathering momentum all the way, there rose the pride of a lady authoress. Abruptly she sat erect in the bed.

"You don't know what you're talking

about!" she snapped.

The visitor regarded her with tolerant pity. "Humph," he grunted, and then he grinned a slow, bewildering grin—a grin that had a devastating effect upon the occupant of the bed, who began to edge backward away from him. The terrible trembling again came on her; she collapsed weakly among the pillows.

Her companion turned away, walked to the table, and picked up several sheets of

the manuscript.

And now the full horror of her position came home with a vengeance to the helpless victim, for there, exposed, upon a neighboring armchair lay her corset-not her newest corset either! If only she could stick it under the bed! Gathering all of her strength, with desperate cunning she made the effort. The bed creaked, the burglar turned and caught her in the act of reaching forth.

"Hey, you—you lay down!" he cried, recalled, it would seem, to the exigencies of the occasion. Miss Phœbe stared at him. "I told you to lay down!" This time there was a menace in the command. Miss Phœbe obeyed, but now there was anger mixed with her terror; never in her life had a man given her such a command; to her, the granddaughter of a general!

The man strode to the door and listened a moment, and when he returned to the foot of the bed he regarded his hostess in exasperation. For a moment or so he stood as though undecided. Then he spoke warningly: "You lay quiet, or I

won't stay!"

Miss Phœbe might have been seen attempting to moisten her dry lips with a parched tongue, but she succeeded in making no reply. Evidently the burglar took her silence in the nature of a promise, for, to his hostess's horror, he did an amazing thing. Carelessly, between a thumb and forefinger, he lifted the sacred corset—symbol of something or other to poor Miss Phœbe—and negligently, thoughtlessly, as though he didn't realize what it was he was touching, he deposited it absently upon the foot of the bed. He was drawing up the chair; he was actually sitting down!

Something particularly wild in her expression must have drawn his attention—perhaps he noted the tremors that were shaking the bed. "What's the matter with you?" he inquired not unkindly.

"You—you—" gasped the lady, but

she seemed unable to continue.

"I'm going to give you some good advice."

"Ad-ad-advice!" she managed to articulate slowly. It was dawning upon her that if only she could keep him talking—

"Yeah, advice. Advice about writin'."
"Do you write?" queried Miss
Phæbe, surprised into speech by the unexpectedness of the remark. Perhaps she
might yet be spared!

"Lady," expostulated her companion

indignantly, "I'm a burglar!"

"Yes! Of course!" She sought to obliterate her unfortunate mistake.

"Not but that I could write if I wanted to!" He hastened to set her mind at rest on this score.

"I'm sure you could!" gasped Miss Phœbe, eager to humor him, though her hope of being spared glimmered and went out.

"But comin' back to this girl in your story," pursued the other, "I don't suppose you ever knowed a—a——"

Miss Lampson bounded in the bed.

"Hey, you—you lay quiet like I told you!"

She attempted to look as though she didn't know him.

"I asked you if you ever knowed a—"
"Certainly not!" interrupted Miss

Phæbe quickly.

"You give her a wrong name, for one thing." The burglar examined the pages of the manuscript. "She'd ought to be named Pearl or Evelyn or some high-soundin' name."

This was more than even dignity could bear. "She is not an ordinary prostitute!" declared Miss Phœbe haughtily.

"No, she ain't!" chuckled the burglar. "She ain't one a-tall!"

With noble self-control she made no

"Whatever made you think you could write about one?"

The occupant of the bed remained silent.

"I asked you a question!"

"It is possible for one to learn, to know—intuitively—vicariously—" began Miss Phæbe, but the hopelessness of making this man understand seemed to cause her to break off.

"Humph!" scoffed the other.

"There are other resources than actual

personal experience!"

"Maybe. But if this is a sample of what you come out believin"—he waved the fatal manuscript at her—"I'll say you get mighty little *real* information!"

Miss Phœbe grew scarlet.

"And as for this—this here Lord Cecil—" He broke off as though there just weren't any words.

"Yes?" Her voice was ominously

quiet. "The hero."

"There's just everything wrong with him!"

"Yes?" But her tone was a trifle less assured.

"In the first place, lady, any guy what's favor-ite color am—am——"

"Heliotrope," she substituted for him. "Any guy what's favor-ite color am heliotrope, and what wears them kind of pajamas—well, lady, I'm atellin' you,

he ain't dangerous to no woman!"

"That's just it!" exclaimed Miss Phoebe, pushing herself higher among the pillows. "He is to overcome the atavistic thing! You see, he is to turn out to be the first who understands, the first real contact, the only sensitive man she has ever met!"

For a moment the burglar regarded her in perplexity. "Humph!" he said. "But if you wants folks to believe that it's a man, you'll have to do somethin' about them pajamas!"

Suddenly she blushed.

"Wha-what sort of pajamas should

they be?"

"I don't see what he needs with pajamas!"

Very nearly Miss Phœbe screamed. "Why does he have to have pajamas?"

"I—I thought it—it would be more—more delicate."

"Aw, let him have on his pants! Let

him have all the manhood you can give lion dollars would she herself have touched

"Oh." She breathed a sigh of relief.

"Particularly, if he's got to talk that way!"

"What's the matter with the way he talks?" There was a touch of asperity, of sharpness, in her voice.

"Everything he says is wrong!"

"How do you mean? Haven't I made him masterful, forceful, enough?"

"Lady," said the burglar earnestly, "there's one thing you women got to git out of your heads!"

"What?" belligerently.

"This here masterful-man stuff! My wife's the same way!" For a moment he was lost in introspection. "Though the way you women act is enough to put the thought inter any man's head!"

Miss Phœbe stared at him.

"But, lady, this here knock-down and drag-out stuff—it don't go! A man don't—" He broke off and jerked up his head to listen. Voices? Yes—and other noises! A door slammed. Running footsteps on the stairs. Some one calling: "Miss Matilda! Miss Matilda!"

With a single quick movement he was at the window, had jerked open the shutters, was peering out. He started back with an exclamation of dismay: "Good Lord, it's gettin' light!" The hubbub in the house was all the time increasing. The burglar flung up the window.

"Don't!" screamed Miss Phœbe. "You'll kill yourself!" She was out of

bed now, hurrying toward him.

After a hasty glance at the ground below, which, as Miss Phœbe knew, was very far below indeed, he drew in his head, turned, and started for the door. "Wait!" cried Miss Phœbe, catching his arm, clinging to him. "Matilda'll shoot you; she has a pistol!"

"No, she ain't," growled the intruder, attempting to shake her off. "I took it."

A police whistle sounded below. "If you'll only wait, I'll help you!" He regarded her with suspicion. "Honest?"

"Honest!" She was panting with exertion. "But you can't take Matilda's pistol!"

He pulled it from his pocket. "Ain't

loaded."

"Put it on the table!" Not for a mil- mounted to her room and closed the door.

it. "Did you take anything else?"

"Nothin' worth takin'!"

"You light that candle!" ordered Miss Phœbe, the details of her plan maturing rapidly, "while I get ready." She found her other slipper and reached for a trailing garment. "Now, give me the candle!"

And thus it happened that the little group congregated under the single gasjet at the farther end of the upper hall beheld in amazement Miss Phœbe's bedroom door swing open and Miss Phœbe appear with a lighted taper, followed by nothing less than a man. Miss Katherine dropped her dangerous poker, Miss Matilda's scissors clattered wildly to the floor, and Annie, the cook, almost cut herself on the open razor, the weapon which she clutched in a nervous hand. Awestruck, speechless, they followed at a respectful distance, groping their way down the pitch-dark stairs.

In the lower hall stood trembling Wilbur, beside him a towering policeman, who at sight of Miss Phœbe's stalwart young companion stepped quickly forward to do his part. But she waved him back with superb assurance. "A friend of mine!" she boldly declared. And she led the way to the great front doorway, swinging wide

the door for her guest to pass.

And then, against the pallid light of morning that lay white and mysterious beyond the sill, the burglar did a remarkable thing. Stooping quickly he blew out the candle, then he put one huge arm around Miss Phœbe's slender waist, drawing her to him in a tremendous hug, and the kiss that he planted on her narrow lips was a broad warm kiss that left her gasping; then, turning, he was gone into the dawn.

Reeling a little, she stood looking after him, until quite sure that he was safe beyond the fence, then, sighing a little, she turned most slowly, and with unseeing eyes traversed the gloomy hall—proudly, like a queen from her coronation-past a snickering policeman, past wild-eyed Wilbur and pale Matilda, past the bride of Henry Duffy and dazed old Annie with her razor. Never a word of explanation, never so much as a single glance, trailing her floating robes about her, a stillsmoking taper in her hand, Miss Phœbe Lampson, the last of all the Lampsons,

"More Dutch Than New York"

BY EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER



URING those years which Mrs. Wharton has depicted as New York's "Age of Innocence," Albany, in her remoteness from the centres of fashion and intellect, might have

been supposed to be even less sophisticated-a small city, moreover, and the haunt of rural legislators. Her customs were indeed simple, yet she was perhaps not so much in an age of innocence as of The difference lay, I should think, in her attitude toward her simplicities: for while New York was breaking away from the circumscribed limits of her provincialism, the old Dutch town, more Dutch than New York had been for many a generation and yet, in Revolutionary times, more American, remained, like a wise old grande dame, with intention and to her entire satisfaction, serenely enthroned in her fortress of tradition. was just then, during the few years after the Civil War, when she was conserving the old ways, some of them peculiar to herself, some of them held in common with her contemporaries but which her contemporaries were abandoning, that she was unique and choice.

Mrs. Welland, in Mrs. Wharton's book, declares that it is foolish to try to entertain distinguished foreigners, since, as she says: "They think we dine at two o'clock and countenance divorce. . . . They accept our hospitality and then go home and repeat the same stupid stories." Albany did actually dine at two o'clock, and when the distinguished foreigner came he must adjust himself to her customs. What he might say about it when he got home she didn't care, any more than he cared what the American who visited him in England or elsewhere might think or say of him. I remember one eminent Englishman who in his stay there found

not mattering so much as precisely that attitude of composure. He remarked that the town was unique in his experience of America.

To the eighteen-year old girl, coming to spend her first winter in society in the capital of the State, it seemed a curious place and tremendously interesting and amusing; and not in the least because it was the capital. It was not my father's position as head of the Banking Department of the State that gave us our entrée into society, but his Dutch name. The only person who was in society by virtue of his office was the Governor, and Albany, like other old capitals, knew very well how to keep him and his family on a formal and ex-officio footing if he had no other than an ex-officio claim to social standing.

We did not have a house, which I have always regretted. The hotels were at that time unattractive and we lived at the large and well-known boarding-house kept by a stately old lady, the daughter of a man who had been known as Prince Knickerbacker of Schaghticoke, a member of that branch of the family who spelled their name with an a instead of an o in the third syllable. He gained his appellation by his truly princely hospitality. Far and wide that hospitality was known, in the days when guests came driving up in their carriages, whole families of them, with their men servants and their maid servants; when food was barbaric in its abundance and wines and liquors were bought by the hogshead. It cost him his patrimony. Starting in life as a rich man he left no property and his family were

What he might say about it when he got home she didn't care, any more than he cared what the American who visited him in England or elsewhere might think or say of him. I remember one eminent Englishman who in his stay there found himself more at home than in any other city of the United States; the dinner-hour

Our landlady was one of the proudest of women. Shortly before our arrival her daughter had married a man of substance, and in the course of the winter she came mother's indignation, some handsome new clothes. "I consider it a disgrace and a humiliation," said the proud old lady.

"I strained every nerve—every nerve—to provide her with all that she would need. It is disgraceful to accept any article of clothing from a husband during the first year of marriage." I can still see her fine worn old face flush as she spoke.

Winter life in the little city was lively, although there was not much entertainment in the way of theatres and concerts, and almost never an opera. People had to depend on each other for their amusement, and they rose to the necessity val-

iantly.

In its outdoor aspect Albany lives in my memory as a place of extraordinary light and brightness, with an inspiriting air of festivity. From December to March the snow never melted and, except when more snow was falling, the sun seemed to be always shining. The glittering whiteness, the icy hilly streets, the snapping cold, all combined to produce a feeling of exhilaration-when one was eighteen. All up and down the steep streets there was the blithest confusion; sleighs of all sorts, bells jingling everywhere, foot passengers toiling up and sliding down the slippery pavements, icicles dripping here and there under the midday sun, sleighs skidding violently around the corners and people jumping wildly to get out of their way. Dominating all the rest, between the hours of twelve and two, were the big sleighs carrying the ladies of Albany on their daily business of paying formal visits.

All these women of society, and here and there a man, seemed, at first glance, to spend most of their time in social functions, but as it was still, in America, an age of domesticity, one may suppose that the mistress of the house got up early of a morning. The afternoon, too, afforded a quiet time when one might read or sew or visit one's friends informally. But from twelve to two the bright streets were gay with the big open sleighs drawn by fine horses and furnished with sumptuous fur robes, a particularly fine one with three bushy tails always hanging out over the back. The coachman, too, was impressive in furs, of which, indeed, he had need. The occupants of the sleighs wore black velvet and ermine, with only occasional sable and mink, with small round muffs, in which they warmed the hands encased

in tight-fitting light-colored glacé kid gloves, and dashing little bonnets of white, pink, or pale-blue velvet. Even the black bonnets of the dowagers were almost as gay, with their plumes and jet. When the ladies alighted you saw that under the velvet coats they wore silk gowns, blue, green, wine-colored, black, all supported by the bell-shaped hoop skirts.

Everybody had reception days. You stayed at home one morning in the week for your own reception, and you went to church on Sunday, principally to St. Peter's or to the North Dutch Church. On the other five days you were apt to be out in a big sleigh, with your light velvet bonnet on your head, catching up with your visiting-list. You met a great many people at most of the houses and were offered tiny cups of chocolate and little cakes. The first reception day after any one had given a ball was called the party reception and all the world was there, men and women; quite like an afternoon tea. Only they didn't have teas.

Mothers and daughters paid visits together during these formal hours. Later in the day the girls and boys got their innings. They walked and skated together, and in the evening danced at somebody's house, or went to the theatre if there was anything worth while, or to a concert or what-not. On Sunday evenings they were even known to go to church together. Many of the young men seemed to have plenty of time.

Of the houses that one visited I remember those on Elk Street and on State Street, going on far up the hill, above the Capitol; and best of all I remember the row of solid old mansions on Washington Avenue, each one set back from the street and well apart from its neighbors on either side. Usually in each of the big houses there was one ball during the winter. Only one of them, if I remember correctly, had a ballroom, but the double parlors were very spacious and the floors were "crashed" to the satisfaction of everybody. Women sprinkled "diamond powder" on their hair in those days, and how those white floors glittered as the dancing went on! One heard direful stories of musicians whose lungs were fatally injured by inhaling that sharp

dust, but the powder continued to be tain old gentleman who felt himself enused until it went out of fashion.

There were New Year calls in Albany long after New York grew too big for them, and plenty of punch and wine; also coffee and, among other things, pickled ovsters. The traditional ole koek (pronounced oly koke) was not often seen, but New Year cakes were still on hand, stamped on the tops in designs of birds and flowers with the same stamps which had been brought from Holland by the first bakers. I dare say that their successors still own them and that to this day New Year cakes are made.

Society in Albany was still dominated by the old Dutch families, and they guarded their boundaries as closely as, for instance, the old families of Boston, Philadelphia, or Charleston. Yet, as I remember, there was no appearance of arrogance or intolerance. The Dutch have never been intolerant. From their first arrival in America they got on far better with the Indians than the New Englanders were ever able to do. They even got on with the English Puritans themselves when the latter sought asylum in the Netherlands; and every one knows that the English Puritans were not easy to get on with. No, I think it was not any illnatured intolerance that made the Albany families so exclusive socially, but a placid and amiable avoidance of people who were not to their taste, or whom they fancied they were not going to care for. Of course, they were often the losers by their exclusiveness, but life within their boundaries was serene and agreeable and However, from time to quite simple. time some outsiders got inside the citadel and became firmly entrenched in the affections of the old guard. Others were admitted to some houses and on some occasions; still others were "faint yet pursuing."

I remember one witty old lady, a person of wealth and social prominence, who had come to Albany with her husband many years before from New England, where they had felt themselves to be as good as the best. For a time it had seemed doubtful whether they were to be admitted to the inner circle of the elect. A moderate amount of recognition was accorded them, in public and in private life, fine and genand in the course of time they met a cer- erous and well beloved. He was always

titled to pass final judgment on the merits of social aspirants. He conveyed his decisions by his manner of shaking hands. To those whom he favored he gave his hand frankly. To those whom he rated as not quite eligible he offered two fingers. The lady had been forewarned and when she saw the two fingers coming toward her she casually gave him her little finger. Society laughed and opened its doors to

Not all social aspirants were from outside, for of course there were Dutch and Dutch, although nowadays many people seem to think that one Dutch name means the same as another; like the popular idea of Mayflower descendants. In any case, the outsiders who got in usually had some money, because all over the world it is easier to make yourself known if you can spend money. But if you belonged inside you could go anywhere without it, just as you can in other old cities. I remember one girl who danced every dance all winter long in the same inexpensive frock, and there was an older woman who wore the same brown moire to every festivity as

long as I knew her.

Naturally the Van Rensselaers of the Manor House were considered to be at the head of society, but at that time they were in mourning, and conventional mourning was a thorough-going matter and lasted a long time. The Manor House was a little out of town, but no longer dominated an estate of twenty-four by forty-eight miles. Railroads and lumberyards pressed up close to its gates; the result of the division of the land among many heirs and of subsequent sales. In spite of its depressing surroundings the old house kept its dignity of appearance -a wide, spacious brick mansion. At that time the family living in the house was small, although it comprised three generations. Old Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer, the last of the Stephens to live in the house, was called "the Patroon" by the elder people among the Dutch fam-His father, however, the third ilies. Stephen, was known as "the last Patroon." He was an eminent citizen whose public services were notable and who was, called Patroon, but even with him it was only a title of courtesy. The last real Patroon, or Lord of the Manor, as the title ran after New Netherland became New York, was his father, the second Stephen, third Lord of the Manor and eighth Patroon. During the third Stephen's minority the Revolution brought changes. Lordships and manors were abolished and the Patroon no longer administered justice, appointed civil and military officers and clergymen, or required the colonists of Rensselaerwyck to take an oath of allegiance. In short, he ceased to be a feudal lord. But up to the eighteen-sixties and early seventies the old families were very loyal and not only spoke of old Mr. Van Rensselaer as the Patroon, but in some cases even seemed to regard his son as a sort of semi-royal personage. I shall not forget the tone in which one old lady alluded to the young man as "our Eugene."

The Manor House still exists, but not in its old place. It was sold and was then taken down and set up in Williamstown, Mass., where it is used as the chapter house of a college fraternity. The Mecca of the pilgrim to old Albany is the house which General Philip Schuyler built for himself and which now belongs to the

State.

There were two other old Van Rensselaer mansions across the river at Greenbush. I visited one of them with my aunt, who was a friend of the family. A very interesting paper on this house and its history, published some years ago, revived my romantic recollection of that visit. The approach to the house was not impressive, at least in winter, although I was greatly impressed on being told that the bricks of which it was built had been brought from Holland. We drove across the river on the ice, and along the riverbank on the snow-covered country road, not much travelled at that season, to the square red house, which, deprived of its summer surroundings of verdure, looked bleak and lonely. But that impression was forgotten when the heavy old door was opened to us and we were admitted. I was entranced with the large drawingroom with its extraordinarily low ceiling and all the interesting things in it. An Angelica Kauffmann hung on the wall between the two front windows. An unpleasant subject, but somehow not repellent; a little girl, perhaps twelve years old, dead, and dressed for her burial in the white habit of a nun. The picture added to the somewhat melancholy spell of the house.

We sat for a while with the family—Dr. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, a tall spare old gentleman, his wife, and daughter-in-law. The elder people seemed to me incredibly and mysteriously old and remote. They were very polite and gentle, but not, I thought, interested in us; perhaps not much interested in anything. Almost as mysterious was the beautiful daughter-inlaw, the wife of a son who had recently died. She had marvellous bright golden hair, with here and there a premature touch of white. Her hair and her fair face were thrown into strong relief by her severe widow's dress. She spoke of her boy. but I had no wish to see him. It seemed to me that anything so modern as a boy would spoil the picture.

I never saw any of them again and have always retained that vision of the large, low-ceiled room, with the pathetic picture hanging on the wall, the ancient gentleman and gentlewoman and the beautiful golden-haired daughter-in-law. was only much later that I reflected how cruelly bored she must have been, living in that cold, sad house, surrounded by snow-covered fields, with the broad, dreary, frozen river in front, the picture of the little dead girl constantly before her eyes, and only the two old people and the boy for her daily companions. Not but what I pitied her at the time—because she had lost her husband. The rest was only a

picture.

One of the interesting institutions of Albany was the old North Dutch Church, even though this building was only a successor to the original one with the coats of arms of its founders in the windows. The minister preached long, dull sermons, but one needn't listen to them. One could look discreetly at the people in the pews. They owned their pews then, and once I heard some one say they liked to feel that they owned the ground they were on, down to the middle of the earth.

The Manor House family sat, naturally, in one of the pews far up toward the front and came every Sunday morning just at the last minute before the service

began-old Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer and their son Eugene and his wife. She was young and slender then and was unbecomingly swathed in an India shawl of the largest size, an enormously long shawl folded square and then folded again cornerwise. Years and years after, when I happened to tell her how I used to watch them come into church, she told me how she hated that shawl, but had to wear it because it was a wedding gift from her mother-in-law. Life in the Manor House at that time must have been dull, though dignified.

All around us in the church were other people whom we knew, but among those whom I didn't know and never heard of until some years later there were two who would have interested me immensely. That was the age of dutiful daughters and patient lovers. In this case, after the daughter had said ves, the father said no: said it with decision and never relented. The young man was never to enter his house again. The daughter obeyed; the lover was faithful; but one privilege he took. There was a Sunday evening service in the church and a Friday evening prayer-meeting. The three of them attended these services regularly, and always when the father and daughter started to walk home together the lover placed himself on the other side of his lady-love and the three walked abreast to the door of her father's house. What they talked about, or whether they talked at all, I don't know.

Year followed year. The father obstinately lived to an enormous age. For twenty-nine years they continued to walk home together and that was said to be all that the lovers saw of each other. At long last the old father died. The elderly lovers waited a short time for decency having been so superlatively decent all their lives—and then they married. They must have been approaching the end of their long probation at the time when I was gazing about me in their church. I hope they lived to a good old age.

There was one quaint custom in that church which struck me as extremely unpleasant. It was the manner in which they observed the celebration of the Lord's Supper. When you entered the church for the morning service on Communion Sunday, you found a long table and was a man of substance then, but

running the whole length of the middle aisle and covered with a white cloth Narrow benches without backs were on each side, leaving just enough space for people to get into and out of their pews. In front of the pulpit a crosswise table joined the long one, it too with its white cloth, and long benches behind it, so that the minister, in his Geneva gown and white bands, with his elders and deacons on each side of him, sat facing the congregation. After the sermon, when the communion service was about to begin, the communicants left their pews and, sidling to the nearest opening between the benches, sat down facing the people who had left their pews on the opposite side. The dignified and austere service was read and the plates and cups, beginning with the minister and going on to the elders and deacons, were passed down the tables from hand to hand. It was impossible to assume a devotional attitude until the retreat of the pew had been regained. The final ceremony before leaving the table was for each person to shove some money under the cloth. The amount rested with their consciences or their means and was supposed to be known only to God. The deacons who gathered it up may have made some guesses from the propinguity to the various pews.

There were, too, some curious funeral customs. I remember at the death of an old Mr. Van Rensselaer (known to his friends as Johnny), my father received an invitation to the funeral. It was engraved on smooth, shiny white paper and on the flap of the envelope was an embossed coffin. This, to be sure, was a trifle less ghastly than an invitation that my brother, a young army officer, saw a few years later in Arizona. That, too, was stylishly engraved and invited the recipient to a hanging.

I attended what I suppose was one of the last of the old-fashioned funerals where the pall-bearers wore sashes or scarfs of very fine white linen. The sash, with the gloves, was a gift, and originally was supposed to be just the right quantity to make a shirt. A relative of the family came to my mother with samples of linen to ask if she thought it quite fine enough. It was the best that Crapo had. Crapo owned the best dry-goods store in the city

many years before he had been tossed ashore from a wreck on the Maine coast, a nameless baby, the only survivor from a French ship. The people who brought him up named him Johnny Crapaud.

This was the funeral of old Mr. Jacob He was more Scotch than Sanders. Dutch, but his wife and other connections were Dutch. He had been ill for so many years of "old-fashioned consumption" and so often at death's door that every one was surprised when he died. Usually when his doctor had given him up he had risen from his bed and taken a trip to Scotia, a place near Albany, where he had large landed interests. But now, both lungs being entirely gone, he had been obliged to stop breathing and was given a funeral with all the old observances. No. not all. There was no hogshead of Madeira provided. But that custom must have ceased a century or two before, so its omission showed no disrespect. My father was one of the pall-bearers and my mother and I were invited to be present. I didn't like funerals any better than other girls of eighteen, but was in the end very glad not to have missed this one.

The services were in the house and the guests sat in the front parlor in rows of chairs facing the next room. The house was all in semi-darkness. In the middle room, placed lengthwise, was the coffin, and beyond it, facing us, were the relatives. In front was the widow, covered from head to foot with crêpe, and beside her sat the young son, born when his father was an old man and his mother a middle-aged woman. At the head of the coffin stood the minister in his gown and bands. Standing along each side of the coffin and facing it, were the pall-bearers, four on each side, in black frock coats and shiny black kid gloves, with the broad white sashes diagonally across their chests, fastened on the hip with a black ribbon rosette, the linen hanging down about as far as the knees. On the outskirts hovered the two or three undertakers, each with a short white linen scarf around his left arm. (I guessed that theirs would only make the bosom and cuffs of a shirt.) In the obscurity of the room it was a striking and ghastly tableau.

When the decorous service was over sure in thinking of that spirit, and fand there was a busy coming and going of unthat it is the only thing I should recognized dertakers, the broad ends of white on their in the Albany of the twentieth century.

arms fluttering like little wings. One of the pall-bearers started to go out of the door too soon and was ordered back in a loud and anxious whisper. It was an important occasion for the undertakers, and doubtless they were sorry that there could not have been a rehearsal, as at a wedding.

The weddings were not as archaic as the funerals. The brides evidently wanted to be up with the times, so wedding gown and veil, bridesmaids and groomsmen, were such as one would see anywhere. Indeed, in other ways changes were creeping in. A few families were dining as late as six o'clock. They were "outsiders" in the sense of not being of the old Dutch families, but otherwise they were thoroughly a part of the exclusive Albany society, and since they entertained largely they had some influence on social customs. With the advent of late dinners the old supper-parties were going out of style. At the last one of those that I attended we were invited at half-past six and at that hour tea and little rolls and cakes were passed on trays. Conversation then prevailed for a couple of hours, when the doors of the dining-room were opened and we were conducted out to a most lavish and elaborate supper, which we ate at little tables. The first time I went to a supper I was dismayed by the early collation, thinking it was all we were to get. I selected the fattest roll and largest piece of cake I could see and afterward deeply regretted that waste of a very good appetite.

I have not been in Albany for very many years. The other day I met a woman who lives there and asked her what it was like now, and whether there were any left of the old families. She answered with considerable vivacity that the old Dutch were extremely satisfied with themselves and that it had taken about a hundred and fifty first-class funerals to make the place fit to live in. From which I judge that the aristocracy of Albany is both changed and unchanged; changed to the extent of its losses by death; unchanged in the serene and indomitable spirit with which it closes its ranks and presents an unbroken front to alien social aspirants. I take some pleasure in thinking of that spirit, and fancy that it is the only thing I should recognize

The Mysterious I. Q.

BY HARLAN C. HINES

Author of "Measuring Intelligence," etc.

I



URING the past few years there has grown up in America a strong tendency to card-index every man, woman, and child. It has been a familiar movement in business and

industrial enterprises for some time, but more recently it has found a place in our

schools.

It is difficult to tell where such a movement started. Perhaps it was a natural outgrowth of the mechanical age in which we live. Perhaps it received momentum from the great increase in population, making increase in amount and quality of production highly essential. Or perhaps it was merely the next logical step following man's success in controlling the powers of nature. From whatever sources it may have come or from whatever causes, there are evidences of it everywhere. The installation of time clocks, pay-as-you-enter cars, motion-picture censorship, the line that forms on the right, and the Eighteenth Amendment are all examples of the American tendency to standardize every activity and interest.

In the schools, where the movement has had its greatest effect, the interest in the standardization of training has made it seem necessary to measure the intelligence of the children. Since the schools are dealing with the big problem of creating constructive thought, it is important to know how much intelligence each child has, so that teachers may build on from there and thus permit the child to attain

its highest possibilities.

The introduction of such a scheme, however, has not been as easy as it would seem. Psychologists and teachers, who have been promoting the measurement of intelligence, have met with much opposition, no little of which has come from

parents. In spite of some conclusions to the contrary, parents are still interested in the welfare of their children. Nature has seen to it that there is in the parent not only a desire to protect the child and give it advantages but a feeling that perhaps the child has the edge on all other children in matters that require intelligent behavior. Then, too, even though a person sometimes may deride his own intellectual abilities, he is averse to having the other fellow do it for him. And perhaps he is a little more sensitive to attacks upon those dear to him than he is to

attacks directed against himself.

Therefore it is not surprising that specialists and teachers, as a result of their attempts to measure intelligence, have thrown themselves open to much criticism, not to say calumny, as has been witnessed in such determined outbursts as those coming from representative organizations in Chicago, Los Angeles, and Washington. If I should say to you, "Your child is not well," you might feel concerned but not particularly aggravated by my remarks. However, if I should say to you, "Your child is shy on sense," your coat would be off, either figuratively or literally, and you would be bent on showing me that such a strong parent could not have such a foolish offspring.

Practically the same condition has obtained wherever intelligence-testing has been undertaken. Although from time to time there have been many attacks by individuals, until recently the larger cities had not been the scene of much strife, due doubtless to the fact that the parents are not very familiar with the activities of the schools. The smaller towns, however, where everybody knows everybody else, including the teachers, have been the locale of many a conflict.

I recall a case that represents the method of individual attack. One day, while serving as psychological clinician for the public schools of a large city, a mother, as the result of an order, brought in her eight-year-old son to have him tested for feeble-mindedness. In the old days one look at the child would have been sufficient to classify him as subnormal. But a science of testing has been developed that tends to preclude snap judgments and, in so far as possible, impersonalizes each case.

Before she was well seated the mother began a spirited defense of the boy. She was there to convince me that nothing I could say would ever lead her to believe that her son possibly could be below average in intelligence. The lad could not tell his age, his first or last name, where he lived, the name of his school, his grade in school, the name of his teacher, the time of day, the day of the week, and such kindred answers as are always required as an introduction to the examination. He failed on all the simple tests, even though his mother insisted upon trying to help him over the barriers.

I tried to be tactful and refrained from informing the mother of the exact findings, but I recommended later that the boy be transferred from his regular class to a special class where, if possible, his learning difficulties might be adjusted. The mother was furious and still unconvinced. She returned to my office, berated me in no uncertain terms, appealed to higher authorities, and, getting no satisfaction, finally departed from the city to some place where she felt her child might be treated like other children.

Now all this difficulty and discussion has arisen over that one question as to whether all children should be treated exactly alike or whether we should differentiate between them. Those who believe in democracy in education have contended that all children should have equality of opportunity or, in the words of one leading educator, should have "unlimited freedom to grow in intellectual power and grace, save for the limits the social order has already placed around them." Psychologists, or at least those who are dealing with the problem of inequity of opportunity that would "make the most of every child, the dull as well as the bright," by classifying them in certain working units where they might progress at a rate natural to them.

Nothing much has been said by or about the parents whose children have been labelled "extra fine" and put in a separate place in order that they would not be contaminated by those of the lower intellectual levels. Doubtless, there are thousands of persons in America who, when questioned about it, frown upon any attempt to single out their children as especially brilliant. Yet these same parents are loath to rush to the schoolhouse to register objection, for vanity is sometimes stronger than good judgment, and they settle down in comfortable chairs with the feeling that the teacher knows her business. They may even go so far as to invite the teacher up to dinner. Yet, if it is wrong to brand the child with a stamp of inferiority, it is also wrong to brand it with a stamp of superiority.

In visiting the principal of a very large high school, I learned that he had become very much interested in the results of the intelligence examinations given to his students. He had noted with great satisfaction the name of the boy who had made the highest score, and he said to me that, although he did not favor the publication of the marks for the various pupils, he would like to commend that particular boy personally.

I suggested that it was not only a dangerous practice but that he ran the risk of doing the boy a permanent injury. However, the boy was called in, told that he ranked highest on the test, and encouraged to continue the good work. At the end of the next term it was found that he had failed in three out of four subjects! Called before the principal again to explain the cause of his failure, he stated that before the intelligence tests were given he did not know how "good" he was and that after he learned that he was the brightest member of his class he felt that it was not necessary for him to study any more.

II

who are dealing with the problem of individual differences in children, favor an equity of opportunity that would "make the most of every child, the dull as well as the bright," by classifying them in cer-

was to have far-reaching consequences. In a revised form that scale has been given to more than two million American school children by many different examiners. As drawn up by Binet and Simon, it was used in separating the subnormal from the normal children in the public schools of France. It consisted of fifty-four tests designed to measure native, or inborn, intelligence—the tendency toward intelligent behavior that a child inherits from its parents.

Binet struck upon the idea of determining the mental age of the children who took the tests. It was not enough to know the actual age of the child; it must be shown how far he had progressed mentally. For instance, if a child performed on a test in such a way that the result was equal to the average for five-year-old children, he would be said to have a mental age of five years, no matter what his actual age might be. A five-year-old child, then, might have a mental age of seven, or a seven-year-old child a mental age of five.

In 1913 Professor Lewis M. Terman, a psychologist at Stanford University, in California, began a revision of the Binet scale for American use. He was not alone in this attempt, for there were other revisions by American psychologists, but the one by Terman, now known as the Stanford-Binet, has been used more widely than any other individual examination. Professor Terman, after trying out the scale repeatedly, subtracted some here, added some there, and distributed the tests to better advantage until he had included ninety tests, or thirty-six more than appeared in the original.

The Stanford-Binet is much too long and varied in its contents to be described briefly, but it is important to know that it is an individual intelligence examination, i. e., can be given to but one person at a time. It is said to be reliable up to a mental age of sixteen years. Tests for adults have been added, but these are not as yet sufficiently perfected to cause the older generations to view with alarm.

In testing American children by the Stanford-Binet, Professor Terman is said to have found out a number of very interesting things about intelligence. He concluded that there is no definite dividing line between those who are normal and those who are feeble-minded, or between the normal person and the genius. Among children who are grouped together without any selection, there are just as many children with high intelligence as there are with low intelligence. The old view, he says, that children do not differ mentally from one another to any marked extent until they reach the age of adolescence (approximately 11½ to 14½) has been discarded—six-year-olds differ from one another fully as much as do

fourteen-year-olds.

Seeing that a child's mental age had no significance if considered apart from his actual age, Professor Terman employed the intelligence quotient, or, as it is popularly known, the I. Q. The word "quotient," as used in arithmetic, it will be recalled, was the number indicating how often one number was contained in another. The intelligence quotient, as used in connection with the Stanford-Binet, is the number which shows the relation between the mental age and the actual age of a child. It is the result when the mental age is divided by the actual age. For instance, if a child of ten years has a mental age of ten years, his intelligence quotient is 10 divided by 10, or 1.00, and he would be said to be of normal intelligence for his age. For purposes of convenience the decimal is dropped and the quotient in such a case as that cited is written 100.

Professor Terman believes that the intelligence quotient resulting from the use of his scale remains relatively constant. That does not mean that a child does not grow more intelligent as he grows older, but that his intelligence is likely to continue to have the same relation to his actual age from year to year. The same children are being tested through several successive years to prove this contention.

III

THE real danger in the use of such a test as the Stanford-Binet in classifying and reclassifying school children lies in the fact that it may be hastily or carelessly given by persons who do not understand it perfectly. It requires from forty to fifty minutes to give it to a child of ten years of age, the exact number of minutes

depending upon the expertness of the person giving the test and the reactions of the child. Many teachers have grown quite enthusiastic over intelligence tests, and it stands to reason that some of them in their zeal will make errors. That these errors are frequently costly is witnessed

in many cases.

Perhaps there is more danger, however, in the indiscriminate use of the many group tests that have been improvised during the past six or seven years. The group test first made its appearance during the World War, having been devised to measure the intelligence of American soldiers. Just what this original group test succeeded in measuring has never been definitely agreed upon. In a recent book on the subject appears the statement that the average mental age for white drafted soldiers was thirteen years. Since the army was made up of young men from all walks in life, this figure led many psychologists to the conclusion that the typical white American has a mental age corresponding to the average child of thirteen years. This astounding disclosure has been made the basis of much jesting at the expense of the American pub-

Some points in connection with the army testing have been overlooked, however. When it is taken into account that the men who were selected to give the army tests were trained in various ways, that the tests were given under quite different conditions in different camps, seldom without interruption or disturbance, that there was usually no attempt to locate the men with impaired hearing or poor eyesight in order that they might be given an equal chance to make a good showing, that some soldiers came to the examining-room coached in what they would be expected to do, that others came in fear that they would be given a "brain test" they might not be able to pass, that still others came determined to make a poor showing in hope that they might be discharged from the army, that the papers were usually marked by men little interested in the task, that there were many errors and much inaccuracy in marking, that average scores reported to the Washington headquarters were computed by different methods, it will be seen that mental ages resulting from group testing could not be altogether reliable.

Even when tests of mental ability are not used it may easily be admitted that the average intelligence of white Americans may be in the neighborhood of that common to thirteen-year-old children. The typical thirteen-year-old child may be found in the eighth grade in school. Dropping out of school begins somewhat earlier than that, but that period is characterized as the one in which elimination may be expected. However, for each child who drops out of school during the four years preceding the eighth grade, doubtless there is one who goes on through high school. Consequently, so far as educational training is concerned, we might expect to find the average result of such training centred in thirteen-year-old chil-

The claim that as a nation we are no higher than a thirteen-year mental age can be better understood when it is acknowledged that the tests given to soldiers and those now being given to groups of school children are really tests of school training. To illustrate, the typical group test is made up of one test for carrying out directions, one composed of reasoning problems, one on the ways in which two words are alike or different, one on analogies, such as "a hat is to your head as a shoe is to your ---," and one on items of general information usually selected from among those the well-trained school child should be able to answer.

The question as to whether such tests really test complete and general intelligence revolves about the point as to whether they test native ability. It is not likely that they do, except in the sense that one child may have a natural aptitude for learning that another child does not have. How much of it is natural, however, is a moot question, since the child's home training and environment have so much to do with his capacity for learning.

It should be acknowledged that intelligence tests, when fairly given, throw some light on how much the child has learned, but a mental age or an intelligence quotient resulting from a *group* test is seldom, if ever, reliable. This is due to the factors mentioned in connection with the army

testing, plus the fact that a group test that seems to be a fair measure of children in New York City may not be a fair measure of children in Hooptown, Alabama. Nevertheless, many group tests for school children have been devised and are being used in thousands of schools over the country. It is no wonder, then, that mistakes made by teachers, either who have failed to give the tests properly or who have assumed results not justifiable, are cropping up everywhere and that parents, whose children have been arbitrarily classified as having the mental ability of imbeciles or morons, are

up in arms.

A careful analysis of the whole situation shows that an individual examination, such as the Stanford-Binet, is much more reliable than any group test ever invented. Certainly, if it could be given everywhere and given properly, the resulting individual intelligence quotient would tell us pretty well in what grade or group a child could do his best work. For, in such event, certain averages could be set up that would go far toward determining whether a child should be promoted from grade to grade or be given special instruction in a special class. But there are several things that the intelligence quotient does not tell us. For instance, it fails to show whether the child is interested in his school work and whether he is succeeding or will succeed in mastering the factual material or method of learning involved in his school training. In one of our large cities, for example, one high school has been set aside to which are sent children with high intelligence quotients. Much to the surprise of those concerned, many of these children, although capable of carrying the courses provided, persist in failing their studies through lack of interest and application.

TV

Any attempt to card-index our citizenry by the use of intelligence tests alone is doomed to failure, due to the fact that there is no guarantee that personal desire has been satisfied or that the environment is conducive to best effort. What is sauce for the goose is likewise sauce for the gosling. If intelligence

tests are to be given in the schools, children must take them. They have no choice. But there is no assurance that reclassification on the basis of test results alone will cause them to do better work or better prepare them for the life activities that follow.

The one thing discovered by the army tests that stands out above all else is that the average American citizen, if there is such a person, has an education typical of thirteen-year-old children. The one thing discovered by the application of intelligence tests to public school children that stands out above all else is that children differ from each other very markedly in what they have learned. If, from the results, we assume that the child, because of his achievement or failure to achieve, should be classified so and so or encouraged to prepare himself for such and such, it should be labelled an assumption and not set up as the final fact in the matter.

So far, intelligence tests have done little to show up racial differences, the effects of coaching prior to or during the test, the effects of fatigue or ill-health, the influence of moral traits, the place of character qualities and emotion and will, social adaptabilities, or such traits as industry, perseverance, loyalty, and cheerfulness. Even though the teacher may have given the child a fair chance, an intelligence quotient below average throws little, if any, light on the probable effect of any of these factors. The child actually may be dull in school learning when compared with some of its classmates, but if slowness to learn in school prohibits success in life we shall have no more Websters, Edisons, or Fords. Dullness, like brightness, may be promoted by the attitudes and methods of teachers.

In spite of these objections, however, there is a value that has accrued from the giving of intelligence tests that should not be overlooked. Aside from the fact that the teacher, as never before, is forcibly reminded that children differ from each other as minutely as blades of grass and that their conduct from day to day is as subject to change as New England weather, actual subnormal cases have been located and, in instances of definite feeble-mindedness, much good has been accomplished by a special type of training

that makes the ordinary achievements of life much more possible. The work that is being done for subnormal and unmoral children in the public schools of many of our larger cities testifies to this noteworthy accomplishment.

V

PSYCHOLOGISTS and educators have been engaged in a much prolonged argument over the definition of intelligence. While no actual blows have been struck, there has been much mental violence, which, though at times distressing, has done much to clarify the atmosphere and bring this mystifying problem down to simple terms. Strange as it may seem, the definition of intelligence could not be formulated until intelligence was measured.

Binet, in drawing up his scale, described intelligence as having three characteristics of the thought processes—namely, that it, first, tends to take and maintain a definite direction; second, it has a capacity to make adaptations for the purpose of attaining a desired end; and, third, it has the power of autocriticism. These characteristics are believed to represent very clearly the chief difference between the intelligence of men and the intelligence, or lack of it, in animals.

Terman, after revising and using the Binet scale, defined intelligence by stating that "an individual is intelligent in proportion as he is able to carry on abstract thinking," while other psychologists have called it "a general capacity which consciously adjusts the individual's thinking to new requirements," "the ability of the individual to adapt himself to relatively new situations in life," "intellect plus knowledge," "the capacity to acquire capacity," and so on, a separate definition being provided by each person who has given the problem serious thought.

If we try to combine the various definitions that have been offered we eventually arrive at the point where we conclude that intelligence is the capacity of the individual to adapt himself to a new situation, in which capacity is thought of as being made up of the two factors of native ability and training. If such a definition should be acceptable, it would have to be admitted at once that there are many kinds or *types* of intelligence and that we can speak of *degrees* of intelligence only when the intelligence of all those concerned is measured by the same test.

VI

Soldiers in the army, measured by the same test, were distributed according to degrees of *learning*, a general learning based on the typical school subjects pursued. Children in the public schools, save for certain tests in the individual examination involving native ability and home training, are distributed in the same manner. Consequently, there must be a type of intelligence that may be known as *schoolroom intelligence*, which tends to attain certain levels and beyond which

some of us never go.

It is not generally known that intelligence tests are being employed by many large industrial concerns, insurance companies, and kindred organizations. In such cases the results are not used so much to reclassify and promote as they are to admit applicants to positions with a company or firm. The tests used are somewhat different from those employed in the schoolroom, sometimes taking the form of tests over the actual trade or occupation involved, but usually composed of a scrambled group of items meant to test mental alertness. Certain occupations require a high degree of mental alertness and the work is speeded up by the selection of persons mentally fitted to the task in question. In this there is no guarantee that the person will be temperamentally fitted to the position; such facts must be found out otherwise.

Except in the case of testing for trade ability, we usually have overlooked, however, such types of intelligence as may be common to the carpenter, the farmer, the industrial worker, the detective, the inventor, the engineer, the mechanician, the architect, the painter, the musician, the movie actor, the chef, the compositor, the politician, the poet, the editor, the attorney, the surgeon, the preacher, the teacher, or the manager of a large corporate enterprise. Yet, in the light of

many valuable inventions, compositions, and productions, and in the light of the composite definition of intelligence, each may be as highly intelligent in his respec-

tive way as any of the others.

Especially have we been unable to measure satisfactorily the mental ability of those who are commonly labelled "motor-minded." A boy in school who seems incapable of learning such subjects as history, geography, literature, etc., is frequently shunted into trade-training, and, unfortunately, is spoken of as one whose intelligence will not permit him to engage in the high and noble pursuits of the learned professions. This is only a half-truth, since his interests may tend toward mechanical work and the method by which his mental measure is taken be quite inadequate in his case. Girls, also, who fail to make sufficient progress in classical studies, are encouraged to take up home economics or the fine arts. Yet if we admit that cooking and sewing, instrumental and vocal music, and drawing and painting require little intelligence, we have not only not studied the question carefully, but may expect to receive in return mediocre food and clothing and mediocre compositions.

VII

THE use of the word "intelligence" is in itself a doubtful practice, especially when it is employed more or less indiscriminately. Most of us would rather be called a thief than to have our intelligence impugned, for even a thief may be looked upon with admiration by a limited few, but the fool can never gain a second hearing on the same subject. However, if we come to understand intelligence to mean mental ability, the capacity to adapt oneself to a new situation, our sensitiveness may disappear and in its place may come constructive thought that will make it possible for us to meet new situations wisely and well.

It is difficult to predict what the future of intelligence-testing will be. In spite of serious protests from parents and from certain of those engaged in school work who do not see great values in the movement, the idea of testing the intelligence of school children has gained ground, and more children are likely to be tested during succeeding school years than ever before. It would be unfair to assume that the tests are not being improved, for testmakers have profited by past mistakes and are trying to meet the objections of those who have criticised their efforts.

The real question to answer concerns the value of the I. Q. Is it sufficiently reliable to serve as a sole basis for promotion or demotion? Very likely not. Even where the best individual test is given by a trained examiner, there is much doubt as to whether reclassification based only on the results of testing, is justifiable. For, in the words of one wellknown psychologist, "the intelligence test is a good index of a child's ability to learn in school, if he is interested and willing." His interest and willingness have not been tested. Therefore any scheme of promotion that does not take these factors into account is not valid.

are nearly always interested in things they can learn readily. It gives us great pleasure to talk with people we can understand and to read from authors who are not laboriously dull. The successful salesman understands these principles. He advertises his wares in a language common to the largest number. Hence the wide distribution of the ten best-sellers and the extensive patronage of modern motion-pictures. If the majority of us

have intelligence quotients typical of

The strange part about it is that people

thirteen-year-old children, the things that are "over our heads" are likely to make no appeal to us.

One distinct reason why many persons have objected to the use of intelligence tests is that the terms by which they have been described have been "over their heads." Once familiar with the way the tests are given and with the meanings of the terms employed, they are likely to subside and trust to luck that their children will pull through in some manner. Looked at in one way, it cannot make much difference if intelligence tests are given to school children. It is all a part of the day's work, and parents should think no more of it than when the children are given written lessons. If teachers would call the I. O. schoolroom ability, or some similar term, they would be forgiven

Vol. LXXIX .-- 12

ever, the indiscriminate use of intelligence tests is a dangerous and reprehensi-

ble practice.

If a child is found to be below average as a result of his first test, parents should demand that he be tested repeatedly to prove or disprove the first finding. The parents of certain children doubtless will find that their offspring do not have a capacity that will cope with the problems of the typical classroom as they grow in magnitude. Once established, this fact should be accepted and the necessary steps taken or allowed that will carry the child as far as he is capable of going. When that point is reached further school- in mystery.

2, 200

other shortcomings that may be called to ing is useless, but no conclusions should be notice. Looked at in another way, how- drawn until all the threads of evidence are in.

> The organization of parent-teacher associations in thousands of cities and towns throughout the country is highly commendable. If all parents who have children in attendance at school would become members of such organizations, they would be afforded the opportunity of hearing the problems of school administration and classroom management discussed. The subject most frequently presented is one which has some bearing on the meaning of the mysterious I. Q. Nothing that has anything to do with the welfare of our children should be shrouded

> > and all essential and essential

The Doctor's Confession

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

Author of "You Too," etc.

Illustrations by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., U. S. M. C.



DO not know whether. in the imminence of his talk. danger, a man's lips both ways: that the nearness of death begets confidences, again

that it makes men silent, fearing to disclose evil of the past lest the words make it too real to their minds. I only know that once when shells were coming too frequently for comfort (even in the transport lines) I heard from a close-lipped man a confession that has altered much

of my thinking.

It was a black night, raining, uncomfortable, and fear in the air. In the little shelter that my supply sergeant had built for me of stolen lumber, three of us were gathered. There were double blankets over the entrance so that we could have a candle; that was a comfort, but it ate the air, and the smoke from our pipes polluted what was left. We had, among us, a quart bottle of cognac, and, had I not known the doctor's habit so well, I should have said it was the spirits that unloosed

But the doctor was a morose and silent are opened or sealed. man and the drink, of which he was I have heard it said grimly fond, made him more so. The third soul in our shelter was the battalion supply officer, a captain from the ranks of the regular army. Captain McArthur had been of the old brand of soldier to whom West Pointers say the smell of the barracks clings despite their captain's bars. He was eminently regulation, clothed in the old khaki serge and leather puttees; as set in his ways as if he had learned his every habit from the book, to the very combing of his hair; lined, weather worn, the ache of the tropics in his bones, hard working within the letter of the rules, and slow of mind.

Doc Jeffries was a civilian from a Texas town whither, from New England, he had drifted on one of the western tides; this much had been gleaned from him, not without difficulty. As about all silent men, rumors had grown about him. It was said, for example, that he had been forced out of Vermont for illegal opera-



From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

"If yer going to get hit, yer going to get hit. It's God does it, not no Germans."-Page 164.

Texas had been confined to negroes; there were tales of liaisons with Indian squaws; I believed few of these myself, and conceived the doctor, apart from his liquor, to be a man of stern conscience, and I knew the ways of such scandal in

the army.

Both Teffries and McArthur were what are known as characters. They had the look of it; Jeffries with his red face and red hair and his long, sinister, red-gray mustache, one side of which he had twirled round his finger till it had grown awry; McArthur with his leathery. seamed, brown cheeks and high, Indianlike cheek-bones, and a strange tilt of his right eve that frightened recruits. They were fast friends in their sparse-worded way: I and some who knew them better knew that before the army they had lived together in the Texas town. I suspected there had been adventures between them; there was a quality in their friendship which suggested a quarrel perhaps, healed in a closer understanding. The doctor had said to me once in a rare moment of confidence which I feel sure he regretted: "Good boy, Jim. Him and me has pulled each other through some things."

Altogether we made a strange gathering. I was in command, at the time, of a machine-gun company in reserve; I went to bed each night with the expectation of being called in the weak hours of dawn to go up the lines and shoot a barrage; tonight, with the rain, the expectation had become a certainty, and I determined to

sit up and wait for it.

A third of the bottle had been drunk in silence and then the doctor laughed. It was an odd sound, a little frightening in the night and the rain. His face, too, contorted strangely, from long disuse in laughing, I suppose. Then words followed the laugh.

"Funny feller, that Burton."

McArthur's face brightened almost imperceptibly.

"He were," he said.

"I remember that last sickness he had," Jeffries went on. "Never saw a man so wild with delirium. Had a lot of crazy fancies, he did, all about his wife. First he'd see her going away with one man, then it was another; then he was sure it was old Henry Watrous had her. Imag-

tions; others had it that his practice in ine old Henry Watrous and Jane Burton! Texas had been confined to negroes; Funny feller, Burton."

"He were," said McArthur.

"Sad case, though, Burton. Hung on so long. I knew for ten years nothing on God's earth would save him. Sad case, Burton."

"He were," said McArthur.

The doctor poured himself another drink.

"Keeps the chill off a night like this," he said.

I started to speak then. I had said "Doctor" when a shell went off in the edge of the wood and a little piece of it came whining by the blankets. I stopped and my hand trembled a little so that I spilled the brandy from my glass.

"That was near," said the doctor.

"It were," said McArthur.

"What was you going to say, boy, when that burst got yer guts?"

"I was going to say don't you think it's better sometimes to let a man like that die?"

The doctor did not pause in his reply. He turned toward me, leaned forward, and pointed his words with his finger on

my knee.

"You heard that shell," he said. "All right. Maybe that shell got some poor soul, maybe didn't. If it got him, then it was God's will for it to land right there. If it didn't, then it was God's will he should live. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. If he's dead now, then it was his time and God took his soul. If yer going to get hit yer going to get hit. It's God does it, not no Germans. Now look at you 'n' me 'n' Jim, here, shells busting round us these three weeks 'n' us drinkin' cognac to-night. To-morrow it's one of us may go."

He took a long drink and coughed a little in the manner of men whom liquor

has weakened.

"Now the human soul is precious to God. You let a man die and he may not have done his work. If I'd let Burton die first time he got sick, he might not of done something he did do—mind you, I don't say he done nothin'—why, I'd of been thwarting the will of the Almighty."

I was a little taken aback to discover this religious trend in the doctor's thinking. Moreover, I thought his argument highly illogical. But I had no wish to involve myself in a discussion of theology, came immediately over us and there was

so I started on another tack.

"Well, suppose a man is condemned to death and becomes dangerously ill in prison. Don't you think it's a mercy to let him die and save him from the agony of the scaffold? I mean the mental agony, of course."

a muffled burst just outside the blankets, followed by the heavy spatter of mud. We threw ourselves on our stomachs and in doing so one of us knocked over the candle, and we found ourselves sprawled over each other in the blackness.

From the confusion came forth a sud-



. . . A runner came to me and . . . asked if I had a doctor .- Page 169.

The doctor was silent a while and his face was a little distorted by thought. He pulled the left side of his mustache and twisted it round his finger. Then he spoke, not answering my question.

"I worked once in a penitentiary."
"Well," I persisted, "didn't you ever feel tempted to let a condemned man go?"

"No," he said shortly. "May I ask why?" "That's my business."

There, I thought, was an end of that. I was sorry I had driven home my questions, because I had enjoyed his talk and now I could see it was done. I was sorry, too, to have annoyed him by my persis-

We sat silent a long time after that, and I got out my map and studied it by the low, guttering candle. Then, in the midst of our strange meditation, with these two men thinking their intimate, inexplicable map thinking mine, the whir of a shell bursting round us."

den scream, more like an animal's than a man's, but for the spoken words:

"For God's sake, light the candle!"

I had never seen the doctor unstrung before. By the light of my match I saw his face gone green and his black lips in unspeaking motion. He picked himself up and reached for the bottle. brandy spilled over his face as he drank, and for a full minute afterward he choked and coughed.

I made some commonplace joking remarks, but Jim McArthur never spoke or moved. He lay slumped against the side of the shelter and his face was perplexed in thought. It was as if he had gone on with his strange, difficult thought through all of it.

When the doctor had finished his coughing, he seized my arm and spoke brokenly. "We're alone in this hell," he said. "The eye of God is watching us thoughts, and I with my finger on the from the raining heaven, and death is

There was something pitiful in this break in the old doctor's unswerving Then he gathered himself and nerve.

spoke more calmly.

"I'll tell you something, boy. Any of us may die to-night or to-morrow. I'll not die with a lie on my lips. I lied to you, boy, before that thing came out of hell. I lied, I did. I let a man die in the penitentiary when I might have saved him. But I was as mortal sure as anybody can be he done what he got sent up for. It was this way--"

The doctor had got back something of his stolidity. He was speaking now without a break in his voice; even the thick mouthing of his words, which I had noticed had grown with the liquor, was gone.

"It was this way. We had a shooting affair down there in Davytown, Texas, where Iim and me used to live. Some business about a woman. Jim knows about it. Kind of sweet on her, wasn't you one time, Jim?"

McArthur came slowly out of his thinking. The doctor repeated his question.

"I know who you mean," he said. "Middleton was the man's name. Got pardoned by the governor."

"He never did," said the doctor. "I'm telling you he died of pneumonia in prison."

There was, I thought, a moment's flash of surprise in McArthur's tilted eye, which changed in the instant to irritation.

"I disremember," he said. "I enlisted about then, and there isn't much news in the army. Somebody told me-"

"Well, anyway," the doctor went on, a little annoyed by the interruption, "him and Jim and most all the boys was sweet on-on-"

"Guess you can leave out her name," said McArthur. "Guess you can leave me out too. And leave out the 'sweet.'"

"Well, it's hard after these years to recollect the details. She was a damn fine girl and this Middleton didn't like the man she was keeping company with. What the hell was that girl's name, Tim?"

McArthur's face had gone back into its absorption. It did not seem as if any of the doctor's story was penetrating his consciousness. His silence left the doctor a little helpless and pitiful.

"Oh, well," he said, "not much use going on with it."

There was a long pause after that, and I knew that a word from me would end everything. If the doctor was to tell his story it must be in his own way. I turned back to the map and tried to trace the front line by a set of ragged orders, but my head swam a little from the cognac and the smoke, and the names of the towns danced about on the map, so after a time I gave it up. It was my putting the map away that started the doctor off

"Listen to them guns," he said. "Seems further away to-night.

have made some advance."

"It's the rain makes them seem far," I said, partly from the habit of discounting good news and partly, I am afraid, because I knew that only the remnant of fear in the doctor would make him go on

with his strange tale.

"Supposin' they fell back even." he "'twould sound far enough on a night like this. I'd forgot about the rain. Funny how you forget about the rain when you never see the sun. Well, as the song says, another little drink won't do us any harm."

He poured and drank and brought his

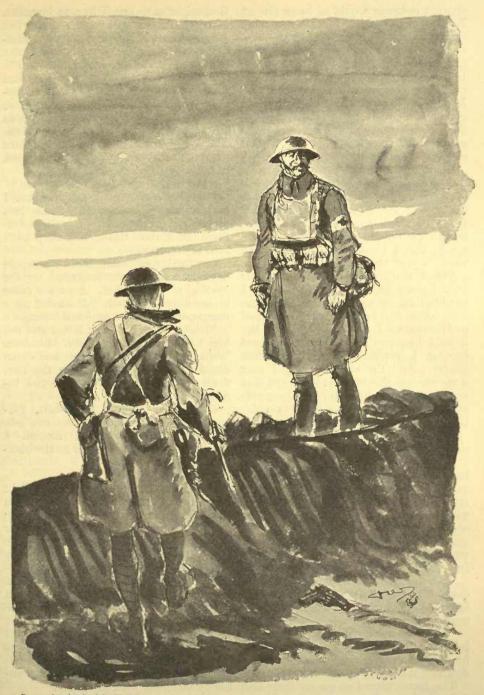
glass down hard on the table.

"I ain't no coward," he said, and I could swear it was true and still can; I can add that that night was the only time before or since that I ever saw a tremor in his face. "I ain't no coward, I ain't. If death comes I'll go like the rest. But not with a lie on my lips, no. And I've told you what I said was a lie. I've let a man die. And having told that, I might as well go on. See to that candle, bov."

The candle had burned itself low and, while I fumbled for another, hissed out. I had the other lighted in an instant and

set back in its bottle.

"I might as well go on," Jeffries repeated. "Middleton was a hot-tempered boy and deep in love with—with—Alice that was it-Alice Dunn. Funny how vou remember things sudden like that. And one night he took a pot shot at this man, Stevens was his name, when he was on his way home from Alice's walkin' in the woods. Well, nobody seen him do it of course, but there was a trail of circum-



From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

The doctor smiled in his distorted way. "There he is," he said.—Page 169.

stantial evidence would of hung George Washington himself. I can't remember the details all these years, but they got the records somewhere. Anyways, I performed the autopsy, and I was at the trial, and there wasn't a juryman more convinced than me. I never liked that Middleton, damned if I did, nor nobody else liked him neither, but I wouldn't believe a man guilty unless he was proved guilty, so help me God, if he was my worst enemy."

There was a ring in the doctor's voice that, following on what he had said and shown me of himself that evening, made me sure of the truth of his words. It seems to me, looking back on him and on the few words that I have heard him speak, that I have never known a man

with a keener sense of justice.

"Well, that's about all. About a year later I got a job at the state prison. I wouldn't take it again, not for ten thousand a year and keep. I tried to be good to Middleton. I didn't like the man, but if he'd been my own flesh and blood brother I wouldn't have treated him kinder. And the kindest thing I ever done was not give him the stimulant that would have pulled him through his pneumonia three weeks before he was due for the chair."

"You were right," I said, "dead

right."

But the doctor did not answer. For an instant a questioning, almost controversial look came on his face; a look I had seen before when some one had agreed with him. It was a curious perversity—over-heavy conscience, I think, that worried the doctor when his statements were accepted. But the doubt passed from his face when he spoke.

"He was guilty, Middleton was. No doubt of that. Guilty of a mortal sin before God and a capital crime in the judg-

ment of the State."

"And if he was innocent," I said, in my haste to follow up my argument, "even if he was innocent he was certain to die a disgraceful death."

The doctor turned on me suddenly and

I despised myself for my words.

"Good God, boy, don't say such a thing a night like this! Would my hand o' let an innocent man die? While he lived God might save him if he was innocent. Men tell o' innocent men bein' hung, but I never seen it. No, he was guilty, Middleton was. An' yet maybe I oughtn't to o' done it. What do ye think, Jim?"

And then for the first time we realized that Jim had gone. He had been so motionless through the doctor's talk that we had forgotten him. He must have left us at the second going out of the candle. The doctor looked an instant at the place where he had been and then looked back at me with puzzled eyes.

"My God!" he said. "Jim's gone."

"He looked tired," I said because I had to say something. "Guess he's turned in. Lucky dogs, these supply officers. Get their full night's sleep back here in transport."

Our further talk—if indeed there would have been any—was forstalled by the opening of the blanket. A runner came in, smelling of the wet. He handed me a damp paper with the expected message.

"Right," I said. "Get Reilly and tell him to get out the company. Limbers. We'll take 'em into Chevières and damn division orders. See you up the line, doctor. There'll be work for you to-

night."

I gathered up my pistol-belt, gasmask, and map-case and went out into the rain. The doctor never moved. I heard him mutter to himself as the blanket closed:

"Funny feller, Jim."

It was a dirty night up the lines. Eight miles through the mud to get there, with men falling down and limbers bogging; long, hard digging in the clay to get our emplacements up before the dawn. We started firing at half-past five and got out just in time not to get hit by a onepounder that had bracketed my left gun. I was a little proud of my shoot that night, not because of what I killed-one never knew very much about that—but because I kept my men and my guns whole, and but for a lead horse that got killed by a shell-splinter and shed an immense quantity of blood, I had no unhappy incidents with my outfit.

The doctor was with me while my emplacements were digging and kept an unbroken silence. I do not think we exchanged a word. Perhaps the unwonted

talk of the evening had exhausted his power of speech, perhaps it had started a train of thought; in any case, his silence was an accustomed thing and I thought little about it until afterward.

Just after my barrage was begun a runner came to me and, cupping his hands about my ear to be heard above the clamor of my battery, asked if I had a doctor. I sent Jeffries off with him and they went down the road to some suffer-

ing outfit.

On the way home came the sad ending to the doctor's story about which I have thought so much. My men were on the road in single file with big intervals and I trailed along behind to keep them in order. We got to a crossroads and I was amazed, looking up the road to the left, to see the doctor gesticulating to me violently. I stopped and he beckoned me to come.

It was an unpleasant place to go to, neatly enfiladed as it was by the enemy machine-guns, but the doctor seemed in some kind of trouble, so I signalled to my sergeant to keep moving, and chanced it. When I got to the doctor he pointed to a pistol lying at the bottom of a bank. thought for a moment the poor man must have lost his wits, to point so silently and insistently at a single pistol when the ground everywhere was strewn with abandoned equipment of every conceivable kind.

"Well?" I said. "It's Jim's."

"How can it be?" Jim, I knew, was in

the rear with the transport.

"Come," he said. He took me up the bank and there was a body lying on its belly. He turned it gently over and I saw Jim's face. There was a hole through his upper blouse pocket; no other mark.

"Poor McArthur," I said. "A ma-

chine-gun bullet."

"Machine-gun?" The doctor pointed to powder stains on the serge. Then he undid the blouse and the shirt. "A pistol," he said. "Held close. His own pistol, down there. Had strength enough after to throw it."

"But-what was he doing here?"

The doctor smiled in his distorted way.

"There he is," he said.

"But if he wanted to kill himself, all he

had to do was to stand there and be shot

"Boy, you could stand there a year if

God willed it."

I had not shared the doctor's blind belief, but I remembered now having seen men walk unharmed for hours among the dying and the dead in air as thick with bullets as a summer swamp with mosquitoes.

"He tried, but it wasn't his destiny," the doctor went on. "And then he couldn't stand it no longer-the waiting. But he didn't want me to know. That's why he threw that pistol with his last breath."

I could see the doctor had worked out Jim's motive, but in my stupidity—bred perhaps of the night and my weariness— I could not see his meaning until he spoke again.

"My God, boy!" he said. "Can't you see what this means? I've let an inno-Middleton never killed cent man die.

Stevens. O my God!"

And then there happened one of the war's tricks-God's will, I suppose the doctor would have it. We had been, as men sometimes are before the direct danger, so absorbed in this affair of Iim's that we forgot our own safety. We were standing in broad daylight in the full view of the German gunners. Even when I saw a spurt of mud kicked up by dropping bullets I only thought of it as an explanation of Jim's not getting hitthat they were coming too low.

Perhaps, though, it was the sight of those bullets and my knowledge of machine gunnery that unconsciously saved my life. A random shell came down on the heels of the doctor's last words and burst near us. It was an automatic action with all of us to fall on our faces at the whir of a shell. Yet for some reason I kept standing then when the doctor dropped. And a half dozen of the bullets that had been too low for Jim buried

themselves in him.

It was an uncanny thing, the war, in many ways; perhaps it is not good to think back too much upon it, and surely of no value to speculate upon its fates.

I am sure that in its hours of dark and rain and fear men's lips were sometimes opened and many such confessions told; few, I think, with so strange an ending.

The Gitksan on the Skeena

BY W. LANGDON KIHN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR



AM neither a historian nor an ethnologist, just an artist pure and simple, and want to take my reader into an artist's paradise. Not necessarily an artist's paradise but

any one's paradise.

Far in the north the Skeena River flows. Out of the towering snow-capped peaks to the east, it flows west and south into the sea. Some two hundred and fifty miles of madly rushing water through canyons, over long, level flats of fireweed, past an endless chain of majestic mountains to the sea. It is the home of the salmon, the eagle, and Medeek, the grizzly bear. And it is the home of the Gitksan.

the people of the totem-poles.

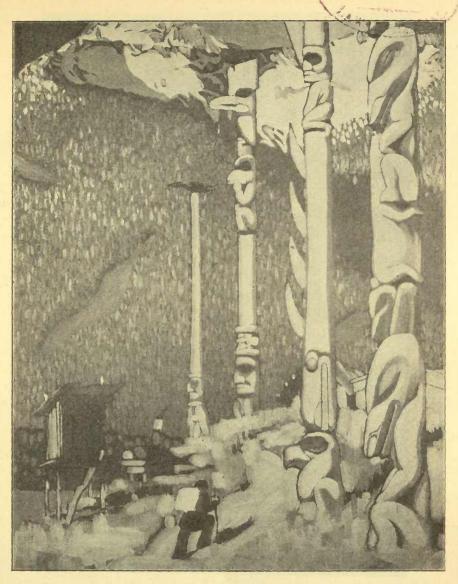
The Gitksan are fish-eating people. They live on dried and smoked salmon. They also eat of wild berries, and of game which they prepare in various ways. Unlike the nomads of the plains, they live in villages, some ten villages in all, scattered up and down along the banks of the Skeena. They are great hunters, spearfishermen, and canoeists. Their canoes are large affairs, some exceeding thirty feet in length, and hewn out of one solid log, the log of the giant west-coast cedar. They have always lived in large gabled houses made of wood, after the manner of white men. The exterior and interior of these houses were often painted and carved. Outside, and in front of each house, stands a totem-pole (sometimes two or three). These totem-poles are not pagan gods, as is too universally believed. They have no religious significance whatsoever, but merely represent the crests and stories, myths and traditions of the people. The entire aspect of the country is unique and without a parallel. The gorgeous setting of gigantic peaks, the rushing mountain streams, the profusion and wealth of rich vegetation, and then those quiet, sleepy little villages with their weird totem-poles and quaint people.

The totem-pole culture extended up and down the Pacific coast from Alaska to the State of Washington. This indeed was a marvellous country, peopled with strange souls. Their geographical situation gave them a profusion of natural resources to draw from. The countless millions of salmon gave them food. The abundance of game gave them food, fur, and clothing. The cedar gave them of its wood for houses and boats, and of its bark for baskets, rope, and clothing. They lived in comparative luxury and happiness.

But now a shadow was cast. It was the shadow of the white man's boats on the deep blue of the Pacific. Exploitation and degeneration set in. The Indians traded fur and women for rum, muskets, and trinkets. The white missionaries came in and denounced their totempoles and images as pagan gods, and had them chopped down or burned. The die was cast. Their social organization was broken down and nothing was given them in its place but the teaching of our God, whom they could not understand.

I do not mean to preach and I do not mean this tragicomedy was committed knowingly and purposely by all. It was the progression of circumstance in the peopling of a new world, with ignorance and stupid blundering on both sides. But the work was done. The Indians deteriorated into a race without character, a race without any conscious social power. Their culture is gradually disappearing. Many of their old villages with their picturesque houses and totempoles have been burned or abandoned. And out of all this, as compared to before, there is but little left.

But here and there along the coast some of these tribes are still preserved.



Totem-pole village of Kitwanga, B. C., Canada.

In remote localities one can see the old villages with their totem-poles still standing. And the Skeena is one of the last strongholds of this unique people.

To describe a people as a whole is not easy. There are certain general characteristics of race and blood which distinguish a group from its neighbor. For term "Chinamen" we quite readily form

yellow skin. But as we get to know any people well, this kind of generalization becomes more difficult. I remember as a boy it was very difficult for me to tell one Chinaman from another, and it wasn't until later that the difference between the Chinese and Japanese was at all evident. They all looked like Chinamen to me, and instance, when we use the too general all the same Chinaman at that. But as we live with and get to know a people a picture of slanting eyes, black hair, and well the characters of the individuals



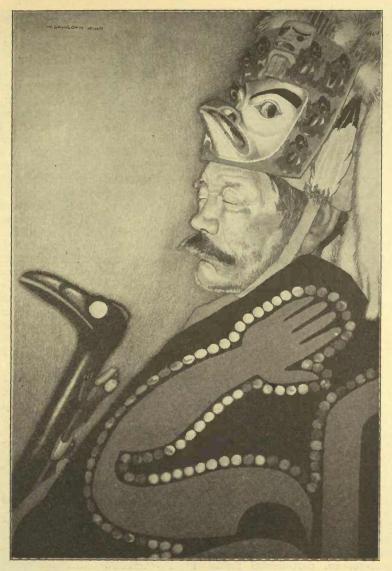
"Gwinhu."

Woman chief of the Raven phratry of Gitwinkool. Head-dress—"Hlkuwilkskum-Kak" or "Prince of Ravens."

Blanket representing Kus-Gyadem-Kamats or the crest of Garment of the Starfish.

stand out stronger and stronger. We begin to know personalities, and we find a wide variation in the general aspect and physiognomy of individuals. So that when the problem of describing a people is given me I must needs hesitate. In my generalization I find so many exceptions I tan and red, and they have but a meagre, feel I must go into lengthy discourse where, skimpy growth of hair on their faces.

Generally speaking, the Gitksan are short and broad in stature, full-chested, with rather long arms and short legs. The general contour of their heads and their facial expressions are strikingly Asiatic. Their complexion is mostly yellowas a matter of fact, it is hardly necessary. They have a thick shock of hair on their



"Lelt" or Snake.

A chief of the Raven phratry of Kitwanga. Head-dress—"Mawdzeks," the carved image of a hawk with frogs. Cane—Images of Raven and Snake devouring a frog. Blanket—Button blanket. Represents the crest of the "People of the Copper Shield."

heads, coarse, straight, and black as jet. Their features are generally heavy; broad-nosed, thick-lipped, long-chinned. They have low foreheads and black, beady eyes, slightly oblique. Unlike the Indians of the plains or anywhere east of the sometimes sullen. They are sharp-witted

and quick-tongued. They are quite emotional and highly keyed. Nowadays, though they are not all poor, they live in filth. Above all, they are keenly intelli-

Their social activity has developed Rockies, their personalities are not pleas- them along unique lines. Culturally, in ing. They are suspicious, shrewd, and the art of their painting, carving, storytelling, singing, and dancing, they are de-



Andap of Hazelton,

Fireweed crest—Medicine man's costume. Head-dress of grizzly bear claws. Rattle carved of wood representing the owl.

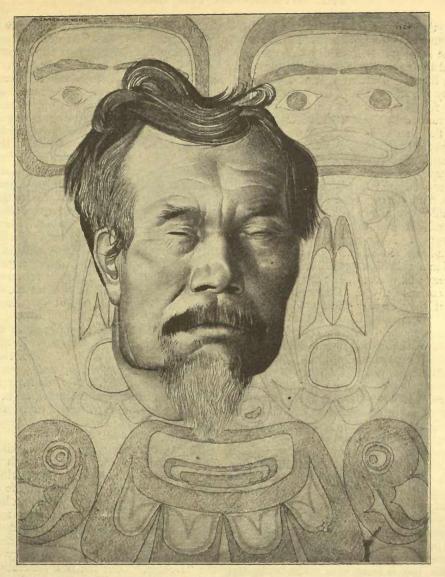
veloped to a far greater degree than any of the American aborigines I have lived with. There are a refinement in taste, a naïveté of expression that are quite unparalleled. To go into the causes of their cultural development would require volumes of preparation. In brief, all their art is interpretive. Their carved and painted ravens, wolves, salmon, are family crests. Their representations of humanlike forms, animals, and plants, are stories, and sometimes actual history or events connected with the family. Their grotesque part-human, part-animal forms are mythological beings of traditions that have been handed down through generations.

All their art is full of imagery. When a Gitksan hears two trees rubbing and squeaking, as they sometimes do in the wind, he says: "That is the voice of 'Skawah,' the 'Sky-Being.'" "Skawah" was taken into the sky by her lover. On her ascent she was told not to look down upon the earth. She heard great and strange noises below, and being a woman she looked. Immediately she fell through space, and was pinned on the spear-like point of a tall, slim cedar. And here she

moaned and cried in agony. To-day. when the trees in the forest creak in the wind, the Gitksan looks skyward and says: "'Tis the voice of 'Skawah.'" This story is represented in their painting and carving. Then there is another, the story of the woman who was taken down into the lake by a frog. Her people missed her, and went to the edge of the lake. When she emerged her whole body was covered with little frogs. The sculptor, in representing this myth upon a totem-pole. carved the human-like figure of a woman with frogs over the eyelids, a frog coming out of the mouth, and the breasts as two frogs' heads. Some of these myths are the general property of the whole tribe. Any one can tell them, and the old chiefs and seers sitting around their fires at night with a cold wind and driven snow blowing outside, will tell these stories to their women and children, and they become entranced by their wonder and fright. But the great majority of these stories and traditions become the personal property of some one family, like the Eagle or Raven clan, and cannot be told by any other family or clan. In this case these myths and traditions are incorporated upon the poles as I have shown, and become part of the crest of that family.



"Ukslartao" or "Out on Ice." A young girl from the village of Kitwanga.



Tseewa or Thick Thighs.

A medicine man of the Raven phratry of Gitwinkool. Background figures of the crest of semgeek or woodpecker.

This interpretation of their art is not confined to their totem-poles and house terpreted in decoration and convention- interpretation of it. alized forms. Naturally this led to an extreme stylizing. The forms were tra- art is in the display at feasts and dances

ditionary, in most cases, and the artist or sculptor had to conform to the coninteriors. Their canoes, their paint- ventionalization that had been handed brushes, their fish fences, their ceremonial down through generations. But in the costumes, everything connected with case of introducing a new crest or story their daily life and occupations were all in a totem-pole or house-painting, the covered with these crests and stories in- artist would often be left to give his own

One of the most striking aspects of their

of their ceremonial costumes. These ceremonies are practically extinct now. The missionaries have discouraged them and the government prohibited them until, like the withered arm of a paralytic, they are still a part of the body but have no function. It was my extreme good fortune to be the invited spectator at one of these amazing ceremonies. The ceremony lasted about a week, and such a wealth of costumes, characters, and color I have never seen. Some part of almost every animal is used for ornamentation. To describe one type of dance costume would give a fair idea of the decoration employed and the material used in its creation. Nowadays with Hudson Bay blankets, red flannel, glass beads, aluminum thimbles, pearl buttons, Chinese coins, and whatnot, one can see all kinds of curious get-ups. But let me add here that they employ these modern, cheap, and often gaudy trinkets that civilization has given them, with amazing taste. The combination which they often use of the natural ornaments gathered from the animals of the woods, with the decorations bought at trading-posts, sometimes gives a most striking effect. Their moccasins are of moose or caribou skin, tanned and designed with red flannel and other colored cloths, sewed on in patterns. The leggings are of painted leather, or woollen cloth, designed with a crest and hung on the sides with the beaks of puffins and the hoofs of unborn caribou, or Chinese coins and aluminum thimbles. Their dancing apron, which is tied about the waist and hangs to a little below the knees, is also of painted leather or woollen cloth, with a design sewed on in different colored cloths. This, too, is hung with puffin beaks and the hoofs of unborn caribou, or thimbles, or coins, or anything that rattles and rings with movement. For a blanket they may wear the famous "Chilkat," the only native-woven blanket, of gorgeous designs in blue, black, yellow, and white; designs of the "grizzly bear of the sea" or the "Blackfish" or any other crest, and the whole space between covered with conventionalized forms of eves and feathers and fins. This blanket is woven of the hair of the mountain-goat on a warp of twisted cedar bark. Or they may wear a blanket purchased at a trading-store; a blanket of dark blue with

the design of their crest, the "star-fish," the "raven," the "fern," executed in red flannel appliqué, and white pearl buttons. Or they may wear a wolf pelt, or a bear's skin, or a blanket all of twisted cedar bark dved brilliant orange, with strips of swan's-down and fur tacked on. About their neck will be a large ring, a ring of twisted cedar bark. On their head will be a mask, carved in wood, of "Geeboo," the wolf, or "Giladal," the thunder bird. And this will be colored in many brilliant shades of paint, and inlaid with the opalescent shell of abalone pearl. Above this will be a crown of transparent yellow barbs, the color of pale amber. are the whiskers of the sea-lion. Before they dance they spit on these and place on them the white fluffy tufts of eagle's down. When they dance, the down blows off and floats about like new-blown snow. This signifies happiness, peace, and good-will to all.

Imagine if you can a gathering or an array of these strange, wonderful people at a dance, feast, or potlach. Hundreds of them chanting their weird songs, beating their deep-toned drums, dancing in these awesome colorful costumes, all in a setting of snow-capped peaks, deep canyons, with rushing streams, and an end-

less wilderness of fir.

And this is the thing we are losing. This wonderful world, with its touch of the supernatural, is rapidly disappearing. This fine spirit, this exotic colorful life in most localities of the great Northwest has gone-passed out. The old men and seers still know their old stories and traditions. They can still tell of "Skawah," the "Sky-Being," or their own story of the "Deluge." But the new generation will not carry on. They titter and poke fun at the old men. They don their overalls and caps, and when the summer breaks they hie them to the large fish canneries on the coast to "make um some money all the same white man." And with this comes all the sordid life of aimless souls. When the old men and women die, there shall be but little left. We shall go to the archaic, empty halls of our museums and gaze with wonder at what they knew and did. But what we see will be lifeless—dead. It will lack the spirit that gives it life. They will have entered the realm of specimens.

The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

XI

SOAMES VISITS THE PRESS



OAMES had gone off to his sister's in Green Street thoroughly upset. That Fleur should have a declared enemy, powerful in Society, filled him with uneasiness: that she should

hold him accountable for it seemed the more unjust, because, in fact, he was.

An evening spent under the calming influence of Winifred Dartie's common sense, and Turkish coffee, which, though "liverish stuff," he always drank with relish, restored in him something of the feeling that it was a storm in a teacup.

"But that paper paragraph," he said,

"sticks in my gizzard."

"Very tiresome, Soames, the whole thing; but I shouldn't bother. People just skim those 'chiff-chaff' little notes and forget them the next moment. They're put in for fun, my dear."

"Pretty sort of fun! That paper's all

over the place."

"There's no name mentioned."

"These political people and whippersnappers in Society all know each other," said Soames.

"Well, my dear boy," said Winifred in her comfortable voice, so cosey, and above earthly disturbance, "nobody takes anything seriously nowadays."

She was sensible. He went up to bed

in a more cheerful mood.

But retirement from business had effected in Soames a deeper change than he was at all aware of. Lacking professional issues to anchor the faculty for worrying he had inherited from James Forsyte, he was inclined to pet any trouble that came along. The more he thought of that paragraph, the more he felt inclined for a friendly talk with the hat and went away.

editor. If he could go to Fleur and say: "I've made it all right with those fellows. There'll be no more of that sort of thing," he would wipe out her vexation. You couldn't make people in private think well of your daughter, but surely you could check public expression of the opposite

opinion.

Except that he did not like to get into them, Soames took on the whole a favorable view of "the papers." He read The Times; his father had read it before him, and he had been brought up on its crackle. It had news-more news for his money than he could get through. He respected its leading articles; and if its huge supplements had at times appeared to him too much of a good thing, still it was a gentleman's paper. Annette and Winifred took The Morning Post. That also was a gentleman's paper, but it had a bee or two in its bonnet. Bees in bonnets were respectable things, but personally Soames did not care for them. He knew little of the other papers except that those he saw about had bigger head-lines and seemed cut up into little bits. Of the Press as a whole he took the English view: It was an institution. It might have its faults, but you had to put up with it.

About eleven o'clock he was walking

toward Fleet Street.

At the office of The Evening Sun he handed in his card and asked to see the editor. After a moment's inspection of his top hat he was taken and put into a small room. It seemed a "wandering great place." Some one would see him!

"Some one?" said Soames. "I want

the editor."

The editor was very busy. Could he come again when the rush was over?

"No," said Soames.

Would he state his business? Soames

The attendant again looked at his top

Vol. LXXIX .- 13

Soames waited a quarter of an hour, and was then taken to a still smaller room, where a cheery-looking man in eye-glasses was turning over a book of filed cuttings. He glanced up as Soames entered, took his card from the table and read from it:

"Mr. Soames Forsyte. Yes?"

"Are you the editor?" asked Soames. "One of them. Take a seat. What

can I do for you?"

Impressed by a certain speed in the air, and desirous of making a good impression, Soames did not sit down, but took from his pocketbook the paragraph, and said:

"I've come about this in your issue of

last Tuesday."

The cheery man put it up to his eyes, seemed to chew the sense of it a little with his mouth, and said: "Yes?"

"Would you kindly tell me who wrote

it?'

"Ah! We never disclose the names of correspondents, sir."

"Well, as a matter of fact I know."

The cheery man's mouth opened, evidently to emit the words: "Then why did you ask?" but closed in a smile instead.

"You'll forgive me," said Soames, "but it quite clearly refers to my daughter, Mrs. Michael Mont, and her husband."

"Indeed! You have the advantage of me. But what's the matter with it? Seems rather a harmless piece of gossip."

Soames looked at him. He was too

cheery!

"You think so?" he said dryly. "May I ask if you would like to have your daughter alluded to as an enterprising little lady?"

"Why not? It's quite a pleasant word. Besides, there's no name mentioned."

"Do you put things in," asked Soames shrewdly, "in order that they may be Greek to all your readers?"

The cheery man laughed. "Well," he said, "hardly. But, really, sir, aren't you

rather thin-skinned?"

This was an aspect of the affair that Soames had not foreseen. Before he could ask this editor not to repeat his offense, he had apparently to convince him it was an offense; but to do that he must expose the real meaning of the paragraph.

"Well," he said, "if you can't see that the thing's unpleasant, I can't make you. But I beg you won't let any more such paragraphs appear. I happen to know that your correspondent is actuated by malevolence."

The cheery man again ran his eye over the cutting. "I shouldn't have judged that. People in politics are taking and giving knocks all the time; they're not mealy-mouthed. This seems perfectly innocuous as gossip goes."

Thus back-handed by the words "thinskinned" and "mealy-mouthed," Soames

said testily:

"The whole thing's extremely petty."
"Well, sir, you know, I rather agree.
Good morning!" And the cheery man
blandly returned to his file.

The fellow was like an india-rubber ball! Soames clenched his top hat. Now or never he must make him bound.

"If your correspondent thinks she can vent her spleen in print with impunity, she will find herself very much mistaken." He waited for the effect. There was absolutely none. "Good morning," he said, and turned on his heel.

Somehow it had not been so friendly as he had expected. Michael's words, "The Press is a sensitive plant," came into his mind. He shouldn't mention his visit.

Two days later, picking up *The Evening* Sun at the Connoisseurs, he saw the word "Foggartism." H'm! A leader!

"Of the panaceas rife among the young hopefuls in politics, perhaps the most absurd is one which goes by the name of Foggartism. We are in a position to explain the nature of this patent remedy for the national ill-health before it has been put on the market. Based on Sir James Foggart's book, 'The Parlous State of England,' the main article of faith in this crazy creed would appear to be the depletion of British man-power. According to its prophets, we are to despatch to the ends of the Empire hundreds of thousands of our boys and girls as soon as they leave school. Quite apart from the rank impossibility of absorbing them into the life of the slowly developing Dominions, we are to lose this vital stream of labor and defensive material, in order that twenty years hence the demand from our Dominions may equal the supplying power of Great Britain. A crazier proposition was never conceived in woolly brains. Well does the word Foggartism characterize such a proposition. Alongside this emigration 'stunt'-for there is no other term which suits its sensational character -rises a feeble back-to-the-land propaganda. The keystone of the whole professes to be the doctrine that the standard of British wages and living now precludes us from any attempt to rival German production or to capture European markets. Such a turning of the tail on our industrial supremacy has probably never before been mooted in this country. The sooner these cheap-jack gerrymanders of British policy realize that the British voter will have nothing to do with so crack-brained a scheme, the sooner it will come to the still birth which is its inevitable fate."

Whatever attentions Soames had given to "The Parlous State of England," he could not be accused of anything so rash as a faith in Foggartism. If Foggartism were killed to-morrow, he could not help feeling that Michael would be well rid of a white elephant. What disquieted him, however, was the suspicion that he himself had inspired this article. Was this

that too cheery fellow's retort?

Decidedly, he should not mention his visit when he dined in South Square that

evening.

The presence of a strange hat on the marble coffer warned him of a fourth party. Mr. Blythe, in fact, with a cocktail in his hand, and an olive in his mouth, was talking to Fleur, who was curled up on a cushion by the fire.

"You know Mr. Blythe, Dad?"

Another editor! Soames extended his hand with caution.

Mr. Blythe swallowed the olive. "It's

of no importance," he said.

"Well," said Fleur, "I think you ought to put it all off, and let them feel they've made fools of themselves."

Michael think "Does that, Mrs.

Mont?"

"No; Michael's got his shirt out!" And they all looked round at Michael, who was coming in.

He certainly had a headstrong air.

According to Michael, they must take it by the short hairs and give as good as they got, or they might as well put up the shutters. They were sent to Parliament to hold their own opinions, not those stuck into them by Fleet Street. If they genuinely believed the Foggart policy to be the only salvation of England they must say so, and not be stampeded by every little newspaper attack that came along. Common sense was on their side. and common sense, if you aired it enough, won through in the end. The opposition to Foggartism was really based on lower wages and longer hours for Labor, only they daren't say so in so many words. Let the papers jump through their hoops as much as they liked. He would bet that when Foggartism had been six months before the public, they would be eating half their words with an air of eating some one else's! And suddenly he turned to Soames:

"I suppose, sir, you didn't go down

about that paragraph?"

Soames' life, privately, and as a business man, had always been conducted so that, if cornered, he need never tell a direct untruth. Lies were not English, not even good form. Looking down his nose, he said slowly:

"Well, I let them know that I knew

that woman's name."

Fleur frowned; Mr. Blythe reached out

and took some salted almonds.

"What did I tell you, sir?" said Michael. "They always get back on you. The Press has a tremendous sense of dignity; and corns on both feet; eh, Mr. Blythe?"

Mr. Blythe said weightily: "It's a very

human institution, young man."

"I thought," said Fleur icily, "that I was to be left to my own cudgels."

The discussion broke back to Foggartism, but Soames sat brooding. He would never interfere again in what didn't concern him. Then, like all who love, he perceived the bitterness of his fate. He had only meddled with what did concern himself—her name, her happiness; and she resented it. Basket in which were all his eggs, to the end of his days he must go on walking gingerly, balancing her so that she was not upset, spilling his only treasure.

She left them over the wine that only Mr. Blythe was drinking. Soames heard an odd word now and then, gathered that this great frog-chap was going to burst next week in The Outpost, gathered that Michael was to get on to his hind legs at

the first opportunity. It was all a muzz of words to him. When they rose, he said to Michael:

"I'll take myself off."

"We're going down to the House, sir; won't you stay with Fleur?"

"No," said Soames; "I must be getting

back."

Michael looked at him closely. "I'll just tell her you're going."

Soames had wrapped himself into his coat, and was opening the door when he smelled violet soap. A bare arm had come round his neck. He felt soft pressure against his back. "Sorry, Dad, for being such a pig."

Soames shook his head.

"No," said her voice; "you're not going like that."

She slipped between him and the door. Her clear eyes looked into his; her teeth gleamed, very white. "Say you forgive me!"

"There's no end to it," said Soames.

She thrust her lips against his nose. "There! Good night, ducky! I know I'm spoiled!"

Soames gave her body a convulsive little squeeze, opened the door and went

out without a word.

Under Big Ben boys were calling—political news, he supposed. Those Labor chaps were going to fall—some editor had got them into trouble. He would! Well—one down, t'other come on! It was all remote to him. She alone—she alone mattered.

XII

MICHAEL MUSES

MICHAEL and Mr. Blythe sought the Mother of Parliaments and found her in commotion. Liberalism had refused, and Labor was falling from its back. A considerable number of people were in Parliament Square contemplating Big Ben and hoping for sensation.

"I'm not going in," said Michael.
"There won't be a division to-night.
General Election's a foregone conclusion

now. I want to think."

"One will go up for a bit," said Mr. Blythe; and they parted, Michael returning to the streets. The night was clear, and he had a longing to hear the voice of

his country. But-where? His countrymen would be discussing this pro and that con, would be mentioning each his personal "grief"—here the income tax, there the dole, the names of leaders, the word Communism. Nowhere would he catch the echo of the uneasiness in the hearts of The Tories—as Fleur had predicted -would come in now. The country would catch at the anodyne of "strong stable government." But could strong stable government remove the inherent canker, the lack of balance in the topheavy realm? Could it still the gnawing ache which everybody felt, and nobody would express, at something "rotten in the State of Denmark"?

'Spoiled,' thought Michael, 'by our past prosperity. We shall never admit it,' he thought, 'never! And yet in our

bones we feel it!'

England with the silver spoon in her mouth and no longer the teeth to hold it there, or the will to part with it! And her very qualities—the latent "grit," the power to take things smiling, the lack of nerves and imagination! Almost vices, now, inducing a false belief that England would still "muddle through," although with every year there was less chance of recovering from shock, less time in which to exercise the British "virtues." 'Slow in the uptak',' thought Michael; 'it's a ghastly fault in 1024.'

Thus musing, he turned east. Midtheatre-hour, and the Great Parasite lying inert and bright. He walked the length of wakeful Fleet Street into the City, so delirious by day, so dead by night. Here England's wealth was snoozing off the day's debauch. Here were all the frame and filaments of English credit. And based on—what? On resources from which England might be cut off; on Labor too big for European boots. And yet that credit still stood high, soothing all with its "panache"—save, perhaps, receivers of the dole. With her promise to pay, England could still purchase anything, except a quiet heart.

And Michael walked on—through Whitechapel, ever busy and colored—into Mile End. The houses had become low, as if to give the dwellers a better view of stars they couldn't reach. He had crossed a frontier. Here was a dif-

ferent race almost; another England, but as happy-go-lucky and as hand-to-mouth as the England of Fleet Street and the City. Aye, and more! For the England in Mile End knew that whatever she felt could have no effect on policy. Mile on mile, without an end, the low gray streets stretched toward the ultimate deserted grass. Michael did not follow them, but

coming to a cinema turned in. The show was far advanced. Bound and seated in front of the bad cowbov on a bronco, the heroine was crossing what Michael shrewdly suspected to be Dartmoor. Every ten seconds she gave way to John T. Bronson, manager of the Tucsonville Copper Mine, devouring the road in his 60 h.p. Dodge, to cut her off before she reached the Pima River (possibly near Tavistock). Michael contemplated his fellow gazers. Lapping it up! Strong stable government—not much! This was their anodyne, and they could not have enough of it. He saw the bronco fall, dropped by a shot from John T. Bronson; and the screen disclose the words: "Hairy Pete grows desperate.... You shall not have her, Bronson." Quite! He was throwing her into the river to the words: "John T. Bronson dives." Ah! He has her by her flowing hair! But Hairy Pete is kneeling on the bank. The bullets chip the water. Through the heroine's fair perforated shoulder the landscape is almost visible. What is that sound? Yes! John T. Bronson has set his teeth! He lands, he drags her out. From his cap he takes his automatic. Still dry-thank God!

"Look to yourself, Hairy Pete!" A puff of smoke. Pete squirms and bites the sand—he seems almost to absorb the desert. "Hairy Pete gets it for keeps!" Slow music, slower! John T. Bronson raises the reviving form. Upon the bank of the Pima River they stand embraced, and the sun sets. "At last, my dinky love!"

'Pom, pom! that's the stuff!' thought Michael, returning to the light of night. "Plough the fields and scatter"—when they can get this? Not much!' And he turned west again, taking a seat on the top of a bus beside a man with grease stains on his clothes. They travelled in silence till Michael said:

"What do you make of the political situation, sir?"

The possible plumber replied, without turning his head:

"I should say they've overreached theirselves."

"Ought to have fought on Russia—oughtn't they?"

"Russia—that cock won't fight either. Nao—ought to 'ave 'eld on to the spring, an' fought on a good stiff Budget."

"Real class issue?"

"Ah!"

"But do you think class politics can save England?"

"Why! Does she want savin'?"
"Well! Don't you think so?"

The man's mouth moved under his mustache as if mumbling a new idea.

"The old geyser's a bit rusty, no daht; but I'm fed up with politics; in work to-day and out to-morrow—what's the good of politics that can't give you a permanent job?"

"That's it."

"Reparations," said his neighbor; "we're not goin' to benefit by reparations. The workin' classes ought to stand together in every country." And he looked at Michael to see how he liked that.

"A good many people thought so before the war; and see what happened."

"Ah!" said the man, "and what good's it done us?"

"Have you thought of emigrating to the Dominions?"

The man shook his head.

"Don't like what I see of the Austrylians and Canydians."

"Confirmed Englishman—like myself."
"That's right," said the man. "So

long, mister," and he got off.

Michael travelled till the bus put him down under Big Ben, and it was nearly twelve. Another election! Could he stand a second time without showing his true colors? Not the faintest hope of making Foggartism clear to a rural constituency in three weeks! If he spoke from now till the day of the election, they would merely think he held rather extreme views on Imperial Preference. He could never tell the electorate that he thought England in a bad way—one might just as well not stand. He could never buttonhole the ordinary voter, and

say to him: "Look here, you know, there's no earthly hope of any real improvement for another ten years; in the meantime we must face the music, and pay more for everything, so that twenty years hence we may be safe, and self-supporting within the Empire." It wasn't done. Nor could he say to his committee: "My friends, I represent a policy that no one else does, so far."

No! If he meant to stand again, he must just get the old Tory wheezes off his chest. But did he mean to stand again? Few people had less conceit than Michael -he knew himself for a lightweight. But he had got this bee into his bonnet; the longer he lived the more it buzzed, the more its buzz seemed the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and that wilderness his country. To stop up that buzzing in his ears, to turn his back on old Blythe, to stifle his convictions, and remain in Parliament—he could not! It was like the war over again. Once in, you couldn't get out. And he was "in"-committed to something deeper far than the top dressings of Party politics. Foggartism had a definite solution of England's troubles to work toward—an independent, balanced Empire; and an England safe—with town and country once more in some sort of due proportion! Was it such a hopeless dream?

'No! by George!' thought Michael, putting his latch-key in his door; 'they may call me what kind of a fool they like —I shan't budge.' He went up to his dressing-room and, opening the window, leaned out.

The rumorous town still hummed; the sky was faintly colored by refraction from its million lights. A spire was visible, some stars; the tree foliage in the Square hung flat, unstirred by wind. Peaceful and almost warm—the night. Michael remembered a May evening—the last London air raid of the war. From his convalescent hospital he had watched it for three hours.

'I shall go all out for the Air, anyway,' he thought; 'all hangs on safety from air attack. Even the wise can understand that.'

Two men had stopped beneath his window, talking. One was his next-door neighbor.

"Mark my words," said his neighbor, "the election 'll see a big turnover."

"Yes; and what are you going to do

with it?" said the other.

"Let things alone; they'll right themselves. A shilling off the income tax, and you'll see."

"How are you going to deal with the

land i'

"Oh! damn the land—I'm sick of it. Leave it to itself, that's all the farmers really want. The more you touch it, the worse it gets."

"Let the grass grow under your feet?"
The neighbor laughed: "That's about
it. Well, what else can you do—the country won't have it. Good night!"

Sounds of a door, of footsteps. A car drove by; a moth flew in Michael's face. "The country won't have it!" Policies! What but mental yawns, long shrugs of the shoulders, trustings to luck! What else could they be? The country wouldn't have it! And Big Ben struck twelve.

XIII

INCEPTION OF THE CASE

THERE are people in every human hive born to focus talk; perhaps their magnetism draws the human tongue, or their lives are lived at an acute angle. Of such was Marjorie Ferrar—the most talked-of young woman in London. Whatever happened to her was rumored at once in that collection of the busy and the idle That she had been called Society. ejected from a drawing-room was swiftly known. Fleur's letters about her became current gossip. The reasons for ejectment varied from truth to a legend that she had lifted Michael from the arms of his wife.

The origins of lawsuits are seldom sim-

ple.

When Soames called it all "a storm in a teacup," he might have been right if Lord Charles Ferrar had not been so heavily in debt that he had withdrawn his daughter's allowance; and if a member for a Scottish borough, Sir Alexander MacGown, had not for some time past been pursuing her with the idea of marriage. Wealth made out of jute, a rising Parliamentary repute, powerful physique, and a determined character, had not advanced

Sir Alexander's claims in twelve months so much as the withdrawal of her allowance advanced them in a single night. Marjorie Ferrar was, indeed, of those who can always get money at a pinch, but even to such come moments when they have seriously to consider what kind of pinch. She was "dipped" as badly as her father, and the withdrawal of her allowance had tipped the beam. In a moment of discouragement she consented to an engagement, not yet to be made public. When the incident at Fleur's came to Sir Alexander's ears, he went to his betrothed flaming. What could he do?

"Nothing, of course; don't be silly,

Alec! Who cares?"

"The thing's monstrous. Let me go and exact an apology from this old black-guard."

"Father's been, and he wouldn't give it. He's got a chin you could hang a

kettle on."

"Look here, Marjorie, you've got to make our engagement public, and let me get to work on him. I won't have this story going about."

Marjorie Ferrar shook her head.

"Oh! no, my dear. You're still on probation. I don't care a tuppenny ice about the story."

"Well, I do, and I'm going to that fel-

low to-morrow."

Marjorie Ferrar studied his face—its brown, burning eyes, its black, stiff hair, its jaw—shivered slightly, and had a brain-wave.

"You will do nothing of the kind, Alec, or you'll spill your ink. My father wants me to bring an action. He says I shall get swinging damages."

The Scotsman in MacGown applauded,

the lover quailed.

"That may be very unpleasant for you," he muttered, "unless the brute settles out of court."

"Of course he'll settle. I've got all his

evidence in my vanity bag."

MacGown gripped her by the shoulders and gave her a fierce kiss.

"If he doesn't, I'll break every bone in

his body."

"My dear! He's nearly seventy, I

should think."

"H'm! Isn't there a young man in the same boat with him?"

"Michael? Oh, Michael's a dear. I couldn't have his bones broken."

"Indeed!" said MacGown. "Wait till he launches this precious Foggartism they talk of. I'll eat him!"

"Poor little Michael!"

"I heard something about an American

boy, too."

"Oh!" said Marjorie Ferrar, releasing herself from his grip. "A bird of passage. Don't bother about him."

"Have you got a lawyer?"

"Not yet."

"I'll send you mine. He'll make them

sit up!"

She remained pensive after he had left her, distrusting her own brain-wave. If only she weren't so hard up! She had learned during this month of secret engagement that "Nothing for nothing and only fair value for sixpence" ruled north of the Tweed as well as south. He had taken a good many kisses and given her one bracelet which she dared not take to "her uncle." It began to look as if she would have to marry him. The prospect was in some ways not repulsive. He was emphatically a man; her father would take care that she only married him on liberal terms; and perhaps her motto, "Live dangerously," could be even better carried out with him than without. Resting inert in a long chair, she thought of Francis Wilmot. Hopeless as husband, he might be charming as lover—naïve, fresh, unknown in London, absurdly devoted, oddly attractive, with his lithe form, dark eyes, engaging smile. Too old-fashioned for words, he had made it clear already that he wanted to marry her. He was a baby. But until she was beyond his reach she had begun to feel that he was beyond hers. After? Well, who knew? She lived in advance, dangerously, with Francis Wilmot. In the meantime this action for slander was a bore! And shaking the idea out of her head, she ordered her horse, changed her clothes, and repaired to the Row. After that she again changed her clothes, went to the Cosmopolis Hotel and danced with her mask-faced partner and Francis Wilmot. After that she changed her clothes once more, went to a first night, partook of supper afterward with the principal actor and his party, and was in bed by two o'clock.

Like most reputations, that of Marjorie Ferrar received more than its deserts. If you avow a creed of indulgence you will be indulged by the credulous. In truth she had only had two love-affairs passing the limits of decorum; had smoked opium once, and been sick over it; and had sniffed cocaine just to see what it was like. She gambled only with discretion, and chiefly on race-horses; drank with moderation, helped by a good head; smoked a good deal, but the purest cigarettes she could get, and through a holder. If she had learned suggestive forms of dancing, she danced them but once in a blue moon. She rarely rode at a fivebarred gate, and that only on horses whose powers she knew. She read, of course, anything "extreme," but would not go out of her way to do so. She had flown, but just to Paris. She drove a car well and, of course, fast, but never to the danger of herself, and seldom to the real danger of the public. She had splendid health, and took care of it in private. She could always sleep at ten minutes' notice, and when she sat up half the night. slept half the day. Her book of poems, which had received praise because they emanated from one of a class supposed to be unpoetic, was remarkable not so much for irregularity of thought as for irregularity of metre. She was, in sum, credited with a too strict observance of her expressed creed: "Take life in both hands. and eat it."

This was why Sir Alexander MacGown's lawyer sat on the edge of his chair in her studio the following morning and gazed at her intently. He knew her renown as, on the whole, a very untypical member of the aristocracy, and a bit of a caution, better than Sir Alexander. How far would this young lady, with her very attractive appearance and her fast reputation, stand fire? For costs they had Sir Alexander's guarantee, and the word "traitress" was a good enough beginning; but in cases of word against word, it was ill predicting.

Her physiognomy impressed Mr. Settlewhite favorably. She would not "get rattled" in court, if he was any judge; nor had she the Aubrey Beardsley cast of feature he had been afraid of, that might alienate a jury. No; an upstanding young woman with a good blue eye and popular hair. She would do, if her story were all

Marjorie Ferrar, in turn, scrutinized one who looked as if he might take things out of her hands. Long-faced, with gray, deep eyes under long dark lashes, all his hair, and good clothes, he was as well-preserved a man of sixty as she had ever seen.

"What do you want me to tell you, Mr.

Settlewhite?"
"The truth."

"Oh, but naturally. Well, I was just saying to Mr. Quinsey that Mrs. Mont was very eager to form a salon, and had none of the right qualities, and the old person who overheard me thought I was insulting her—"

"That all?"

"Well, I may have said she was fond of lions; and so she is."

"Yes; but why did he call you a

traitress?"

"Because she was his daughter and my hostess, I suppose."

"Will this Mr. Quinsey confirm you?"
"Philip Quinsey! Oh, rather!"

"Did anybody else overhear you running her down?"

She hesitated a second. "No."

'First lie!' thought Mr. Settlewhite, with his peculiar sweet-sarcastic smile. "What about an American?"

Marjorie Ferrar laughed. "He won't say so, anyway."

"An admirer?"

"No. He's going back to America." 'Second lie!' thought Mr. Settlewhite; 'but she tells them well.'

"You want an apology you can show to those who overheard the insult—and what we can get, I suppose?"

"Yes. The more the better."

'Speaking the truth there,' thought Mr. Settlewhite. "Are you hard up?"

"Couldn't be harder."

Mr. Settlewhite put one hand on each knee and reared his slim body.

"You don't want it to come into court?"
"No; though I suppose it might be rather fun."

Mr. Settlewhite smiled again.

"That entirely depends on how many skeletons you have in your cupboard."
Marjorie Ferrar also smiled.

"I shall put everything in your hands," she said.

"Not them, my dear young lady. Well, we'll serve him and see how the cat jumps; but he's a man of means and a lawyer."

"I think he'll just hate having anything about his daughter brought out in court."

"Yes," said Mr. Settlewhite dryly. "So should I."

"And she is a little snob, you know."
"Ah! Did you happen to use that

word?"

"N-no; I'm pretty sure I didn't."

'Third lie!' thought Mr. Settlewhite; 'not so well told.'

"It makes a difference. Quite sure?"

"Yes, quite."

"But he says you did?"

"Well, I told him he was a liar."

"Oh!did you? And they heard you?"

"Rather!"

"That may be important."

"I don't believe he'll say I called her a

snob, in court, anyway."

"That's very shrewd, Miss Ferrar," said Mr. Settlewhite. "I think we shall do."

And with a final look at her from under his long lashes he stalked, thin and con-

tained, to the door.

Three days later Soames received a legal letter. It demanded a formal apology, and concluded with the words "failing it, action will be taken." Twice in his life he had brought actions himself—once for breach of contract, once for divorce; and now to be sued for slander! In every case he had been the injured party, in his own opinion. He was certainly not going to apologize. Under the direct threat he felt much calmer. He had nothing to be ashamed of. He would call that "baggage" a traitress to her face again tomorrow, and pay for the luxury, if need be. His mind roved back to when, in the early 'eighties, as a very young lawyer, he had handled his Uncle Swithin's defense against a fellow member of the Gulliver Club. Swithin had called him in public "a little touting whipper-snapper of a parson." He remembered how he had whittled the charge down to the word "whipper-snapper," by proving the plaintiff's height to be five feet four, his profession the church, his habit the collection of money for the purpose of small-clothing the Fiji islanders. The jury had assessed "whipper-snapper" at ten pounds. Soames always believed the small-clothes had done it. His counsel had made great game of them-Bobstay, O.C. were counsels in those days; the Q.C.s had been better than the K.C.s were. Bobstay would have gone clean through this "baggage" and come out on the other side. Uncle Swithin had asked him to dinner afterward and given him York ham with Madeira sauce, and his special Heidsieck. He had never given anybody anything else. Well, there must still be cross-examiners who could tear a reputation to tatters, especially if there wasn't one to tear. And one could always settle at the last moment, if one wished. There was no possibility, anyway, of Fleur being dragged in as witness or anything of that sort.

He was thunderstruck, a week later, when Michael rang him up at Maple-durham to say that Fleur had been served with a writ for libel in letters containing, among others, the expressions, "a snake of the first water" and "she hasn't a moral about her."

Soames went cold all over. "I told you not to let her go about abusing that woman."

"I know; but she doesn't consult me every time she writes a letter to a friend."

"Pretty friend!" said Soames into the mouthpiece. "This is a nice pair of shoes!"

"Yes, sir; I'm very worried. She's absolutely spoiling for a fight. Won't hear of an apology."

Soames grunted so deeply that Michael's ear tingled forty miles away.

"In the meantime, what shall we do?"
"Leave it to me," said Soames. "I'll come up to-night. Has she any evidence to support those words?"

"Well---"

"No," said Soames, abruptly, "don't tell me over the 'phone." And he rang off. He went out on to the lawn. Women! Petted and spoiled! Thought they could say what they liked. And so they could till they came up against another woman. He stopped by the boat-house and gazed at the river. The water was nice and clean, and there it was—flowing down to London to get all dirty! That feverish, quarrelsome business up there! Now he would have to set to and rake up all he

could against this Ferrar woman and frighten her off. It was distasteful. But nothing else for it, if Fleur was to be kept out of court! Terribly petty. Society lawsuits! Who ever got anything out of them, save heart-burning and degradation? Like the war, you might win and regret it ever afterward, or lose and regret it more. All temper! Jealousy and tem-

per!

In the quiet autumn light, with the savor of smoke in his nostrils from his gardener's first leaf bonfire, Soames felt moral. Here was his son-in-law, wanting to do some useful work in Parliament, and make a name for the baby, and Fleur beginning to settle down and take a position; and now this had come along, and all the chatterers and busy mockers in Society would be gnashing on them with their teeth—if they had any! He looked at his shadow on the bank, slanting toward the water as if wanting to drink. Grotesque. Everything grotesque, if it came to that! In Society, England, Europe-shadows, scrimmaging and sprawling, scuffling and posturing; the world just marking time before another Flood! H'm! He moved toward the river. There went his shadow, plunging in before him! They would all plunge into that mess of cold water if they didn't stop their squabblings. And, turning abruptly, he entered his kitchen-garden. Nothing unreal there, and most things running to seed-stalks and so on. How to set about raking up the past of this young woman? Where was it? These young sparks and fly-by-nights! They all had pasts, no doubt; but the definite, the concrete bit of immorality alone was of use, and when it came to the point, was unobtainable, he shouldn't wonder. People didn't like giving chapter and verse! It was risky, and not the thing! Tales out of school!

And, among his artichokes, glumly approving of those who did not tell tales, gloomily disapproving of any one who wanted them told, Soames resolved grimly that told they must be. The leaf fire smouldered, and the artichokes smelled rank, the sun went down behind the high brick wall mellowed by fifty years of weather; all was peaceful and chilly, except in his heart. Often now, morning or evening, he would walk among his vege-

tables; they were real and restful, and you could eat them. They had better flavor than the greengrocer's, and saved his bill -middlemen's profiteering and all that. Perhaps they represented atavistic instincts in this great-grandson of "Superior Dosset's" father, last of a long line of Forsyte "agriculturalists." He set more and more store by vegetables the older he grew. When Fleur was a little bit of a thing he would find her, when he came back from the City, seated among the sunflowers or black currants, nursing her doll. He had once taken a bee out of her hair, and the little brute had stung him. Best years he ever had, before she grew up and took to this gad-about Society business. associating with women who went behind her back. Apology! So she wouldn't hear of one? She was in the right. But to be in the right and have to go into court because of it was one of the most painful experiences that could be undergone. The courts existed to penalize people who were in the right-in divorce, breach of promise, libel, and the rest of it. Those who were in the wrong went to the South of France, or if they did appear, defaulted afterward and left you to pay your costs. Had he not himself had to pay them in his action against Bosinney? And in his divorce suit, had not Young Jolyon and Irene been in Italy when he brought it? And yet he couldn't bear to think of Fleur eating humble pie to that red-haired cat. Among the gathering shadows his resolve hardened. Secure evidence that would frighten the baggage into dropping the whole thing like a hot potato. It was the only way!

XIV

FURTHER CONSIDERATION

THE Government had "taken their toss" over the editor—no one could say precisely why—and Michael sat down to compose his address. How say enough without saying anything? And, having impetuously written: "Electors of Mid-Bucks," he remained for many moments still as a man who has eaten too many oysters. "If"—he traced words slowly—"if you again return me as your representative, I shall do my best for the country according to my lights. I consider the se-

through the enlargement of our air defenses: the elimination of unemployment through increased emigration to the Dominions and the development of home agriculture; and the improvement of the national health particularly through the abatement of smoke and slums, to be the most pressing and immediate concerns of British policy. If I am returned, I shall seek to foster these ends with determination and coherence, and try not to abuse those whose opinions differ from my own. At my meetings I shall endeavor to give you some concrete idea of what is in my mind, and submit myself to your questioning."

Dared he leave it at that? Could one issue an address containing no disparagement of the other side, no panegyric of his own? Would his committee allow it? Would the electors swallow it? Well, if his committee didn't like it, they could turn it down, and himself with it. Only—they wouldn't have time to get another

candidate!

The committee, indeed, did not like it, but they lumped it; and the address went out with an effigy on it of Michael, looking, as he said, like a hair-dresser. Thereon he plunged into a fray, which, like every other, began in the general and

ended in the particular.

During the first Sunday lull at Lipping-hall he developed his poultry scheme—by marking out sites, and deciding how water could be laid on. The bailiff was sulky. In his view it was throwing away money. Fellers like that! Who was going to teach them the job? He had no time, himself. It would run into hundreds, and might just as well be poured down the gutter. "The townsman's no mortal use on the land, Master Michael."

"So everybody says. But, look here, Tutfield, here are three 'down and outs,' two of them ex-Service, and you've got to help me put this through. You say yourself this land's all right for poultry—well, it's doing no good now. Bowman knows every last thing about chickens; set him on to it until these chaps get the hang. Be a good fellow, and put your heart into it; you wouldn't like being 'down and out' yourself."

The bailiff had a weakness for Michael,

curity of Britain and the Empire mainly through the enlargement of our air defenses; the elimination of unemployment through increased emigration to the Dominions and the development of home agriculture; and the improvement of the national health particularly through the abatement of smoke and slums, to be the whom he had known from his bottle up. He knew the result, but if Master Michael liked to throw his father's money away, it was no business of his. He even went so far as to mention that he knew "a feller" who had a hut for sale not ten miles away; and that there was "plenty of wood in the copse for the cuttin'."

On the Tuesday after the Government had fallen Michael went up to town and summoned a meeting of his "down and outs." They came at three the following day, and he placed them in chairs round the dining-table. Standing under the Goya, like a general about to detail a plan of attack which others would have to execute, he developed his proposal. The three faces expressed little, and that without conviction. Only Bergfeld had heard anything of it before, and his face was the most doubting.

"I don't know in the least," went on Michael, "what you think of it; but you all want jobs—two of you in the open, and you, Boddick, don't mind what it is, I

think."

"That's right, sir," said Boddick, "I'm on."

Michael instantly put him down as the best man of the three.

The other two were silent till Bergfeld said:

"If I had my savings-"

Michael interrupted quickly:

"I'm putting in the capital; you three put in the brains and labor. It's probably not more than a bare living, but I hope it'll be a healthy one. What do you say, Mr. Swain?"

The hair-dresser, more shadow-stricken than ever in the glow of Fleur's Spanish

room, smiled.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you. I don't mind havin' a try—only, who's goin' to boss the show?"

"Co-operation, Mr. Swain."

"Ah!" said the hair-dresser; "thought so. But I've seen a lot of tries at that, and it always ends in one bloke swallerin' the rest."

"Very well," said Michael suddenly, "I'll boss it. But if any of you crane at the job, say so at once and have done with it. Otherwise I'll get that hut delivered and set up, and we'll start this day month."

Boddick rose, and said: "Right, sir. What about my children?"

"How old, Boddick?"

"Two little girls, four and five."

"Oh, yes!" Michael had forgotten this item. "We must see about that."

Boddick touched his forelock, shook Michael's hand, and went out. The other two remained standing.

"Good-by, Mr. Bergfeld; good-by, Mr.

Swain!"

"If I might-"

"Could I speak to you for a minute?"
"Anything you have to say," said
Michael astutely, "had better be said in
each other's presence."

"I've always been used to hair."

'Pity,' thought Michael, 'that life didn't drop that "h" for him, poor beggar!' "We'll get you a breed of birds that can be shingled," he said. The hair-dresser smiled down one side of his face.

"Well, beggars can't be choosers."
"I wished to ask you," said Bergfeld,

"what system we shall adopt?"

"That's got to be worked out. Here are two books on poultry-keeping; you'd better read one each and swap."

He noted that Bergfeld took both without remonstrance on the part of Swain.

Seeing them out into the Square, he thought: 'Rum team! It won't work, but they've got their chance.'

A young man who had been standing on

the pavement came forward.

"Mr. Michael Mont, M.P.?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Michael Mont at home?"
"I think so. What do you want?"

"I must see her personally, please."

"Who are you from?"

"Messrs. Settlewhite and Stark—a suit."

"Dressmakers?"

The young man smiled.

"Come in," said Michael. "I'll see if she's at home."

Fleur was in the "parlor."

"A young man from some dressmaker's for you, dear."

"Mrs. Michael Mont? In the suit of Ferrar against Mont—libel. Good-day, madam."

Between those hours of four and eight when Soames arrived from Mapledurham, Michael suffered more than Fleur. To sit and see a legal operation performed on her with all the scientific skill of the British Bar—it was an appalling prospect; and there would be no satisfaction in Marjorie Ferrar's also being on the table, with her inside exposed to the gaze of all! He was only disconcerted when Fleur said:

"All right; if she wants to be opened up she shall be. I know she flew to Paris with Walter Nazing last November; and I've always been told she was Bertie Curfew's

mistress for a year."

A scandal—cream for all the cats in society, muck for all the blow-flies in the streets-and Fleur the hub of it! He waited for Soames with impatience. Though "Old Forsyte's" indignation had started this, Michael turned to him now, as to an anchor let go off a lee shore. The "old man" had experience, judgment, and a chin; he would know what, except bearing it with a grin, could be done. Gazing at a square foot of study-wall which had escaped a framed caricature, he reflected on the underlying savagery of life. He would be eating a lobster tonight that had been slowly boiled alive! This study had been cleaned out by a charwoman whose mother was dying of cancer, whose son had lost a leg in the war, and who looked so jolly tired that he felt quite bad whenever he thought of her. Bergfelds, Swains and Boddicks of the world-Camden Towns and Mile Endsdevastated regions of France, rock villages of Italy! Over it all what a thin crust of gentility! Members of Parliament, and ladies of fashion, like himself and Fleur, simpering and sucking silver spoons, and now and then dropping spoons and simper, and going for each other like Kilkenny cats!

"What evidence has she got to support those words?" Michael racked his memory. This was going to be a game of bluff. That Walter Nazing and Marjorie Ferrar had flown to Paris together appeared to him of next to no importance. People could still fly in couples with impunity; and as to what had happened afterward in the great rabbit-warren Outre Manche—Pff! The Bertie Curfew affair was different. Smoke of a year's duration probably had fire behind it. He knew Bertie Curfew, the enterprising director of the "Ne Plus Ultra Play Society," whose device

was a stork swallowing a frog—a long young man, with long young hair that shone and was brushed back, and a long young record; a strange mixture of enthusiasm and contempt, from one to the other of which he passed with extreme suddenness. His sister, of whom he always spoke as "Poor Norah," in Michael's opinion, was worth ten of him. She ran a Children's House in Bethnal Green, and had eyes from which meanness and evil shrank away.

Big Ben thumped out eight strokes; the Dandie barked, and Michael knew that

Soames had come.

Very silent during dinner, Soames opened the discussion over a bottle of Lippinghall Madeira by asking to see the writ.

When Fleur had brought it, he seemed

to go into a trance.

'The old boy,' thought Michael, 'is thinking of his past. Wish he'd come to!'

"Well, Father?" said Fleur at last.

As if from long scrutiny of a ghostly Court of Justice, Soames turned his eyes on his daughter's face.

"You won't eat your words, I sup-

pose?"

Fleur tossed her now de-shingled head.

"Do you want me to?"

"Can you substantiate them? You mustn't rely on what was told you—that isn't evidence."

"I know that Amabel Nazing came here and said that she didn't mind Walter flying to Paris with Marjorie Ferrar, but that she did object to not having been told beforehand, so that she herself could have flown to Paris with somebody else."

"We could subpœna that young wo-

man," said Soames.

Fleur shook her head. "She'd never give Walter away in court."

"H'm! What else about this Miss

Ferrai?"

"Everybody knows of her relationship

with Bertie Curfew."

"Yes," Michael put in, "and between 'everybody knows' and 'somebody tells' is a great gap fixed."

Soames nodded.

"She just wants money out of us," cried Fleur; "she's always hard up. As if she cared whether people thought her

moral or not! She despises morality—all her set do."

"Ah! Her view of morality!" said Soames deeply; he suddenly saw a British jury confronted by a barrister describing the modern view of morals: "No need, perhaps, to go into personal details."

Michael started up.

"By Jove, sir, you've hit it! If you can get her to admit that she's read certain books, seen or acted in certain plays, danced certain dances, worn certain clothes—" He fell back again into his chair. What if the other side began asking Fleur the same questions? Was it not the fashion to keep abreast of certain things, however moral one might really be? Who could stand up and profess to be shocked to-day?

"Well?" said Soames.

"Only that one's own point of view isn't quite a British jury's, sir. Even yours and ours, I expect, don't precisely tally."

Soames looked at his daughter. He understood. Loose talk—afraid of being out of the fashion—evil communications corrupting all profession of good manners. Still, no jury could look at her face without—who could resist the sudden raising of those white lids? Besides, she was a mother, and the other woman wasn't; or if she was—she shouldn't be! No, he held to his idea. A clever fellow at the Bar could turn the whole thing into an indictment of the fast set and modern morality, and save all the invidiousness of exposing a woman's private life.

"You give me the names of her set and those books and plays and dancing clubs and things," he said. "I'll have the best

man at the Bar."

Michael rose from the little conference somewhat eased in mind. If the matter could be shifted from the particular to the general; if, instead of attacking Marjorie Ferrar's practice, the defense could attack her theory, it would not be so dreadful. Soames took him apart in the hall.

"I shall want all the information I can get about that young man and her."

Michael's face fell.

"You can't get it from me, sir, I haven't ot it."

"She must be frightened," said Soames.

tle it out of court without an apology."

"I see; use the information out of court,

but not in."

Soames nodded. "I shall tell them that we shall justify. Give me the young man's address."

"Macbeth Chambers, Bloomsbury. It's close to the British Museum. But do remember, sir, that to air Miss Ferrar's linen in court will be as bad for us as for her."

Again Soames nodded.

When Fleur and her father had gone up, Michael lit a cigarette, and passed back into the "parlor." He sat down at the clavichord. The instrument made very little noise—and he could strum on it without fear of waking the eleventh baronet. From a Spanish tune picked up three years ago on his honeymoon, whose savagery always soothed him, his fingers wandered on: "I got a crown, you got a crown-all God's children got a crown! Eb'ryone dat talk 'bout 'eaben ain't goin'

at him. As a child he had loved the colors of his Aunt Pamela's glass chandeliers in the panelled rooms at Brook Street; but when he knew what was what, he and every one had laughed at them. And now lustres had come in again; and Aunt Pamela gone out! "She had a crown he had a crown-" Confound that tune! "Auprès de ma blonde-il fait bon-fait George!"

"If I can frighten her, I can probably set- bon-fait bon; Auprès de ma blonde, il fait bon dormir."

His "blonde"—not so very blonde, either-would be in bed by now. Time to go up! But still he strummed on, and his mind wandered in and out-of poultry and politics, "Old Forsyte," Fleur, Foggartism, and the Ferrar girl-like a man in a maelstrom whirling round with his head just above water. Who was it said the landing-place for modernity was a change of heart; the rebirth of a belief that life was worth while, and better life attainable? "Better life?" Prerogative of priests? Not now. Humanity had got to save itself! To save itself-what was that, after all, but expression of "the will to live"? But did humanity will to live as much as it used? That was the point. Michael stopped strumming and listened to the silence. Not even a clock ticking —time was inhospitable in "parlors"; and England asleep outside. Was the English "will to live" as strong as ever; or had they all become so spoiled, so sendere. All God's children got a crown." . sitive to life, that they had weakened on Glass lustres on the walls gleamed out it? Had they sucked their silver spoon so long that, threatened with a spoon of bone, they preferred to get down from table?

'This is a very pretty room,' thought Michael. 'I've got everything I want in life. Only, where am I going, where is she going, where are all God's children

going?'

Big Ben struck: One! 'To bed, by

(To be continued.)

Sea Winds

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

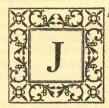
North or south, east or west, Fast and far they sweep, Wandering from wave to wave,-Free-lances of the deep. On they go, through sun or snow, Voicing grief or glee, As night and day they wing their way-These gypsies of the sea.

Bohemia à la Mode

BY EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON

Author of "Letters of a Bourgeois Father," "Treed!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN



Tuckerman lived in Patchin Place not because it was Bohemian but because it was convenient. Half-way between Times Square and Wall Street, it was

only five minutes distant from Jack's office on the south, and everything else in Manhattan on the north. Then, too, one didn't pay all one's salary in apartment rentals, as one might do elsewhere in New York. The boys upstairs felt the same

way about it.

Florence liked the Village, too, because it was homey and neighborly. Old Mrs. Carroll, in the renovated brownstone next door, constantly gossiped over the back fence with Florence, and ever so often passed over a meat pie or some other delicacy that she herself had cooked. The iceman, the greengrocer around the corner, the butcher, the confectioner, the patisserie proprietor, and even "Papa," the Italian bootlegger-light wines onlywere friendly, obliging, good-humored, likable people.

But out to Kansas City, where Cousin Imogene lived, percolated the information that Jack and Florence were living in Greenwich Village because they simply could not exist in any atmosphere save an artistic one. Florence, in a moment of weakness, had invited Cousin Imogene to come and visit them, and now . . .

It wasn't to be Imogene's first visit to New York, but it was to be her first adventure among the artists of Greenwich Village. It was as natural for her to expect to find artists at 116 Patchin Place as to expect to find Jersey cows in Jersey City.

Florence reviewed the material at hand. There were just three apartments

ACK and Florence in their four-story "converted colonial," the Tuckermans occupying the first two floors.

Her husband was in the advertising business. His artistic activities consisted mainly in devising new methods of glorifying a certain brand of tooth-paste, which kept eight out of nine people from succumbing to all the oral horrors known Then there was to materia medica. Freddie Carlyle, the bachelor in the attic apartment. Freddie was in the roofing business on Great Jones Street, as New York representative of the Lock-Fast Asphalt Shingle Company. Bill Emory and Mark Bennett, who shared the secondfloor apartment, were equally innocent of artistic leanings. Mark was a bond salesman and Bill wrote insurance.

Florence called a council of war the

night before Imogene's arrival.

'Some of us have absolutely got to be artists, at least for the term of the child's visit," announced Florence. "We can't permit her to go back to Kansas City with the idea that we are all sordid commercial people, living in the Latin Quarter under false pretenses."

"I should say not," exclaimed Freddie —he of the Lock-Fast Asphalt Shingle Company. "There's Bill Emory, now. He's a writer. He writes insurance, but

we needn't tell Imogene that."

"And Freddie's a painter," Bill retorted. "Every day-and sometimes at night in his sleep—he paints colorful pictures of those red, green, and slate-black roofs—the kind that sun, rain, and frost cannot curl nor tempest winds rip off!"

"No-Freddie's a sculptor," objected Florence. "I've got it all figured out. He lives here, but he maintains his studio in Great Jones Street. Freddie's a sculptor, and Mark-let's see-what's Mark? Mark's an etcher."

"What do I etch?" demanded Mark in alarm. "I couldn't tell an etching from a mustard plaster."

"You've got two etchings on your wall, child," Florence assured him. "And we'll

borrow more from Gene."

"Why can't you let her camp over at Gene's studio all day?" insisted Mark. "He's a real artist. He'll even put on a smock, instead of those dirty duck pants he works in, if you ask him."

"Gene's engaged—he's not eligible—that's why," replied Florence. "And all three of you boys live right here in the house, and you're all unclaimed and unattached. Imogene's not going to marry any of you—don't be afraid of that. But remember—I'm chaperon, and I'm responsible for the giddy young thing. No wine-parties—no sympathetic gin and good-natured alcohol."

"Sure, we compree," Bill assured her.
"All we do is sit around with the lights low, and drink tea out of a samovar, and smoke Russian cigarettes, and every now and then say the word 'intelligentsia."

"And talk a lot of stuff about etchings, pastels, woodcuts, color values, composition, draftsmanship, and the like," said Mark. "The handling of light and shade in the Woolworth Building, for instance—some of the windows have lights in 'em and some have the shades pulled down."

"Precisely," applauded Florence. "We needn't feel bad about deceiving the child. She would be terribly disappointed if we didn't."

And so the artistic atmosphere at 116 Patchin Place was so thick you could slice

it when Imogene arrived.

She brought three wardrobe trunks, two hat-boxes, three bags, and worlds of charm. Florence hadn't seen her since she had bloomed into her débutante completeness.

"Aha," said 116 Patchin Place, putting on its best necktie, "this is going to be

something interesting."

She was all over the house within the first thirty minutes. "Oh, how fascinating!" she breathed, as she inspected the trick kitchenette three steps down from the Tuckerman sun-parlor.

"Oh, how adorable!" as she viewed the velvet portières that separated Freddie Carlyle's bedroom alcove from the rest of his one-room attic "studio." Imogene just had to see the skylight, which, unfortunately, opened only into the bathroom, and would have interested only a water-color artist confessing constant attachment to his tub. Even this, however, was "Oh, how precious!" to Imogene, who added, with a sigh, "It must be perfectly darling to live in an artistic place like this."

For dinner they took her around to "The Saffron Lizard," which was one of the ninety-eight tea-rooms within a radius of two blocks or so. In these quaint basements and converted grocery-stores one might dance at luncheon, at tea-time, at dinner, after dinner, at supper, after supper, and generously between meals. One might buy ginger ale at whiskey prices, but one must pack one's hootch along with one. A pleasantly near-sighted policeman always stood around, just to add atmosphere to the place, evidently, for he was not interested in any crime ranking lower than murder.

crime ranking lower than murder.
Scores of "typical Greenwich Villagers," who lived in Brooklyn, Jersey City, or the Bronx, crowded these tea-rooms at all hours. Mostly they were high-school girls and college youths, with the inevitable sprinkling of tourists from Illinois, Tennessee, Dakota, or what-have-you.

The tin-tortured atmosphere of the jazz haunts seemed very jolly to Imogene, but it was not until they returned to Patchin Place that the real fun ensued. For, despite Florence's orders for an impeccable drought, a spirited impromptu party assembled itself in Freddie's apartment with the cute dormer windows. The news of Imogene's arrival had spread, and soon there appeared troubadours under the windows of One-Sixteen—Andy, the illustrator, with his banjo; one Fritz, who did things in black and white, and invariably carried a flask of Ulster County applejack; and Gene himself, who brought not only his fiancée but also a gallon of red wine picked up on the way, at Papa's.

Florence Tuckerman shuddered. Why had she permitted an innocent—and much too attractive—cousin from Kansas City to be exposed to such dangers?

As for Imogene, she blended into the color scheme magnificently. Incredibly

soon after Freddie Carlyle had dragged not without a nuance of jealousy. out his guitar, Imogene was nestling Kansas City they work fast—what?" against him with her head on his shoulder, And before the evening had reached



And ever so often passed over a meat pie or some other delicacy that she herself had cooked.—Page 191.

Night?—Nobody, Dear, but You!" ly to the assembled celebrants: "Whoof!" exclaimed Mark Bennett, "Yes, Freddie and I have decided to

Vol. LXXIX .-- 14

singing, in the bewitchingest contralto: the climactic height of its fun, sport, and "Who Has the Right to Kiss Me Good amusement, Imogene announced demure-

get married and settle down in Greenwich

Village."

The husband of the horror-stricken Florence did his best to reassure her, when the last strains of the party were dying away down the street, in the wake of departing guests.

"Look what we've got on our hands," wailed Florence. "And to think I'm to blame if anything happens to her!"

"Nothing will happen," grunted Jack, optimistic, like all husbands. "You don't suppose the little nut meant that sort of

thing, do you?"

Imogene, it is true, took complete and instantaneous possession of the establishment, for she was the kind of girl who makes everybody think it is his simple duty to fall in love with her.

It was perhaps a matter of twenty-four hours before Imogene had definitely established in her mind which of the three eligibles of 116 Patchin Place was the sculptor, which the writer, and which the etcher.

It gradually became obvious, much to the chagrin of the second floor, that she esteemed sculptors above all other creative and interpretive artists. Perhaps this was because Freddie's apartment was the cutest. A davenport tucked up under the sloping ceiling near the front dormer windows was a snug place that would have caused even the most discriminating bug to forsake his rug. And Imogene sat up there and talked to Freddie unchaperoned. Florence felt herself a mean, middle-aged, meddling ogre when she climbed the two flights and advised Freddie and Imogene that they really must turn on the phonograph, or something, for the sake of appearances.

Mark and Bill were of like mind. They felt it was their duty as friends of Florence to stick around Freddie's apartment whenever the bewildering visitor from

the 18-carat West was there.

"My sculpturer," breathed Imogene, with the accent on the *tu*. "Isn't that perfectly marvellous work that Freddie does!"

As Exhibit A, Freddie had furtively lugged in "The Bird Bath," a marble monstrosity that he had purchased from Papa, the bootlegger. For Papa, perceiv-

ing that his patrons grew more intelligent and more artistic month by month, had put in a side line of imported marble grotesqueries which came in barrels adroitly billboarded "Turin" or "Florence." Quite possibly they were manufactured around the corner in Bleecker Street, but the connoisseur of statuary, mellowly influenced by Papa's red wine, was not wont to question the authenticity of bird baths that could be purchased for four dollars, complete, three birds, classical bathtub, and all. The birds perched on the rim of the bowl and gazed woodenly into its depths—or marbley, if a bird can be said to gaze that way.

"It is exquisite, Freddie," breathed Imogene, with the accent on the quis. "I just can't wait until you take me down to your studio and show me some of your bigger statues, like Civic Virtue and General Sherman. Where did you say your

studio was?"

"Great Jones Street," mumbled Freddie. "But you mustn't think of going down there."

"Why not, I'd like to know?" chal-

lenged Imogene.

"Because it just isn't done," said Freddie desperately. "It's an evil street, full of trucks and rough people."

"Bother! So is the subway full of rough people, and what do I care for trucks."

"But you wouldn't enjoy it," protested Freddie. "Most of the things I do are small things. I can bring them here."

"But don't your—your models have to

go to your studio?"
"Certainly."

"Aren't they-nice-girls?"

"Oh, of course!" Freddie wished fervently he had never started this foolishness. "But they are used to that sort of thing."

"All right," pouted Imogene. "If you won't take me there, I'll hire me a perfectly good taxi and come down by my-

self.

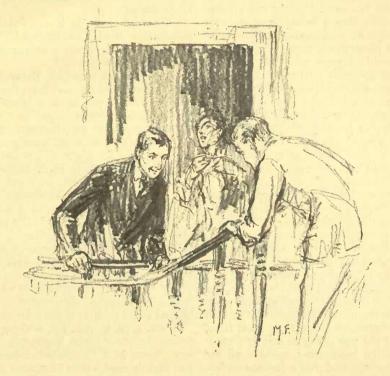
"Mark wants to show you his studio," ventured Freddie, by way of diverting the enemy's fire. "He wants you to watch him etch."

"Dreadfully sorry," countered Mark, "but it always makes me nervous and uncomfortable when anybody watches me while I etch." "Yes, he's working on a seven-year etching now called 'The Barber,'" put in Bill Emory maliciously.

"A what?" queried the innocent one.
"Don't pay any attention to the bum,"
growled Mark. "Writers are awful liars
—you'll find that out if you listen to Bill."

born resolve, and take her down to that mysterious studio of his, in Great Jones Street? Ah, that was it. Freddie didn't want to shock her. He thought she was too bourgeois and provincial to be broadminded, did he?

Florence honestly didn't know that



"Aha," said 116 Patchin Place, "this is going to be something interesting."-Page 192.

Ensuing days brought on more complications, and the three typical Bohemians took turns about giving Imogene a mad rush of sightseeing and amusement-seeking, in the hope that she might forget to demand further artistic details of their several lives. Imogene thought it all very charming, particularly the endless variety of Village resorts. And there were a couple of genuine studio parties, at Gene's and Andy's, and Imogene saw a real live model posing during work hours at Gene's place. She wore clothes, just like anybody else, observed Imogene, not at all impressed. Now with sculptors it was probably different. They didn't usually sculp many people with clothes on.

When would Freddie soften his stub-

Great Jones Street address, but Imogene wheedled out of her Freddie's telephone number, which wasn't in the directory under Carlyle.

She telephoned Freddie, and his saucy and efficient typist demanded, in the most irritating tone: "Who's calling?"

One of Freddie's models! The thought scorched Imogene.

"What business is that of yours? I want to speak to Mr. Carlyle."

"Who's calling?" The challenger was adamant.

"Are you one of his—models?" demanded Imogene cuttingly.

"Mr. Carlyle is *not in*," said Mr. Carlyle's stenographer coldly.

Imogene asked Freddie, quite care-

lessly, that evening, if he had been out a great deal during the day, and Freddie truthfully answered that he hadn't left the office at all, except for luncheon.

That settled the official hash of Mr. Freddie Carlyle, sculpturer. He didn't know what a good friend he had lost until he had lost her. He had not known, had Freddie, that it would be possible for him to sit in his darkened attic apartment, with the phonograph silent, and chew the bitter weed of envy while the mocking music of Imogene's laughter floated up from that despicable second floor.

Brazen about it, she was. She petted Mark Bennett on the shoulder, most disgustingly, in public. She raved about Mark's alleged etchings, and insolently remarked that chopping figures out of marble didn't require a great deal of intel-

ligence, anyway.

And if she was to be taken anywhere, thereafter, but one person in the house could take her. She flattered Mark unconscionably, even to the extent of telling him he had dreamy eyes, though he was

really somewhat pop-eyed.

Freddie suffered, and Imogene knew it. She felt a few pangs herself, but there was no turning back. The profligate Freddie had to be punished. She wrote home that she was having a desperately good time, and that she was going to stay in Greenwich Village indefinitely, perhaps all the rest of her life; and that a famous etcher, one Mark Bennett, had fallen in love with her. Mark was so famous that he had been invited to etch the Prince of Wales, whenever he could spare the time. Imogene just had to make her determination emphatic by putting it in writing.

The emphasis was not lost in Kansas City. Mr. Daniel W. Weston, president of the Weston Lumber Company (who was Imogene's father), advised Mrs. Daniel W. Weston in a tone of refrigerated fury that this was a fine kettle of fish, and she had certainly done a clever thing in sending their daughter to that wild and

immoral Greenwich Village.

It was fortunate indeed that Imogene's sister, Betty Lee, perhaps influenced by some of Imogene's vivid letters, was just then planning a trip to New York herself, in company with some substantial married friends.

She was instructed to bring Imogene back, and bring her back single! Betty Lee set her pretty lips into a line of most resistance, and told her father to never fear, just to wait till *she* got to New York.

Importunate telegrams came to Florence Tuckerman in advance of Betty

Lee's arrival.

"What on earth, Jack, can I do?" she mournfully asked of her husband. "Betty Lee can just take her back to Kansas City

—that's what she can do."

There was no room for Betty Lee at One-Sixteen, and she and her substantial married friends put up at a Washington Square hotel. She brought her friends around, of course, and Florence planned an atmosphere of deep mourning and respectability for the entire house. She even purchased three extra Bibles, and laid them around conspicuously. No word must go back to Kansas City that she had failed in her duty as chaperon.

This all-pervading tone of calm resignation and purity would have had its effect upon the visitors from Kansas City had not Freddie Carlyle ruined everything. Goaded by his sorrow, he spent a month's salary on a party of his own, to which he pointedly invited all the charter members of the Little Group of Serious Drinkers.

It was a party that left nothing to be desired by those whose tastes ran to revelry. Even Mrs. Carroll, next door, who was slightly deaf, asked Florence next day if she had heard those terrible noisy trucks

passing in the street all night.

Imogene was there, of course, and Betty Lee and her substantial married friends—and then the show-girls. Where, wondered Florence dismally, did he get them? They danced the hula-hula and sat on people's laps; and Freddie told everybody, in a very bitter tone of voice, that they were his models.

Betty Lee's friends from the relatively Wild West sat frozen to their chairs, with their eyes positively standing out on stems. They departed early, shaking their heads. Mr. Daniel W. Weston was right, they whispered to themselves—something must be done to save Imogene. And Betty Lee didn't seem to be going about it right; this, certainly, was not a hopeful beginning.

But Betty Lee had her own method,

to part him from the smitten Imogene.

which she was revolving in her mind while focal centre of two bright, admiring glows, the party was revolving. This dashing learned just how fascinating a famous Mark Bennett was a good-looking devil etcher can be to two young things who of an etcher, she told herself solemnly, are perfectly crazy about his beautiful and it was going to take stern measures eyes and etchings. It was, in fact, more patronage than Mark could conveniently She was going to make a sacrifice, was handle. Very soon his one desperate



As for Imogene, she blended into the color-scheme magnificently.—Page 192.

Betty Lee. Coldly and deliberately—at least as coldly as she could—she was going to cause Mark Bennett to fall in love with her, so that her dear sister Imogene might be saved. Not even to Florence did she confide this desperate resolve. Mark's heart would be broken when he learned, ultimately, that she was false. But, then, men's hearts have to be broken now and then when a person's happiness is at stake.

Betty Lee was prettier than Imogene, and more experienced. She used her wide blue eyes to much more telling advantage than Imogene used hers, for Imogene was very frank and careless about some of her allurements, and sometimes didn't bother to make them allure.

And Mark Bennett, finding himself the month.

thought was that he must get out from under. Florence had hidden his walls with all the etchings she could beg, borrow, or buy, and it nearly ran Mark insane the way he had to read up on the subject of the dastardly art so he could discuss it with some glibness.

He frankly told Freddie Carlyle that he'd be viciously much obliged if Freddie would take his girl back—he didn't know what to do with her. And she was getting sentimental. Now, that Betty Lee girl was different-older, had a little more sense, and could really be entertaining.

"What'll I do?" moaned Freddie, who really couldn't sleep at night, and hadn't sold a thousand Lock-Fast Shingles in a "I'm sure I don't know," said Mark, "unless you tell her the truth. All she talks about is your studio in Great Jones Street—and your 'models.' And you've made matters all the worse by dragging in those girls the other night. Isn't it about time for us to quit this nonsense, and tell her we've just been joshing her along?"

"It may be all right for you," groaned Freddie, "but it's curtain for me. She'll

despise me for the liar I am."

The kind intercession of Sister Betty Lee served to lighten his burden. She was losing no opportunity, as she had resolved, to cure Imogene of her sad passion for the etcher. What more logical method than to get the poor girl interested in some other man?

"Genie," said Betty Lee confidingly, "that Freddie Carlyle boy is wild on the

subject of you."

"Humph! Who told you that?" re-

torted Imogene carelessly.

"Why, anybody can see it. Mark says the poor boy is perfectly miserable because you won't be nice to him. Why, he has even discharged all his female models, because he thought you wouldn't like them. He's working only with male forms, now."

"Who told you that?"-again with

elaborate carelessness.

"Why, Mark did. He thought you

knew all about it."

After which, Betty Lee wrote her mother that she was making splendid progress, but she didn't want to hurry back from New York because it was a delicate task, trying to bring Imogene back to her senses, and would take a little time.

Freddie Carlyle slashed the Gordian knot by inviting Imogene down to see his studio in Great Jones Street. It was a loft building where a dozen varieties of Lock-Fast roofing products were warehoused. There was a small office near the front, presided over by the homeliest stenographer Imogene had ever seen.

Imogene wanted to cry, but that isn't the way to punish a man who has deceived you. She tossed her head a bit

cynically.

"Humph! I knew it all the time," she said. "You might be able to fool Betty Lee with this fake-artist business, but—what do you take me for, a simpleton?"

"I take you for a little sport," cried Freddie. "I knew you'd enjoy the joke."

"Yes, I'm weeping tears of hilarity over

it. Call me a taxi."

"Where are you going?"

"Home. Find out what's the next train to Kansas City."

"You're not going?"

"I am."

"You're not!"

"I am! Everything about this miserable town is a disgusting fake and a fraud."

"But you don't want people to say you're running away because of me!"

"Running away, am I? Well, I'll show you. I'll stay—just for that—until Betty Lee goes!"

One of the gratifying things Mark noticed about Betty Lee was that she tired easily on the subject of art—she didn't know much about etchings, didn't care where Mark had his studio, and was perfectly willing to discuss the financial situation instead, of which she knew nothing.

They discussed bonds of various and sundry kinds, evidently, during the ensuing week, and the letters that went forward to Kansas City conveyed the cheering information that Imogene was completely and permanently cured of her foolish, romantic attachment for the celebrated etcher.

And just as Florence Tuckerman was congratulating herself upon the fact that Imogene was planning to go home, Betty Lee flew low in her bombing-plane and dropped ten tons of TNT.

"Florence, dear," said Betty Lee, "Mark and I have come to ask you some-

thing.'

"Why—what is it?" Florence's intuition gave the alarm signal.

"I—he—he and I—that is, we——"
"I have asked Betty Lee—" Mark be-

gan something that he could not finish.
"Do you mind if—ifwegetmarried?"

broke in Betty Lee.

"Merciful heavens!" screamed Florence. "Where is my aspirin? Wait till I phone Jack. Oh, goodness! No, I'll wire your mother. You don't really mean—"

"It isn't boloney, at all," said Betty Lee solemnly. "We really love each other, don't we, Mark?" Village that makes everybody a nut? Here you young idiots have scarcely

"What have I done to deserve it!" what an example you are setting for your wailed Florence. "What is it about this sister! Who knows but that Imogene and Freddie-"

The terror of the second thought known each other two weeks, and you are spurred Florence to despatch her distress



"Are you one of his-models?" demanded Imogene cuttingly.-Page 195.

talking of—I simply won't be responsible to Aunt Genevieve," she broke off peremptorily. "Your parents will say I was to blame—that I lured you here—"

"It is a matter of no moment," Betty Lee interrupted coolly, "what my parents say or think. My mind is quite made up. I simply thought it was a courtesy due you as my cousin to ask you to sort ofchaperon us."

"Oh, you silly, silly child," cried Florence, hugging her. "I'm not angry with you, dear. But don't you think Mark had better ask your parents' permission?"

"It isn't done any more," replied Betty Lee. "Besides, I'm no infant. Wasn't I twenty-three last month?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I am going to going to wire your mother. Just consider York correspondents to be ready to fur-

signal without delay. The message to Aunt Genevieve read:

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE COME AND GET YOUR CHILDREN STOP THEY ARE MARRYING EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE.

Kansas City was not prepared for the shock.

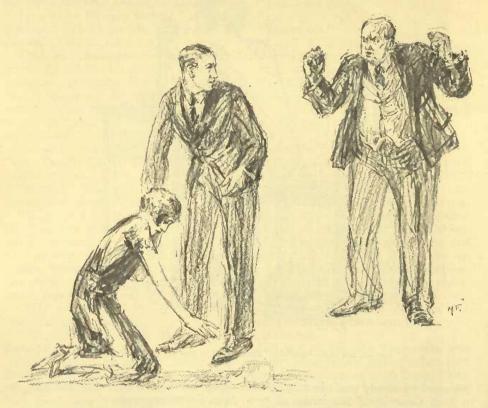
"My God," cried Mr. Daniel W. Weston hoarsely. "One of 'em writes, one of 'em etches, one of 'em sculps! Vagabond Bohemians! To think that our daughters--!"

The outraged tone in which Mr. Weston reserved the drawing-room to New York convinced the passenger-agent that Mr. Weston wasn't going on one of his periodical business trips. And when he do my duty, anyway, Betty Lee. I am directed his attorneys to wire their New nish plenty of bail, quick, Mr. Weston's

attorneys shuddered.

But love laughs at forty-hour railroad journeys, and the Little Church Around the circumstances long before Mr. and Mrs. Weston's drawing-room dived into

Mark Bennett did not marry Betty Lee under false pretenses. He confessed, quite shamefacedly, that he was no etcher. It was really only a side-line of his, that he the Corner had done its evident duty in had taken up as a hobby—which indeed he had, in self-defense. But Betty Lee didn't mind. On the contrary, it was



"Idiots! Lunatics!" Mr. Weston was shouting, as Imogene knelt tearfully over the pieces.—Page 201.

the Hudson tunnel. Betty Lee was not a discourteous child. She announced her marriage to her parents by wiring them, en route.

Betty Lee couldn't consider living anywhere else but in that dearly beloved little 116 Patchin Place, so Bill Emory obligingly agreed to move out of the second-floor apartment. Only on condition, however, that Mark would realize the weight of his added responsibilities and take on ten thousand dollars more of Equable Mutual convertible life, with double indemnity if shot by Mr. Weston.

"One of the best things I ever wrote," mused Bill.

thrilling news to hear that her new husband was in the bond department of the Warranty Trust.

"Now I know papa won't be mad at all," she cried delightedly. "He always uses Warranty Trust Travellers' Checks."

And Betty Lee sighed to herself. "Poor Imogene! Perhaps she didn't really love Mark after all. I do hope she finds comfort in her friendship for Freddie."

Poor Imogene was just gathering momentum for a fresh start toward Kansas City—to hear her tell Freddie about it when fresh tribulations arrived in a taxicab; namely, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Weston.

"This rat-hole! This miserable slumjoint!" stormed Mr. Weston, kicking a dead cat off the sidewalk. "Is this what they call smart and artistic? Is this the place you sent my daughters to, Mrs. Weston?"

"Oh, Daniel," quavered Mrs. Weston, "do try to control yourself. Remember,

they are our only children!"

Mr. Weston puffed and grew purple, grew purple and puffed, and made no progress toward controlling himself until Jack Tuckerman had forced him into a superlatively easy chair, and with a little less trouble had forced upon him a Scotch highball and the financial page of a late edition.

"Scotch!" muttered Mr. Weston, eying the financial page. "What's MK&T

quoted at?"

"Five dollars a quart," supplied Jack.
"Only fifty cents more than it costs in

Montreal—imagine that!"

MK&T Preferred, evidently influenced by Mr. Weston's arrival in New York, had jumped like a broker shot with tacks. Mr. Weston felt an agreeable glow steal over him, and calmed down until he was no longer apoplectic, but merely bitter.

"Where are they?" he thundered suddenly. "Where are the ingrates? Why don't you say something?" he shouted at Mrs. Weston. "Sitting there and trem-

bling like a ninny!"

"They'll be here shortly, Mr. Weston," said Jack Tuckerman soothingly. "But you're not going to let that affair spoil your trip. To-night you and I are going to a prize-fight, and for to-morrow night I have tickets to 'What's Nice and Gory.'"

"This dump will be nice and gory when I get through with it," raged Mr. Weston. "Why didn't you tell my daughter Betty Lee that I absolutely forbade this dis-

graceful marriage?"

"We did, Uncle Dan," protested Florence. "We showed her every one of your telegrams, and pleaded with her—but don't be harsh toward them, Uncle Dan. Mark's a nice boy—comes from one of the finest families in Rochester."

"Huh! Comes from a long line of

starving etchers, I suppose!"-

"No, Uncle Dan. I wish he were a famous etcher. He's just a deserving young

banker, Uncle Dan. That stuff about art was all just a joke."

"And where's Imogene?" roared Uncle Dan. "I suppose she's off marrying a joke, too, is she?"

"I think she's up-stairs, now, with Freddie," said Florence apprehensively.

"I'll put a stop to that!" And Uncle Dan strode out into the hall, slammed the door, and trod heavily up the stairs.

Freddie and Imogene heard him coming, and met him on the top-floor landing.

Imogene, who was struggling to conceal the fact that she had been crying, hugged him impulsively and exclaimed: "Oh, Daddy, I'm so glad!" But daddy was anything but glad, himself. He brushed her aside sternly and stalked into the apartment after the retreating Freddie.

"What does this mean, you conscienceless scamp?" he demanded hotly. He did not pause for a reply, but turned a terrifying glare upon Imogene. "What am I to expect, finding my daughter alone

with a man, in his apartment!'

"Mr. Weston," lied Freddie, drawing himself up to his maximum of height and dignity, "I shall thank you to choose your words carefully in addressing my fiancée."

"Your fi—" Mr. Weston swallowed the word in an access of rage. "Do you

mean to tell me-"

"Yes, sir, that we are engaged—or, at least, we are going to be engaged, as soon as I have convinced Imogene that I——"

"Father, look out for 'The Bird Bath'!" cried Imogene, for Mr. Weston, in staggering backward under the blow, had upset the masterpiece reposing on the library table, and it teetered toward the edge. The warning came too late. The marble creation crashed to the floor, and was reduced in a twinkling to scattered ruins.

"Idiots! Lunatics!" Mr. Weston was shouting, as Imogene knelt tearfully over the pieces. "Has anybody got brains enough to tell me what you are talking about?"

"Lock-Fast—Asphalt," Freddie sputtered, in dire confusion, "Shingle Company! She thought I was a sculptor. That's what she's mad about!"

"Mad!" yelled Mr. Weston. "I'm the one that's mad around here! What have you got to do with Lock-Fast Shingles?"

VOL. LXXIX .-- 15

"My father makes 'em—that is, he's president of the company," confessed the sorrowful and apologetic Freddie. "He's no artist, either."

"Not the Lock-"

"I really didn't mean to deceive your daughter, sir," Freddie rushed on. "It was Jack and Florence who——"

"Not the Lock-Fast Asphalt Shingle Company of Trenton?" exclaimed the

incredulous Mr. Weston.

"Yes, sir."

"Why, I've represented them in Kansas City for fifteen years. It's a small world, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go down-stairs to your mother, Imogene. I want to talk to this young man."

Imogene found her mother near to swooning, while Jack and Florence were listening fearfully for the sound of revolver shots up-stairs. She hugged her mother, and called her an old silly for setting upper ever such a trifle

getting upset over such a trifle.

"Why, it was nothing," said Imogene airily. "Freddie just started talking some sort of stupid business to daddy, and now they're up there gabbing like old cronies. But I'm furious with Freddie, even if he is smart. I'm going back to Kansas City and never speak to him again!"

"It's all my fault, child," confessed Florence. "Only, wait a minute. Some-

body's calling me."

Old Mrs. Carroll was hailing Florence

over the back fence.

"I've made the most delicious apple pies, honey," called Mrs. Carroll, "and you simply must have one of them. Who were the people I saw going into your house a while ago—your aunt and uncle? Well, you must all come over for dinner to-night—every one of you."

Florence brought in her pie and dis-

played it laughingly.

"Now wasn't that sweet of her!" exclaimed Mrs. Weston. "Whoever would think of doing that in Kansas City! They'd think it was 'common.'"

"It isn't common enough," observed Jack Tuckerman. "I wish she'd send us

a pie like that every day."

When Mr. Weston and Freddie came down-stairs to join the others, presently, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bennett had arrived also, and stood shivering—at least the better half of them stood shivering—in a corner. But there was no real reason for shivers. Mr. Weston was pounding one fist into the other hand and exclaiming to Freddie Carlyle emphatically:

"But that's the kind of merchandising problem you're up against in Kansas City. Roll roofing, yes—the three-ply sells enormously—farms and outhouses, and for industrial purposes. But the shingles are up against stiff competition, I'll tell you. And since I've lost the man I had in charge of the department—"

"The factory *might* send a man out to do missionary work," Freddie replied

dubiously. "But of course-"

"Betty Lee!" Mr. Weston grabbed her in a bearish embrace. "And this is that young scamp Bennett, of the Warranty Trust, I judge?" He looked around roguishly. "Say, do you know, it's a mighty good thing I didn't send my wife to get Imogene—with all these good-looking rascals around. What have you got to say for yourselves, now?—one at a time."

Mr. Weston did go to the prize-fight that night with Jack Tuckerman, and Florence did the symphony with Aunt Genevieve. And that was just the beginning. Out-of-town visitors had chased them about before until their tongues lolled out, but this time it was a labor of love to Jack and Florence. And of all the places they went and the sights they saw, Uncle Dan and Aunt Genevieve decided that Village joints were most intriguing.

"Do you know, I like a place where you can walk down the street in your shirt-sleeves, if you want to," observed Mr. Weston. "They'd think you were crazy if you did that in Kansas City. Say, I'm damn tired of being a prominent citizen, anyway, Genevieve. What say we stick around in this town and just be natural for a while?"

The Museum of Art daily and five lectures to pick from nightly, to say nothing of music in undreamed abundance, were sufficient reasons for Aunt Genevieve's "Very well, Daniel."

"Snug joint you've got here, Jack," Mr. Weston further conceded. "Nothing fancy—plain as an old shoe—and I did find a dead cat on the sidewalk the day

we came, but I suppose some urchin threw it there. It's comfortable. Seems to me you have more liberty here, somehow. Funny paradox-fellow who lives on a five-acre lot out in K. C. saying a thing like that about this sardine box. I guess it's because people mind their business here, and don't give a rap what you do. I even suppose"-he dropped his voice confidentially—"I even suppose you can go out to the door in your bathrobe every morning to pick up the morning paper, eh?"
"I'll say so! Receive company in bed-

room slippers, for that matter, Uncle

Dan."

"Well, dammit, you'd be ostracized for that in Kansas City. That reminds me-that Freddie Carlyle ought to have

heard from Trenton by now."

That Freddie had heard from Trenton, and he had also heard from Imogene. She cared not what course others might take, she was going back to Kansas City. She wasn't going to waste her time with fake artists and sculpturers in Greenwich Village. Why, she knew a real sculpturer in Kansas City, for that matter, and he had a studio and wore a smock, and a Windsor tie, and a flowing haircut.

"But suppose I went to Kansas City,

too?" ventured Freddie.

"Humph. You couldn't exist without your mod-I mean your sweet little stenographer in Great Jones Street."

"Couldn't I? Did you ever hear of a Lock-Fast Kiss? Well, I'm going to give you one now."

And he did, honest to goodness.

"Mr. Weston"—he summed up the situation briskly not many minutes later —"the factory is willing to send a firstclass missionary to Kansas City to take charge of your roofing department. But he has to be a married man."

"He does, hey?"

"Yes, sir. That's a hard-and-fast rule of the company. Steadier men, you know, and all that. And I'm the only first-class missionary available just now." "Which is to say---"

"Can I marry your daughter, please,

sir?"

Uncle Dan nudged Jack in the ribs.

"Is he kidding me, Jack, or is that a compliment? The lad's acting so oldfashioned I hardly know how to answer him. I'll tell you, son-ask Imogene. If she says no, she'll probably marry you."

Freddie shook his hand solemnly. "I promise to love, honor, and sell Kansas City a car-load a week," he vowed,

and then he was off.

Mr. Weston called after him:

"And say, Freddie—don't worry about subletting that apartment. I'll take it."

"You'll take it?"

"Yes, your mother-in-law and I are going to stay here until further notice. I think I'll go in for wood-carving."

Sailor's Song

BY LOUIS DODGE

MILD wind, or wild wind, It's all the same to me; I'll mend my sail by candle light, At dawn I'll put to sea.

And if a mild wind blows me home We'll share a drowsy nook, And I'll grow stranger every year Beneath your constant look.

But if a wild wind bears me far And there be storm and wrack, You'll know me better to the end For never coming back.

On the Right of an Author to Repeat Himself

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Ι



NCE upon a timeand not so long ago-I wrote a newspaper article insisting on the essential distinction between true criticism and mere book-reviewing. As I had inter-

mittently plied the trade of book-reviewer for more than fifty years, I had had occasion to come to certain conclusions about it; and one of them was that bookreviewing is (and ought to be) journalism, whereas criticism is (or ought to be) literature—at least in its intent, if not in its execution. Reviewing, as I see it, is reporting-reporting on the content and the quality of a new book for the benefit of the readers of the periodical, daily or weekly, monthly or quarterly in which it appears. The critic can adventure his soul in contact with masterpieces, whereas the reviewer has to do the best he can with the books of the day, few of which are the work of a master. In other words, the critic deals mainly with the past, while the reviewer has perforce to deal with the present. Since this is the case, the aims and the methods of the reviewer necessarily differ from those of the critic.

Two or three months after my little essay appeared I chanced to see in another periodical an article expressing sharp dissent from what I had said, asserting dogmatically that book-reviewing is and must be and ought to be criticism and holding me up to scorn because my little essay was very like a longer article which I had written ten or fifteen years earlier. In fact, the writer of the retort seemed to suggest that I had been guilty of the high crime and misdemeanor of plagiarizing from myself and that I was thereby de-That I had refrauding the public.

deny; and in the slang of the street, I had been "caught with the goods on me." All I could do was to plead guilty and throw myself on the mercy of the court. I did not dare to call witnesses to my previous good character, because there was danger that one or another of them might, under skilful cross-examination, disclose the damning fact that I had repeated myself on other occasions in dis-

cussing other themes.

All I could do to clear myself, even in my own eyes, was to deny the constitutionality of the law under which my assailant sought to convict me. I went to the root of the matter and asked if there was any enactment prohibiting an author from repeating himself as often as he saw fit. On this ground I felt secure; and I had no difficulty in convincing myself that there was no such law, that there never had been, and that even if it had been enacted, it had been violated so persistently and so abundantly by all sorts and conditions of writers that it had become a dead letter, self-repealed by its

own impossibility.

Who am I, I asked myself, that I should set up for myself a standard of literary legality loftier than that attained by the masters at whose feet I have sat to acquire wisdom? Is there any one of these masters, if so be he was spontaneous and affluent, and if also he was granted a revered longevity, who had not repeated himself boldly and frequently? Did not Stevenson smilingly confess that he did not know how often he had written "it was a wonderful night of stars"? Did not Matthew Arnold assert again and again, and yet again, that in his day in Great Britain there was "an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized"? Did not Macaulay perch his fabled New Zealander on a broken arch of London Bridge peated myself was something I could not two or three times in various essays before he left him at last, lost in musing contemplation, in the review of Ranke's

"History of the Popes"?

So far had I progressed in my preparation of my brief for the defense, when I bethought me of a passage in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," which seemed to me to have almost the sanctity of a unanimous decision by the Supreme Court of the United States. So I here offer it in evidence, as exhibit A:

"You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage stamps, do you-each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, 'Know thyself,' never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

And now, after that, I should be greatly surprised if the judges in Special Sessions, overawed by the weight of these precedents or moved more immediately by common sense, did not at once release me from custody and authorize me to leave the court without a stain on my character.

II

Thus restored to liberty and reassured in equanimity, I was about to congratulate myself on my escape from the prison, the doors of which I had visioned as yawning to engulf me, when I suddenly found myself smiling and then laughing out loud at the absurdity of my dissipated fears. Of course, every author has the right to repeat himself, and almost every author has found his profit in so doing. In fact, the right to repeat himself is guaranteed to us Americans by the Declaration of Independence; it is an essential

element in the "pursuit of happiness." Think for a moment how unhappy authors would be if they were forbidden to say again what they had already said. The right to repeat themselves has been theirs since a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as we lawyers say. Homer began it, when he "smote his bloomin' lyre" and evoked the image of "ox-eyed beautiful Juno" or when he told us how the "swift-footed Achilles" answered back. And Maeterlinck was but abiding by the precedents when, after Paul Heyse had refused to authorize the borrowing of a situation from "Maria von Magdala" for use in his "Marie Madeleine," he took it none the less, explaining that as he himself had already employed this situation in two of his earlier plays, he saw no reason why he should not utilize it a third time.

Careless speakers have been heard to assert that "Shakspere never repeats," than which no assertion could be more easily disproved. It is true that Shakspere's thoughts were so abundant and his vocabulary was so extensive that we do not often catch him saying the same thing in the same way,—as Macaulay did and Stevenson also and many another of honorable repute in the world of letters. But Shakspere does repeat situations. and he does repeat characters. There is an amateur performance at the end of "Love's Labor's Lost" and another at the end of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Sheeted ghosts appear to affright the villain as he draws to his doom in half a dozen of the more sanguinary dramas. Edmund in "King Lear" is an enfeebled repetition of Iago; and Parolles in "All's Well that Ends Well" is an even fainter reproduction of Falstaff.

Molière, who is like Shakspere in not a few aspects of his genius, is exactly like him in this. He took his material where he found it, as was his right and his duty, but he often found it in his own earlier works. Three times do we behold a lover's quarrel culminating in a reconciliation. As it happened, Molière died when he was only fifty-one; and this lover's quarrel might have been served up to us a fourth or even a fifth time, if only he had survived to the ripe old age of Sophocles, Voltaire, Goethe, and Hugo. Half a

206

dozen of Molière's lighter comedies have plots which are almost identical with that of "Etourdi" at the head of the procession and of the "Fourberies de Scapin" at the end. And Molière repeated characters even more often than Shakspere and with less variation. What is Scapin but Mascarille in a different costume? Consider the lively and authoritative serving-maids (impersonated by Madeleine Béjart)—are they not, so to speak, all sisters under their skins?

More than one historian of literature has pointed out that there is a strong family likeness among the heroes of most of the "Waverley Novels," pleasant young fellows, all of them, but a little pale by the side of Dugald Dalgetty and Scott's other more highly colored humorous characters. Lowell went so far—and I protest that I think he was going too far—as to suggest that two of Cooper's outstanding characters, Long Tom Coffin and Natty Bumppo himself, were, in fact, the same man habited in two different garbs:

"He has drawn you one character, though, that is new,

One wildflower he's plucked that is wet with the dew

Of this prest Western world; and, the thing not to mince,

He has done naught but copy it ill ever since; His Indians, with proper respect be it said, Are just Natty Bumppo, daubed over with red, And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat, Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'wester hat (Though once in a Coffin, a good chance was found

To have clipped the old fellow away underground.)"

It is only fair to record that a few lines later in the "Fable for Critics," Lowell made amends by paying due meed of praise to the creator of the unforgetable Leatherstocking:

"Don't suppose I would underrate Cooper's abilities;

If I thought you'd do that, I should feel very ill at ease:

The men who have given to one character life And objective existence are not very rife;

You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,

Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers, And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar."

It used to be said of a long-forgotten contemporary of Scott and Cooper, G. P. R. James, that he had a formula for be-

ginning his long-winded and empty romances: "As night was slowly descending a solitary traveller might have been seen descending the slope of the Apennines," or the Alps or the Cordilleras or the Grampians, as the case might be. And it was also said, but I fear without warrant, that when James's attention had been called to the monotony of this opening sentence, he varied it in his next tale of adventure, by stating that on this occasion two solitary travellers might be seen.

III

LIKE G. P. R. James, Robert Louis Stevenson trod in the trail first broken by Walter Scott; but he was too conscious an artist to repeat an opening sentence—unless perhaps "it was a wonderful night of stars." Where Stevenson was wont to repeat himself was not in words, of which he had an ample store, but in places. Certain spots had a fascination for him, since they seemed so remote and so romantic that each of them cried aloud for employment as the setting of an episode. After writing an enthusiastic essay, "Memoirs of an Islet," he made further use of the island of Earraid, first as the habitat of the "Merry Men" and second as the isolated spot whereon the young hero of "Kidnapped" is temporarily marooned. At every repetition the islet is served up with a different sauce, but the piece of resistance is ever the same; and no lover of Stevenson would wish that he had avoided the repetition, even if we now perceive that he has been caught in the act of plagiarizing from himself.

I have already quoted Maeterlinck's unblushing confession that he had used the same situation in three several plays; and I may add as a corollary, as it were, that Victor Hugo went further and in his "Lucrèce Borgia" he used what is practically the same situation three or four I have read somewhere that Eugène Scribe, that most fertile, inventive, and prolific of playwrights, was condoled with by a friend on the failure of one of his less important pieces and that he waived aside the proffered sympathy with the remark that even if the piece had not been successful it had a good story-"so I shall write it over again two or

three years from now!"

Scribe may have said this, or he may not; but what he declared to be his intention, was what the younger Dumas actually did. His thesis-play, the "Idées de Madame Aubry," did not please at its first performance and it was soon withdrawn. Dumas was not discouraged; he bided his time; and ten or a dozen years later he wrote another play on the same theme, "Denise," and this time more skilfully and more successfully.

In so doing Dumas knew what he was about. The theme he was rehandling in the second play was dear to his heart; and he wanted to have it discussed. But I doubt if Victor Hugo was really aware that in building the plot of "Lucrèce Borgia" he was guilty of self-repetition at the end of successive episodes. If he had been conscious, I think that he would probably have endeavored to disguise these consecutive borrowings from himself. Maeterlinck, on the other hand, was deliberately warming over his own funeral-baked meats when he used again the situation that Paul Heyse had declined to lend him. Probably the German dramatist thought that he had invented the situation and was proud of his invention. After all, it is a wise situation that knows its own father.

A friend, with whom I discussed the practice of self-plagiarism, called my attention to the fact that John Webster took over a couplet:

"Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright; But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light,"

from "The White Devil" and inserted it unaltered in "The Duchess of Malfi," which was produced a few years later. This can hardly have been done unwittingly; and perhaps the poet, feeling that he needed these two lines in the second play, intended to cut them out of the first piece—and forgot to do it. Or perhaps he did not care, having no hope or expectation that his works would be put under the critical microscope three centuries after his death.

The same friend (and why should I not give him due credit for his amicable aid? It was Mr. Clayton Hamilton) has called my attention to a deliberate and avowed repetition by one of the masters of English prose, Sir Thomas Browne. At the end of the next-to-last paragraph of his "Urn

Burial," we are told that "if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them." Then at the very end of "Christian Morals," we are assured that "if, as we have elsewhere declared, any have been so happy, as personally to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasy, exolution, transformation, the kiss of the spouse and ingression into the divine shadow, according to mystical theology, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the world is in a manner over, and the earth in ashes unto them."

If Sir Thomas had been a public speaker instead of a recluse scholar, he might very well have refrained from the admission that he had made the earlier declaration, for when the orator has improvised a felicitous phrase which has proved effective when uttered on the platform or the stump, he is tempted to utilize it as often as occasion serves. have seen it stated that Mr. Bryan had employed the striking figure of the Cross of Gold and the Crown of Silver-striking when heard for the first time, even if unconvincing when considered in cold blood —two or three times before he placed it triumphantly at the climax of the perfervid speech which brought him an unexpected nomination for the presidency. There is wisdom in the remark which Mr. Wilton Lackaye once made to Mr. Augustus Thomas, that "repartee was often a matter of repertoire." Sheridan once taunted a political opponent with "relying on his memory for his wit and on his imagination for his facts." Surely a speaker or a writer has a right to rely on his memory of his own wit on other occasions. It is a pretty poor witticism which is worn out by one using.

IV

THE stump speaker has at least this excuse for repeating himself—that he is addressing a different crowd every time he stands and delivers; and that the audience

of this evening cannot know what he said to the audience of last evening. The magazine writer is akin to the stump speaker in that no magazine goes to the same set of subscribers as another magazine. For myself, I confess frankly that I do not hesitate to use in a contribution to one periodical a turn of phrase which I have earlier employed in a contribution to another periodical. I confess further that this self-repetition has given me a deal of trouble when I have had to go over a group of essays written at different times for different reviews, revising them for publication in a single volume.

In my blameless vanity I have felt that it was always possible for a reader of a book of mine to be so entranced by it as to rush it through at a single sitting; and, therefore, for the benefit of this possible reader, have I striven valiantly, but not always successfully, to eliminate the unbecoming frequency with which I may have said the same thing in the same way. I should not like to be forced to count the number of articles wherein I have had to discuss the dearth of drama in English literature in the mid years of the nineteenth century and wherein I have asserted that in those decades "the plays of our language which were actable were unreadable and the plays which were readable were unactable." I have an affection for that phrase; it seems to me a good phrase, since it puts the case in a nutshell. But I had rather it did not appear in any one of my volumes of collected criticisms more than twice, or thrice at the most. Even after this phrase has made what ought to be its final appearance in a book of mine, I am afraid that I shall not hesitate to use it in the next paper I happen to write for a magazine. And why not? Is it not my own, to do with as I see fit?

It may be that this recalcitrancy of mine is to be explained by my being a college professor, charged with the duty of lecturing on the same subjects year after vear to constantly changing groups of students. As a college professor, it is laid upon me to find the best way to arouse the interest of my successive classes, concourses of fortuitous atoms totally differing from year to year; and therefore, when I have found exactly the right words to

characterize one of the authors I have to discuss (not to say, dissect), it is not only my privilege to use these words, year after year, it is my bounden duty so to do, unless indeed I can better my phrase as I come to know the author more intimately. Regularly every year for now more than three decades I have told my class in American literature that Emerson was the representative of the ideal and that Franklin was the representative of the practical, always adding that when Emerson told us to "hitch our wagon to a star," Franklin was ready "to proffer an im-

proved axle grease.

There may be danger that the professor will let his lectures become stereotyped, and consequently soulless. But he does not know his business and he does not deserve to hold his place, unless he is keenly alive to the impression he is making on his class. If his students are inattentive and listless, he knows whose fault it is. When Henry Ward Beecher was once asked what was the best remedy for a somnolent congregation, he is reported to have said that at Plymouth Church they had a simple remedy. "Whenever one of the ushers discovers anybody asleep, he has orders to go at once to the pulpit and wake the preacher!"

Of course, the preacher is under a dis-

advantage from which the professor is free; he faces the same congregation year after year, whereas the college instructor has a new audience every fall. But both of them need to be on their guard against undue self-repetition. And they cannot save themselves by the cautious writing of their sermons and their lectures, for in so doing, they lose more than they gain. They may gain in literary form, but they lose the easy freedom of direct speech, halting it may be, but far more effective in establishing contact with the minds of their hearers. As President Butler once put it aptly: "To read a lecture to a class is to insult the printing-press!"

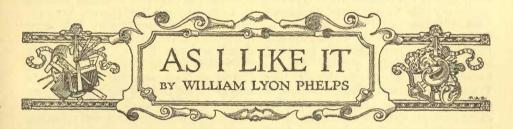
No, the college professor need not hesitate to say again what he has often said before; and he can find comfort in a saying attributed to Agassiz, whom Lowell once declared to be the greatest teacher ever connected with Harvard. I have not been able to run down the time and place of Agassiz's confession nor can I now recall his exact words; but he had occasion once to speak of his first lecture in Switzerland, a lecture expected to fill the canonical hour. At the end of forty-five minutes he had told his hearers all he knew, so for the final fifteen minutes he had to repeat himself. Then he added, "And that is what I have been doing ever since—repeating myself."

V

As I reread what I have here written I wonder whether I have not been abusing the privilege I claimed. So I refrain from further dilation upon this tempting topic; and I ask leave only to make one further quotation. John Hollingshead was for years the manager of the Gaiety Theatre

in London. He had begun his career as a contributor to magazines, as a miscellaneous writer for all sorts of periodicals; and he explained that he had abandoned the craft of writing only when he discovered that the man of letters was like an organgrinder, in that he could play only half a dozen tunes. When those had been heard, he had to move to another street and play them over again until he himself got tired of hearing them perpetually repeated.

There is a bitter truth in this comparison, I fear; but there was one thing that Hollingshead did not take into account. As the taste in tunes shifts and changes, it is always possible for the organ-grinder to procure a new barrel with another half-dozen tunes, which, alas, will also wear out their welcome, sooner or later.



AST night I was reading in bed Henry W. Nevinson's "Changes and Chances" and at the same time enjoying the admirable piano-playing of my next-door neighbor, Mrs. George Day. Should Mr. Nevinson see these lines he would appreciate his book being read to so beautiful an accompaniment, because he tells us that tunes are always running in his head while he is working, while he is playing, and even while he is asleep. In an early chapter I came upon the following vivid picture of Carlyle:

I escaped one day from Westminster School, where I was vainly attempting to teach classics amid the crowding chaos of a vast schoolroom, and took my stand nearly opposite the familiar house in Cheyne Row. A few biggish trees grew on the further side of the street to "Number 5," and, having hidden myself carefully behind the largest, I waited. The brougham was standing ready there, and presently the door opened. Supported by Froude, a small and slightly bent old figure came down the steps. A

loose cloak, a large broad-brimmed hat, a fringe of white beard and white hair, a grave and worn face, deeply wrinkled and reddish brown, aged gray eyes turned for a moment to the racing clouds—that was all. What was to me incomparably the greatest spirit of the living world entered the carriage. The carriage turned and drove away over the old wooden Battersea Bridge through the dying radiance of a winter sunset.

Like the Elizabethan lady who on her death-bed expressed a fervent wish to hear once more on the stage Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," so can I never hear enough and read enough about Carlyle. On this Thanksgiving Day I salute D. A. Wilson, who is presenting a biography of the peasant-philosopher in what I hope will be at least fifty tomes. The first was called "Carlyle till Marriage," the second "Carlyle till the 'French Revolution," and the third, which I am now reading, "Carlyle on Cromwell and Others," takes him and us to the year 1848. As I con-

sume this mighty work I am consumed by it—it is a "familiar" book, and brings me into the innermost circle of the Carlyles and their friends. One of the most satisfactory things is that, although Mr. Wilson narrates an infinite number of anecdotes, not one is given without sub-

stantiating evidence.

Mr. Wilson gives a spirited account of Carlyle's lectures. At one of them he made a sneering allusion to the Utilitarians, whereupon in the midst of the fashionable Mayfair audience stood up John Stuart Mill, and shouted "No!" What it cost the modest and shy Mill thus publicly to declare his conviction can only dimly be surmised; but Mill's troublesome conscience would never permit him to consult his own ease. Four men without orthodox religion who nevertheless had an acute case of the nonconformist or, as we should say, the New England conscience were Mill, Spencer, Huxley, Morley.

I was talking with my friend Professor Fred Williams, and I said that I enjoyed biography more than novels. He informed me that was an infallible sign that I was growing old. Which remark I doubly annotate; it is the *least* sign, because there are so many others impossible to miss; and after all, it is not true. I am not growing old, because I am already old.

Arthur Kingsland Griggs performed a merciful service for English readers when, in translating Léon Daudet's autobiography, he left out about five-sixths of it. Now we have an entertaining series of rambling meditations about the friends of Alphonse-Turgenev, Flaubert, Guy de Maupassant, Zola, and many others. Although Léon informs us that he is "a sincere Christian," his pen is dipped in venom. The adjectives he applies to his living contemporaries are studiously insulting, which of course add to the piquancy of his style. As every one knows, Léon Daudet is a royalist, and believes not only that France ought to have a hereditary king but, what is more touching, that she will have. To me the European climate seems a little unhealthy for kings, and they had better remain where Alphonse put them in one of his best novels. As there is not a dull page in this English version, Mr. Griggs's skill as a condenser is sufficiently clear.

J. Hampton Moore, of Philadelphia, has made a striking portrait of Theodore Roosevelt in his sprightly book, "Roosevelt and the Old Guard." We see the mighty man through the eyes of an experienced and professional politician. Of course Mr. Moore loves and reveres his hero-who does not? But he frankly condemns him for his attitude in 1012, and in that melancholy quarrel Mr. Moore believes that Taft appeared to better advantage than his adversary. Many times during those years of estrangement I talked with our present Chief Justice, and I never heard him say one word against Roosevelt; on the contrary, he often praised him. I happened to stand directly beside both men when they met for the first time after their break, and when they were still by no means on speaking terms. It was at the funeral of Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, at New Haven, April 13, Both Roosevelt and Taft were honorary bearers, and I was one of the actual bearers. I was standing beside the casket in the vestibule of Battell Chapel at Yale, awaiting the signal to help carry the body of my colleague into the church. Taft came up on one side, and in a few moments Roosevelt appeared on the other. The two ex-Presidents had not exchanged a word since 1912. I wondered what would happen, but Mr. Taft, without a moment's hesitation, stepped in front of Mr. Roosevelt and offered his hand in greeting. Mr. Roosevelt looked very grave, but took the outstretched hand, and then stepped back. If there were a Nobel Prize for the biggest heart in the world, it should be bestowed on William Howard Taft.

A biography of importance and interest is Professor Theodore Clarke Smith's "Life and Letters of James Abram Garfield," in two volumes, containing more than 1200 pages. It is the story of a good man's life, and a contribution to American political history. It seems that

When James Abram Garfield died in September, 1881, he left, carefully preserved, all his official papers; his letter-books and letters; his manuscript journals, school and college notes and memorabilia; the vast mass of letters received by him and a large collection of pamphlets and newspaper clippings bearing on his career. All this

material, through the wise judgment of his wife, was systematically organized, classified, bound up in volumes and indexed-a task which occupied the time of Joseph Stanley-Brown, formerly his secretary, for the space of about eighteen months. This done, the papers were placed in a memorial room at Mentor, built as an addition to the house which had been the Garfield residence since 1877, and there they remained untouched for thirty years. Then, when the generation to which the dead man had belonged had all passed off the stage, and the acrimonious personal controversies that preceded and to a degree caused his assassination had faded into mere political memories, belonging more to the anecdotal side of United States history than to its really important aspects, his wife and children felt that the time had come to use the opportunity which this collection offered for the preparation of a biography which should place in its true perspective the life of the man who left it.

President Garfield died in 1881; his wife survived till 1918. The world owes her a debt for her care in preserving these records and for her constant assistance

to the biographer.

Some years ago, Mr. William A. Watts, a public-spirited and generous business man of New Haven, who, although a Rotarian, is as unlike Babbitt as a Beethoven symphony is unlike a musical comedy, said that he was about to make a speech to his employees on the value of courtesy, and wished to know if I had an appropriate anecdote. It happened that I had an ideal one. When Garfield was a boy, his original intention was to enter Yale, but, fearing that the College of the Elms was too aristocratic, he decided to write to the presidents of Yale, Brown, and Williams, asking for the necessary qualifications for admission. The Yale president made a formal reply, and so did the man of Brown. So also did the Williams president, but he added one line: "We shall be glad to do what we can for you." It took one second to write that line, and the same amount of time for Garfield to decide. As a result of one line of courtesy, Williams has the honor of having graduated a President of the United States, of having at this moment his son as her own president, of having every summer an international conference whose fame and influence are as wide as

its scope. This story, which I have often told orally, is in this biography confirmed.

George Moore ought to incur the eternal wrath of book-collectors, biographers, librarians, and bibliographers. For he has the habit (note "Esther Waters" and "Evelyn Innes") of publishing a book, a few years later issuing a revised edition, and, if time allows, a third version still more revised. In 1911 he began to print his three-volume autobiography (?) called "Ave, Salve, Vale," a fascinating and brilliant work. Now he has reissued it in two volumes, with the style recombed and refurbished. It is a charming and oddly droll narrative, only perhaps it ought to be classed among his works of fiction. Anyhow, W. B. Yeats told me that the conversations definitely described between him and Moore never took place.

G. K. Chesterton has produced a book that seems to bear in every chapter the impress of genius—it is called "The Everlasting Man." In reading it amid the pullulation of contemporary flapperisms and adolescent pruriences and jazzscientific works, I can think only of the old-fashioned phrase, that God has raised up G. K. C. for this especial purpose, to stand as a witness to the eternal truth of religion. When I began to read this book, I had my pencil ready to mark the passages that seemed to me most memorable. I put up my pencil, for I found I had to mark nearly every sentence. The style is steadily brilliant, without becoming monotonously so. It is a great book, a spur to the intelligence and a solace to the

heart.

His description of the war between Carthage and Rome, in the chapter called "The War of the Gods and Demons," is as vivid as if we saw God and Satan fighting for the souls of men.

Carthage was an aristocracy, as are most of such mercantile states. The pressure of the rich on the poor was impersonal as well as irresistible. For such aristocracies never permit personal government, which is perhaps why this one was jealous of personal talent. But genius can turn up anywhere, even in a governing class. As if to make the world's supreme test as terrible as possible, it was ordained that one of the great houses

of Carthage should produce a man who came out of those gilded palaces with all the energy and originality of Napoleon coming from nowhere. At the worst crisis of the war Rome learned that Italy itself, by a military miracle, was invaded from the north. Hannibal, the Grace of Baal, as his name ran in his own tongue, had dragged a ponderous chain of armaments over the starry solitudes of the Alps; and pointed southward to the city which he had been pledged by all his dreadful gods to destroy.

Hannibal marched down the road to Rome, and the Romans who rushed to war with him felt as if they were fighting with a magician. Two great armies sank to right and left of him into the swamps of the Trebia; more and more were sucked into the horrible whirlpool of Cannæ; more and more went forth only to fall in ruin at his touch. The supreme sign of all disasters, which is treason, turned tribe after tribe against the falling cause of Rome, and still the unconquerable enemy rolled nearer and nearer to the city; and following their great leader the swelling cosmopolitan army of Carthage passed like a pageant of the whole world; the elephants shaking the earth like marching mountains and the gigantic Gauls with their barbaric panoply and the dark Spaniards girt in gold and the brown Numidians on their unbridled desert horses wheeling and darting like hawks, and whole mobs of deserters and mercenaries and miscellaneous peoples; and the grace of Baal went before them.

And in the same chapter, where he points out the difference between the scientific explanations of the economists and the true spiritual life of man, his words are like the sound of a trumpet:

Even those dry pedants who think that ethics depend on economics must admit that economics depend on existence. And any number of normal doubts and day-dreams are about existence; not about how we can live, but about why we do. And the proof of it is simple; as simple as suicide. Turn the universe upside down in the mind and you turn all the political economists upside down with it. Suppose that a man wishes to die, and the professor of political economy becomes rather a bore with his elaborate explanations of how he is to live. And all the departures and decisions that make our human past into a story have this character of diverting the direct course of pure economics. As the economist may be excused from calculating the future salary of a suicide, so he may be excused from providing an old age pension for a martyr. As he need not provide for the future of a martyr, so he need not provide for the family of a monk. His plan is modified in lesser and varying degrees by a man being a soldier and dying for his own country, by a man being a peasant and specially loving his own land, by a man being more or less affected by any religion that forbids or allows him to do this or that. But all these come back not to an economic calculation about livelihood but to an elemental outlook upon life. They all come back to what a man fundamentally feels. when he looks forth from those strange windows which we call eyes, upon that strange vision that we call the world.

When William Allingham read Browning's "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," he wrote in his diary, "Bravo, Browning!" So, when I read Chesterton, I feel like

cheering.

Many years ago, when I was teaching English composition, an undergraduate wrote on his theme that it was absurd to believe in the Christian religion, for "scientific" criticism had proved that all four gospels were written three or four hundred years after the supposed existence of Christ. Now I am not sceptical of any truth verified by science, but no one is more sceptical than I of the general statements loosely called "scientific" which are so eagerly swallowed by unscientific people. It is now pretty well established that the first three Gospels were written in the first century and that Jesus is no more a myth than Lincoln; yet the best of all the Gospels, the one according to St. John, has received from many "scientific" persons scant intellectual respect. A common-sensible man, unaware of "scientific" theories about this Gospel, would, on reading it, never imagine that it was a farrago of theological hocus-pocus hitched onto the teachings of Jesus by some fourth-century metaphysicians. He would think, as I actually do, that it is the most intimate of all the Gospels; that it was written by a disciple who stood closer to the actual Master than Matthew, Mark, or Luke. It bears all over it, except to those who cannot see the obvious, the stamp of intimacy.

Well, to my surprise and pleasure, a redoubtable champion of this Gospel now appears in the famous biographer, Lord Charnwood. He it was who wrote the best one-volume life of Lincoln, and thus gave John Drinkwater the foundation for his only good play. Charnwood is a man of learning and experience, an Englishman who lived long in our American West, who has met all classes of people, whose natural shrewdness has been sharpened by scholarship. He is a trained biographer, whose business it is to separate what is true from what is legendary.

I had no idea that he was especially interested in the New Testament, yet for many years he has been working on the most important of literary problems, the origins of the Gospels. Here is the result, a book called "According to Saint John," a brilliant, scholarly, sensible work. This is a treatise not for children, but for intelligent men and women; and if they come to it with an open and unprejudiced mind, they will, as I do now on this Thanksgiving Day, thank God for such a book.

I call this investigation the most important of literary problems, for if it is true that the Gospel of Saint John is a faithful historical record, it is more important that men and women should get this news than that they should acquire anything else in the whole world.

Charnwood and Chesterton make a formidable pair. Come forward, Mr. Feeble-Faith, and take heart.

The Bemerton Club, proposed by Doctor Alexander Witherspoon, and of which he is the "onlie begetter," is now firmly established, and in response to my appeal for funds to place a new organ in George Herbert's old church, I received actual money from Robert N. Shaw, of Boston, who visited on a bicycle the "smallest church I ever saw"; from the Reverend Doctor George Roberts, of Lake Forest, Ill., who writes: "I am especially moved to send it because perhaps the most lasting acquisition of my college days was an interest in George Herbert's life and poetry"; from Mr. M. Woolsey Stryker, of Rome, N. Y., who wants "to give one of the 'whistles' of the Bemerton organ.

. . . Dear and saintly George Herbert! May the idea go, and grow, and 'Let all the world in every corner sing' to that fragrant memory"; from the American

poet, Norreys Jephson O'Conor, of Bryn Mawr, whose poems on Irish legends deserve a wide circulation, especially his valuable and most recent work "Battles and Enchantments, or Changing Ireland," a combination of learning, imagination, and humor; he writes of Herbert: "There is no poet who seems to me better worth turning back to again and again." Also Miss Lucy Pratt and Miss La Monte, of Westover School, who remember with delight their visit to Bemerton. Pratt writes: "My mother so loved the author of 'Sweet Day-so cool, so calm, so bright,' that when she named her oldest son after his father she tucked in Herbert after the George."

I welcome also into the Bemerton Club, Mrs. J. R. Joslyn, who writes:

The letter about Bemerton in "As I Like It" for November interested me greatly. On June 4, 1910—antediluvian date—I too made a pilgrimage to that tiny parish church where, nearly three hundred years ago, George Herbert ministered to a group of humble country folk. . . . the church itself could never have held more than a handful, as witness the enclosed slip. It is an odd little place—something like a silo covered with ivy!

Also Mrs. J. F. Herrick, of Richmond Hill, Long Island, who writes:

If there is a Bemerton Club, may I come in? I visited Bemerton in 1907 with my mother, and we loved the place and the beautiful river that flows by it. The medlar-tree George Herbert planted was still living, although in a very decrepit state, and I shall never forget the tall trees that I was told bore the imposing name of Wellingtonia, nor the peace and sacredness of the tiny church.

Into the still exclusive Fano Club come three Americans, Priscilla Lee, Dorothy Lee, and Margaret Campbell Lee, who describe themselves as "a gypsy family of Americans who love motoring about Europe," and who visited Fano with "two Italians who are eager to belong. One thinks she has a special right, having just married a young officer from Fano." Come right in, Lidia Borgogelli Averdato and Lusio Borgogelli!

On Italian Armistice Day, Herbert L. May and Mrs. Saidie A. May, of New York, entered Fano, and sent me a delightful pun

Dopo dolce Fano-niente,

which reminds me of my own and only Italian pun. I was lunching al fresco in Florence, and as I could not speak Italian, I was conversing with the polyglot waiter in French. At the precise moment when he offered me a plate of cakes, a large cat appeared. In response to the waiter's inquiry, "Des gâteaux, monsieur?" I answered, "Merci, nous avons déjà un gatto," which upset him for the rest of the day.

The Faerie Queene Club is enriched by the entrance of the distinguished president of Bowdoin College, Kenneth M. Sills, who modestly wonders if the fact that he has read the poem "is of any conceivable interest to any human being." To me it is. Miss Jessie Rigby, of Mount Vernon, Iowa, read all of the "Faerie Queene" when she was twelve, little knowing of the subsequent reward of immortal fame. Miss Pearl Dutchess Westfall, of Indianapolis, writes under date of November 19, 1925: "To-day I finished reading the 'Faerie Queene."

Vidience will not down, and the future supplements to the New English Dictionary will have a hard time determining its first appearance. Horace F. Henderson, of the Pawling School, writes me:

As you may know, Pawling is an Episcopal School. Sometime during the winter of 1915, several years before the Baptist minister nominated vidience, a boy in my fifthform English class—they were writing their daily theme on Moving Pictures—asked me, "May I use the word vidience for the spectators at a moving-picture show?" I did not venture to welcome the word, but assured the boy that his invention had my approval.

Score a triumph for the church over the non-conformists!

With reference to my comment on the biography of Edward Everett, I print without permission a valuable letter from my colleague Professor Carl F. Schreiber, which will interest most of my readers. The facts are new to me.

Perhaps you know that the first American to visit Goethe was Aaron Burr. We have no report of this visit from him; only a notation by Goethe in his Tagebuch for 1810. The first Americans to report on their visit to Goethe were E. Everett and George Ticknor in 1816. We have long known what Ticknor thought of Goethe, but now for the first time do we get Everett's angle. How terrifically they differ! This constitutes an unknown conversation with Goethe which I intend before long to report to Weimar. Mr. Speck has an inscribed copy of a little work by Johann Heinrich Voss which the author gave young Everett just before his departure for home.

Do you know Edgar A. Poe's comment on Everett as a man? I am sending it to you because Poe hits upon the main topic of Mr. Frothingham's book so many, many years before. In Poe's "Autography," Letter X, he gives this judgment of Everett from a

short letter:

"Here is a noble MS. It has an air of deliberate precision about it emblematic of the statesman, and a mingled solidity and grace speaking the scholar; nothing can be more legible. The words are at proper intervals—the lines also are at proper intervals, and perfectly straight. There are no superfluous flourishes. The man who writes thus will never grossly err in judgment or otherwise. We may venture to say, however, that he will not attain the loftiest pinnacles of renown. . . ."

It was in Frothingham's biography of Everett that I found and printed in Scribner's the statement that the British Minister of Agriculture could not tell whether a cow's ears were in front of or behind her horns. This has literally aroused the attention of the whole world, for I have received press cuttings from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Peru, and letters from all over the United States. The Albany Knickerbocker Press editorially comments:

THE COW'S HORNS

William Lyon Phelps in Scribner's Magazine has brought up an old question as a test of the powers of observation. It is

Edward Everett's old question:

"Are a cow's ears in front of or behind her horns?" Professor Phelps says he tried this question on six persons, including a milkmaid, and not one could answer it. Can you answer it? How much do you observe, anyway? Of course if no one had asked this question every one would have supposed he could answer it.

One feels like asking the Professor what

kind of cow this is. Is it a mooly cow? And, by the way, Professor, how do you spell a mooly cow? If Henry Ford has his way and makes a synthetic cow, everybody knows that the horn will be under the hood. They used to put the horns outside. And some cows have no horns, anyway. It isn't necessary to know where the horns are, Professor, because they're dehorning them, anyway.

And, Professor, did you ever, in a large pasture, with the fence a considerable distance away, note whether the bull's ears were behind his horns or not? Well, if the ears were in front you wouldn't run so fast, would you? What do you want to know

for, anyway, Professor?

Now as a matter of fact I don't care a Russian ruble where a cow's ears are, though I thought a minister of agriculture ought to know. A cow, mooly or otherwise, may wear her ears where she pleases, for I have never attempted to interfere with or even to criticise the appearance of females. But as to the bull, I once found a bull in front of me. I impolitely turned my back on him. I had no time to examine his ears. I reached the fence first, which must now be a disappointment to those who do not like these articles.

Mr. Fenton A. Bonham, of Colfax, Calif., writes an interesting letter, with respect to good usage and also horn-rimmed

spectacles:

I want to raise a howl against the way our newspapers have of cutting down our very good English to fit their 13-em columns. Any sort of an investigation is a "probe." Every convention, from the Dog Fanciers' Association to the august gathering of the House of Bishops, is a "meet." All conferences of whatever nature are "parleys." And any questioning or examination is a "quiz." These are the most horrible examples, but there are perhaps a dozen others nearly as bad. metropolitan dailies are the worst offenders, but every little four-page town paper strives to emulate their unworthy example. think it arises from the undue importance given to sporting events and the evident desire to flavor all news with the same spice. I like the sporting sheet and read it, and I want it to stay in its own place and not monopolize the whole paper and give its own color to all the news of the world. I wish you would do something about it.

I was interested in the October issue in your reference to the large tortoise-shell rimmed glasses first appearing on one of your students in 1905. It was that year that I first saw them. They were worn by Colonel George Harvey, then editor of Harper's Weekly. They gave him a solemn, almost funereal, aspect, and with his serious face and his tall, dignified bearing, reminded one of a highly successful undertaker impressed with the importance of his calling. He wore the large eye-glasses with a broad silk guard during the winter social season at Washington, and I remember a witty hostess remarked that he "looked like he had been drawn by Peter Newell."

With reference to my variously creeded audience in the church in Michigan, Chief Justice Taft writes me: "I am glad to know that you have been putting the fear of God into the people of Bad Axe, in Huron County, Michigan, and that you are including Unitarians in the persons treated." Yes, indeed. I had rather have Unitarians in the audience than any other Christians, just as I had rather preach at Yale, where the students are compelled to come to chapel, than at any other college where attendance is voluntary. I have the true missionary spirit, n'est-ce pas, Bill?

G. G. of Chicago, on the other hand, nominates for the Ignoble Prize all Methodist Sunday-schools, because she does not like the hymns they sing. Let her know who writes their songs, and she cares not who formulates their doctrines, but would send them all together into

perdition.

H. C. Du Bois, of New York, nominates "meticulous" and "priceless."

I read all the good mystery books or sleuth books I have time for, but have steered clear of Mary Roberts? Rinehart, till I saw your reference to her "The Red Lamp." I began this to-day, but had only reached the 13th page when I came upon my particular horror, "meticulous." I can't endure that word. It comes into every book written by these clever women. I don't think they ever stop to think of the meaning, "timid," or "over-careful through fear or timidity." Wherever it is used by the smart feminine writer it seems to connote the ideas of attention to the care of the person, spic-and-span-ness, etc. The French aristocrats who dusted off minute dust from their "priceless" lace sleeves as they grace-

fully arose to go to the waiting tumbrils, these were "meticulous" in the only meaning the word appears to have in modern literature. Anyhow, whatever the word may have come legitimately to mean, I have the creeps when I meet it in stories—all by our exquisite lady writers. I don't know that I can go on and finish "The Red Lamp," though I have paid down a quarter for a week's loan of it.

I put priceless also in inverted commas above (query: Why inverted commas?—It is only those before the word that are inverted). "Priceless" seems to be a word now never used except in connection with lace. See the Baroness Orczy's books, for

instance.

The final word on *priceless* was uttered by Sir James Barrie, in "Rosalind," describing the Oxford student:

Whatever, you, as his host, ask him to do, he says he would like to awfully if you don't mind his being a priceless duffer at it; his vocabulary is scanty, and in his engaging mouth "priceless" sums up all that is to be known of good or ill in our varied existence; at a pinch it would suffice him for most of his simple wants, just as one may traverse the continent with Combien?

Among the flood of new verse and prose, let me commend Mary Dixon Thayer's volume "New York," which has some fine poems. Miss Thayer is a novelist, an essayist, an ardent writer on religion, and one of the finest girl tennisplayers in America.

Willa Cather's new novel, "The Professor's House," is a magnificent work of art. I thought "The Lost Lady" a waste of precious talent, and I thought "One of Ours" conventional and second-rate. But "The Professor's House" is a fine novel, full of wisdom and beauty. It shows the irreconcilable difference between activity, even beneficial and valuable activity, and *Life*. Whatever new novels you fail to read, do not miss this one.

I rejoice to see the following newspaper item:

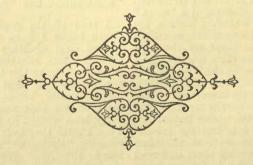
Circuit Judge Mix, now sitting in the criminal division, announced to-day that his courtroom no longer could be used as a school of instruction in crime for youths, who have been listening to trials to learn how to commit crimes successfully and how to prepare alibis if they should be caught.

"I have instructed the sheriff to exclude from the courtroom all boys under 21 years of age, with the exception of those who are defendants or witnesses," said the

judge.

"The courtroom is the worst place in the city for the boys to spend their time. They sit in here and listen to stories of robberies and burglaries. I have noticed how closely they listen to the testimony, apparently to study the methods of criminals."

Why on earth nearly all courtrooms should be free to the public, is to me one of the most insoluble mysteries. This very morning, an editorial in the New York World condemns the legal profession for not settling behind closed doors one of the most unsavory ———.







Singing Angels.

From the drawing by Botticelli in the Uffizi.

HE appeal of Oriental art to the Occidental mind is that of an exotic and recondite thing. Western commentators are prone to dwell on the deep differences involved in a transition from one point of the compass to another. How do writers in the East feel about it? It is hard to say, for we have few opportunities to consult their views. But now and then, at long intervals, we get some light. The Japanese scholar, Okakura, whose visit to this country is well remembered, was convinced of the cleavage between his native art and that of Europe. He rendered invaluable service to his own people in his stalwart advocacy of the movement to keep their art safe in its integrity from encroachments of the Western spirit. Yet even Okakura was aware of points of contact between the two worlds, and in the matter of appreciation he showed that the Oriental mind is peculiarly sensitive to nominally alien impressions. I have some interesting souvenirs of his open-mindedness. When I was writing the biography of John La Farge he often talked to me about the clairvoyant understanding of his Japanese friend. and he gave me, among other things, this anecdote:

On one of his first days here I took him to see some wonderful Rembrandts. Okakura knelt before them and said: "This is what the great Chinese artists in black-and-white meant to do." Then he recognized carefully and analyzed the same points that we are speaking of, taking one day to study the arrangement of line and space, the next day for the study of the arrangement of black-and-white, and the next day again for the picture part, that told the story, the wonderful meaning and the extraordinary skill in drawing which allowed those incredible subtle meanings to be represented by a line of the etcher. As you see, he was faithful to the fundamental laws, those by which I hold, and he saw first the basis of the Rembrandt, which it has in common with all great work, and then the special beauties of Rembrandt himself.

Ever since La Farge told me that story I have been waiting and watching for some further revelation of the Oriental attitude in the presence of Western art. Japanese paintings tinctured by European ideas of conception and technique have shown me that a process of initiation has been going on in the East, despite the barrage laid down by Okakura. But they have told me little enough about the operations of the mentality behind them. How does an Oriental feel when he is confronted by one of our masters? Does he grasp the idiom which the latter employs? Is he happy in his apprehension of it?

laws" to which La Farge referred, and do they, for him, make the West and the East seem essentially identical? At last I have received answers to these questions, answers embodied in one of the most beautiful books I have ever read. Under the title of "Sandro Botticelli," Mr. Yukio Yashiro, professor of the history of art in the Imperial Academy of Tokio, has published a work of really extraordinary significance. Tackling a peculiarly

Does he recognize in it "the fundamental view, his critical method. His opening words are eloquently characteristic. "This is a book of Art," he says. "Its appeal is to the human heart. In the appreciation of Art there is no such thing as authority. Scholarship adorns, even dignifies criticism, but does not authorize it. A critic should not pose as a judge: he is a friend. My wish is to deliver Art from the guidance of specialists and return it to the simple desire of man. I loved Botticelli and studied him; that is difficult subject in the Florentine master all. I have written down my joy that



Primayera. From the painting by Botticelli in the Uffizi.

and writing in limpid English, he has made a study which shows at once that for a cultivated man of his origin Western art has no barriers. He moves as freely in the Quattrocento as though he were examining the intellectual and spiritual phenomena of Japan. He penetrates to the core of Botticelli, and arrives at an interpretation which I believe will be received into the literature of Italian painting with profound respect. He is all sympathy and comprehension. It is fairly enchanting to accompany him upon an adventure that must, for an Oriental, be unique.

T the very outset Professor Yashiro A discloses that about which his reader

others may share it, or rather that others may open their eyes and get greater delight from Art in their own way. I long to see my book reach congenial hearts that love beauty, rather than brains of pure scholarship." It is hard to express my full appreciation of this simple, almost naïve, exordium. It comes as an ineffable relief after the oracular pontification of so much modern art criticism. That criticism could not function without the aid of the scientific principles developed by Morelli, but it falls upon dry pedantry when it exalts those principles into a kind of dogmatic and fetichistical status. "Art," says Professor Yashiro, "is not a theoretical business. It is strictly an affair of human experience." The point is is likely to be most curious, his point of one which I have longed for years to see more widely understood. The artist is Morellian hypothesis. He has foregath-

not a demigod. No matter how great he ered long with Berenson, and he shares is, he remains a human being, and his in the grateful appreciation which every work is subject to the ups and downs of student of Italian art must feel for that human endeavor. Clearly, the Oriental sterling critic. But he uses the scientific mind as it is exemplified in Professor method only as it should be used, as a



The Adoration. From the painting by Botticelli in the Ambrosiana.

Yashiro is aware of this. He approaches Botticelli, he approaches his whole task, in the gentlest and most modest way imaginable, seeking only to get at the truth. Nor does his discriminating view of scholarship mean for a moment that he undervalues it. On the contrary, it is

means to an end, as but a part of the critic's equipment, and I have never read a book on Botticelli-or on any other old master—as free as this one is from those vague conjectures in respect to "attribution" which so often give the reader a sense of chewing on sawdust. Professor plain that he is a learned man, conversant Yashiro is as keen on attribution as anywith all the authorities. There is every body. He has, indeed, a notable dissign in his book that he has himself made covery of a new Botticelli to his credit, good use of the bibliography he gives in in the shape of a beautiful Trinity with an appendix. He knows all about the Saint John and Mary Magdalene, in the



Abundance. From the drawing by Botticelli in the British Museum.

collection of Viscount Lee of Fareham. But here again, as in all the scientific and scholarly relations of his work, he writes with an eye single only to his main purpose—the stimulation of his reader to joy in Botticelli.

tus he has placed at our disposal. "Sandro Botticelli" is a model of luxurious book-making. The Medici Society has published it in three quartos that are perfect in paper and typography. The first volume contains the text, with a full I must at this point say something index and a most helpfully tabulated about the physical nature of the appara- chronology. Assembled in the other two

volumes are 290 full-page plates in collotype and scores of these beautiful reproductions are of details in the pictures. These latter are of the highest value, providing a new machinery for study of the minutiæ of Botticelli's technique. Stately in their pure white buckram, the volumes make not only a monument but, for the student, a museum and a workshop.

7 7 7

T is interesting to glance for a moment at Professor Vashiro's predecessors at Professor Yashiro's predecessors. There lies before me in its old vellum covers the Vasari of 1568. The "Vita" given to Botticelli fills only four and a half pages, and it does not even begin to foreshadow the estimate of the subject to be developed in modern times. Thenceforth Botticelli suffered centuries of neglect, and not even in our own day was his genius immediately acclaimed. Morelli was cool toward it, and so were Crowe and Cavalcaselle. German criticism has been fairly serviceable to Botticelli. Only the other day a translation of Bode's excellent monograph appeared. But Botticelli has been more particularly the property of English writers. Ruskin rose to



Portrait of a Young Man.

From the painting by Botticelli in the collection of Clarence H. Mackay.



Madonna and Child.

From the painting by Botticelli in the Poldi-Pezzoli.

him, and Pater's essay, dating from 1870, is famous. A sentence in it, by the way, is indicative of the position the painter occupied even then. "But," says Pater, "after all, it may be asked, is a painter like Botticelli-a secondary painter-a proper subject for general criticism?" The canonical biography is that by Herbert Horne, published in a magnificent folio in 1908. It is a marvellous work of documentation, and will probably always retain its commanding rôle. But it makes rather hard reading and it is inadequate as a matter of research into the imponderables. There was left Professor Yashiro's opportunity and there he has beautifully triumphed.

2 2 2

H IS triumph is one of subtly insinuating analysis, which seems to start from a kind of inner grasp upon Botticelli, to work steadily from within outward. Though he is conscious of external conditions, he exposes them for what they were, elements subdued to the essential stuff of Botticelli's genius. Thus he is

painter owed to his master, Fra Filippo about this is his freedom from the hyper-Lippi, and he reveals the most delicate bole of hero-worship. He knows, as we nuances in that study of nature which Botticelli began under his senior. His

Pallas and the Centaur. From the painting by Botticelli in the Pitti.

apropos of the period of pupilage. Uhlmann would have it that, after his stay with Fra Filippo, Botticelli turned to Verrocchio. Horne would place him in the bottega of Antonio Pollaiuolo. With the sweet reasonableness and common sense that steadily mark him, Professor Yashiro takes account of both influences. It is very like him, and if I had unlimited space I would enjoy enumerating the instances of his polite but firm disagreement with the pundits. But I may only note that he has an edifying way of justifying his independence, and then pass on to the broader matter of his interpreta-

admirable in his elucidation of what the tion. One of the first things you observe all know now, that Botticelli was only the "secondary painter" of Pater's phrase in first quarrel with the authorities comes the sense that he was a lesser man than

> say, Leonardo and Michelangelo, and his appraisal is pitched in a sufficiently high key. But he keeps his perspective sound, and is per-fectly aware of his painter's limitations. "Botticelli," he says, for example, "was never omnipotent. Rather the contrary, he was a somewhat illbalanced genius." When he comes to the opinion now almost current among scholars, based largely on the painter's interest in Dante, that Botticelli was possessed of a high literary culture, he frankly doubts it. But he has no doubt at all of the central originality and inspiration which governed Botticelli. and in analyzing the nature of these resources he makes singularly natural and clear their successful exercise regardless of innate deficiencies. He shows us how Botticelli developed a firm naturalism under Fra Filippo, and how the painter then paused in emulation of a measurable technique and superimposed upon it his own style, his own vision, his own poetry.

Professor Yashiro is strong on the poetic grain of Botticelli. Passing from the consideration of certain landscape motives in the work of Botticelli which are of a distinctly realistic order, he says: "When we come to the Birth of Venus the case is just the reverse. It became an entirely poetic world; the suggestion of a real sea-beach is now remote from the painter's motive, which seems to have been devoted from the first to the invocation of a beautiful atmosphere in which to play a decorative drama." The force of nature is there, but the observable fact is heightened and transmogrified. It is

poetized. The author sees Botticelli as the creator of "an artistic land where truth and myth live together." He thinks that the Florentine was the last of the artists in history to establish such a land. "What makes him so attractive," he says,

"is that he painted impossible things, but made you believe them by the sheer force of beauty." It is in the key of this observation that the argument persistently continues. Somewhere he makes the remark that "those who love Botticelli are all to some extent poets." Professor Yashiro inevitably suggests that he is himself something of a poet. But I must make two notes on this point. In the first place, his poetic fervor does not betray him into fine writing. Secondly, it does not interfere with a well-balanced and methodical examination of the subject. The successive stages of Botticelli's passage through life are lucidly set forth. We see him in Florence. We follow him on his journey to Rome, and watch him at work in the Sistine Chapel. We trace all his professional dealings, we survey his activity as illustrator of Dante, and we recognize the influence of Savonarola upon him in his closing years. The mere life of Botticelli is well written in this book.

But side by side with the incidents that go to make the narrative, there are developed the traits that go to make the character and that support the author's interpretation.

From the Botticelli whom Professor Yashiro calls realistic proceed first the Botticelli who was sensuous, then the man of sentiment, and finally the mystic. Through his art you can see the man grow and no phase of that art is neglected:

"music of line," and his charm in color, his religious and his mythological inspirations-all these things are not so much dissected, they are discovered as with a touch following the tendrils of a vine. Some of these analyses have a remarkable



Judith with the Head of Holofernes. From the painting by Botticelli in the Uffizi.

fascination, seeming to pluck the very heart out of an individuality. The chapter on hands, for example, is wonderfully revealing, bringing out the far more than naturalistic quality that belongs to the subject. It closes, I may note in passing, with a reference to a portrait that is in America. Speaking of the way in which Botticelli's characteristic hand developed as it were psychologically, he says: "At the end of this study let us admire the his portraiture and his landscape, his finest hand ever painted by him, in which, treatment of flowers and of the human /I may say, all the qualities I have menbody, his magic in the portrayal of hands tioned were perfectly combined. I mean and hair, his special note in draperies, his the hand of the Portrait of a Young Man

in Mr. Clarence Mackay's collection in New York. It is the hand of an Adonis, where the soft feminine charm is mingled with a man's strength, though still young. It is a perfect hand. Except in a few of El Greco's masterpieces, you cannot see such a hand, a mere hand, with a whole mystery behind it." It is a perfect hand, according to Professor Yashiro, because

In the literature of Botticelli to which I have already alluded there are certain writings which are, in some sort, landmarks. Vasari makes one of them. Pater has an honorable place, and so has Lippmann, with the book of Dante drawings that he published in 1896. Horne's book is priceless. But in the whole mass I know of nothing that can quite touch this



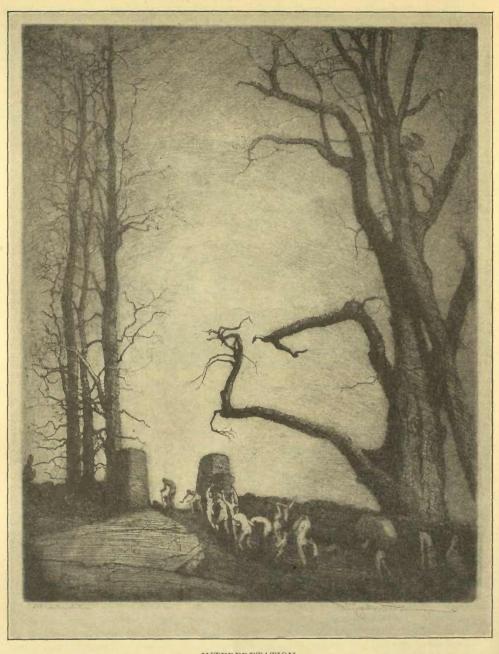
Heads of Angels in the Madonna with the Pomegranate.

From the painting by Botticelli in the Uffizi.

it is a creation of beauty, because it is the truth raised to a higher power and invested with Botticellian magic. So he interprets all the works. He does not neglect their literary foundations. He reckons with Poliziano and Dante when it is proper he should do so. But he never forgets the pure artist, and the essence of his book may be found in the statement that Botticelli's art "consisted primarily in exquisite arabesques of sensuous refinement." That, and the constant insistence upon the painter's genius for rhythmic linear expression, is not, perhaps, startlingly original. I would not call Professor Yashiro's book an altogether novel contribution to the subject. But in its cumulative power of interpretation it takes on a certain new and original quality.

work of a Japanese scholar, nothing so sympathetic, so full of insight, so luminous, and so penetrating in the divination of the secret of Sandro Botticelli. The curious thing about it, too, is that it is not in any obvious way Japanese. Professor Yashiro's portrait of the painter is in no wise colored by Oriental preoccupations. He points out some fascinating analogies between Botticelli and one or two Japanese masters, notably Utamaro, but there is nothing invidious in any of his comparisons. His might be a Western mind so far as instinctive feeling and comprehension go. I do not know how or why he became interested in Botticelli. With the good breeding that belongs to his book he says next to nothing about himself. I only know that he seems to have been born to write on his subject.





INTERPRETATION.

An etching by Ralph M. Pearson.

-Sec page 259.

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The Jameson Raid and the World War

THE TRUE STORY OF THE RAID

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

Author of "South African Memories," "Strong Men of the Wild West," etc.

T



HE Jameson Raid has always been regarded as the example par excellence of hasty, illadvised action, leading to disastrous consequences. So it undoubtedly was, in re-

spect of its immediate results and its effect on the Reform Movement in the Transvaal. But it is my considered opinion that when viewed in connection with the World War, the Jameson Raid will be seen to have played an important part in moulding the circumstances that made it possible for the Allies to defeat Germany.

The raid occurred in the winter of 1805-96. It had been designed to help a revolution by the Uitlander, or alien, population of the Transvaal, undertaken to obtain governmental reforms. In direct violation of the orders of the revolutionary leaders, Doctor Jameson attempted the invasion of the Transvaal prematurely, and thereby destroyed the chance of success.

The Reform Movement which planned the revolution has been much misrepresented by Boers. The truth about it is that it was Fascist rather than Bolshevist in its nature. That is to say, it was undertaken by hard-headed, successful, conservative men of affairs, and not by hot-headed, irresponsible radicals. For several years before 1895 there had been,

burg, but it was not until that date that the mine-owners and important capitalists became identified with the movement. It is only as a last resort that men of that class are willing to risk their property and lives by becoming revolutionists in the

cause of good government.

A brief review of conditions in the Transvaal at that time will serve to show that force appeared to offer the only hope of effecting reforms. The population of the Transvaal was composed of about 150,000 whites and 750,000 Kaffirs, or native blacks. Although the black population did not figure actively in politics, it was strongly anti-Boer in sentiment. Of the whites, 65,000 were Boers, but only 24,000 of these were males over sixteen years of age. The remainder, nearly 100,-000, were Uitlanders, and nearly half of them were adults. The Uitlanders constituted a numerical majority not only of the dwellers in Johannesburg but of the entire white population of the Transvaal.

Not only numerically but industrially and financially, the Uitlanders held first place in the country. They had purchased from the Boers more than half the land of the Transvaal; they owned more than nine-tenths of the assessable property, and they paid more than nine-tenths of the taxes. It is significant that although its revenues were habitually squandered, the Transvaal Government had accumulated in its treasury more than \$6,000,000 of Uitlander money.

Paul Kruger, "Oom Paul," was presiit is true, agitation for political reform by dent of the Transvaal Republic, so called; various bodies of citizens of Johannes- for it was not a true republic but a mere

simulacrum of a republic, inasmuch as the government did not derive its just powers from the consent of the governed and was not a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," in any respect.

Kruger was head of the reactionary or "Dopper" party. The minority party was headed by General Joubert, who up to the time of his death was the commanding general of the Boer forces in the Anglo-Boer War. In the Joubert party was Louis Botha, a name memorable in South African history in connection not only with his distinguished service as a general in the Boer army but with the subsequent political life of the country, and especially because of the inestimable service he rendered to the Allied cause during the World War, at which time he was prime minister of South Africa.

There was little love lost between the Kruger and the Joubert factions; indeed, the political controversies at times waged intense, and it was alleged, with considerable color of justice by the followers of Joubert, that it was largely through gerrymandering and the lavish and unscrupulous use of money (Uitlander money, be it noted!) that Kruger was able to defeat Joubert at the polls.

Religious differences accentuated political dissension among the Boers. One of the fundamental differences between the Doppers, the majority sect, and the minority sect was said to be that the Doppers believed that the devil had a tail and that the world was flat. I cannot vouch for the tail story, but I can for the fact that Kruger at least firmly believed that the world was flat. The American, Captain Slocum, who circumnavigated the globe a few years ago in a 30-foot sailing boat, told me that he stopped over at Pretoria and called on President Kruger. After a short but pleasant interview, as Captain Slocum was about to leave, Kruger asked him which way he was going. He said: "I am completing my voyage around the world." "Don't lie," said Kruger, "you mean across the world"; and this in all seriousness. Kruger was an obdurate fundamentalist and no more than Bryan would have agreed to the crossing of a "t" or dotting of an "i" in departure from the literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis in the Bible.

A great many of the younger genera-

tion of Boers were favorable to the Reform Movement; indeed, a deputation of prominent young Boers had warned Kruger that in case of trouble with Johannesburg they would take no active part, as they were in sympathy with the cause of the Uitlanders.

There was at this time a rapidly growing hostility on the part of the Transvaal burghers and others of South African birth against the Hollanders, who had swarmed into the country and were filling the most lucrative offices. There had been an increase in governmental fixed salaries from about \$250,000 in 1886 to upward of \$4,000,000 in 1806, and there was a large annual increase thereafter. The salaries paid in 1896 amounted to about \$150 per head per annum for the total male Boer population. These successes, with the graft enjoyed by the Kruger entourage from other sources, created a feeling of resentment on the part of those Boers of the opposition political party who did not enjoy the perquisites of political spoils.

The question is often asked: "Why did the Uitlanders go to the Transvaal if they were not wanted?" The answer is that they were wanted. As a matter of fact Paul Kruger had issued in 1884 an invitation to foreign capital to develop the mineral resources of the country, promising investors in return protection of their interests and a fair influence in the government. Kruger issued this invitation because the Transvaal was at that time on the verge of bankruptcy and the inhabitants of the country were in constant jeopardy from the incursions of the warlike Zulu tribe on their borders. In fact, the aid of England had been twice invoked to save the Transvaal from annihilation by the great Zulu chiefs, Secocoeni and Cetewavo.

This invitation attracted foreign capital, English in the first instance, for the exploitation of the mineral resources of the Transvaal, resulting in the discovery of the famous gold deposits of the Witwatersrand, near Johannesburg. The subsequent exploitation of this has added more than three and one-half billion dollars to the world's stock of gold in the last thirty-seven years—more than twice the yield of the United States in the last seventy-six years, since the discovery of gold in California. About 45 per cent of

the gold output of the world is to-day derived from the Rand.

Immediately following the discovery of gold there was a large influx of aliens from all over the world, who built the city of Johannesburg, which at the time of the

but also to his ambition to promote an economic union of the South African states, which he hoped would lead eventually to a political confederation of autonomous states. The stubbornness of Kruger had blocked his plans so far.



My cottage, Johannesburg.

In group—Mrs. Hammond, boy Jack and his nurse, and myself.

Reform Movement had a white population of about 80,000.

One of the charges frequently made against the Reform Movement is that it was inspired by Rhodes in the interest of Great Britain. As an American and one of the leaders of the movement, I can assert categorically that this allegation is untrue. It was spread by propagandists paid (in Uitlanders' money!) by the Boer Government. It is a fact that Rhodes backed the movement financially and was privy to its plans, but he was too intelligent to believe he could paint the map of the Transvaal red. His interest in the movement was due in part of course to his large investments in the Transvaal,

But the conclusive proof of the bona fides of the Reform Movement is to be found in the personnel of the Reform Committee, most of whose members were in fact unfriendly to Rhodes. Moreover, the participation of Americans refutes the charge of a conspiracy in behalf of Great Britain, for relations between England and the United States were strained at the time over Venezuela. Yet in spite of the tenseness of the Anglo-American situation, 500 Americans, mine managers, mechanics, foremen, carpenters, etc., at a meeting in Johannesburg late in December, 1895, voted unanimously to join the Reform Movement; and immediately on adjournment 150 Americans formed a

At that meeting I made the statement purpose of obtaining reforms from Kruger and his grafting entourage, and pledged

George Washington Corps and took up through lack of sewerage and of a clean water-supply.

2d. Out of \$310,000 allotted to Jothat the movement was purely for the hannesburg for education, less than \$4,000 was applied to the Uitlander children, although they greatly outnumbered myself that no British flag should be the Boer children in the town, and their hoisted in Johannesburg; indeed, I issued parents supplied the money which built



Mimic warfare among Kaffirs employed at mines.

warning that I would shoot any one who tried to raise the British flag. On the following day, at a meeting of about 60 of the Reform Committee in my office in the building of the Consolidated Gold Fields Company, I made every man raise his hand and swear allegiance to the Boer flag. That flag floated over our building during the entire crisis.

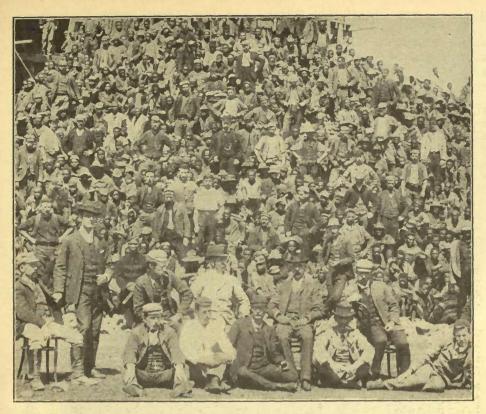
Before outlining the plans of the Reform Committee, it may be well to summarize the grievances which led them to take up arms against Kruger's oligarchy:

ist. Johannesburg suffered from a high death-rate and from much sickness

and supported the schools. Besides this, English was not taught in the schools, and the Uitlander school-children heard no language but Dutch—and patois or debased Dutch at that.

The Uitlander had no voice in civic affairs, although he had founded and built up Johannesburg. The town was still treated as a mining-camp under a mining commissioner, and the government was dominated by a violent Boer police which denied the Uitlander a free press and the right of public meetings veritably a Soviet republic.

4th. The mining community was ha-



Scenes at one of the mines under Hammond.

Kaffir miners with white mine bosses.

rassed by government monopolies which forced up the cost of living and of working the mines, which were farmed out with the object of filling the pockets of Kruger's favorites. Of these monopolies one of the most burdensome was that which compelled us to purchase our dynamite from a single privileged firm which paid a royalty to certain members of the Transvaal Government. Not only was the cost of the dynamite excessive but the quality was so poor that fatal accidents were of common occurrence.

5th. The railroad policy of the Transvaal was so framed as to enable the railroad, monopoly to charge extortionate freight-rates over the 50 miles of rail which connected the Cape Colony with Johannesburg. The shareholders of this line were entirely German, Dutch, and Boer. So high was the freight schedule that it was cheaper for us to unload our consignments at the rail-head of the cape line, reload them into ox-carts, and so take them to Johannesburg across the

drifts or fords, by which alone the Vaal River could be crossed. In order to deprive us of this means of getting ourselves out of the clutches of his railroad monopoly, Kruger closed the drifts on October 1, 1805. But in doing this he overreached himself. His action was in clear defiance of his treaty obligations to England, and after consultation with the government of Cape Colony (which pledged itself to support England with men and money if it became necessary to enforce her treaty rights) the British Government informed Kruger that the drifts must be reopened and must remain open. In response to this ultimatum Kruger rescinded his order.

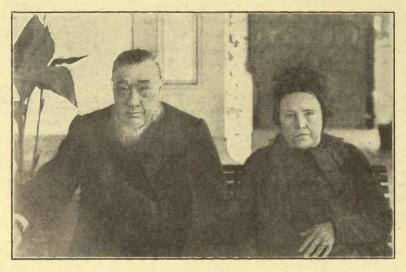
6th. In the interest of the liquor monopoly under which Boer officials were beneficiaries, the government allowed an unlimited amount of cheap and fiery spirits to be sold to the Kaffirs, who constituted the mining labor of the Rand. There was in consequence a great deal of drunkenness among our laborers, and as the liquor-dealers, in spite of our protests,

were allowed to sell this deadly stuff at the mouth of the mines to men about to go down the shafts, there was much loss of life and of property from this cause.

7th. President Kruger and his Executive Council exerted a constant pressure upon the judges of the Transvaal Supreme Court, the only barrier which stood between the Johannesburgers and the rule of an unbridled despotism. In 1897 the condition became so scandalous that the Boer judges themselves closed the courts,

to the effect that decisions of the court were subject to revision by the Executive Council of the Transvaal. Justice Koetze and other members of the court thereupon resigned. This was a heavy blow to the Uitlanders, whose sole hope of securing justice was through the supreme court. The better element was submerged by the dominating influence of Kruger's entourage.

8th. The Boers asserted the right to draft Uitlanders for service in their wars



President Kruger ("Oom" Paul) and wife.

Toward the end of the Boer War Kruger escaped to Holland, leaving Mrs. Kruger in the hands of the British. She died shortly afterward. Kruger died in Holland.

declaring that it was impossible to administer justice under the coercion to which they were subjected by the executive.

The Brown case epitomizes the corruption of the Boer Government. Brown was an American who had succeeded in staking out mining claims in a district thrown open by the government to location or "pegging." Certain members of Kruger's family and official body had been beaten by Brown, an American, in priority of location, and had induced Kruger to declare Brown's locations illegal. Brown appealed to the Supreme Court of the Transvaal to validate his title and received a verdict in his favor, whereupon Kruger dismissed the judges who were favorable to Brown's contention. Kruger then had passed by the Volksraad a law against the natives. They had indeed already commandeered English subjects for this purpose, compelling them to provide their own horses and arms for the tribal warfare and imprisoning those who refused to comply with the summons.

They were about to commandeer Americans as well when they were deterred by the following ruse: I called a private meeting of my mine managers and invited to be present an American whom we knew to be a paid spy of Kruger. After swearing all to secrecy, we took an oath that if any of us was commandeered the first shot that he would fire would be aimed at the Boer commander. This secret resolution was quickly reported to Kruger by the spy, with the result that there was no commandeering of Americans.

To aggravate the situation, Doctor



General Joubert, commander of the Boer forces in the Boer War, with his staff.

Leyds, a Hollander, born in Java, was conspiring with Kaiser Wilhelm II to extend and strengthen German influence in the policies of the Transvaal government. Germany went very far in this secret promise of co-operation with

Kruger's government.

On January 27, 1895, Kruger, speaking at a banquet in honor of the Kaiser's birthday, said: "I shall ever promote the interest of Germany; the time has come to knit ties of the closest friendship between Germany and the South African Republic." And this was at a time when England claimed suzerain rights over the Transvaal, as the condition of the retrocession of that country to the Boers after

Majuba.

You may recall the famous telegram from Wilhelm, Imperator, Rex, Berlin, in January, 1896, just after the capture of Jameson, to President Kruger, Pretoria, South African Republic. This was the message: "I tender you my sincere congratulations that without appealing to the help of friendly Powers you and your people have been successful in opposing with your own forces the armed bands that have broken into your country to disturb the peace, in restoring order and in maintaining the independence of your country against attacks from without."

You may also recall what happened when Queen Victoria was apprised of this telegram; the reprimand she sent to the hot-headed Kaiser and his humble apology for his rash deed in sending the tele-

gram.

Another part of the story, however, you probably have not heard. It was told me by a friend who heard Kruger make the remark. When Kruger learned that the German Emperor had backed down in the most abject way when he was reproved by Queen Victoria, the valiant old president (for he was courageous) said: "I have no more use for the Kaiser. I have a contempt for any man who is afraid of his grandmother.'

The Boers were by no means of one mind as to the justice or the expediency of Kruger's treatment of the Uitlanders. Let me quote from a speech made before the Upper Chamber of the Transvaal legislature in August, 1895, by Mr. Jeppe, a Boer. The occasion was the presentation of a petition signed by 35,000 Uitlanders praying that political representation be granted to them. In the course of this speech Jeppe said:

"This petition has been, practically, signed by the entire population of the Rand. It contains the name of the millionaire capitalist on the same page as that of the miner, that of the owner of half a district next to that of a clerk. It embraces also all nationalities. And it bears, too, the signatures of some who have been born in this country, who know no other fatherland than this republic. but whom the law regards as strangers. Then, too, there are the newcomers. They have settled for good. They have built Johannesburg, one of the wonders of the age. They own half the soil, they pay at least three-quarters of the taxes. Nor are they persons who belong to a subservient race. They come from countries where they freely exercised political rights, which can never be long denied to free-born men.

"Dare we refer them to the present law, which first expects them to wait for fourteen years, and even then pledges itself to nothing? It is a law which denies all rights even to their children born in this country. What will become of us or our children on the day when we shall find ourselves in a minority of perhaps one in twenty, without a single friend among the other nineteen, among those who will then tell us they wished to be brothers, but we by our own act made them strangers in the republic. Old as the world is, has any attempt like ours ever succeeded for long?"

The chief justice of the Transvaal Republic, Koetze, in an address to the burghers in October, 1894, said: "No one who for a moment considers the condition of things in the state will deny that the country is at present in a very critical position. . . . It entirely depends upon the people whether the impending change is to take place peaceably or to be accompanied with violence. Do not let us close our eyes and ears to the truth. . . . The non-observance of a departure from the Grondwet (Constitution) menaces the independence of the state. . . . How frequently have we not seen that the Grondwet, which as the Constitution ought to stand on an entirely different footing from our ordinary law, has nevertheless been varied and treated as such? Many a time has the Grondwet been altered by a simple resolution of the legislature. By this means many a radical, and I am afraid often unwise, change has been brought

Deputation after deputation was sent

about in the Constitution."

to Kruger to state and ask the redress for the grievances of the Uitlanders, but without avail. Finally he told one deputation that he would make no promise of any kind, and he brought the interview to a close by saying: "If you want your grievances redressed, why don't you get guns and fight for what you call your rights?" One of my German friends, who later joined the Reform Committee against Kruger, said: "This is the last straw that broke the camel's back that killed the goose that laid the golden egg."

Well, there was nothing to do but to take Kruger at his word. At the time there were few cannon and probably not more than 15,000 rifles in the possession of the Boer Government. It was not until after the raid that the Transvaal became a highly armed nation, although just before the raid forts were being built overlooking the town of Johannesburg to intimidate the inhabitants, and arms were being imported from Europe. Therefore, if there was to be a revolt, the sooner it was started the better would be the chance of success.

Backed financially by Cecil Rhodes, then prime minister of the Colony, and the most important factor in the economic development of South Africa, and Alfred Beit, associated with Rhodes in his various enterprises, we proceeded to get guns. Tust at this time Cecil Rhodes was at the zenith of his power. As prime minister of Cape Colony with the support of the Dutch, he was the commanding political influence in South Africa. As the most enterprising constructive force in the development of the country he wielded unbounded power. Personally Rhodes was respected for his integrity and liberality in business matters, and he had the affectionate regard of a great body of South Africans of Dutch descent because of his great generosity in assisting with his money in the promotion of enterprises for the good of South Africa. His generosity was one of Rhodes's outstanding characteristics.

As guns had to be smuggled into the Transvaal, it was a long process. In the meantime, we made an arrangement through Rhodes with Doctor Jameson, the administrator of the country lying north of the Transvaal, called Rhodesia, to co-operate with us. The name of

Jameson at that time was one to conjure with—and the Boers themselves had a high admiration for his military prowess. Two years before, with a force of only 500 men, he had suppressed an uprising of 10,000 well-armed and valiant Matabele under the great Lo Bengula, the para-

until he had received word, not only from other leaders of the Reform Committee but from me personally. That was distinctly understood. Rhodes and the leaders of the Reform Committee recognized the fact that the only justification of a revolution was success, and, furthermore,



Scene at the Rand Club, during the exciting days of the Reform Movement.

mount chief of the natives of that part of South Africa.

According to our plans Jameson was to take a position (a jumping-off point) on the Transvaal border at Pitsani, in the English protectorate of Bechuanaland, about 180 miles from Johannesburg. He was to have 1,500 men, all mounted, fully trained, and equipped with modern arms, field-pieces, and machine-guns. The Jameson forces were to cross the border and come to Johannesburg when called upon to do so, and each man was to carry a spare rifle for us.

Jameson was to play a subordinate part in our programme and was not to move

they knew that if Jameson should invade the Transvaal except in the emergency of coming to the rescue of the citizens of Johannesburg, the Reform Committee would alienate the sympathy and support not only of the anti-Kruger faction and the progressive Boers of the Transvaal, but also of the Dutch of other parts of South Africa, many of whom were favorably disposed toward the Reform Movement. Jameson was told by Rhodes in my presence to remain at Pitsani six months, if necessary, to enable the Reform Committee to be prepared for a successful uprising in Johannesburg.

We had no difficulty in bringing the

guns ordered from abroad as far as Kimberley, in Cape Colony. There they were received by Gardner Williams, a distinguished American mining engineer, who was manager of the famous De Beers diamond-mines. From Kimberley to Johannesburg the way was not so easy. The guns and ammunition were packed personally by Williams and his two American assistants into empty Standard Oil tanks and then consigned to me at Jo-

hannesburg.

Our plan contemplated the capture of the arsenal at Pretoria. It was the key of the position. This so-called arsenal comprised a number of scattered buildings enclosed by a dilapidated brick wall, of which one side was being rebuilt. The guard consisted of between 90 and 100 men, and during the night only about 8 or 10 were on duty. We ascertained that the arsenal contained about 10,000 Martini rifles and a half-dozen Maxims. Our plan was to transport as much war material as we could to Johannesburg and to

destroy the rest.

For this purpose I had obtained a lease of some ground just outside of Pretoria, ostensibly for mining purposes, and had assembled there about 75 Americans of an adventurous spirit. They did not know my real object but were employed as mining prospectors. For the most part they were rather a tough lot, who had been discharged by American managers of the companies under my control. managers, who were at that time not "in the know," remonstrated with me against giving employment to men whom they had dismissed as subversive of discipline; but I told them not to worry, as I had had much experience in handling tough characters, and added that I found these fellows tractable enough and not altogether uncongenial.

We had amassed about 100 rifles near by. It was our plan to capture Paul Kruger and take him over to Johannesburg, where we thought he would be more amenable to reason. This may have seemed a desperate undertaking, but as a matter of fact it would have been "a cinch" if the unexpected had not hap-

pened.

We had provided food for a siege of a couple of months. We had started to

drill our volunteers, numbering several thousand. Many of them were born in Africa, others had had long residence in that country and were good horsemen and good shots. The South African Light Horse, which rendered such splendid service subsequently in the Anglo-Boer War, was recruited from these men. Things were moving favorably with us.

On Monday, December 29, I was sitting in my office when I received a visit from one of Kruger's intimate associates, "Sammy" Marks by name. I knew Marks well, having been the consulting engineer of mining companies in which he was largely interested. Marks was nervous and excited and began immediately to discuss the rumors abroad. After we had talked for a few minutes on the general situation, the door opened and a clerk came in and handed me a slip of paper. On it was written: "Jameson has crossed the border."

The unexpected had happened! I was thunderstruck. It was inconceivable that Jameson should have started for Johannesburg in spite of the protest of the Reform leaders. Having heard that he was getting restless, we had sent two messages to Jameson, one by Captain Holden on horseback across country. The second messenger, Major Heney, an American and a graduate of West Point, who had been for many years associated with Jameson in Rhodesia, went by rail to Pitsani. Both messages were delivered. They informed Jameson that the guns were arriving slowly and that at that time there were not more than 1,000 all told, and very little ammunition in the hands of the reformers, and that he would "ball everything up" (using a favorite expression of Jameson's) if he moved prematurely.

Marks, as I suspected, already knew of Jameson's departure. I could only be thankful that he was too much occupied with his own thoughts to notice the effect of the message on me. It was evident to me that what he wanted was to find out how far we had gone in arming ourselves. I knew that at that time we had less than 1,500 guns and practically no artillery, but I knew also that if this fact got to Kruger's ears, after he had heard of Jameson's incursion, Johannesburg would be

Boers awaiting the approach of Jameson's troops.

attacked and our whole plan would go to pieces. My conversation with Sammy Marks ran in this fashion:

"Well, Hammond, it looks as though

we were going to have bloodshed."

"I should not be surprised," I replied. "They say you have got in 30,000 rifles."

"I don't know how many we have got, but I hardly think it is as many as that,

Sammy."

"And how about the artillery, is it true that you have got 30 guns?" asked Sam-

my. "Oh, no, that is an exaggeration, I am

In a few minutes he left. I had him shadowed, and as I had foreseen he went off by special train to Kruger. This is what he told Kruger, as I afterward learned from those present and from

Marks himself in later years.

"Mr. President, I fear there will be a good deal of bloodshed in Johannesburg. I saw hundreds of men marching and drilling, several cannon being hauled through the streets (these cannon were miningpumps covered with tarpaulins), and the people there are well armed. I know this for a fact. I got an admission from my friend, Hays Hammond, and he has had charge of my mines, and is a man in whose honesty I have entire confidence. Hammond admitted to me that there were at least 30,000 rifles and 30 cannon."

There is not the slightest doubt that this bluff put the fear of God in Kruger's heart, for he realized that he was powerless against the combined forces of Jameson and Johannesburg. We have ample

evidence on this point.

The day following my interview with Marks, Kruger sent a delegation which we called the "Olive Branch Delegation." He had selected the most progressive of the Boers, men favorable to our cause and personal friends of members of the They came with Reform Committee. letters of introduction to Lionel Phillips and myself. We refused to receive them as a deputation from Kruger unless they came accredited to the Reform Committee of Johannesburg. This stipulation was immediately accepted. This is an important fact, which was subsequently lost sight of—that Kruger was willing to treat with the Reform Committee as the

representative body of the people of Tohannesburg, and not as outlaws.

This recognition was further emphasized when the deputation from the Reform Committee presently went to Pretoria to negotiate with the commission appointed by the Boer Government. We had discussed with the "Olive Branch Delegation" the question of grievances, and had come to an agreement on most of the important issues except the granting of the franchise to Catholics and Jews. Kruger had heretofore been unalterably opposed to this. Following the Johannesburg conference the Reform Committee sent a deputation to Pretoria chiefly to discuss the question of giving the franchise to Catholics and Tews.

Lionel Phillips said subsequently, in his testimony given before the select committee of inquiry of the British Parliament, that "we described the whole of the grievances. We were perfectly frank, we told the commission exactly the nature of our relations with Doctor Jameson. We told that by arrangement Doctor Jameson was on the border; that he had certainly left without our instructions. We did not know for what reason he had left, but as we had made arrangements with him we regarded him as one with ourselves."

Later on, the commission handed to the deputation the decision of the Transvaal Executive, which was to the following ef-

fect:

"Sir Hercules Robinson has offered his services with a view of a peaceful settlement. The government of the republic has accepted his offer. Pending his arrival no hostile step will be taken against Johannesburg, provided that Johannesburg takes no hostile step against the government. In terms of the proclamation recently issued by the president the grievances will be earnestly considered."

The Reform deputation made the fol-

lowing offer to the government:

"In order to avert bloodshed on grounds of Doctor Jameson's action, if the government will allow Doctor Jameson to come in unmolested the Reform Committee will guarantee, with their persons if necessary, that he shall leave again peacefully with as little delay as possible."

Meanwhile, Jameson and his men, not the 1,500 he promised, but less than onethird that number, were moving rapidly

toward Johannesburg. The first act of Robinson was to declare Jameson and his men outlaws and to order them back to British territory. Unfortunately, Jameson disregarded this order. A Boer commando or regiment was mobilized to meet Jameson at some advantageous point. Through the inexplicable stupidity of Tameson's chief of staff, he was led into a cul-de-sac, and instead of following the road we had recommended became involved in a quagmire, where, after losing a few men in what is known as the battle of Doornkopf, he was compelled to surrender to the Boer commando, at o A. M., January 2, 1896.

But when Jameson surrendered it was with the express stipulation with the Boer commander, Cronje, that his officers and soldiers would be protected. The terms of Jameson's surrender were kept from the Reform Committee and not learned until some time later. This is a point to remember. Following his surrender, Jameson and his officers were taken to the Pretoria jail. After confinement in Pretoria for a couple of weeks they were conveyed to England and tried under the Foreign Enlistments Act, found guilty, and sentenced to several months in Holloway jail.

Immediately after his surrender we received a telegram from the high commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, as follows, read to us by Sir Jacobi de Wet, the British diplomatic agent in Pretoria:

"It is urgent that you should inform the people of Johannesburg that I said that if they lay down their arms they will be acting loyally and honorably, and if they do not comply with my request they will forfeit all claim to sympathy from Her Majesty's government and from British subjects throughout the world, as the lives of Jameson and the prisoners are now practically in their hands."

At that time the Reform Committee did not know, as I have before said, the terms of the surrender under which the lives of Jameson and his men were spared. In face of such a policy there was nothing for us to do but accept the high commissioner's advice. We therefore gave up our guns, amounting to only 2,300 rifles, with little ammunition. The following day, January 7, Sir Hercules Robinson telegraphed to Joseph Chamberlain, then secretary of the colonies, as follows:

"I have just received a message from the Reform Committee resolving to comply with demand of South African Republic to lay down their arms, the people placing themselves and their interests unreservedly in my hands in fullest confidence that I will see justice done them."

On the following day, January 8, Robinson telegraphed again to Chamberlain:

"I will confer with Kruger as to redressing the grievances of the residents of Johannesburg." Later, the same day, another telegram to Chamberlain as follows:

"I intend to insist on the fulfilment of terms as regards prisoners and considera-

tion of grievances."

On January 14 Robinson left Pretoria for Capetown, explaining his sudden departure as due to illness, and on the 17th, in reply to an urgent telegram from Chamberlain about the redress of the Uitlanders' grievances, he wired in part as follows: "The question of concessions to Uitlanders was never discussed with us," i. e., between him and Paul Kruger.

There never was a worse betraval of trust by a high official of the British Government. The following telegram shows his betrayal. On January 15 Chamberlain telegraphed to Sir Hercules Robinson as follows: "The people of Johannesburg laid down their arms in the belief that reasonable concessions would be arranged by your intervention; and until these are granted or are definitely promised to you by the President, the root-causes of the present trouble will remain. The President has again and again promised reform, and grave dissatisfaction would be excited if you leave Pretoria without a clear understanding on these points. Her Majesty's Government invites Paul Kruger in the interest of South African Republic and of peace to make a full declaration on these matters. It will be your duty to use firm language and to tell the President that neglect to meet the grievances of the Uitlanders by giving a definite promise to propose reasonable concessions would have a disastrous effect upon the prospects of a lasting and satisfactory settlement." But Sir Hercules Robinson had already left Pretoria on his return to Capetown. The Boers were very quick to perceive the indifference of the high commissioner and to draw their own conclusions from it.

The Other Road

BY EDWARD L. STRATER

Author of "At Mrs. Hopkins' Elbow" and "The Blessed Damozel"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE



WOULD not have noticed them perhaps, had not the head waiter led them to a table in the dining-room right next to my own. For there was nothing about the couple to at-

tract more than passing attention. Seeing them anywhere else, one would have dismissed them with a glance as being, no doubt, "the right kind of people," but, individually, dull and uninteresting. Perhaps it was because the dining-room was in Sorrento, of all places, that somehow their dulness seemed subtly emphasized. Perhaps it was only because they were very tired.

The woman was quietly dressed. Her features were neither facile nor hard; rather, they were set into the precise mould that is well-bred and formal. The man was apparently a business man and a successful one, who had had some battering to get to the top; taken blows and given them. It showed in the square set of his wide shoulders, the full, heavy cheeks that bore his lips down to a hard, straight line, the alert eyes that darted aggressively from side to side as he came down the room.

Of such couples the dining-room was full. One could but feel sorry for them, vaguely, watching them rush about, slaves to their iron-bound itineraries; and at the same time be extremely annoyed by the discordant notes their presence struck. For Sorrento is a corner of the world designed for a lazy, dreamy existence, absorbing the quiet beauty of the surroundings; but certainly not for restless activity. And the very inadaptability of these people seemed to throw the monstrous futility of their entire stay abroad—nay, of their entire lives—into so much the sharper relief.

They would arrive by boat from Naples; spend the night in Sorrento, sometimes two even. But inevitably one morning there would be a carriage in front of the door, fair weather or rain, to hurry them over the Amalfi drive, and so on and on with their itineraries. There was but a handful of us staying heroically on through the long succession of wet days and dreary days, waiting for the clearing of the skies and that first fragile outburst of spring, lovelier there than any place else in the world.

I next noticed them a few minutes later. accidentally enough, for they were consulting together across the table in scarcely more than whispers. I saw at a glance what had happened. Gennaro, our waiter, that sunny old rogue, had tried to sell them a jar of honey. It was his prerogative, for he was the oldest waiter in the dining-room. And I don't doubt he made a nice bit on the side selling his miel to hotel guests. But as I looked at them I noticed something in their expressions, in the man's particularly, that showed how uncomfortable and wrought up they had allowed themselves to become over this trivial little occurrence. It was but a flash as I saw them—two individuals not quite at ease, suspicious of their surroundings and of all foreigners, vainly attempting to translate the situation into the familiar terms of American usage. And it emphasized not so much the occurrence itself as, by implication, the long succession of them they had allowed to spoil so many of their hours abroad.

I could imagine him saying to her, after an irritated expletive toward all foreigners and their endless schemes to levy toll on tourists' pocketbooks: "Devil take the fellow! I'm going to wait until breakfast, and see if the hotel doesn't provide it free." And I could imagine her tired voice trying to soothe him and lighten his annoyance; trying also to change the subject before they might be noticed as unsure of themselves as they momentarily were: "It's all right, William (or Fred or George). Ten lira, that's only fortyfive cents. We would pay more at home. And I'm sure the manager wouldn't let him sell honey if the hotel provided it."

I felt convinced I had seen the man before. However, when one has been knocking about more or less there is nothing unusual about this feeling. After a moment's effort at recollection I would have dismissed the notion without more ado. But the mental association with the man was so decidedly unpleasant it refused to be dismissed. I looked at him again, covertly, for now I was watching him, not just idly staring. And suddenly I remembered. It had been in Florence, in the Uffizzi, and in that very room whose sheer color and loveliness of young faces have drawn me back over and over again—the room of the Botticellis.

That morning, I remembered, I was studying a picture, to me the most interesting one in the room. And, though it hangs on the same wall with the Primavera and the Adoration of the Magi, it was neither of those two, but another, almost microscopic, crudely composed, daubily painted; not a Botticelli, yet what a Botticelli, painted at a moment that pure inspiration must have led him away from the gay colors on his palette that might have become gentle ladies and gallant youths, back through a hundred-odd years of increasing colorization, to that quiet, studious portraiture of every-day citizens one finds among the "primitives."

Then it was that I had first seen the man. Led into the room by a youngish guide, whose arm-band proclaimed his qualifications (I suppose he had been led similarly to everything he had seen and felt abroad), the two of them planted themselves directly in my line of vision. And I remembered the guide. A moment he allowed for the general effect, and then, standing sidewise toward his client, so that he half-faced the picture, he proceeded to point out the particulars in one-two-three fashion. "Figures to da right," he droned, "are t'ree winds—" It was the Primayera, of course.

I watched them with extreme annovance at first; then, I think, with sorrow, not unmixed with contempt; and finally, with amusement. What was the use of it all, the sham and futility, when the man was so palpably bored! I watched his cold appraising eyes, darting with unseeing keenness over that thing of beauty. the slight hardening of the lines about his mouth, feeling himself called on, perhaps, to admire something whose practical worth he could not see. But after all, the incident was in a way perfect. I have seen many men with little or no instinctive recognition of things beautiful who were none the less trying to comprehend. But here there was no effort, nothing but suspicious hostility. And the guidedark, oily fellow that he was—apparently knew his man. For, after not more than one minute in that room, after showing that one picture of the dozen that lined its walls, he glanced elaborately at his wristwatch, and led the way into the next room. At the rate they were going they would have covered the entire gallery in forty-five minutes, as perhaps had been carefully specified beforehand! For just as a man's soul can be saved in a sermon not to exceed twenty minutes, so can his other soul, the sense of the beautiful, be born, nourished, and sated to the ticking of a clock.

And I remembered that I had seen the man once again, in the American Express, arguing with the postal clerk about mail deliveries, prices, exchange, or whatnot. I happened to know the clerk, a gentle soul that had just lost his wife. He was trying to fill the sudden blank in his life with worries about his two young daughters. And I remembered how sorry I had felt for the old clerk who had to endure the endless contrast of the worries of men on their holidays to his own very real ones. And I felt as sorry for the other, for on him I had another flash. I could see his whole trip stretching out into a ceaseless round of baggage and train worries, wrangles with porters and cabbies, interminable trips through churches and museums, with only the occasional gleam, at an expensive hotel, of a semblance of American comforts, and the dull satisfaction that he was "doing it" and "doing it right"!

Vol. LXXIX .- 18

Having finished my dinner I found a chair in the corner of the lounge, a room cleverly contrived, by the addition of a floor and big glass light, out of what had once been the open cloister. For the hotel had formerly been a monastery, and had, for hundreds of years, quietly among the orange groves, sheltered the lives and faiths of a sober, industrious order of monks. I had been sitting there a few minutes when the couple came in. A moment they stood in the doorway, looking about them—the man was already biting at the end of a cigar-and then, I suppose because there were empty chairs and an ash-stand beside me, and because, in that roomful of strangers, they felt some slight bond with a man who had been their neighbor at dinner, and who was so patently a fellow countryman, they came over to my corner.

The man settled himself comfortably. and, having lighted his cigar, remarking that I was also smoking, he pushed the ash-stand midway between us. I did not welcome his advances particularly, for he was not a type with which I ever found much in common. But I suppose in a way he interested me, or the recollection of that day in Florence would never have

remained.

We exchanged a few indifferent formalities such as are exchanged by travellers whose paths for the moment are thrown together, generalities that are to be gotten over with as quickly as possible, before, later, you can begin to gauge the real man beneath the surface. And that is a noticeable feature about contacts among travellers, where the element of touch and go seems to hasten acquaintance. Sometimes one never gets beyond the generalities; but often enough they lead very quickly to deep and illuminating insights into human nature.

I learned that they were just completing their first—a two months'—trip abroad, limited, as had necessarily been dictated by the fact of winter, to a tour of Italy. They evinced no knowledge or particular enthusiasm about the things they had seen. Once or twice, however, with a tired smile, the lady, Mrs. Porter, alluded to a place as having seemed "very nice," and each time her husband turned to me, as if by way of explanation, with some

such remark as, "Oh, yes, that's the place where we got a private bathroom," or, "That's the place where I had the row with the baggage fellow!"

"We've seen it all, lock, stock, and barrel," he said finally, with a heavy nod of satisfaction, summing it up in retrospect.

They did brighten up, however, when they declared they were returning home by steamer from Naples ten days hence. "Too bad," I said, "you might miss the first spring around here." Yes, too bad, Mrs. Porter agreed, but then they would get it at home. And Mr. Porter said nothing. As nearly as I could discover, having finished their itinerary in a week less even than they had expected, they had come down to Sorrento for no other reason than to pass the time as best they could until their sailing-date.

"Business will be picking up in the spring," the man said. This going abroad, a little of it, was all right; but he was anxious to be getting back. And later he said: "After the inventories were taken at the end of the year there wasn't much to do, so we thought we would try Europe." And Mrs. Porter added with pride: "He runs his factory just like that. He can walk out at a moment's notice.

and it will go on just the same."

Perhaps I was lacking in enthusiasm when the conversation got around to business. Nor could I think of much to say about the elections, the stock-market. or conditions in Europe. So conversation lagged for a while, and then it started off again with such questions as are asked by one tourist of another: did I think the hotel rates fair? was Vesuvius likely to erupt while they were there? and finally, of course, where was the American Express?

We were all three of us by this time scarcely concealing our yawns, so with mutual apologies we arose to part. Mrs. Porter was preceding us down the corridor. Mr. Porter and I followed, he still keeping in his mouth the burnt-out stump of cigar. As we passed the billiard-room, where several men were playing, he turned to me almost petulantly. "What does one do in this confounded place, any-

how!" There was nothing to do but Do!

dream in the blessed peace and fragile springtime that was coming; dream more beautifully than one could any place else in the world. But how could I have told him that! Instead, I said; "I'm afraid there's not very much to do. But that may prove the charm of the place to you."

"I've never been idle," he almost snapped. "I've been a hustler!"

I couldn't help it! "Idleness is sometimes a good thing, I think, Mr. Porter. It gives a man an opportunity to plumb his own depths, his own resources; discover the things deep down in him."

He looked at me queerly, but he said nothing. He merely shifted his cigar a little as though thinking, and with that we parted for the night. Nevertheless, I had become interested in the man. I discovered it by my failure to get very far into a book I had expected to keep me up half the night. Instead, I would find myself staring blankly at the pages, and musing to myself—"a fellow that's been a hustler all his life—doing, doing! —using activity as a regular safety-valve every time he might have been tempted to think or feel-put him for ten days in a place like this-

"Queer place, queer effect it might have. I wonder what it will do to him?"

And outside the rain beat fitfully against the windows, and occasionally in the dead silences of the night I would hear the heavy sound of a ripe orange thumping the ground.

I awoke the following morning to the slow drip of the night's rain from the orange-trees that crowded up to my very windows. That is a luxurious feeling, the gradual waking into a world with which one is at complete peace; the slow drifting off again into a doze after Pietro has knocked for the first time leaving the breakfast-tray at the door, secure in the knowledge that he will return to knock again before the chocolate becomes too cold to drink. My room had been formerly the abbots' refectory. It boasted a balcony, on which I had my breakfasts. And never could the old abbots have enjoyed pleasanter ones. There was an orange-tree close at hand that reached an obliging arm over the very railing. And, looking out, one saw dimly into a shadowy green world, hung like a picture by Uccello, with innumerable orange globes.

I had my breakfast and dressed slowly. Outside, the day was a melancholy one, persuasively, peacefully so. There was no sun, but everything was brightly wet; there were no clouds, but a curtain of gray mist hung in mid-air, obscuring the sharp, naked mountains. I stood on the balcony smelling it all, the earth-smells and rain-smells, and hearing occasionally the trilling of a northward-bound bird. No one could have been farther from my thoughts than Mr. Porter, when suddenly, down the walk that led out through the orange-trees to a point on the cliffs overlooking the bay of Naples, I saw him coming, slowly and measuredly, frowning and biting at the end of a burnt-out cigar, as though he had been pacing up and down there for an hour at least.

I don't know why I did, for I certainly did not welcome his intrusion into the picture, but I jumped over the low railing and joined him.

"Good morning, good morning," he said, and I fancied something forced in his tone. For the look of the man certainly belied his effort at heartiness.

"Have a good night?" I asked. And instantly the frown returned to his forehead, and the cigar to his mouth. "Damnable," he growled. "Those confounded oranges always dropping to the ground!" There was nothing personal about the growl. The voice was simply the man, untrained to softness and modulation because the man had no fine shades of meaning to express; accustomed only to the direct question, the positive statement, or terse command. "I've never known nerves before," he continued; "but two or three more nights like last . . ." He finished with a savage bite on his cigar.

"You're not by any chance sensitive to

weather or surroundings?"

"Me!" The entire vigor of the man sprang into his denial of something that in his scale must have seemed a most

glaring weakness. "Why?"

"I don't know. I suppose I thought you were more sensitive to extraneous influences than you might have suspected. A place like this would suggest peace, and unless a man could find it . . ."

He cut me short. "A business man can't afford to have any fancy notions

like that!"

"I know," I continued. "He's got to take a quantitative view of life; he's got to shut out any sensitiveness and push along good days or bad, alike, and get things done. But here," I went on, "in a place like this, when one gets away from a life of necessity, one can take the qualitative view. For instance, there are certain moods and impressions that come after midnight that never come by daylight. So you stay up until after midnight for them, even though you have to spend the entire next morning in bed making up sleep." I would have expanded the subject further, for it hit pretty close to fundamentals in my opinion; and, where Europe was concerned, it made the difference between rushing around and seeing a lot of things on schedule, none of which a person would remember, and seeing fewer things, but seeing them well, and at a time when one was in a receptive mood. But looking at him, I saw that he was not interested.

"I've never been in bed beyond eight o'clock in my life," he said. And after a moment's silence, "You've got a queer angle on things, Mr. Marshall." But

that was his only comment.

I hoped he would begin to talk about his business; not that I wanted to hear about the business itself, but rather, the opportunity of gauging his attitude to see if there were that glamour in his conception of it that would denote in the man the presence of an imaginative strain, which, under the subtle influences of Sorrento, might spring into sudden and compelling life. But he was silent a long time, and I felt that here was a man as completely adrift beyond all compasses and bearings, as far removed from familiar objects, as though suddenly he had stepped beyond the barrier.

I knew he would not leave his old familiar world of action, with its safeguards of ceaseless activity, without a struggle. And even as though to bear me out completely, he turned toward me suddenly, a drowning man clutching at a straw he seemed, and repeated his question of the night before. "What does one do in this confounded place anyhow!" There it was,

a day stretching out to unutterably dull horizons for him because it contained

nothing to do.

Do! When you came down to it there was plenty to do. There was Pompeii hardly fifteen miles away, Capri, the Amalfi drive, even Vesuvius. For that matter, there were all the neighboring hillsides to be roamed. I told him all those things. "Yes, I know," he said. "I was talking to that fellow early this morning, the fellow that calls himself the concierge." I could see the whole picture, "the fellow that calls himself the concierge," as though his title were something to be regarded with suspicion, a catch-snare for a high tip; and Mr. Porter up betimes, asking him, asking any one,

his question. We strolled up and down the walk several times, and paused at the outlook over the bay. What a day, with the gray waves rolling up against the rocks, and the gray land ten miles across merging into the clouds! I showed him Vesuvius on one horizon and Ischia on the other, and, returning toward the hotel, something of man's work, an old stone well with a circular stone coping, out of which sprang two fine old iron arms that supported the bucket and curved together at the top to form the cross. There of old, at evening, the monks would have gathered . . . and just beyond was a high wall, hiding whatever might lie beyond. Something to make one dream, a high wall . . .

He was no more attentive than when I told him some day soon the clouds would disappear from around those mountains; one of these days this tree, the almond, would be dotted with pink, and that one, the mimosa, feathered with long yellow

sprays.

He turned toward me finally, almost impatiently. Would I mind telling him again how to get to the American Express? I did, and almost regretfully, I thought, he departed. And I understood why. The American Express represented something to do. Once done, the balance of the day loomed emptily ahead.

I met them several times during the next few days as I strolled along the roads of the peninsula. They were always driv-

two of them in the victoria, expressionthe left or right.

Our acquaintance had become a mere trees all sorts of starry wild flowers had

ing; the picture was always the same, the so imminent. And the next the long slender mimosa and the pink almonds less and complacent, looking neither to were in bloom against an azure sky; and in the magic depths under the orange-



"I'm not exactly certain I understood all you said about my husband. . . ."-Page 248.

matter of bows whenever we met at our adjoining tables, for there was nothing to sustain it, and no reason for effort on either side.

And then one day spring came with a rush. The day before there had been a damp, with nothing to warn of a change to the hillsides, I saw the Porters as I had

sprung into delicate life. And it was more than that . . . the smiles that showed on men's faces, even on those of the humblest servants as they moved about the hotel; and the dreams in their eyes . . .

That day, as I was leaving the highroad leaden sea and a leaden sky, cold and for a narrow stony walk that led upward seen them every day before. I stopped in the ascent, I remember, and watched them until their noisy horse had borne them around a bend. It seemed so curious to see them driving by, insensately self-contained against that great canopy

of spring.

That night, I believe it was, and still four or five days before their sailing-date, Mr. Porter came in to dinner alone. He did not look at all well; he ate almost absent-mindedly and very little. As for her, he said, she had finally succumbed to a cold, for the place was still very damp. The next day he was also alone, and likewise the next. I believe it was that evening, as I was walking down toward the water just before dinner, that I noticed him off through the gathering shadows, a dark silhouette against the fountain.

It was twilight, the time when the shapes and shadows of the past come closest to men's eyes; the hour, as Whistler said, "that a factory becomes a fairy castle." I wanted to find out whether it was accident or design that had brought Mr. Porter to the fountain just then, for there is a good deal of accident about discovering things at the right time; a good

deal of instinct.

But I wanted also to find out something immeasurably more fundamental, toward which all knowledge is at best but an uncertain sign-post. Circumstances made him; circumstances made me; circumstances and countless generations of inheritance from out the ceaseless womb of time. And all those things had combined to make us and place us as far apart as the poles. Yet if he and I, as unlike as two mortals could conceivably be, should prove to have that fountain in common, symbolic of all it stood for, toward what great fellow understanding could one not imagine mankind to be groping its slow way?

I approached him softly, and stood for some time without saying a word, and when I did speak it was to say something very quietly, and I hoped in keeping with the preternatural stillness of the evening. But he seemed to be entirely oblivious of my presence, until at last, reluctantly, he turned toward me. I shall never forget the expression of surprise on his face.

"Oh, hello!" he said. It was better for

him to have said just that, showing how complete his abstraction had been, than any answer he could possibly have made to my comment about the fountain. And still surprised, he looked about him. "By George, it's getting late! I'd better go in and change."

"If Mrs. Porter is still ill," I said, "why don't you join me at my table? We won't dress." A mood is too evanescent a thing; I didn't want to let him out of my hands even for the brief time it takes to change.

So instead we walked up and down a little, scarcely saying a word, until the distant gong sounded for dinner. As we started for the dining-room, with its bright lights and confusion of sounds, I began to talk slowly, uncertainly at first, for even then I felt far from sure that I would find any responsiveness on his part. There was little to go on except the occasional flash of an unspoken question in his eyes, an occasional faint movement about his mouth, and, for the rest, that expression of complete abstraction.

At first I talked about the men themselves that had created and designed Italy's past, feeling that it was in the men primarily that he would be interested. And from the men, the painters and builders, sculptors and martyrs, associated with the places he had visited, I led the way to the things they had created. I had been reading Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," so I did not lack for anecdote.

After dinner we retired to the lounge, and while I talked he punctuated my remarks with an occasional draw at his cigar, or with a brief comment, such as "Odd fellow, that man!" or "I didn't know that!" He was not a talkative type at best, but now, when he was receiving new impressions, he became un-

usually quiet.

We parted very early, for he wanted to look in on his wife. And as I left him I said the thing I had been leading up to unconsciously, I suppose, all evening. "Do you ever have the sensation, Mr. Porter, that life is slipping by without your doing or feeling the things you want to?" He seemed to be trying to shake the question off; anyhow he didn't answer. We parted, and I went into the writing-room to get a few letters done. I had been there half an hour perhaps,

when some one sat down at the other side of the desk, facing me. I looked up. It was Mrs. Porter. And I suspected she had come into the room, perhaps even having gotten out of her sick-bed to do so, not to write letters, but to talk to me. I spoke to her; said something about having finished my writing. And she came straight to the point.

"Could I talk to you a few minutes," she asked with some embarrassment, in that careful, tired voice of hers, "if you're sure you have quite finished?"

We went over to a sofa. "It's about

Mr. Porter?" I said.

She looked at me quickly, but now that the subject was broached she did not attempt to change it. "Yes, it's about Mr. Porter. He did not seem at all well when we first arrived. He almost seemed to have . . ." she hesitated over the word as though betraying something that would have been particularly distasteful to him.

"Nerves?"

She nodded, and went hurriedly on. "It all seems very silly, perhaps. And there is nothing, absolutely nothing, I can put my finger on. But since that first change he seems to have changed again! As for nerves . . ." She left the sentence in mid-air.

"In other words," I said, "you don't think it's anything physical?" And for an instant she looked at me with little short of terror in her eyes, a terror I could readily understand. For as long as her husband's troubles were physical they were something she could minister to. But it was this other, this double change in a man that must at times have seemed almost a stranger to her, that had impelled

her to seek out my assistance.

"Do you think, Mr. Marshall"—I felt there was fear in her voice, though it no longer showed in her eyes—"do you think —it could be the place? He has been so active all his life; sometimes, in a quiet place like this where there is nothing to do . . ."-again she broke off sharply, and continued some moments later in a steadier voice. It was pathetic, the protective woman in her, watching over her man. "I tried to keep his days full, until I was just too sick to go on any longer!" I told her I was going walking with her

husband the next day, and would discover what I could. And the conversation, brief though it was, made me wonder. For up to then my interest in the Porters had been solely in the man, and in the possible awakening in him of a self heretofore even unsuspected. But now there was coming into the picture the woman, and the suggestion she brought with her of duties and obligations in the complex interrelationships of life that far outweighed the need, or the right even, of any individual for the fullest growth and development within his capabilities.

The next day being a fine one, we started early for our walk. I remember little about that tramp; there is perhaps little to remember. For the change in Mr. Porter was a change in attitude rather than in words, and even there it was so exceedingly subtle, it was barely perceptible. It was scarcely more than that the man seemed to have become more receptive; more buoyant in his step. more alert in his expression. I noticed it in small ways. At times, like a boy, he would go down the road intent on kicking a stone ahead of him; at times he would look about him, shylv at first, then more often, more deliberately. After a while he was turning his head altogether around to look at something we had passed, or stopping entirely.

"Tired?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I just like to look about." And I noticed some of the places he stopped to peer into: the mysterious, shadowy interior of a house, built dark and deep against the brilliancy of the Neapolitan sunlight; a glimpse now and then of an old garden through a broken bit of stone wall; or a narrow pathway winding up a hill. And his words were the uncertain words of a man that is speaking a foreign tongue. "There, I like that," he would say, or, "That's great, isn't it?" But he would not use the word "beautiful."

That afternoon we walked up over the backbone of the peninsula and down the other side, winding in and out around the jutting promontories along the Amalfi road. Far below us was the blue ocean melting off into distant haze. Occasionally it was as sombre, in the shadows of

the mountains, as were they themselves; occasionally too dazzling to bear looking at. And far above were the jagged peaks, reflecting on their alkali faces the many colors of sunset.

And then twilight came, and an uncanny stillness settled over that age-old land, broken only by the weird cries of the shepherds far up on the hillsides calling to their goats. We stopped at a tavern, and each of us had a little golden glass of Strega, the witch-drink of Italy. And then through a fine light drizzle we returned to the hotel.

"This has been great, Mr. Marshall," he said when we parted. "Great! Couldn't we try it again to-morrow?"

"You bet!" I answered. "To-day we stuck to the highroad; to-morrow we'll try a by-road. I know a path worth climbing!"

That evening Mrs. Porter came again into the writing-room within a few minutes after her husband had gone. She looked more tired than ever, and more worried. And I wondered what I could say to this woman, who had turned so pathetically to me.

Perhaps, after all, it was best to tell her everything—all that I had noticed about her husband and all that I had deduced, the whole fine theory about the change that was taking place. I suppose I became a little intoxicated by my words, a little carried away by the enthusiasm of my ideas; for I remember, when I finished and looked at her, the sudden cold-water shock I felt.

She had listened to me politely enough, but only as one that was waiting patiently to voice her own train of thought. And then she said, as though startled by its nature: "Why, I'm not at all sure even that he wants to go home!"

"Nor am I!"

She looked at me dubiously, I believe. "I'm not exactly certain I understood all you said about my husband, Mr. Marshall, but don't you see he *must* go home! Everything his whole life has stood for is at stake. Can't you understand! The wealth he has created for the community with his factory, the employment and livelihood he has given hundreds of workmen, the example he has set the young men by his hard work and punctuality.

You can't imagine, Mr. Marshall, how they look up to him!"

There it was, the justification of my belief that the man had innate imagination, an imagination that had coped with his drab environment and built up that fine view of his relation to it; an imagination that now, under the spell of other surroundings, was beginning to unfold its wings to carry him off in sudden flight. But what of all that! Fool that I had been with my delicate theories about the change itself, when the only thing of real, compelling significance in this crazy, complex world of ours was the consequence of the change to others . . . another.

For I must confess I would hardly have considered his position in the community, the wealth and employment he was creating, and all that, sufficient reason for his returning should he desire to order his life otherwise. I can't help regarding much of that talk as pure cant. But there was another face in the picture, a woman's, and she was a much more real consideration to my way of thinking than were all those fine notions about Mr. Porter's beneficent effect on the community.

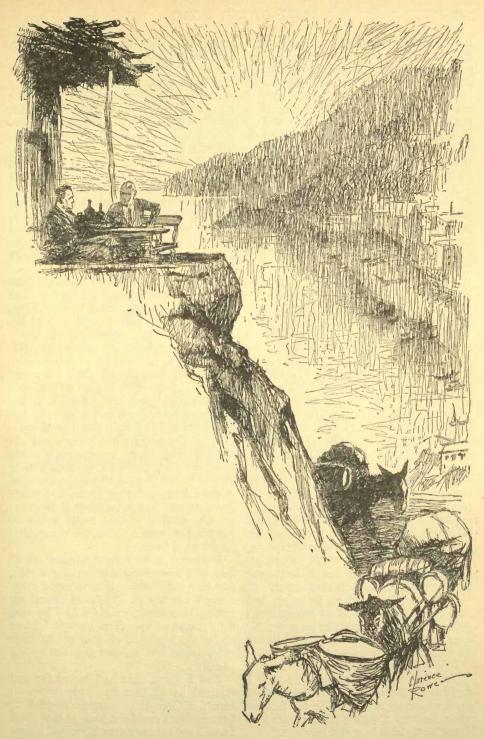
And what of her! Should Mr. Porter start off now in this other direction, by this other road that seemed to be opening up new horizons to him, would she, at her age, have the resiliency and the imagination to follow him? Had she ever had, I wondered. Hers had been the rôle to interpret him to himself, perhaps, and to steady him in his long course through life, but could it ever have been the creative one?

I do not know why I asked the question, for I must have known that it was he, not she, that had supplied the imagination and glamour to their lives. "It was Mr. Porter, of course, not you, that thought of all that—his position in the community as an employer, a creator of wealth, and an example to the young men?"

She looked at me as though humoring the idle question of a child. "Of course!"

To her the question meant little or nothing; but to me it was the crux of the whole thing, its entire substance and shadow.

I felt strangely depressed at the outset of our walk the following afternoon, and I think Mr. Porter felt much the same,



Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

[&]quot;I could cancel my sailing to-morrow, couldn't I?" he said slowly, and as though to himself.—Page 250.

for his steamer was sailing the next day. But who could long have remained depressed with that magic of springtime drawing the gayest and lightest out of one? After a bit we had passed beyond the village and reached the turning-off to the narrow pathways that led up and up to the monastery above Massalubrense. "Guess I've always stuck pretty much to the highroad till now," he said, with a look of adventuring in his eyes.

After about an hour's climb we reached it, the fine old ramble of buildings enclosing the overgrown courtyard. The dilapidation of the place was terrible. Once, I suppose, several generations before, the monastery had housed fifty, and had, no doubt, been beautifully kept. But now there were scarcely six. The lure of the golden streets of America had accounted for the others that might have

come there to spend their lives.

We rang at the gate, and presently we could hear the echoing footsteps of some one coming down the still corridors. He bowed to us politely, and led us up to the tower from where is obtainable as fine a view as any at that end of the island. But my recollection of those stony fertile hillsides, patchworked by stone walls into fields of orange and olive and almond, is not so clear as the impression of the man that met us in the refectory on our way down. There he was, in that most dismally bare room, up there on the mountain-top above and beyond all men, standing before us in his poor coarse tunic and worn sandals. I shall never forget his fine, drawn features of priest and celibate, or the way, slowly and with great effort, he raised his eyes from our clothes to our faces, ourselves the men unadorned.

"Americani?" he asked, politely. And who could have told what struggle was going on within the man as he raised his eyes with such effort—what realization of

all that might have been!

I think it struck Mr. Porter, too. "That fellow there," he said; "I wish I could speak his language! He might have gone to America and made his fortune when he was a young man, instead of dragging up here to spend his days."

"He might," I answered. "He might indeed! And he probably knows it."

Mr. Porter looked at me queerly, I

thought. "He's taught me something, that fellow!"

And I have another impression from that afternoon, equally strong, equally relentless. We had tumbled down the steep path again back to the highroad, and, just before sunset, stopped at a wayside inn with a little pergola terrace perched in front of it, above the road. And there on wooden benches, before a wooden table, we sat down to a rest and a bottle of native wine. And then had come over us that pleasant, drowsy feeling that comes with a bottle half-drunk. a little tiredness in one's legs, and down below the occasional passing of a figure along the highway to draw one's thoughts into a revery.

Looking at Mr. Porter, I could tell from the intent concentration on his face, and the vacant eye, just what he was doing. He might have been myself, any of the dreamers that ever were or are to be.

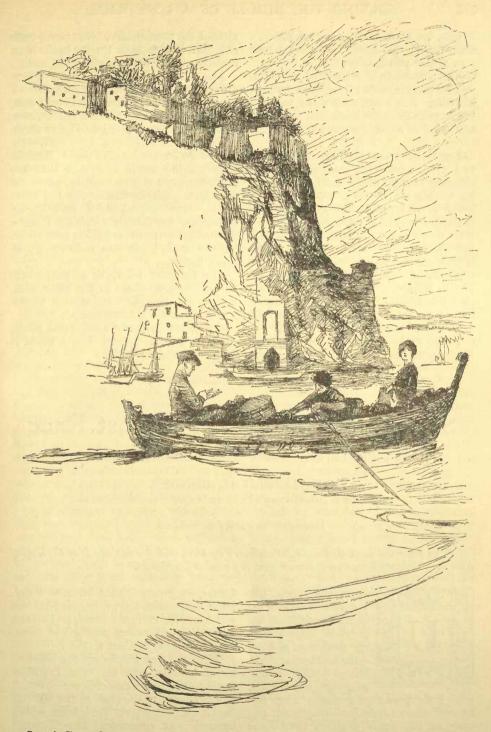
It is inexpressibly terrible to me, this wandering of the soul into the unknown. Things lose their shapes, their every-day familiarity, and the soul goes off distantly searching and groping. Often it is but a moment detached, and goes awandering, stirring but faintly the dust of ages; hearing the ancient battle-cries, the ancient words of love. Sometimes, it meets the universal purposes of life shining clearly on the faces of all men; sometimes strange desires, strange needs, and stranger doubts. But sometimes it journeys off afar to that distant realm where lie hidden, near men's hearts, the things that might have been.

I remember he turned toward me at last with something approaching a sigh, and that old frown of his was again darkening his forehead. "I could cancel my sailing to-morrow, couldn't I?" he said slowly, and as though to himself. "And as for the business, all I've got to do is cable any of half a dozen men I'm willing

to sell. . . ."

And I there, that had hoped for and rejoiced in all that had happened . . . It is not difficult to imagine how I felt! I remember I could not look at him then. I could not turn my eyes from that bloodred sunset that was reaching out toward us across the still waters from the West.

"For God's sake, man!" I said at last,



Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

But never once did Mr. Porter look up or back from counting the few coins left in his hand.—Page 252.

"this . . . all this . . . is nothing . . . mere froth! Go home to your business

. . . where you belong!"

And always in the back of my mind was the picture of that tired, tired woman, his wife. But never once did I mention her name. For men know how it is to be reminded of an obligation to a woman.

I was glad I saw him for the last time as I did the following morning. He was standing in front of the hotel, surrounded by valises and half a dozen servants. puzzling over the Italian money he was counting in his outstretched palm. I went down the walk with them through the orange grove to the little dock. From there Garguilio was to row them off to the steamer that would take them across the bay to Naples. They stepped in, he sitting in the stern-sheets and she facing him in the bow. The servants piled the valises in after them and shoved the boat off. A long time I stood there watching them, until Garguilio had rowed them but an evanescent thing!

around the promontory. But never once did Mr. Porter look up or back from counting the few coins left in his hand.

And that is all. I have never seen him or heard of him since. But sometimes I can imagine hearing him say in that dull, heavy growl of his: "Those fellows over there in Italy, once you get to know them,

are not a bad lot!"

How do I know he says that? Because they are the words of a man that has glimpsed, even though vaguely, down the mysterious, magic windings of the other road. And sometimes I find myself repeating, as though awaking from a strange dream: "those fellows over there, with their big businesses, once you get to know them . . ."

And sometimes I think of that priest and celibate up there in the mountains, raising his eyes from our clothes to our faces to ask his polite question.

I suppose to every man, some place, some time . . . Thank God, a mood is

Solving the Riddle of a Lost Race

STORY OF THE HITTITES COMING TO LIGHT AFTER 2,000 YEARS

BY HAROLD H. BENDER

Professor of Indo-Germanic Philology in Princeton University

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Thus saith the Lord God unto Jerusalem, Thy birth and thy nativity is of the land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother an Hittite.



NTIL the recent discovery and excavation of their ancient capital in Asia Minor, with the disclosure of their state archives and the interpretation of their language, the Hittites

were little more than a name. Their few known records defied decipherment, and only an occasional mention from some other source remained to tell of a great empire that had its beginnings two thousand years before Cyrus, Alexander, or

Cæsar, of a people that invaded Babylonia, conquered Egypt, imposed its iron will upon the civilized world, and after a millennium of power and glory disappeared, almost without a trace.

When the region between the Nile and the Euphrates was still the Promised Land to the wandering children of Israel, it was chiefly as the land of the Hittites that it was described. And, when finally Canaan was conquered, the Hebrews dwelt among the Hittites to the west of the Jordan, married their daughters, and at times served their gods. It was from

Uriah the Hittite that David took Bathsheba, the mother of Solomon, who himself clave in love to princesses of the same alien race.

The Hittites appear, too, in the early records of Egypt and Assyria, and in the problematic Vannic inscriptions. A fragmentary chronicle of the first Babylonian dynasty (2225-1026 B. C.) refers to an invasion of Akkad by the king of the Hittites. After the Egyptians and the Babylonians, the Hittites were the third great power of the ancient Orient. They were aggressively rich and militant, and, while they borrowed much from the superior culture of Babylonia and Egypt, they made a deep and lasting impress, in art, architecture, and religion, as well as in war, upon the various peoples of antiquity from Greece to Mesopotamia and from the Black Sea to the Nile.

They contributed, from their mines along the north coast of Asia Minor, the first iron to the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Ægeans, and to this extent they were responsible for the transition of civilization, in the Mediterranean and the East, from the Age of Bronze to the Age of Iron. But after centuries of conquest and domination, and after helping, with the new weapons of iron, in the downfall of the Egyptian empire, the great Hittite empire itself fell, beginning about 1200 B. C., into a number of small states and became subject to the Assyrians. As a people the Hittites vanished from history, forgotten even by classical antiquity, and for more than two thousand years their language was not only dead but entirely unknown.

In various parts of Syria and Asia Minor there have been discovered within the past fifty years numerous architectural remains, rock sculptures, and stone monuments with pictographic inscriptions which have been identified as Hittite. The hieroglyphic writing on these monuments is different from the Egyptian and apparently unique: despite many attempts at decipherment, it is to this day an enigma. Until a very few years ago it seemed that direct knowledge of the Hittites, their government, their history, their language, and their culture, must depend mainly upon the almost hopeless reading of these hieroglyphs.

But then a discovery and a decipher-

ment were made that in historic and linguistic importance rank little below those of the Rosetta stone, which provided the key for the decipherment of the ancient monuments of Egypt, or the Behistun rock, which, with its congeners at Persepolis, enabled scholars to read the Achæmenian inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes, and revealed to the modern world the Old Persian and Babylonian languages.

The Hittite language, completely lost since long before Christ, and concealed rather than revealed by the hieroglyphic inscriptions of the monuments, is now, through this discovery and this decipherment, no longer an unknown speech. And, by reason of the central position of the Hittites in Asia Minor, in contact with Assyria, Babylonia, Syria, Egypt, and the Ægean, a new and brilliant light is thrown upon the history and civilization of the ancient world, a light that penetrates far back into the third millennium before Christ.

It was long assumed, chiefly from their relations with the Israelites, that the seat of the Hittites was in northern Syria, but it is now established that Syria was merely a late conquest, and that the real home of the race was in Asia Minor. Indeed, the actual capital of the Hittite empire, known to antiquity as Hatti, has recently been found near the modern village of Boghazköi, ninety miles due east from Angora. The ruins of this great walled city were first carefully excavated and explored in 1906-7 and 1911-12 by Hugo Winckler and an expedition operating under the auspices of the German Orient-Society of Berlin, the Imperial German Archæological Institute, and the Near East Society of the Imperial Ottoman Museum in Constantinople. under the surface of the open ground, in the rooms of a ruined palace, and in what may have been a temple, have been discovered the survivals of a great state archive, including some twenty thousand fragments and units of clay tablets, dating chiefly from the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries B. C., and containing Hittite cuneiform writing.

The great majority of the tablets are now in the Museum of Antiquities in Stamboul (until recently known as the Imperial Ottoman Museum in Constantinople), but others are in Berlin, Paris, and London. They average about eight by twelve inches in size and are usually written on both sides in two columns each, a column containing from forty to more than one hundred lines. This entirely new material is as rich and valuable in content and variety as it is in bulk: royal edicts, laws, treaties, diplomatic correspondence and other letters to and from the kings of Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria, historical fragments, vocabularies, incantations, rituals, sacrificial texts, omens, prayers, prophecies.

In courtesy to the discoverer, his colleagues waited during a long illness for Professor Winckler to edit the texts. But he died in 1913, and then came the years of war, so that it was not until within the last few years, and even months, that much of the material has been available to scholars outside of Germany and Austria. But meanwhile in those countries and in Turkey the great task of sorting, assembling, copying the tablets, and deciphering, editing, and analyzing the texts was begun under the joint auspices of the Berlin Orient-Society and the Austrian Ministry of Instruction, and it has been carried on with brilliant success by Hrozný, Forrer, and others.

The method of deciphering an unknown tongue from written documents follows what is sometimes known in mathematics as "the rule of trial and error"; that is, experiment directed by probabilities. The method is not unlike that employed in Edgar Allan Poe's story, "The Gold-Bug." By the decipherment of a cryptogram written on a piece of vellum, Captain Kidd's buried treasure is located and recovered. The first line of the cipher runs:

53‡‡†305))6*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806*;48†8¶60

The first step is to guess the language. This is assumed to be English, because the document is signed with the figure of a kid and the pun would be appreciable in no other language. Then the frequency of the characters is counted and it is found that the figure δ occurs thirty-three times, the semicolon twenty-six times, and so on down to the period, which appears only once. Now in English the letter e is the

most frequent, and after it in order come a, o, i, d, h, etc. The letter e is often doubled in English, and 8 is doubled five times in the cipher. So 8 is assumed as e. The most usual word in English is the, and we find seven repetitions of the same two characters followed by 8, so we temporarily put down ;48 as the. This gives us three values for further experiment and the t-ee is by elimination turned into the tree, and we thus gain another letter: th-rtee- becomes thirteen, and we have two more characters. Finally each temporary value survives frequent tests and becomes permanent, so that the entire cipher can be translated, and the first line reads:

"A good glass in the bishop's hostel in

the devil's . . ."

When the trilingual inscriptions, written in Old Persian, Babylonian, and Susian, on the monuments of the ruins and tombs at Persepolis were first known to the Western world it was thought that the cuneiform characters were mere ornamentation, and when Grotefend began his labors, in 1802, not even the names of the three languages were known. One of the earliest guesses had been that the inscriptions were to be read from left to right. Another was that the characters in the columns now known to be Old Persian were alphabetic and not syllabic. Then Niebuhr counted, copied, and arranged the forty-two separate signs that he was able to distinguish. Other scholars discovered that a single oblique wedge was a dividing sign between words.

At this point progress stopped until Grotefend noticed that the style of writing which had been designated as No. I invariably occupied the most prominent place. This he assumed to be ancient Persian, the language of the rulers who had erected the edifices at the capital of the Achæmenian empire. Later, Nos. 2 and 3 were taken to be translations of No. I into two languages, one of which was presumably the current speech of Mesopotamia, since Assyria and Babylonia were important parts of the Persian empire.

Next, Grotefend compared two short Old Persian inscriptions which showed frequent recurrence of the same signs and seemed thus to be similar in content. He observed that the same word was often repeated in both texts, and, as these in-Persian kings, he suspected, as had, indeed, been fancied before, that this word meant king. He assumed that in each

kings, son of Darius king. From the scriptions were found above the figures of Persian name for Darius at least four characters, d, a, r, sh, were permanently established.

As the identification of signs proinscription the first word was the name of gressed, words began to emerge and tem-



Hittite rock-sculpture at Ibriz in Cilicia representing a Hittite god, and showing the undeciphered hieroglyphic writing.

the king who set up the text and that the following words meant, as was customary in the later, Sassanian, inscriptions of Persia, great king, king of kings. The names of the Achæmenian kings were familiar through tradition and through mention by classical writers, and it was then a matter of experiment to fit them into the inscriptions according to their length. And, when it was seen that the name at the beginning of one text appeared in the third line of the other text with a word that might mean son, he put down tentatively Darius, great king, king of kings, and Xerxes, great king, king of

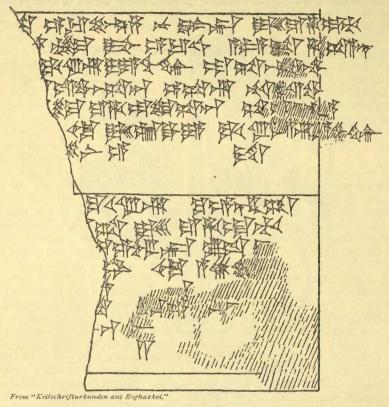
porary values could be assigned to them on the basis of their resemblance to known words in related languages. And so, step by step, the work went on, until now the ancient cuneiform languages of Persia, Assyria, and Babylonia are known, almost as if they had never been lost.

With the Hittite, however, the problem was simpler, for although the language was quite unknown, the actual writing was the Babylonian cuneiform and could be transliterated from the beginning. But there were many difficulties before the language could be restored. The tablets are sometimes indistinct and very

tions are unilingual and depend largely general sense of a sentence. upon themselves for interpretation, alfragments with parallel columns in Hit- analysis of all the material and to draw

often fragmentary. Most of the inscripagain and again they give the key to the

Thus the work is proceeding, but it will though there are bilingual and trilingual be an enormous task to complete the



Copy of part of a mutilated cuneiform tablet. It is a bilingual edict of an old king, Tabarna, written in Hittite and Akkadian.

tite, Akkadian (Babylonian), and occasionally Sumerian. But contained in this Hittite material, incorporated as part of sentence after sentence, are a great many Akkadian words, expressed either in syllabic Akkadian vocables or in the Sumerian ideograms which Akkadian texts frequently use. Whole lines are written in Akkadian, but such Akkadian words it may belong to our own family, the sometimes have Hittite inflectional elements, and they must have been read and pronounced as Hittite. What that pronunciation was we often do not know, but in meaning these Akkadian words Scandinavians and the English. are extremely valuable and they furnish

from it all the inferences and conclusions that have already begun to appear. The main question, and perhaps the most interesting problem now before the philological world, concerns the relationship of the Hittite to other languages. It certainly is not Semitic, nor related to the tongues of Egypt or Mesopotamia. But Indo-European or Aryan, which embraces the speech of the Hindus and the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans, the Slavs, the Celts, and the Teutons, including the

Hrozný has claimed that Hittite is an the foundation of Hittite interpretation: independent Indo-European tongue and



From "Mitteilungen der Deutschen Orient-Gesellschaft."

Hittites on the battle-relief of Rameses II.

that it has special affinities with the Latin. His argument has been accepted and extended by a number of other competent scholars, some of whom believe that generic Indo-European relationship is established beyond a doubt. They offer some alluring comparisons, such as Hittite esmi, "I am," with Lithuanian esmi; Hittite ves-, "to clothe," with Latin vestis; tat, "that one," with Sanskrit tat; kuis, kuit, "who, what," with Latin quis, quid; uga, "I," with Latin ego; and many declensional and conjugational forms.

This is the direction in which philological opinion is moving, but there are still several questions to be answered before permanent advance can be made beyond the position that the Hittite was not an Indo-European language, but that at some time and in some manner it came under the influence of an Indo-European The great majority of known Hittite words are not Indo-European, and many resemblances may be due to borrowing or to the sheer chance that makes, for example, the Algonkian river-name Potomac look like Homer's word for river, potamos. Hittite morphology has a more Indo-European aspect than the vocabulary, but the resemblance is strikingly closer in the derivative elements than in the inflectional bases. This in itself is an indication of the secondary nature of the Indo-European influence in the language.

Hittite is weak in most of the particulars which are universally considered the least eradicable features of Indo-European speech and the best criteria in any claim for admission to the family. Its

numerals are written with figures (Sumerian ideograms) and give no basis for comparison. Its nouns of relationship, words like father, mother, brother, offer practically nothing of the great body of vocabulary that is preserved so faithfully in the various Indo-European languages. Connection of some kind is indicated by the pronouns, but at best they are a curious mixture of assonance and dissonance

with the Indo-European.

Hittite culture and Hittite religion, so far as they have been revealed, both by the hieroglyphic and the cuneiform monuments, have a decidedly un-Indo-European appearance. We know now that the names of the gods and kings were not Indo-European, and that Hittite culture was largely dependent upon Babylonia. The ethnographical type of the Hittites, as portrayed on numerous sculptures, especially on Egyptian monuments, which usually represent racial types with extraordinary fidelity, suggests nothing Occidental, European, or Indo-European, but rather the characteristic Asia Minor-Armenian type. It is true that we do not know what the Indo-European type was, but we may be sure that it was not that of the Hittites as depicted in ancient stone. Indeed, it was through intermarriage with the Hittites that the Semites of Palestine received the marked type of face that to this day distinguishes the Jews from the Indo-European peoples.

And if Hittite is Indo-European, then something has happened here that has no precedent: an Indo-European language, a literature, and a religion have been absorbed, almost beyond recognition, by a foreign civilization. At no other time or logical agreement possible. The two place in history or prehistory, so far as we know, certainly not in India or Persia, Greece or Rome, do Indo-Europeans submit so complacently and so thoroughly to an alien culture. The absorption of Hittite is too early and too complete to be easily credible. We should have to imagine, at least as early as the fifteenth century B. C., a stage of corruption and alien influence, both in vocabulary and form, that is not reached elsewhere in the Indo-European field until thousands of years later. The Hittite of thirty-five hundred years ago, many centuries before Homer, was less archaic in its quality than the present-day speech of the peasants in the new republic of Lithuania.

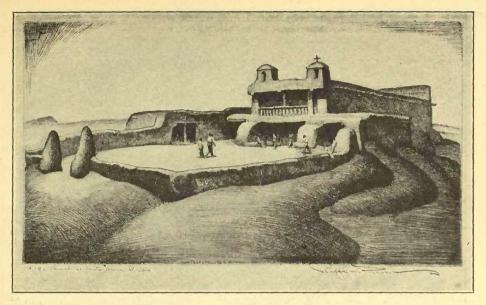
But the whole question of Anatolian linguistics has been opened anew by these recent finds, and it is too early to predict the final outcome of what must be a long and complicated investigation. European influence of some kind is certain. Among the inscriptions of Boghazköi is a treaty, drawn about 1360 B. C., between Subbiluliuma, king of the Hittites, and Mattiuaza, king of the Mitanni, who lived on the banks of the upper Euphrates, and whose empire embraced all Mesopotamia in the sixteenth century In this treaty the gods of both countries are invoked as witnesses, and among the gods of Mitanni appear four names which are apparently those of Vedic gods, Mitra, Varuna, Indra, and the Nasatvas. In another document, written by one "Kikkuli from the land Mitanni," are several Sanskritic numerals and other words. And there are various indications of early Indo-Iranian dynastic movements westward into the alien regions beyond the Iranian plateau, especially into Mesopotamia and Syria, where, as early as the fifteenth century B. C., are found the names of Indo-Iranian kings and gods.

It would solve many problems if we could assume that all traces of Indo-European in ancient Asia Minor were the results of one great and early Indo-European movement of conquest followed by disintegration and absorption. these Indo-Iranian remnants are east Indo-European, while Hittite, if it belongs to the family at all, seems to be west Indo-European. Nor is any chronostrata are tens of centuries apart in their respective stages of linguistic development, and neither can be connected with the Phrygian and Armenian migrations, not long before 500 B. C., of Indo-Europeans from Thrace into Asia Minor.

The larger part of the inscriptions that have been found at Boghazköi is in the Hittite language, but in the remainder, comprising possibly one-tenth of the entire material, seven other languages in cuneiform script have recently been discovered. The Mandaic, Harrian, Luvian, Balaic, and the so-called Proto-Hittite. which is unrelated to Hittite, were all actually spoken at some time by the peoples included within the Hittite empire. but much further research will be necessary before their exact relationships are established. The two remaining languages are the Sumerian and the Akkadian. At the time of the inscriptions, Sumerian, the language of the pre-Semitic inhabitants of Babylonia and later the sacred language of that country, was a dead language, but, like Latin with us, it was taught in the Hittite schools and was used in hymns and rituals. Akkadian, the ancient Semitic language of Babylonia, was the language of diplomacy, like French in modern times, and appears chiefly in treaties, international negotiations, and commercial correspondence.

Closely connected with the finds at Boghazköi are the cuneiform letters on clay tablets, dating from the end of the fifteenth century B. C., that were unearthed in 1887 at Tel-el-Amarna, a ruined city in Upper Egypt, between Memphis and Thebes. These letters, several hundred in number, were addressed to Egyptian pharaohs by kings of Babylonia, Assyria, Mitanni, and Canaan, and by Egyptian governors in Syria and elsewhere. Among them is a letter from the Hittite king Subbiluliuma to the king of Egypt, the first cuneiform document from the Hittite empire known to the modern world. And there are two letters, one of which was written to the Arzawa king Tarhundaraba by the Egyptian pharaoh Amenhotep or Amenophis III, who reigned in the eighteenth dynasty. The Arzawa language of these two letters, it now appears, was at least related to Hittite, if it

was not identical with it.



Mission church at Santa Anna Pueblo, built by Indians under direction of the Spanish padres, early eighteenth century.

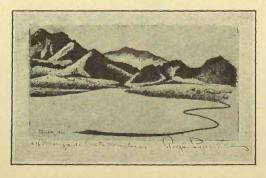
Etchings

BY RALPH M. PEARSON

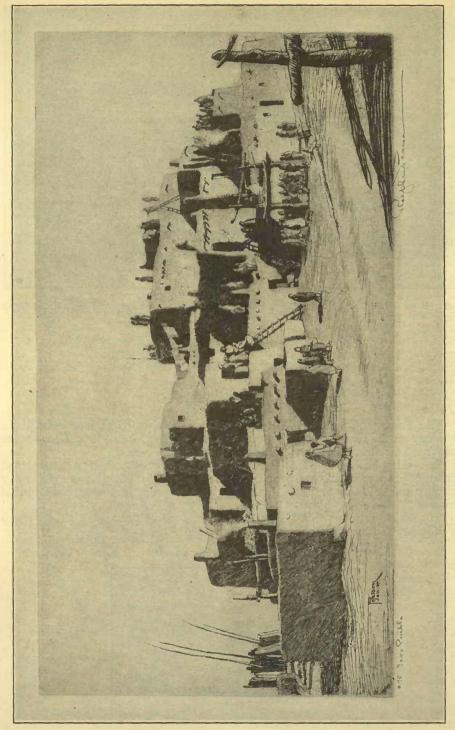
MR. Pearson, an artist of purely American training, spent four years in an art colony on the Hudson before he went West. In New Mexico in an adobe house near Taos he continued his study and sketching for five years.

In etching he began to feel the inadequacy of the methods he practised and after some years of experiment he found in the so-called "modern" work of the day a vitality and tendency to design, qualities which have greatly influenced him in his later work.

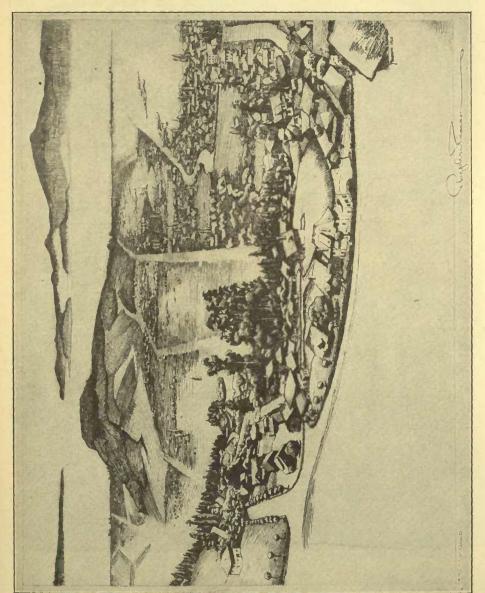
The artist considers that "Taos Pueblo" and "Interpretation" (frontispiece) are probably the best plates from the earlier period.



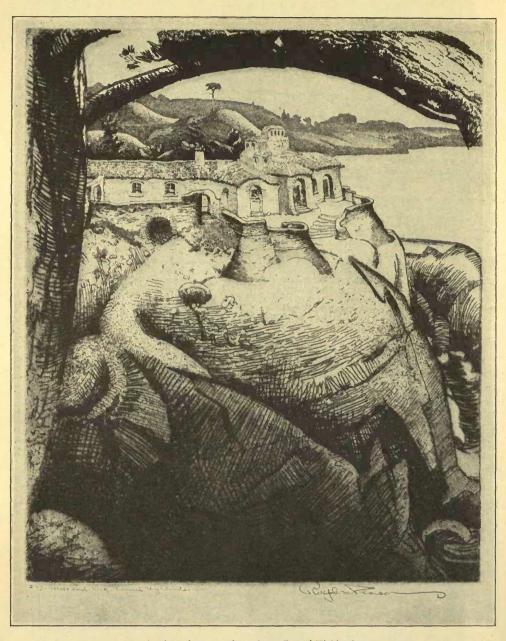
Sangre de Cristo Mountains, north of Santa Fé.



One of the two Pueblo Indian groups at Taos about five hundred years old.



El Cerrito, an arrangement using Berkeley, California, from the air as a motive.



A private house on the rocks at Carmel Highlands.

Gladys Marley

BY CLARKE KNOWLTON

Author of "The Apollo D'oro"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY B. DAVIS



ESIRED, misunderstood, cruelly maligned—a haunting, gold-haired figure outlined against the intricate background of her own cotton-fields. Was he always to see

her like that, and never clearly? And would he ever comprehend the strange compulsions, the complicated motivations that lay behind the bewildering drama in which his own life had become so fantastically involved?

As his train rushed northward through the blazing July heat, Philip Van der Byl

reviewed it all.

Memphis, fog, Egypt. . . . The beat of tambourines. . . . Slim soft débutantes flaunting their youth and nudity. . . . Haggard-eved youths, raw whiskey, speed, death, dice. And under all and over all, the rhythmic incantation of black African slaves. Memphis—the gateway to the delta, Memphis—city of cotton firms and lumber, Memphis high on her bluffs and reaching eastward, recoiling from the river, struggling desperately to forget the river the mighty Mississippi, the vast and cruel Mississippi, gluttonous, amorous, irresistible; treacherous, inscrutable; awe-inspiring; the Mississippi moving endlessly past the city, forever gliding past the city, monstrously winding to the southward, making eternally for the sea. And the name of a State like the ripple of summer wind over sweet grasses-Tennessee.

A foggy December night, a glittering fashionable party, going on from there with a couple of other men to that very secluded dwelling. . . . Such pretty painted ladies. One of them decidedly more than pretty: "The mistress of Barry Marley—that dark haired man beside her!" And he had had a letter to a Marley in his pocket, but not addressed to Memphis—it was that which had misled

him! Still, he had been moved to put the question. . . . Inevitable, like all the rest. And Marley had asked him to come down with no mention of a wife. Might

call that the Prelude!

That dinner-party some nights later in the home of Marley's friend, with a heavy lady on his right, to whom he had explained three separate times that Marley in arranging for him to motor down had planned to meet him here. The lady's mention of Mrs. Marley. His involuntary "Is there a Mrs. Marley?" Fool question! After all—knowing the world—why not a Mrs. Marley? . . . "Henrietta, he wants to know if there is a Mrs. Marley!" . . . Henrietta, fixing her black eyes upon him: "You don't know Gladys Marley?" Odd, all the men looking at the ceiling, clicking as of knitting-needles in the minds of the women almost audible as they stared at him, and a little hurt look in the eyes of the man across the table. Pregnant, waiting silence. A certain internal writhing. "Mr. Van der Byl, are you a married man?" The too speculative eyes of the women. "Every fifth generation of the Van der Byls never marries." His host coming to his assistance: "Mrs. Marley is a very charming woman, a very charming woman indeed!" A lessening of the tension. . . . The end of the dinner—after the ladies had left the table: a white-faced young man staggering to his feet with an unpleasant laugh. Toast!" The liquor was spilling over his fingers, dripping down upon the table. "To Gladys Marley, the damnedest—" But some one jerked him into his chair, others told him to shut up, that he had had too much to drink; abruptly, the man across from Van der Byl pushed back his chair, rose, and left the table.

"The Mississippi is just over there." Marley took his hand off the wheel to motion vaguely to the right.

"All the way down, yesterday, your friend's chauffeur kept telling me that it was 'just over there to the right—out of sight.' If I hadn't seen it at Memphis, I'd begin to think you were all under the influence of a local hallucination."

"Oh, it's real enough," rejoined Marley carelessly. He pointed to a long, low line that wound sinuously across the flat fields. "That's the levee; the Mississippi is just beyond it. In the old days it was no mean job to see that the river stayed beyond it—at times of high water, I mean. We had some pretty desperate struggles, not always successful—I've been all over this country in a boat."

"As bad as that?"

"Yes. . . . We went round picking people off roof-tops." For a moment he was lost in retrospection. "The saddest thing was the cattle."

"I can see how that would be. Not

much chance for them."

"There were comical things, though. If you could have seen the indignation of certain hens as they floated away on bits of wreckage—funniest thing I ever saw!"

The car plunged along a raised embankment through a bit of swamp where giant cypress-trees stood desolate and dreary, ankle-deep in water. There was a hint of menace in the air under the insidious Southern languor, strange, hypnotic.

"I suppose," remarked Van der Byl, impressed by the gloom of the swamp under the fading afternoon light, "that originally all this country was much like this?"

"Yes. Forests. Rich land fed by the river. Quite a job to clear it." For a time Marley gave his attention to the driving. The sky was overcast, a rain seemed imminent. The speedometer

crawled to fifty, sixty miles.

"Suppose—ought to tell you—wife," Marley said suddenly. They were flashing round a curve, and the wind whipped away his words, so that Van der Byl did not catch them. "Wife and two fine boys—away at school now." He seemed a little embarrassed. . . . Odd, about that woman in Memphis; somehow Marley didn't seem the sort! Still, the standard set for married men by bachelors and wives might not be so easy to live up to under certain conditions—could tell better later, after meeting—

"You probably won't meet my wife before dinner—only a couple of hours she'll be dressing." Marley flung round in a quick look, and his eyes were full of merriment. Rather nice eyes those!

And, as it happened, the remark was amply vindicated; for two hours later when cocktails were served in the library, Mrs. Marley had not yet made her appearance. "We may as well go ahead," suggested her husband, "Gladys doesn't take them—says the effect is too uncertain."

The cocktails were served by an aged negro whom Marley addressed as Jason—a negro in whose quiet bearing there was the simple dignity, the artless assurance of one untroubled by the need of creating impressions. This same old negro had come knocking, a half-hour earlier, at Van der Byl's door with the information, "Miss Gladys say tell you, Major Marley gwin dress fer dinner!" so completely reversing Marley's earlier: "No. Don't bother to dress. I shan't."

"A pleasant trip in South America!"

Marley raised his glass.

"And a not too distant meeting in New York," rejoined his guest.

And then Mrs. Marley came into the

room.

Softly she came and quietly, so that it was rather a surprise to find her there. Van der Byl had a quick impression of ivory and pale gold and hyacinth blue as he hastily set down his glass; an impression, too, of shyness, of hesitancy, in the figure that stood poised for a moment, delicate and glowing, against the high white panel of the door. And now she was coming toward him, smiling a little, and murmuring appropriate nothings—like a highly trained and expensive mannequin going through her paces. But before he could take her hand, she stopped, and the gray eyes opened very wide as they travelled up, up, up to his face.

"What's the matter, Gladys?" questioned Marley in amusement. It occurred to Van der Byl that, if the woman were acting, the effect of ingenuousness was

nothing short of triumph in art.

For what seemed a long moment she regarded him quite seriously, questioningly, frankly surprised; and then, slowly, she advanced and extended her hand. "Bar-



ry," she said simply, with a nod over her shoulder toward her husband, "told me that you were short and bald and weighed two hundred pounds."

Marley laughed delightedly.

"He seems given to exaggeration," replied Van der Byl as he took her hand.

"I wanted my dinner," remarked Mar-

ley plaintively.

"And of course," confessed Mrs. Marley with a little laugh, "I would have put on a much prettier dress—" She glanced down disparagingly at her exquisite gown of hyacinth blue.

"And we'd have been waiting yet!"

interjected Marley.

Mrs. Marley ignored the interruption. "If I had known," she continued, "that instead, you were tall and blond and—and—"

"Practically a skeleton!" Van der Byl

finished for her.

"You have been ill," she said quickly, and the gray eyes were full of pity. "Barry says that is why you are going to South America."

"I had to have an excuse to get away from New York and business," he answered lightly, but her sympathy thrilled

him oddly.

"I know something about being ill," she confided seriously; "it's very terrible!" And, suddenly, he became aware that tragic shadows lurked in the mysterious depths of those remarkably lovely eyes.

"She means having babies," broke in Marley. "To Gladys, all illness is like

that!"

"In which case, my experience would hardly be of interest. I was about to start on a long and detailed account of symptoms."

Mrs. Marley shuddered. "Please do

not!" she pleaded. "If you only knew what I went through vesterday."

"She went to a card-party," explained Marley, "and when she came home, I had

to put her to bed."

"All afternoon, I heard nothing but scandal and diseases; it was too awful!"

"Gladys can't stand that sort of thing," laughed Marley. "In a way she's a confirmed optimist: doesn't want to hear about the other side."

"As a star invalid, I feel my stock going down and down. Such beautiful symp-

toms too!"

"Have another cocktail!"

Outside, the delayed rain was now falling heavily, beating against the windowpanes. A few drops splashed down the chimney and sizzled upon the fire. All through dinner it continued, settling to a steady, sodden, depressing deluge, the sound of which, like the motive of a melancholy symphony, was audible behind the gayest conversation.

After dinner, they showed him pictures of the two boys. He remarked that the younger, a handsome lad of about twelve, greatly resembled his mother. Mrs. Marley picked up the picture and regarded it intently. "Yes," she said meditatively,

"I'm afraid he will be like me."
"Afraid?" mocked Marley.

The guest said a guestly thing. Mrs. Marley turned a little away.

"Why would it be so awful, Gladys?" questioned Marley with a twinkle in his eye. He spoke indulgently, as one might address a child.

"Because," said Gladys Marley over her shoulder, and her words came to them a little blurred, "he would go to the farthest ends of the earth and die somewhere alone!"

Marley put his hand on her shoulder

affectionately. "If he were like you," he said quickly, "and died alone, it would be

because he wanted to die alone."

"No," said Mrs. Marley in a small voice. "His tragedy would be to desire, but never to—" She broke off and turned to Van der Byl. "Please don't think me absurd!" she apologized. But, oddly, it had not occurred to him to think her absurd: instead, contrary to his expectation, he found that he felt an immense sympathy for this beautiful, ageless woman who seemed, somehow, pathetic in her dress of hyacinth blue, a gay dress-obviously the creation of some French designer—that bloomed with an alien and extravagant loveliness in the rather dreary vastness of that high old room.

In the morning he was awakened by the thunder of the rain, which seemed to have continued, at least at intervals, through the night. Rising, he went to the win-The Marley house, though large, was all on one floor-a floor raised some half score of feet above the ground. From the window he looked out over sodden cotton-fields, where the brown stalks of last year's crop, rising in long rows, gave a certain direction to the spreading plain of water upon which he could dimly make out several scattered negro shacks that seemed to float, derelict and forlorn, under the slanting rain.

Throughout the morning they were kept indoors by the downpour, which only ceased toward noon. After luncheon Marley pleaded business and withdrew to "the office," located in a wing of the mansion. Van der Byl was left alone with

Mrs. Marley.

"I've never known any one like you," she said thoughtfully, after a pause.

"I hope you're expressing admiration?"

"You frighten me."

"How so?"

"I think it's your eyes."
"My eyes?" He put up his hand as

though to feel them.

"When you're pleased they are—they are—they are—" She sought for a simile and found it triumphantly. "Sunlight and blue ice!"

"Hum! And at other times?"

She regarded him critically. "Rather terrible. I don't envy the women you have hated, Mr. Van der Byl."

"Hated? An ugly word. Unless you mean by reversal?" But he saw that she did not follow him.

"It would be-for them," she said slowly, "like-like fighting with flowers

against rapier points."

"The flowers always came from me,"

he pointed out quizzically.

"And yet, the very fact that you want to find out the truth might be of helpunless-of course-"

"And you think I want to find out the truth?" He was serious now, under his

bantering manner.

"I think that you've been badly disillusioned."

"I'm thirty-nine."

"But that there is hope for you."

"Why?"

"You're free."

He made a weary gesture. "You're going on," she said. "Somehow, I see you always going on."

"And do you see toward what I am

going on?"

She shook her head. "No. Only you mustn't give up. Giving up is—is fatal!" She opened one of the long French windows, and together they stepped out upon the gallery. The cool, wet air blew across their faces. Down below, in the dripping garden, there were roses in bloom that contrasted vividly with bare brown stalks.

"So you don't believe in resignation?" For a moment she did not answer; her gaze travelled across the garden and lost itself in the towering wall of the great cypress brake beyond. "I think," she said presently, "that when one is ready to see, the way will be opened."

A dazzling flash of blue swept before their eyes. "Look!" cried Mrs. Marley, and on her face he surprised a look of ecstatic delight as she followed the flight

of the bird.

"Do you read Maeterlinck?" he asked.

"I don't read books."

That night they motored many miles to a dance where Van der Byl encountered several of the people he had met at dinner two nights before in the home of Marley's friend. He noticed a certain reserve in the manner of Gladys Marley when talking to the other women, and that she was the only woman present not wearing



diamonds. As he stood watching her dance away with a man who had just cut in, he felt a grip on his arm. Turning, he faced the white-faced young man whose toast had been so summarily cut short on the previous occasion. The fellow seemed even drunker to-night, as he muttered thickly with a nod toward Mrs. Marley: "That woman has ruined more lives than bootleg whiskey!" He laughed viciously. "And I ought to know about both!"

Van der Byl could see that Marley was watching them from across the room.

"But she's deep—deep as hell."

"I'm goin' down! I'm goin' down! I'm goin' down, down, down, down!" wailed the leader of the orchestra above the syncopated music.

"She'll make it seem that it was all

your fault."

Marley was pushing his way through

the crowd.

"Here comes Marley!" said Van der Byl warningly, but the young man did not seem to hear him. Suddenly he sobbed, turned, and lurched away.

"What has that young puppy been saying to you?" inquired Marley, purple with

rage as he joined his guest.

"We were discussing the effects of boot-

leg whiskey."

"He has what seems an incurable habit," said Marley undeceived by the halftruth, "a habit particularly ugly in a man. I may have to exterminate him yet."

"I think bad liquor will save you the

trouble."

South America. Long months on the ranch. Hard riding. Sunburned-black as a nigger. "Sunlight and blue ice," eh! A business deal in New Orleans; might as gust. "But isn't it beautiful from here?"

well go back that way, stop off and see a plantation in the summer. Nice of them to ask him.

And so, on a hot afternoon in late June, a tall, lank man in the thinnest of summer suits swung off the sleeper of a New Orleans train and grasped Barry Marley's outstretched hand. "Gladys is waiting in the car, wouldn't come on the platform, afraid she'd get some soot on her face." The chauffeur would bring the bags. How did he like the new car?

And now they were out of the town. Cooler on the open road. A faint, pale haze over the green cotton-fields. Yes, New Orleans had been rather terrible in the heat. . . . Picturesque negroes in the fields. Mules. The car swerving round a battered tin Ford overflowing with negroes—white teeth and eyes. The boys, it seemed, were at a camp in the Adirondacks; Mrs. Marley would go up later in the summer when the heat became unbearable. It was really cool now in comparison to what it would be then!

The next afternoon he rode over with Mrs. Marley to look at the river. Superb sunset! The river was a great white flood, more impressive than the Nile, a white flood pouring southward between desolate shores of virgin green. As far as the eye could reach, nothing else was visible—not a house, not a town, nothing but silent forest, tangled undergrowth, and the vast immutability of the eternally moving water.

"It's not really white!" said Mrs. Mar-"If you went down and examined ley. it you'd find that it is yellow, dirty, muddy." She made a little gesture of disVan der Byl remarked on the apparent

absence of houses.

"Yes," she said. "Very few. Swamps, mosquitoes, high water. And then the river changes its course so often nothing along the banks is safe. There used to be a big point of land right out there." She pointed to the swiftly moving current. "It was only under water in the spring. Year by year the river ate it away. I have reason to remember that point of land." She smiled as though amused by the recollection.

"Why so?" The green of the shores was fading to a brooding darkness; the river became a silver unreality suspended in formless space. An owl hooted some-

where in the marshes.

"The last time I was there—the year before it disappeared completely—I was with a man who said that if I didn't let him kiss me, he would throw himself into the current. I was Gladys Tracy then."

"And you?"

"I let him. I was afraid not to. Ever since my husband had shot himself, I'd been afraid of what a man might do."

"Your husband shot---?"

"Yes. I forgot you didn't know. My first husband—I was just seventeen."

"And so you let this man kiss you!"
"And what do you suppose he did then?
He began to curse. Then he jumped on his horse, rode away, left me." A shadow crossed her face. "Let's go back," she

said queerly; "it's getting late."

And so they returned through the fading light, to find Barry Marley waiting on the steps. It occurred to Van der Byl that he was looking rather fagged; but as they rode up he called out cheerily: "I was afraid maybe Gladys had drowned you in the river. It's long past dinner-time.

Sorry I couldn't join you!"

He had meant to stay only a couple of days, but a week slipped by unnoticed. Perhaps, at first, it was really interest in the plantation which caused him to linger; perhaps, unconsciously, he wished to postpone the long, tedious trip east; perhaps, from the very beginning, it was something else, something quite different, something that had to do with strolls in the rose-laden garden, or rides with Gladys Marley through the blue haze of twilight, when orange lights were appearing in the

negro cabins and a frieze of singing negroes and weary mules passed homeward, dark against the sky. In any case, he was a man of honor, very sure of himself; there could be no possible complication.

And then came a night when he realized that he had stayed too long; and the realization came through a bunch of college boys-young fools that treated him as though he were a hundred. But they danced with Gladys Marley; they seemed to like dancing with her; they danced with her entirely too much; she was as popular as any young girl on the floor. No wonder the wives of her husband's friends, seated about the walls, glared at her. . . . Was there anything significant in the fact that a good many of the older men offered him drinks from their flasks? . . . And Mrs. Marley seemed to be enjoying herself; she even sat out with those young cubs. What did she talk to them about? She came in with slippers drenched from dew. Marley ought to speak to her.

He felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Damned hot, isn't it?" Marley's drawling voice.

"Yes. Want to go home?"

Marley shook his head. "Let Gladys have a little more fun! She's only a child, you know!"

And later, as he tossed upon a dry, hot pillow, Van der Byl knew that he had

staved too long.

June melted into July, and the heat set in in earnest. The outdoors was a blazing furnace. Van der Byl gave up his morning rides with Marley over the plantation. Even Marley avoided the noonday sun. Long hours behind drawn shutters, the very furniture hot to the touch. An iron band around one's forehead, a throbbing at the base of the skull. Drowsiness, stagnation, limpness. And outside, things growing, growing, growing under the sun—the cotton reaching upward, expanding, blooming, dropping its petals; and negroes barefooted, half naked, swaying rhythmically with a lazy animal effortlessness as they crossed the scorching fields-themselves, children of fiery suns.

He was standing with Mrs. Marley; he was telling her, for the last time, that he had to go. About them swirled a world that was pitched to madness under the



From a drawing by H. B. Davis.

Everywhere life stirred, moved, awoke.—Page 270.

sudden cool of the fallen night. A mature moon peeped laughingly over the top of the cypress brake; a negro was singing somewhere as he crossed the fields; from another direction came the twang of a banjo; and on top the tallest chimney of the big house, a mocking-bird scorning the earth and its understood vanities poured forth his own inimitable melody to the stars. Down in the cypress brake once a backwater of the Mississippi—the bullfrogs were tuning up with preliminary gutturals like the snapping of mighty violin strings in scale with the towering trees. Everywhere life stirred, moved, awoke. And, as the shadow cast by the cliff of darkness was withdrawn like a veil from the magic garden, the moonlight first kissed the dazzling white magnolias, dreaming mistily among polished ebony leaves—those ethereal, exquisite, treeborn blossoms held aloft from the defiling touch of man.

Standing beside the summer-house Gladys Marley pleaded with him not to go.

"I've been here two weeks." "Two weeks is nothing."

"It can be so far from nothing, that it

will blight a man's whole life."

She turned away her head. The moonlight slanted across her shoulder. "You have given me something," she said at last, "something that no one else ever has -shall I call it comprehension?"

He made a despairing, negative gesture.

"At least, you have tried."

"I have tried."

"Even Barry has never taken me seriously. . . . It will be very lonely for me, again, after you are gone."

"I've stayed over, day after day, and

the going is only harder.'

For a moment she said no more. "Do you see this garden?" she asked at length. "It's very beautiful to-night, isn't it?" "Ves."

"Well, a month from now it will be dried up, withered—the sun burns out everything."

"But you're going north then!"

"Perhaps."

She turned and looked at him, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Please stay a little longer!" she said. And from the cypress brake—once a backwater of the Mississippi—came the back in time to drive you to the station."

ominous chorus of the bullfrogs like a barrage of distant guns; while over the garden drifted intoxicating fragrance, a blending and promise of all imaginable delights. He took her in his arms, kissed her upon the lips.

She struggled free; she struck him across the face; her bracelet cut deep into his cheek. "You're like the rest," she cried. "You're like all the rest . . . a beast!"

He caught her by the wrist, as she turned to leave him. And then, across her shoulder he saw Barry Marley, white-clad, strolling toward them down the garden path, with the end of his cigar glowing a fiery red against enigmatic shadow.

Mrs. Marley stifled a sob.

"We're not alone," he cautioned quickly.

Marley's voice was curiously soft and unperturbed as he called: "How are the mosquitoes?"

Mrs. Marley said that the mosquitoes were very bad, that she was going in. Her voice sounded strained, a little shrill.

"Wait a moment, my dear!" said Marley, joining them. "I've just had a telephone call." He turned to Van der Byl. "One of the niggers on my place is in trouble; it seems they've arrested him over in the next county; charged him with bootlegging. Looks as though I'd have to go over and get him out. Seems he cut up somebody with a razor, too. Deucedly inconvenient time, every hand needed on the plantation! Why the devil didn't they come to me about it? It's no time to lock him up!"

Van der Byl wiped the blood off his

"You know, you have to look out for a nigger like you would for a baby," Marley continued. "This man may not have been bootlegging at all, more likely some trouble about a woman. He's one of the best hands on the place." He turned to his wife. "It's Alec Walton."

"So you're going over to get him out?"

questioned Van der Byl stupidly.

"Yes. Like to come? May take all

night."

"If I'm to catch that morning train, I'll have to pack. Unless of course I can be of help in any way?"

"No. You better get some rest. I'll be

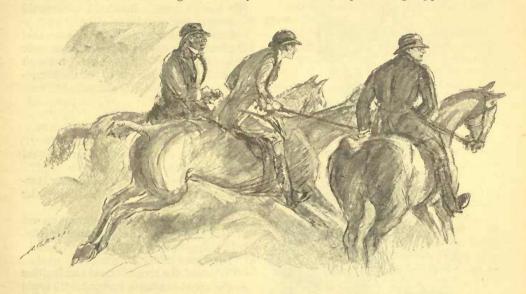
They said good night. Mrs. Marley disappeared in the direction of her own apartment. Van der Byl went to his room and mechanically set about the packing. Gladys! Gladys! Gladys! She had looked at him with loathing. Yet, there had been tears before— And there was no way out, no possible way—with honor. Honor? He laughed bitterly.

moonlit window was behind her—he could not see her face. She seemed to be regarding him fixedly.

"Phil," she said unsteadily, "if I stay in here with you to-night, will you promise *not* to go away to-morrow?"

For a long time there was a strange stillness in the room.

And then, a queer thing happened. Van



A few moments later a strangely similar car approached from the opposite direction.—Page 272.

And he had always thought himself so safe, had patronized those who—

The packing took several hours. At last, he realized that it was done. Sleep was out of the question. He turned out the lights and flung himself on the chaise-longue. Gladys! Gladys! Gladys! Time passed; he heard clocks strike once and then twice. The moonlight fell in long patches across the floor. And then, he was on his feet—his heart pounding wildly; for some one was knocking gently at the door.

In three strides he had crossed and flung it open.

Dressed in the same white gown she had worn at dinner, Gladys Marley stepped from the darkness of the corridor into the comparative illumination of the room. Mechanically, he closed the door; his mind was in a whirl. In the centre of the room she turned and faced him, but the

der Byl heard his own voice say: "Do-do-vou want to stay?"

Very slowly, sadly, she shook her head. "No," she said. "No, dear."

"And you think I'd take you under those terms?" His own pain rang bitterly in his words.

She flinched as though struck; then, turning, she groped her way to the window, blindly, like an animal in pain. "I was afraid not!" she said in the merest whisper. For a time she stood silently, looking out. Beyond the window the cotton-fields lay intricate and white under a starry sky. She leaned her forehead against the raised sash, and a great weariness seemed upon her. "It makes all the difference in the world," she said softly.

He waited silently.

At last, she turned and he saw that there was a mark like a dark bruise across her



forehead. "I think—with you—in time!" she said.

"Time!"

She was at his side; she was clinging to him. "Take me away with you now, to-night!" she implored.

He was stricken dumb.

"Don't you see? Barry would never let me go. It has to be to-night!" Her arms were about his neck, her hair against his cheek.

He went wild, said foolish things, talked of waiting, of marriage, of divorce.

"Divorce? Barry would never consent

And in the last collapse of his crumbling honor, he spoke of the woman in Memphis.

"You know about her?"

"Of course."

"And you-you-"

"Barry needed what I couldn't give! She doesn't count. Besides, I never could—never. It has to be to-night!"

Marley had taken the car. Jason said the truck was out of order. Horses were ordered. As Van der Byl passed through the hall, Jason came out of the telephonecloset and followed him out onto the wide steps.

"Why three horses?"

"One is for me," declared old Jason.
"Did Mrs. Marley tell you to come?"
The eyes that the old negro turned

upon him were full of hate.

"Oh, let him come!" cried Gladys Marley from the doorway. "He can bring back the horses."

Negroes seemed to have sprung up out of the ground, white eyes everywhere, shy, wild things among the shrubbery.

They were off.

"Toward the river!" cried the fugitive as she urged her horse forward. "They'd stop us if we went the other way. We'd better ferry across!"

Several miles down the road an automobile overtook them, flashed its lights upon them, passed swiftly, and disappeared around the curve ahead. A few moments later a strangely similar car approached from the opposite direction. The horses reared and plunged. They drew over to the side of the road. The car slowed down, seemed to hesitate, and then went on up the road leaving a trail of gasoline behind. The whine of the motor died away in the night.

"Hurry!" She began to spur her

horse.

"Don't founder him!" warned Van der

Byl.

There was some trouble at the ferry, a long delay—it would have to be a special trip. At last they were out upon the river. Old Jason held the horses. Standing beside the rail in her linen habit, Van der Byl's companion looked like a slender, pretty boy. She shivered slightly—the

breeze over the water seemed damp and cold. The boat itself, dark, grim, unfriendly, was only a little less intangible than the swift, silent, and inexorable river upon the eddying surface of which they seemed to be borne this way and that, as the current swept them down-stream. From the engine-room came the clang of the signalling bell, very clear in the quiet dawn.

The slim figure beside him shaded its eyes and peered back at the nebulous outline of the receding shore. Suddenly she cried, "Look!"

"What?"

"That light! It's a launch! I know it's a launch!"

"Well?"

"Barry is coming after us!"

"Nonsense."

"It is Barry! I know it's Barry!" There was an agony of apprehension in her voice.

"We'll beat them across in any case."
But there developed a difficulty about landing. Jason had been talking to the captain. A long agony of suspense. The launch was drawing nearer. No doubt about its being a launch now. They could even see the men in it; one of whom was standing up waving.

"That's Barry standing up! I know it is!" She began to run toward the

horses.

"Wait!" cried Van der Byl. "We can't get off until we're at the landing."

Old Jason was folding up a knife. Two of the horses were lunging. From the rail the severed reins of both bridles hung limply.

"They've broken their bridles!" She started to rush in among the excited animals. He caught her and held her

back.

"Let me!"

But it was Jason who caught the frightened horses, who calmed them with gently spoken words. Van der Byl tried to untie the reins, but they were knotted to the rail in impossible knots.

"It is Barry!" It is Barry!" he heard

behind him.

They were at the landing.

"How near are they?" he asked over his shoulder, as he worked frantically at the knots.

VOL. LXXIX.-20

"They're almost here!" she wailed in reply. "Take the third horse and go on, Barry'll kill you if you stay!"

Some one was calling from the launch. "Sent you message . . . wait . . . other

side . . . river!"

Jason led the horses off the boat.

"Too late. We'll have to face it out!" said Van der Byl.

"But he'll kill you! You don't know

Barry!"

The launch was drawing alongside. The men in it were very serious. Only Marley seemed unconcerned. "We got to the ferry, found you'd crossed—. Sorry you didn't get my message!" he called.

They waited. He clambered out of the

launch, and joined them.

"You'll have to take us back, Captain! My wife and my friend," there was an emphasis on the friend, "didn't understand about a change in plan."

"But-" said Van der Byl.

"Shut up, you fool! Not here!"

growled Marley.

And so they returned through the ghostly dawn, like characters in a silent, hideous dream. On the ride from the ferry—in an automobile this time—not a single word was spoken. On all sides Van der Byl met only hostile, belligerent eyes. Marley's friends went with them. Marley drove, with Mrs. Marley beside him.

. . The door of the mansion gaped wide and accusing; not a person was in evidence about the place. . . Gladys wouldn't look at him; from the car she disappeared quickly into the house.

Alone in his room, he regarded his scattered luggage. An hour later, a servant appeared, to inquire if Mr. Van der Byl were packed, said Major Marley

wished to know.

Van der Byl sought out Marley in the office.

"Marley, let's talk this thing out."

"What is there to talk out?" very coldly.

"I won't leave without seeing your wife!"

"She won't see you!"

"She'll have to tell me that herself!"

"Well, go ask her! . . . Better have a drink first! The whiskey's over there."

"No, thanks."

"You don't think I've lived with Gladys Marley for fifteen years without knowing when she'll see people and when she won't?" His voice sounded, all at once, old and tired.

And then came that tragic, ridiculous scene at her door. "No, you can't come in! I'm not dressed, and I've been crying."... "It's solid walnut, two inches thick, you can't break it down."... "No, you can't take me away; I won't go!"... "Yes, I know, last night—but not this morning."... "Yes, I know I did. I do. I always will."... "But don't you see?" piteously, "I belong to them; it wouldn't be right!"... "I ought to have known, even last night, it couldn't come that way! You don't want what I want—not any more than

Barry!"... "It's no use to write!"
She was becoming hysterical. "Don't—
don't! Don't say those things!" "You
don't know!" "You can't understand!"

Marley was very taciturn as they drove

to the station.

Had those men on the platform cut him dead? "Yes, three bags!" Marley's hand on his shoulder, he wanted to shake hands! Even a friendly light in his eyes! By God! He entered the train. "All aboard!" There was Marley coming out of the telegraph office, a telegraph blank in his hand. He was giving it to the porter. The train was moving, gathering speed. The porter handed him the sheet of yellow paper. In bewilderment he stared at the two scrawled lines:

Kindest to you—time heals—open wounds are worst—you might not love her enough.

To a Friend Going Abroad

BY EDMUND WILSON

Tell her I know the cold of northern hills
But breeds intenser heat;
Tell her I know what desperate pastime fills
The summer's slow defeat—

Cannes out of season not more desolate In sun than duller skies Whereunder I remember, waking late, How far away she lies.

Paint her in green as once we saw her pierce
The frosted foggy room
With beauty clear as ice, as fire fierce—
And say to her I come.

Yet never now to travel toward Vittel— South now to seek her, say— South, south! to that soft-graying Esterel That fades on rose and gray—

Lest, looking on the cold roads of Lorraine, Long trod, long brooded of, Tears breaking for the fog, the frozen pane, Betray the eyes of love.

The New Reformation

THE TRIUMPH OF INDIVIDUALISM IN SCIENCE

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Author of "From Immigrant to Inventor," "From Chaos to Cosmos," etc.

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GALILEO'S DYNAMICS AND THE THEOLOGIANS



P to Kepler's time motion of material bodies was not a subject of scientific inquiry. The science of equilibrium, first developed by Archimedes and perfected during the first

period of the Renaissance by Leonardo Da Vinci in Italy, and by Stevinus in Holland, gave man a scientific knowledge of the conditions under which bodies will remain at rest. But it told him nothing about the motion which resulted when these conditions were not satisfied. This knowledge was reserved for the century which started with Galileo and ended with Newton. Without it the universe was a hopeless puzzle, and nature's language about the motion of her visible forms was a dead language.

Galileo, while a student of medicine at the University of Pisa, and when only seventeen years of age, made his first scientific discovery which was destined to revolutionize man's ideas about matter in While attending mass in the Cathedral of Pisa he watched the swinging of a lamp with long suspension, and timing it by his pulse he found that every oscillation whether large or small was completed during equal intervals of time. Subsequent experiments verified the original observation; this was Galileo's discovery of isochronism of pendulum oscillations. No experiment was ever performed with simpler means, and no experiment ever yielded a result which was so pregnant with new mental concepts. The discovery itself did not reveal a new physical law, but it presented to the inquiring mind a new physical problem the solution of

which demanded the knowledge of a new concept in the logic of nature. This was the concept which was hidden in the accelerated motions of the planets; it guided the inquiring mind to the solution of the historic problem formulated by Kepler.

It is interesting to observe here that Galileo's teacher in medicine was Andrea Cesalpino, the celebrated physician and botanist for whom the Italians claimed priority over his English contemporary, William Harvey, in the discovery of the circulation of blood. Did Galileo learn from his great teacher that heart-beats and resulting pulse, which he had employed for timing the swinging lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa, succeeded each other at equal time intervals? History does not answer this question, but it does say that soon after his discovery of isochronism the pupil of Cesalpino deserted medicine and turned his attention to mathematics and physics; he exchanged, as a writer puts it, Hippocrates and Galen for Euclid and Archimedes. must have told him that his discovery of isochronism concealed a great problem, the solution of which demanded his immediate attention, but that without the assistance of Euclid and Archimedes his efforts would be in vain. So rapid was his advance in physics that in less than five years he mastered the works of his new teachers, extended the principles of Archimedes, which gave him the title of "Archimedes of his time," and formulated his experimental scheme for unravelling the hidden meaning of isochronism. A few words about these experiments and their results will illustrate Galileo's individualism and his interpretation of the scientific method and mental attitude which he had learned from Archimedes.

A swinging lamp is a body falling toward the ground and then rising away from it along a prescribed path, and young Galileo saw a resemblance between this motion and the motion of a body gliding up and down an inclined plane. This was the type of motion which he proposed to study. His mode of experimental operation and analytical reasoning was never surpassed in its character of childlike simplicity. A few simple experimental measurements of distances covered in a measured time by weights falling from the leaning tower of Pisa, or gliding up and down an inclined plane, furnished soon the irrefutable evidence that these motions were uniformly accelerated, confirming the simplest assumption which Galileo had made intuitively. In this kind of motion the velocity changes at a uniform rate, the rate of increase during the downward descent being equal to the rate of decrease during the upward rise. This describes the law of freely falling bodies discovered by Galileo—a simple operation of nature and apparently insignificant. All fundamental operations of nature appear to us that way when we understand them. The aid which this understanding gives us in deciphering the messages of nature's language displays its great significance. Galileo's explanation of the motion of a projectile demonstrated the full significance of his law. This motion was a hopeless puzzle to the Aristotelian school. His law supplied the new knowledge which explained to Galileo his earliest discovery, the isochronism of the swinging lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa. It also suggested to him the invention of the pendulum as a measure of time intervals in pulse-beats and in astronomical observations. Our modern clocks are the offspring of this invention. Practical application of a new physical truth gives it a vigor which appeals strongly to human fancy and understanding; Galileo was not only a great philosopher, an ingenious experimentalist, a fine classical scholar, an artist and writer of exquisite taste, but also a brilliant inventor.

Prior to Galileo's experiments the weight of a body was always associated with the pressure which the body exerts against its supports. Pressure, weight, and tension were the only concepts associated in those days with our ideas of force. Galileo's experiments were the

first to reveal that uniformly accelerated motion results from the moving force which bodies experience when their weight is not balanced by the counterpressure of their supports. Acceleration became thus the new concept associated with our ideas of force; a new understanding of the logic of nature. Wherever there is an accelerated motion there is, according to Galileo, a moving force, and wherever there is a moving force there will be an accelerated motion when the body is free to move. This was the logic in the language of nature which was addressed to Galileo as he watched the swinging

lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa.

To discover a new concept in the logic of nature is the highest achievement to which the scientist can aspire. Galileo's experimental philosophy yielded many results which, on account of a new concept which they contained, were foreign to Aristotelian philosophy, and particularly his proof that all bodies experience the same acceleration under the action of their weight. This was diametrically opposite to the teachings of the Aristotelian school, the school of the mighty theologians of Galileo's time. Galileo was bitterly opposed to this ancient school, just as bitterly as was his contemporary, Giordano Bruno. sad experience with the Aristotelians and his tragic end were probably responsible for Galileo's bitterness. But the Aristotelians avoided an open clash with the brilliant youngster of twenty-seven, whose convincing experiments with falling weights threatened to revolutionize the views and the mental attitude of the philosophers of his time. They listened with patient anxiety to the enthusiastic public applause which greeted the triumphal procession of Galileo's new and startling philosophy, but they never A new mental attitude and a hissed. novel method of philosophical inquiry, crowned by splendid achievements, commanded their respect and, perhaps, their silent admiration. Galileo forced them into open antagonism. The resulting clash has often been used as an illustration of the ruthless persecution of science by the church. But it must be admitted that the illustration was often a caricature rather than a faithful picture of what had

actually happened. A word or two upon this historic event seems desirable.

GALILEO'S ASTRONOMY AND THE THEOLOGIANS

A Dutch optician had succeeded in constructing a telescope, first described by Roger Bacon several centuries earlier. As soon as the rumor of the new instrument had reached Galileo he constructed one with his own hands, and with it he inaugurated a new era in astronomy. Discovery followed discovery in rapid succession. Galileo's discovery of the mountains of the moon, of the satellites of Jupiter, of the phases of the planet Venus, and of the sun-spots, brought the Copernican scheme into the foreground more conspicuously than ever, and it reminded the brilliant discoverer of what Giordano Bruno, his contemporary, had said about it. Bruno's quarrel with the church about the Copernican hypothesis was taken up by Galileo after Bruno's death. The church had a high regard for Galileo and regretted the clash, which ended in the condemnation of the Copernican scheme, because it disagreed with ancient authorities. The church understood clearly the difference between Giordano Bruno, the hazy dreamer and speculative philosopher, and Galileo, the experimentalist of rare vision and definiteness of scientific aim. The scientific acumen of the learned ecclesiastics of Rome understood also that it was still beyond the power of Galileo's dynamical science to eliminate from the Copernicus-Kepler theory every trace of scientific hypothesis. The ecclesiastics had a technical right to insist that this theory had a hypothetical foundation only. A century later the church regretted that it had exercised this right when it condemned Galileo.

Lagrange, one of the greatest among Newton's followers, said this about Galileo's formulation of the laws of falling

bodies:

"The discoveries of the satellites of Jupiter, of the phases of Venus, of the sun-spots, etc., required telescopes and patience only; but it required an extraordinary genius to unravel laws of nature from phenomena which were always before our eyes but the understanding of which escaped philosophical inquiry."

The same enthusiasm which was expressed in Lagrange's eulogy, over a hundred years after Galileo's death, was already alive in all parts of Europe during his lifetime. Even Milton, who as an orthodox Puritan believed in a literal interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, held the Tuscan philosopher in highest esteem. During a visit to Italy he records that he

"found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner [in his own house] to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

In the first book of "Paradise Lost" the following lines were undoubtedly suggested by Milton's historic visit to the blind and aged Tuscan philosopher:

"... like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist
views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe."

At that time Harvard College was founded and, according to Cotton Mather, its incorporators invited the exiled Slovak bishop, the learned Comenius, to become the president of the first American college. It would be interesting to know whether puritanism prevented them from inviting exiled Galileo to become the first professor of astronomy at Harvard.

Barberini, the famous cardinal, was Galileo's friend and ardent admirer, and when seated on the pontifical throne he showed to the great philosopher every mark of distinguished consideration. But the irrepressible individualism of the fiery "Tuscan artist," stirred up by bitter controversies with the Aristotelians of the Sacred College, made a clash with the Inquisition inevitable. It was primarily a clash between persons and not between science and theology. The history of this clash indicates quite clearly that Galileo's new science, resulting from his historical experiments in Pisa, had produced a most favorable impression upon the mental attitude of the leading Roman theologians. It will be shown later that the subsequent growth of this science created a cordial relationship between science and theology during the eighteenth century. The clash could have been avoided if Galileo had known that it was not his discoveries in the heavens, but his simple experiments on the earth, which ultimately led to the irrefutable evidence, that the Copernican scheme as amended by Kepler contained the only correct description of the planetary motions in our solar system. This evidence was furnished by Newton; the church of Rome not only accepted it, but also permitted one of its most learned men to devote his intellectual efforts to its advancement.

THE NEWTONIAN ERA

Galileo has been accused of paying scant attention to Kepler. But his accusers must have overlooked that Galileo never deciphered the whole message conveyed to him by the swinging lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa, nor by the orbital motion of the satellites of Jupiter which he discovered. Hence he was not prepared to decipher completely the message which the motions of the planets around the sun conveyed to him through Tycho Brahe and Kepler and, as Milton expressed it, through the optic glass of the Tuscan artist. Several new concepts were needed which remained hidden behind the words of these messages. brief description of the scientific method by which these concepts were detected is desirable. They are the foundation pillars of modern physical science, and every intelligent person should have a clear understanding of their simple meaning. Such an understanding is easily reached by studying the history of their evolution. The following brief statement of this history is offered even at the risk of appearing somewhat too technical. It is the history of science during one of its most fruitful epochs, the epoch of the Galileo-Newton century. The great influence of this science upon the mental attitude of philosophers and theologians of that time was due not only to its great achievements, but also to the method of inquiry by which these achievements were accomplished.

BIRTH OF THE SCIENCE OF DYNAMICS

Galileo's experiments revealed that the acceleration of falling bodies is not proportional to their weight, as the Aristotelians believed, but that all falling bodies, light and heavy, experience the same

acceleration. Hence, if the weight is the moving force then additional concepts were needed for determining the quantitative relation between acceleration—that is, the rate of change of velocity—and the moving force. What, then, were these new concepts which escaped the scrutiny of Galileo's penetrating vision? Newton answered this question when, mindful of Galileo's experiments, he discovered the new meaning of the concepts: mass, as revealed by the motion of material bodies. and the momentum associated with it when that mass is moving. Under ordinary conditions the momentum of each particle of moving matter, or, as Newton called it, its quantity of motion, is equal to the product of its mass and velocity. The rate of change of that momentum in any direction equals the moving force impressed in that direction upon the mass particle, was Newton's answer to the question asked above. This answer is Newton's second law of motion. He also called it an axiom. a self-evident truth. To illustrate: in freely falling bodies the weight of the body is equal to the rate of change of its momentum relative to the attracting earth. Newton considered the "rate of change of momentum," whereas Galileo had concentrated his attention upon the "rate of change of velocity," or acceleration. This enabled Newton to obtain a quantitative relation between moving force and acceleration which Galileo had missed. But it required a century to pick up what a genius had overlooked. It is obvious that many ingenious experiments, including those of Galileo, and many direct appeals to nature were needed in the formulation of Newton's fundamental law. It should also be observed that in the experiments which led Newton to the discovery of the new concepts, mass and momentum, and to the formulation of his second law of motion, Galileo's pendulum played an important part. That historical lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa supplied the guiding light to Newton as well as it did to Galileo a hundred years earlier. Newton was building a new edifice and he employed all the sound building material prepared by his predecessors. The plan of the edifice, however, seems to have been in his mind from the very beginning, and hence the remarkable definiteness of

his philosophical operations. Consider

now Newton's next step.

A genius who had discovered two new concepts, "mass" and "momentum," and had formulated their relation to the moving force, as expressed in the second law of motion, could not help detecting intuitively another new concept in the logic of nature, which Newton called "action." A material body in consequence of its momentum can act; that is, it can produce by impact a change of momentum in other material bodies. In other words, the momentum of a moving body endows the body with powers of a moving force. All human experience makes this obvious. But Newton was the first to employ a definite measure for this action and to make it a part of a general law. Newton's second law suggested that the action of a moving body upon another body with which it collides is equal to the rate of change of momentum of the acting body, and that the body thus moved will react with a force equal to the rate of change of its own momentum. This reacting force Newton called the "reaction." Collision of material bodies is the simplest illustration of the obvious truth that during the interaction of two material bodies it is immaterial which of the two is assumed to act or to react. Numerous experiments on impact performed by Newton's predecessors and by himself demonstrated clearly that in all collisions between elastic bodies the total momentum is preserved; that is, the momentum lost by one body is gained by the other. In other words, the action of one of the colliding bodies is equal to the reaction of the other. This led Newton to the formulation of the general law which says:

"Reaction is always equal and opposite to action; that is to say, the actions of two bodies upon each other are always equal and

directly opposite."

This is Newton's third law of motion. It was also evident to Newton that Galileo's concept of acceleration and its relation to the moving force can be stated in the form of a law as follows:

"Every body perseveres in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line except in so far as it is compelled to change that state by impressed forces."

This is called Newton's first law of mo-

tion. Nature's language concerning the motions of its visible terrestrial forms was deciphered into an intelligible message when man discovered the concepts acceleration, mass, momentum, acting and reacting forces, and detected their relation to each other in the logic of nature. Newton's three laws of motion are the content of that deciphered message. This gave us the science of Dynamics, the oldest and the simplest of all physical sciences. Newton's three axioms of motion are its foundation pillars, and one often wonders why so simple a science was not formulated many centuries before Newton. The answer is simple. The mind of man was polarized by notions which had their origin in arbitrary assumptions of ancient authorities, like Aristotle, and this made the ear of man deaf to nature's language concerning the motions of material bodies. It was not until the motions of the planets around the sun, as described by Kepler, made this language so loud that Galileo turned a deaf ear to ancient authorities and began to listen to nature.

GRAVITATIONAL ACTION OF MATTER

Newton not only deciphered the messages of nature's language, but he also selected the most severe instrument ever employed by man for testing its accuracy. That instrument was the solar system and all its motions due to the interaction between its members. But the following question had to be answered first: What are the interactions between the members of the solar system and do these interactions obey Newton's laws of motion? In preparing an answer to this question Newton's scientific intuition and power of induction displayed an individualism which is unique in the history of science.

Newton found no difficulty in showing that the motion of the planets, as described by Kepler's second and third laws, can be explained by his laws of motion. That much Galileo himself could, perhaps, have accomplished with the knowledge which he had created. But to make the orbits elliptical and locate the sun in one of the foci of the orbits, as demanded by Kepler's description, was a different and much more difficult matter. That was beyond Galileo's philosophy. Even Newton's three laws of motion could not ac-

complish it without the knowledge of a new and most remarkable property of matter, the existence of which Newton detected by a prophetic intuition. The legend says that this knowledge was suggested to young Newton in his native village by an apple falling from an appletree under which he was resting, and probably by revolving in his mind the meaning of the experimental philosophy of his great predecessors, Archimedes, Galileo, and others. He who understood the language and the logic of the swinging lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa and of the orbit of the moon around the earth as Newton understood them did not need the falling apple to suggest this additional knowledge.

Galileo's researches and those of his successors made it clear that the weight of bodies and the force acting upon them when in motion near the surface of the earth were due to an attraction between the earth and the bodies. This is the interaction between the earth and the material bodies, and Newton's philosophy made it plain that in this interaction the action of the earth upon a body is equal to the action of the body upon the earth. Hence when a body is falling toward the earth the earth itself is falling toward the body. This bold conception never rose in Galileo's mind. It is a creation of New-

ton's genius.

But if the earth and the material bodies on its surface possess this power of acting upon each other, then why should not every material particle in the universe have the same power? Newton answered this question by the bold assumption that gravitational action is a permanent property of every particle of matter, and that this action follows his three laws of motion. This assumption was the boldest leap into the depths of the material universe ever made by mortal man. formulation of the mathematical form of his well-known law of the inverse square was a comparatively easy matter, because he knew beforehand that this form must satisfy all conditions which will lead to the solution of the great problem formulated by Kepler, and Newton's law of gravitational action actually solved this problem.

But the solution was much more comprehensive than the problem itself, because it told us not only under what simple conditions Kepler's laws give an accurate description of planetary motions, but also how under less simple conditions in the solar system the motions deviate perceptibly from Kepler's description, owing to the perturbing action of one planet upon the mutual action between

other planets and the sun.

The power of Newton's laws of predicting planetary perturbations and of calculating their amounts furnished the most decisive evidence in their favor; the power of prophecy is the best test of a new knowledge. The terrestrial tides, the spheroidal form of the terrestrial globe, and other previously puzzling phenomena appeared in the light of the new knowledge, formulated by Newton, as perfectly simple things. The beautiful edifice which Newton started out to build was, therefore, finished and the many assumptions which, with prophetic intuition, he had employed as temporary scaffolding were taken down. The edifice no longer need-

ed their guiding support.

Laplace, one of the most ardent admirers of Newton's great achievements, and one of the earliest successful interpreters of their meaning and power, declared that they would banish all empiricism from Astronomy, transforming it into a mathematical science. His "Celestial Mechanics" is a glorification of the power of Newton's natural philosophy. He, as well as Kant, believed it capable of tracing the evolution of the solar system from a shapeless nebular mass into that beautifully ordered system of heavenly bodies which, obeying Newton's laws, move with a precision unattainable in mechanisms constructed by human hand. Voltaire, courting, as usual, royal favors, counted Newton's achievements among the greatest glories of the times of Louis XIV. Halley, the most distinguished astronomer of Newton's days, and a personal friend of the great philosopher, was quoted by Voltaire as having said this of Newton: "It will never be permitted any mortal to approach nearer to Deity." This was probably a much more accurate reading of a scientific mind than any that Voltaire ever attempted. In Halley's thoughts, however, as read by Voltaire, the times of the second half of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries were the times of Newton, and not of Louis XIV, as Voltaire called them.

Halley's enthusiasm was stirred up not only by the results of Newton's gravitational theory, but also by the scientific method and mental attitude and by the boldness of scientific imagination of the philosopher. Halley was the editor of Newton's immortal essay, "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica"; he was the first to read its manuscript and absorb its meaning, which, in addition to personal contact with Newton, his "affectionate friend," made him certainly familiar with the inner workings of the author's soul. He, a distinguished astronomer, was the first to recognize the great value of Newton's views concerning gravitational action and the usefulness of the law of inverse square. But he certainly did not consider the mathematical form of this law the highest point in Newton's achievement, or he would never have consented to the insertion into the "Principia" of the following sentence: "The inverse law of gravity holds in all the celestial motions, as was discovered independently by my countrymen, Wren, Hooke, and Halley." Newton proposed the insertion of this sentence voluntarily, and Halley accepted it, for the purpose of composing a dispute with Hooke and Wren, who asserted that they had also thought of the law; but they had never proved it by experiment, or even by a philosophical argument. With Newton the law was not the result of a happy thought or accidental revelation, as many scientific discoveries have been. It was the result of observation, experiment, and calculation, performed by himself and by many other earlier philosophers who had followed in the footsteps of Archimedes, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Huyghens, and others. A vast amount of material had thus been collected, out of which Newton's philosophical acumen and unsurpassed scientific imagination had abstracted new mental concepts, and had revealed their relations to each other in the logic of nature. This is the revelation which conveyed to man the joyful message that nature in every part of the universe, as revealed by the motions of heavenly bodies, is intelligible, and that better than a scrap with the orthodox

she employed the same simple language and logic when she spoke to Archimedes in the baths of Syracuse, to young Galileo in the Cathedral of Pisa, and to Tycho Brahe and Kepler, when, with a watchful gaze, they recorded and scrutinized the paths of the planetary wanderers in the distant depths of heaven; an ideally simple message describing an ideally simple material universe. The world wondered, and is still wondering, which of the two revelations is more beautiful—the simplicity of the universe revealed by that message, or the beauty of scientific intuition and analytical thought which guided Newton in his deciphering of the message. It is not surprising that many philosophers consider this message the first revelation of a physical reality which forms the background of the universe: some have gone even so far as to consider it the only reality, but Newton was never one of these. The modesty of a truly scientific mind made him confess that he had picked up one grain, only, from the sands of the endless shore of the universe. He made the earliest attempts to pick up another tiny grain from the molecular, chemical, and radiation activities of matter. Did he not feel that within the beautiful order, the cosmos, in the visible universe all due to the gravitational action of matter, there might be another reality due to activities of matter which are not as simple as its gravitational activity? This is the question which modern science is trying to answer.

CHANGE OF THEOLOGICAL VIEW DURING THE GALILEO-NEWTON PERIOD

Newton was very much averse to controversies and avoided them scrupulously. In a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Royal Society he said: "I see I have made myself a slave of philosophy, but if I get free of Mr. Lucas's business, I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally except what I do for my private satisfaction, or leave to come out after me, for I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or become a slave to defend it."

How different from Galileo, who liked nothing better than a scrap with the Aristotelians! How different from many men of modern science who like nothing

theologians! But how about the Copernicus-Kepler scheme to which the theologians objected in Galileo's time? Newton gave a final demonstration of it, and yet he was not afraid that the theologians would accuse him of heresy! He must have known that no Martin Luther would venture to call him a fool who dared to contradict the Bible, and an "upstart astrologer who set his own authority above that of the Sacred Scriptures," and that there was no Inquisition ready to call him to account for the doctrines in his "Principia," for which there was no foundation in all the ancient prophets. Newton knew that a great change had come over Europe's mental attitude in a short span of time after Galileo's death; Newton was born in the same year in which Galileo died. The intellect of Europe had learned to appreciate the scientific method and mental attitude of Archimedes, so beautifully illustrated by the inquiries of Galileo and of Newton. It had also learned that Galileo had laid the foundation of a beautiful edifice of science, and that where he had left off his successors had continued. When this edifice was started, the dome of Saint Peter's in Rome had just been finished; Michelangelo, its designer and builder, died in the same year in which Galileo was born. When one genius had finished one of the most beautiful æsthetic structures of Christian civilization, another genius was born who started the building of an intellectual structure which was destined to vie in beauty with the edifice on the Vatican Hill. Newton designed and built the dome of the intellectual structure, the foundation of which had been laid by Galileo. Newton is the Michelangelo of Modern Dynamics. The world watched its growth for a hundred years and gained much knowledge from the artisans whose loyal and thoughtful toil supplied the nurture of this growth, just as the former generations had watched during the preceding century the growth of Saint Peter's on the Vatican Hill. In each case the beauty of the edifice as well as the skill, discipline, and loyal devotion of the architects and artisans commanded admiration. The noble structure which crowns the Vatican Hill have been at work in those days to pro-

activity of Christian individualism; the other edifice was recognized to be a monument glorifying the intellectual activity of the same Christian individualism. They are the earliest monuments to the power of individualism which keeps alive the vital spark of Christian civilization. One will always remind us of the individualism of Raphael and Michelangelo, and the other of the individualism of Galileo and Newton. Can any other civilization boast of such apostles of individualism, born and bred within the tiny time interval of two hundred years?

It soon became obvious that there was a bond of union between those two noble monuments of Christian civilization. He who is familiar with Newton's "Principia" and knows its historic background cannot behold that noble dome which is the pride of Rome and contemplate its historic background without feeling that there is a mission which these two monuments have in common. It is their mission to stimulate the spiritual activity of the Christian soul.

Emerson's poetical tribute to Michelangelo:

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome, And groined the aisles of Christian Rome. Wrought in a sad sincerity Himself from God he could not free: He builded better than he knew: The conscious stone to beauty grew."

applies equally well to Newton.

Study the lives of the men who contributed their share to the foundation and to the crowning dome of the "Principia"; study the method of their patient work and their humble mental attitude; contemplate then the beauty of the meaning of the finished structure, and you cannot escape the conclusion that it has a definite and a very great spiritual value; perhaps equal to or even greater than that of Saint Peter's in Rome. Science, the fine arts, and religion represent the three fundamental activities of the human soul, and the highest beauty of Christian life consists in a harmonious blending of these three fundamental activities, just as the beauties of human vision consist in a harmonious blending of its three fundamental colors. Sentiments of this kind must is a monument glorifying the æsthetic duce the revolutionary changes in the

mental attitude of the world with regard to the new science which found its highest expression in Newton. These changes manifested themselves in many ways. When Newton died the church buried his earthly remains in Westminster Abbey, and in his epitaph we find the words: "He was the glory of mankind." This was the sentiment of the English people and of their churches without regard to sect or creed. Was there a dissenting voice on the part of any people or of any church in any part of the world? There is one answer to this question which deserves an honorable mention.

Roger Joseph Boscovich was one of the most learned among the Jesuits of the eighteenth century. He was a young man when Newton died. Although a Yugoslav by birth and race, a native of Ragusa, in Dalmatia, he received his higher educa-After completing his tion in Rome. novitiate he pursued his higher studies under Jesuit teachers at the Collegium Romanum. Mathematics and Physics were his favorite studies, and so well did he succeed that he became a professor in the same institution. He, if anybody in those days, understood the mental attitude of the Jesuit school, and felt the spirit of its science and of its theology. It is one of the most characteristic signs of the mental attitude of the Roman theologians of those days that a man with this background of educational training and discipline was among the first European scientists to adopt enthusiastically Newton's natural philosophy and to make many efforts in the direction of its application. What a remarkable spectacle it was to see this Roman theologian watching the sun-spots for the purpose of determining the sun's equator and its period of rotation; figuring out the form of the terrestrial globe, taking into account the gravitational and the centrifugal forces at work during the plastic period of the earth's early physical history; making elaborate mathematical formulæ for the enrichment of the theory of the telescope! The theologians of Rome had evidently long forgotten that some of these were the very inquiries of Roger Bacon and of Galileo to which their theology objected in days gone by. Their theology had profited by long experience. The oldest and the most exacting theology of the Christian church had become reconciled to a science, the beginnings of which were believed for many centuries to be inimical to the Christian faith.

One cannot help regarding this change as a reformation of the mental attitude of the theology of Rome. The leader of this reformation was Newton, the greatest reformer in modern history. Newton, the don of Cambridge, accomplished what Wycliffe, the don of Oxford, had failed to accomplish. Wycliffe, Huss, and Luther reformed the chuch, but its theology remained practically the same. One cannot detect an essential difference between the mental attitude of the theology of Martin Luther, eager to condemn Copernicus, and that of the thirteenth century which condemned the natural philosophy of Roger Bacon. The first visible change in this mental attitude was that due to the influence of the Galileo-Newton science.

The mental attitude of man is often controlled by countless tiny notions; it is as immovable as the stump of an ancient oak which grips the soil with countless tiny roots. Nothing illustrates better the inertia of the mental attitude of man than the everlasting antagonism between the mental attitude of Christian theology and that of science. To have inaugurated the gradual elimination of this antagonism is one of the glories of the Galileo-Newton science.

The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

PART II

T

MICHAEL MAKES HIS SPEECH



HEN in the new Parliament Michael rose to deliver his maiden effort toward the close of the debate on the King's Speech, he had some notes in his hand and not an idea in his

His heart was beating and his head. knees felt weak. The policy he was charged to express, if not precisely new in concept, was in reach and method so much beyond current opinion, that he awaited nothing but laughter. His would be a stray wind carrying the seed of a new herb into a garden, so serried and so full that no corner would welcome its growth. There was a plant called Chinese weed which having got hold never let go, and spread till it covered everything. Michael desired for Foggartism the career of Chinese weed; but all he expected was the like of what he had seen at Monterey on his tour round the world after the war. Chance had once brought to that Californian shore the seeds of the Japanese yew. In thick formation the little dark trees had fought their way inland to a dis-That battalion tance of some miles. would never get farther now that native vegetation had been consciously roused against it; but its thicket stood—a curious and strong invader. . . .

His first period had been so rehearsed that neither vacant mind nor dry mouth could quite prevent delivery. Straightening his waistcoat, and jerking his head back, he regretted that the Speech from the throne foreshadowed no coherent and substantial policy such as might hope to free the United Kingdom from its present painful dependence on European markets and movements. Economically speaking,

any foreseeing interpretation of the course of affairs must place Britain now definitely in the orbit of the overseas world. [Oh! Oh!] Ironical laughter cleared Michael's mind and relaxed his lips; and, with the grin that gave his face a certain charm, he resumed his discourse.

Speakers on all sides of the House, dwelling on the grave nature of the unemployment problem, had pinned their faith to the recapture of European trade, some in one way, some in another. August as they were, he wished very humbly to remark that they were all wrong. [Laughter.] Cake could not be both eaten and retained—at least, in the hand. Did they contend that wages in Britain must come down and working hours be lengthened; or did they assert that European wages must go up, and European working hours be shortened? No, they had not had the temerity. He suggested that neither Tariff nor any other method could in the long run prevail against palpable unevenness in the cost of production.

[A voice: "What about America?"] Ah! America was "too young" as yet to have been introduced to political economy. [Laughter.] How could Britain recover in the ways suggested—the only important country in the world which had to buy seven-tenths of its food, and of whose population well-nigh six-sevenths lived in towns? It employed those sixsevenths in producing articles too dearly for European countries to buy, and yet it had to sell a sufficient surplus above the normal exchanges of trade, to pay for seven-tenths of the wherewithal to keep its producers alive. [A laugh.] If this was a joke, it was a grim one. [A voice: "You have forgotten the carrying trade." He accepted the honorable Member's correction, and hoped that he felt happy about the future of that trade. It was a shrink-

ing asset.

At this moment in his speech Michael himself became a shrinking asset, overwhelmed by a sudden desire to drop Foggartism, and sit down. The cool attention, the faint smiles, the expression on the face of a past Prime Minister, seemed conspiring toward his subsidence. "How young-oh! how young you are!" they seemed to say: "We sat here before you were breeched." And he agreed with them dreadfully. Nothing for it, however, but to "stick it," with Fleur in the Ladies' gallery, old Blythe in the Distinguished Strangers', yes, and something stubborn in his heart. Clenching the notes in his hand, he went on:

"In spite of the war, and because of the war, the population of our island has increased by two millions. And all thisthis bloated state of things, is to be remedied by the mere process of recapturing a European trade which, quite obviously, has no intention of being recaptured. What alternative, then, is there? Some honorable members, I am afraid not many, will be familiar with the treatise of Sir James Foggart, entitled 'The Parlous State of England.' ["Hear, hear!" from a back Labor bench. I remember to have read in a certain organ, or perhaps I should say harmonium, of the Press, for it is not a very deep-voiced instrument [Laughter] that no such crack-brained policy has ever been devised for British consumption. ["Hear, hear!"] Certainly Foggartism is mad enough to look ahead, to be fundamental, and to ask the country to face its own position and the music into the bargain. . . ."

About to go "over the top"—with public confession of his faith trembling behind his lips—Michael was choked by the sudden thought: "Is it all right—is it what I think it, or am I an ignorant fool?" He swallowed it, and, staring straight before him, went on:

"Foggartism deprecates surface measures for a people in our position; it asks the country to fix its mind on a date—say, twenty years hence—a minute in a nation's life—and to work steadily and coherently up to that date. It demands recognition of the need to make the British Empire, with its immense resources, mostly latent—a self-sufficing unit. Imperialists will ask: What is there new in

that? The novelty lies in degree and in method. Foggartism urges that the British people should be familiarized with the Empire by organized tours and propaganda on a great scale; and, based on this familiarization, it demands a vast increase of controlled and equipped emigration from these shores. It is impossible. however, to send out suitable grown folk in adequate numbers—confirmed towndwellers, with town tastes and habits, and physique already impaired by town life, are, as honorable Members well know, of little use in the Dominions, and the few still on the English land cannot be spared. Foggartism, therefore, would send out boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen in great numbers. The House is aware that experiments in this direction have already been made with conspicuous success, but such experiments are but a drop in the bucket. This is a matter which can only be tackled in the way that things were tackled during the war. Development of child emigration is wanted, in fact, on the same scale and with the same energy as was manifested in munitions after a certain most honorable Member had put his shoulder to that wheel—multiplication a hundredfold. The idea must naturally prove abortive without the utmost good-will and cooperating energy on the part of the Dominions; but the present hostility of the people out there toward British immigrants is due to their very reasonable distrust of the usefulness of grown immigrants from this country. Once they have malleable youth to deal with, that drawback vanishes. The opening up of these vast new countries is like the progress of a rolling snowball, each little bit of 'all right'—I beg the House's pardon picks up another little bit. There is no limit to the cumulative possibilities if a start is made at the right end and the scheme pushed and controlled by the right people. A job of this sort, half done, is better left alone; but in the war, when something was found necessary, it was done, and men were always available for the doing of it. I put it to the House that the condition of our country now demands efforts, almost, if not quite, as great as then."

This part of Michael's speech was heard with a surprised attention which gratified him considerably, and, taking a deep must look for her markets to where the

breath, he went on:

"Leaving out Ireland [A voice: "Why?"]—Well, I would prefer not to touch on anything so touchy [Laughter] —the present ratio of white population between Britain and the rest of the Empire is roughly in the nature of five to two. Child emigration on a great scale will go far to equalize this ratio within twenty years; the British character of the British Empire will be established for ever, and supply and demand between the Mother Country and her offspring will be levelled up. [A voice: "The offspring will supply themselves." Well. I doubt that. at least, for some time to come. It may be five, seven, ten years, of course, before unemployment here comes down, even to the pre-war rate, but can you point to any other plan which will really decrease it? I, personally, am all for good wages and moderate working hours. I believe the standard in Britain and the new countries, though so much higher than the European, is only a decent minimum, and in some cases does not reach it: I want better wages, even more moderate working hours, and the want is common among working men wherever the British flag flies. ["Hear, hear!"] They are not going back on that want, and it is no good supposing that they are! ["Hear!hear!" "Oh! oh!" The equalization of demand and supply within the Empire is the only way of preserving and improving the standards of life, which are now recognized as necessary on British soil. The world has so changed that the old maxim 'Buy in the cheapest, sell in the dearest market,' is standing on its head so far as England is concerned. Free Trade was never a principle- ["Oh! oh!" "Hear, hear!" and laughter. Oh! well, it was born twins with expediency, and the twins have got mixed, and are both looking uncommonly peeky. [Laughter.] But I won't go into that . . ." [A voice: "Better not!"] Michael could see the mouth it came from below a clipped mustache in a red, black-haired face turned round at him from a Liberal bench. He could not put a name to it, but he did not like the unpolitical expression it wore. Where was he? Oh! yes. . . . "England now has different standards, and

same standards prevail. As she now is, insufficiently protected in the air, economically dependent on Europe, and almost devoid of food-producing power, England is an abiding temptation to the aggressive feelings of other nations. And here I must beg the House's pardon for a brief reference to Cinderella-in other words, the Land. The Speech from the throne gave no lead in reference to that vexed question, beyond implying that a conference of all interested will be called. Well; without a definite intention in the minds of all political parties to join in some fixed and long-lasting policy for rehabilitation, it is bound to fail. Here again Foggartism— ["Ho!ho!"] Here again Foggartism steps in. Foggartism says: Lay down your Land policy and don't change it. Let it be as sacred as the Prohibition law in America. [A voice: "And as damned!" Laughter. The sacred and damned-it sounds like a novel by Dostoievski. [Laughter.] Well, we shall get nowhere without this damned sanctity. On our land policy depends not only the prosperity of farmers, landlords, and laborers, desirable and important though that may be, but the very existence of England, if unhappily there should come another war under the new conditions. Yes, and in a fixed land policy lies the only hope of preventing the permanent deterioration of the British type. Foggartism requires that we lay down our land policy so that within ten years we may be growing up to 70 per cent of our food. Estimates made during the war showed that as much as 82 per cent could be grown at a pinch, and the measures then adopted went a long way to prove that this estimate was no more than truth. What is wanted is complete confidence in every branch of home agriculture, and nothing but a policy guaranteed over a long period can ever produce that confidence." Michael paused. Should he, dared he, deal with air supremacy, the third plank in the Foggart platform? Close by a Member yawned; he heard a shuffle of feet; another old Prime Minister came in; several Members were going out. There was nothing new about "the land." Hastily he resumed: "Emigration! The Land! Foggartism

demands for both the same sweeping attention as was given to vital measures during the war. I feel honored in having been permitted to draw the attention of all parties to this—I will brave the honorable Member's disposition to say 'Ho, ho!'—great treatise of Sir James Foggart. And I beg the House's pardon for having been so long in fulfilling my task."

He sat down, after speaking for thirteen minutes. Off his chest! An hon-

orable Member rose.

"I must congratulate the Member for Mid-Bucks on what, despite its acquaint-anceship with the clouds, and its Lewis Carrollian appeal for less bread, more taxes, we must all admit to be a promising and well-delivered first effort. The Member for Tyne and Tees, earlier in the debate, made an allusion to the party to which I have the honor to belong, which—er—"

'Exactly!' thought Michael, and after waiting for the next speech, which contained no allusion whatever to his own, he

left the House.

II

RESULTS

HE walked home lighter in head, heart, weight. That was the trouble—a light weight! No serious attention would be paid to him. He recollected the maiden speech of the Member for Cornmarket. At least, he had stopped, to-day, as soon as the House began to fidget. He felt hot and hungry. Opera singers grew fat through their voices, Members of Parliament thin. He would have a bath.

He was half-clothed again when Fleur

came in.

"You did splendidly, Michael. That beast!"

"Which?"

"His name's MacGown."

"Sir Alexander MacGown? What

about him?"

"You'll see to-morrow, but you ought to have stayed. He insinuated that you were interested in the sale of the Foggart book, as one of its publishers."

"That's rather the limit."

"And all the rest of his speech was a cut-up; horrid tone about the whole thing. Do you know him?"

"MacGown? No. He's Member for

some Scottish borough."

"Well, he's an enemy. Blythe is awfully pleased with you, and wild about MacGown, and so is Bart. I've never seen him so angry. You'll have to write to *The Times* and explain that you've had no interest in Danby and Winter's since before you were elected. Bart and your mother are coming to dinner. Did you know she was with me?"

"Mother? She abhors politics."

"All she said was: 'I wish dear Michael would brush his hair back before speaking. I like to see his forehead.' And when MacGown sat down she said: 'My dear, the back of that man's head is perfectly straight. D'you think he's a Prussian? And he's got thick lobes to his ears. I shouldn't like to be married to him!' She had her opera-glasses."

Sir Lawrence and Lady Mont were already in the drawing-room when they went down, standing opposite each other like two storks, if not precisely on one leg, still very distinguished. Pushing Michael's hair up, Lady Mont pecked his forehead, and her dove-like eyes gazed at the top of his head from under their arched brows. She was altogether a little Norman in her curves; she even arched her words. She was considered "a deah; but not too frightfully all there."

"How did you manage to stick it,

Mother?"

"My dear boy, I was thrilled, except for that person in jute. I thought the shape of his head insufferable. Where did you get all that knowledge? It was so sensible."

Michael grinned. "How did it strike

you, sir?"

Sir Lawrence grimaced.

"You played the *enfant terrible*, my dear. Half the party won't like it because they've never thought of it, and the other half won't like it because they have."

"What! Foggartists at heart?"

"Of course; but in Office. You mustn't support your real convictions in Office—it's not done."

"This nice room," murmured Lady Mont. "When I was last here it was Chinese. And where's the monkey?"

"In Michael's study, Mother. We got

tired of him. Would you like to see Kit fear of being asked again. It's not so before dinner?"

Left alone, Michael and his father stared at the same object, a Louis Quinze snuff-box picked up by Soames.

"Would you take any notice of Mac-

Gown's insinuation, Dad?"

"Is that his name—the hairy haberdasher? I should."

"How?"

"Give him the lie."

"In private, in the Press, or in the

House?"

"All three. In private I should merely call him a liar. In the Press you should use the words: 'Reckless disregard for And in Parliament—you should regret he 'should have been so misinformed.' To complete the crescendo you might add that men's noses have been pulled for less."

"But you don't suppose," said Michael, "that people would believe a thing like

that?'

"They will believe anything, my dear, that suggests corruption in public life. It's one of the strongest traits in human nature. Anxiety about the integrity of public men would be admirable, if it wasn't so usually felt by those with so little integrity of their own that they can't give others credit for it." Lawrence grimaced, thinking of the P.P.R.S. "And talking of that—why wasn't Old Forsyte in the House today?"

"I offered him a seat, but he said he hadn't been in the House since Gladstone moved the Home Rule Bill, and then only because he was afraid his father would

have a fit there."

Sir Lawrence screwed his eyeglass in. "That's not clear to me," he said.

"His father had a pass, and didn't like

"I see. That was noble of Old Forsyte." "He said that Gladstone had been very

windy."

"Ah! They were even longer in those days. You covered your ground very quickly, Michael. I should say with practice you would do. I've a bit of news for Old Forsyte. Shropshire doesn't speak to Charlie Ferrar because the third time the old man paid his debts to prevent his being posted, he made that a condition, for

lurid as I'd hoped. How's the action?"

"The last I heard, he talked about administering something call interroga-

tories."

"Ah! I know. They answer in a way nobody can make head or tail of, and that without prejudice. Then they do it to you, and you answer in the same way; it helps the lawyers. What is there for dinner?"

"Fleur said we'd kill the fatted calf

when I'd got my speech off."

Sir Lawrence sighed.

"I'm glad. Your mother has vitamins again rather badly; we eat little but carrots, generally raw. Yes, French blood in a family is an excellent thing. Ah!

here they come. . . ."

It has often been remarked that the breakfast-tables of people who avow themselves indifferent to what the Press may say of them, are garnished by all the newspapers on the morning after there is anything to say. In Michael's case this was a waste of almost a shilling. The only allusions to his speech were contained in four out of thirteen dailies. The Times reported it (including the laughter) with condensed and considered accuracy. The Morning Post picked out three bits after its heart, prefaced by the words: "In a promising speech." The Daily Telegraph remarked: "Among the other speakers were Mr. Michael Mont." And the Manchester Guardian observed: "The Member for Mid-Bucks in a maiden speech advocated the introduction of children into the Dominions."

Sir Alexander MacGown's speech received the added attention demanded by his extra years of Parliamentary service, but there was no allusion to the insinuation. Michael turned to Hansard. His own speech seemed more coherent than he had hoped. When Fleur came down he was still reading MacGown's.

"Give me some coffee, old thing."

Fleur gave him the coffee and leaned over his shoulder.

"That MacGown is after Marjorie Ferrar," she said; "I remember now."

Michael stirred his cup. "Dash it all! The House is free from that sort of pettiness."

"No. I remember Alison telling me—I

it a disgusting speech?"

"Might be worse," said Michael with a

"'As a member of the firm who published this singular production, he is doubtless interested in pressing it on the public, so that we may safely discount the enthusiasm displayed.' Doesn't that make your blood boil? Don't you ever feel angry?"

"My dear," said Michael, getting up and going to the bureau, "I was through

the war. Now for The Times.

"Sir.

"'May I trepass upon your valuable space' (that's safe) 'in the interests of public life—' (that keeps it impersonal)
'to'—er— Well?"

"To say that Sir Alexander MacGown, in his speech vesterday told a lie when he suggested that I was interested in the sale of Sir James Foggart's book."

"Straight," said Michael, "but they

wouldn't put it in. How's this?

"'To draw attention to a misstatement in Sir Alexander MacGown's speech of yesterday afternoon. As a matter of fact' (always useful) 'I ceased to have any interest whatever in the firm which published Sir James Foggart's book, "The Parlous State of England," even before I became a member of the late Parliament; and am therefore in no way interested, as Sir Alexander MacGown suggested, in pressing it on the Public. hesitate to assume that he meant to impugn my honor' (must get in honor) 'but his words might bear that construction. My interest in the book is simply my interest in what is truly the "parlous state of England."

"'Faithfully, etc.' That do?"

"Much too mild."

Michael squeezed her waist. "In the House I suppose I rise to a point of order. And in the Lobby to a point of disorder, probably. I wonder what The Evening Sun will say?"

The Evening Sun, which Michael bought on his way to the House, gave him a leader, headed: "Foggartism again," beginning as follows: "Young Hopeful, in the person of the Member for Mid-

didn't connect him up yesterday. Isn't Bucks, roused the laughter of the House yesterday by his championship of the insane policy called Foggartism, to which we have already alluded in these columns," and so on for twenty lines of vivid disparagement. Michael gave it to the doorkeeper.

> In the House, after noting that Mac-Gown was present, he rose at the first

possible moment.

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to correct a statement in yesterday's debate reflecting on my personal honor. The honorable Member for Greengow, in his speech, said-" He then read the paragraph from Hansard. "It is true that I was a member of the firm which published Sir James Foggart's book, in August, 1923, but I retired from all connection with that firm in October, 1923, before ever I entered this House. I have, therefore, no pecuniary or other interest whatever in pressing the claims of the book, beyond my great desire to see its principles adopted."

He sat down to some applause; and Sir Alexander MacGown rose. Michael recognized the face with the unpolitical expression he had noticed during his speech.

"I believe," he said, "that the honorable Member for Mid-Bucks was not sufficiently interested in his own speech to be present when I made my reply to it yesterday. I cannot admit that my words bear the construction which he has put on them. I said, and I still say, that one of the publishers of a book must be interested in having the judgment which induced him to publish it, vindicated by the The honorable Member has Public. placed on his head a cap which I did not intend for it." His face came round toward Michael, grim, red, provocative.

Michael rose again.

"I am glad the honorable Member has removed a construction which others besides myself had put upon his words."

A few minutes later, with a certain

unanimity, both left the House.

The papers not infrequently contain accounts of how Mr. Swash, honorable Member for Topcliffe, called Mr. Buckler honorable Member for Pooting, something unparliamentary ["Order"]. And of how Mr. Buckler retorted that Mr. Swash was something worse [Hear, hear! and "Order!" And of how Mr. Swash

VOL. LXXIX .- 21

waved his fists [Uproar] and Mr. Buckler threw himself upon the Chair, or threw some papers ["Order! Order! Order!"]. And of how there was great confusion, and Mr. Swash or Mr. Buckler was suspended, and led vociferous out of the Mother of Parliaments by the Sergeantat-Arms, with other edifying details. The little affair between Michael and Sir Alexander went off in other wise. With an instinct of common decency they both made for the lavatory; nor till they reached those marble halls did either take the slightest notice of the other. In front of a roller towel Michael said:

"Now, sir, perhaps you'll tell me why you behaved like a dirty dog. You knew perfectly well the construction that would be placed upon your words."

Sir Alexander turned from a hair-

brush.

"Take that!" he said, and gave Michael a swinging box on the ear. Staggering, Michael came up wildly with his right, and caught Sir Alexander on the nose. Their movements then became intensive. Michael was limber, Sir Alexander stocky; neither was over-proficient with his fists. The affair was cut short by the honorable Member for Washbason. who had been in retirement. Coming hastily out of a door, he received simultaneously a black eve and a blow on the diaphragm, which caused him to collapse. The speaker now was the Member for Washbason, in language stronger than those who knew the honorable gentleman would have supposed possible.

"I'm frightfully sorry, sir," said Michael. "It's always the innocent party

who comes off worst."

"I'll dam' well have you both suspended," gasped the Member for Washbason.

Michael grinned, and Sir Alexander

said: "To hell!"

"You're a couple of brawling cads!" said the Member for Washbason. "How the devil am I to speak this afternoon?"

"If you went in with a bandage," said Michael, dabbing the damaged eye with cold water, "and apologized for a motor accident, you would get special hearing and a good Press. Shall I take the silver lining out of my tie?"

"Leave my eye alone," bellowed the

Member for Washbason, "and get out,

before I lose my temper!"

Michael buttoned the top of his waistcoat, loosened by Sir Alexander's grip, observed in the glass that his ear was very red, his cuff bloodstained, and his opponent still bleeding from the nose, and went out.

'Some scrap!' he thought, entering the fresher air of Westminster. 'Jolly lucky we were tucked away in there! I don't think I'll mention it!' His ear was singing, and he felt rather sick, physically and mentally. The salvational splendor of Foggartism already reduced to a brawl in a lavatory—it made one doubt one's vocation. Not even the Member for Washbason, however, had come off with dignity, so it was not likely to get into the papers.

Crossing the road toward home he sighted Francis Wilmot walking west.

"Hallo!"

Francis Wilmot looked up and seemed to hesitate. His face was thinner, his eyes deeper set; he had lost his smile.

"How is Mrs. Mont?"

"Very well, thanks. And you?"

"Fine," said Francis Wilmot. "Will you tell her I've had a letter from her cousin Jon? They're in great shape. He was mighty glad to hear I'd seen her, and sent his love."

"Thanks," said Michael dryly. "Come

and have tea with us."

The young man shook his head. "Have you cut your hand?"

Michael laughed. "No; somebody's nose."

Francis Wilmot smiled wanly. "My!" he said; "I'm wanting to do that all the time. Whose was it?"

"A man called MacGown's."

Francis Wilmot seized Michael's hand. "Gee!" he said. "It's the very nose!" Then, apparently disconcerted by his frankness, he turned on his heel and made off, leaving Michael putting one and one together.

Next morning's papers contained no allusion to the blood-letting of the day before, except a paragraph to the effect that the Member for Washbason was confined to his house by a bad cold. The Tory journals preserved a discreet silence about Foggartism; but in two organs—one Lib-

eral and one Labor—were little leaders, which Michael read with some attention.

The Liberal screed ran thus: "The debate on the King's Speech produced one maiden effort which merits passing notice. The policy alluded to by the Member for Mid-Bucks under the label of Foggartism, because it emanates from that veteran Sir James Foggart, has a certain speciousness in these unsettled times, when every one is looking for quack specifics. Nothing which departs so fundamentally from all that Liberalism stands for will command for a moment the support of any truly Liberal vote. The risk lies in its appeal to backwoodism in the Tory ranks. Certain so-called thinkers have been playing for some time past with the idea of reviving a 'splendid isolation' based (whether they admit it or not) on the de-The young struction of Free Trade. Member for Mid-Bucks in his speech handled for a moment that corner-stone of Liberalism, and then let it drop; perhaps he thought it too weighty for him. But reduced to its elements, Foggartism is a plea for the abandonment of Free Trade, and a blow in the face of the League of Nations."

The Labor article was signed, and struck a more human note:

"And so we are to have our children carted off to the Antipodes as soon as they can read and write, in order that the capitalist class may be relieved of the menace lurking in unemployment. I know nothing of Sir James Foggart, but if he was correctly quoted in Parliament yesterday by a Member for an agricultural constituency, I smell Prussianism about that old gentleman. I wonder what the working man is saying over his breakfasttable? I fear the words: 'To hell!' are not altogether absent from his discourse. No, Sir James Foggart; English Labor intends to call its own hand; and with all her drawbacks, it still prefers the old country for itself and its children. We are not taking any, Sir James Foggart."

'There it is naked,' thought Michael. 'The policy ought never to have been intrusted to me. Blythe ought to have found a Labor townsman.'

Foggartism, whittled to a ghost by jealousy and class hatred, by shibboleth, section, and Party—he had a vision of it

slinking through the purlieus of the House, and the corridors of the Press, never admitted to the presence, nor accepted as flesh and blood!

"Never mind," he muttered, "I'll stick it. If one's a fool, one may as well be a

blazing fool. Eh, Dan?"

The Dandie, raising his head from his paws, gave him a lustrous glance.

III

MARJORIE FERRAR AT HOME

Francis Wilmot went on his way to Chelsea. He had a rendezvous with Life. Over head and ears in love, and old-fashioned to the point of marriage, he spent his days at the tail of a petticoat as often absent as not. His simple fervor had wrung from Marjorie Ferrar confession of her engagement. She had put it bluntly: She was in debt—she wanted shekels, and she could not live in the backwoods.

He had promptly offered her all his shekels. She had refused them with the words:

"My poor dear, I'm not so far gone as

Often on the point of saying "Wait until I'm married," the look on his face had always deterred her. He was primitive; would never understand her ideal: Perfection as wife, mistress, and mother all at once. She kept him only by dangling the hope that she would throw Mac-Gown over; taking care to have him present when MacGown was absent, and absent when MacGown was present. She had failed to keep them apart on two occasions, painful and productive of more lying than she was at all accustomed to. She was really taken with this young man; he was a new flavor. She "loved" his dark "slinky" eyes, his grace, the way his "back-chat" grew, dark and fine, on his slim comely neck. She "loved" his voice and his old-fashioned way of talking. And, rather oddly, she "loved" his loyalty. Twice she had urged him to find out whether Fleur wasn't going to "climb down" and "pay up." Twice he had refused, saying: "They were mighty nice to me. I'd never tell you what they said, if I did go, and find out."

She was painting his portrait, so that a

prepared canvas with a little paint on it chaperoned their almost daily interviews, which took place between three and four when the light had already failed. It was an hour that MacGown devoted to duty in the House. A low and open collar suited Francis Wilmot's looks. She liked him to sit lissom on a divan, following her with his glance; she liked to come close to him, and see the tremor of his fingers touching her skirt or sleeve, the glow in his eyes, the change in his face when she moved away. His faith in her was inconvenient. P's and Q's were letters she despised. And yet, to have to mind them before him gave her a sort of pleasure, made her feel good. One did not shock children!

That day, since she expected MacGown at five, she had become uneasy, before the young man came.

"I met Michael Mont-his cuff was

bloody. Guess whose blood!"

"Not Alec's?"

Francis Wilmot dropped her hands. "Don't call that man 'Alec' to me."

"My dear child, you're too sensitive. I thought they'd have a row—I read their speeches. Hadn't Michael a black eye? No? Tt—tt! Al—er—'that man' will be awfully upset. Was the blood fresh?"

"I judge so," said Francis Wilmot

grimly.

"Then he won't come. Sit down, and let's do some serious work for once."

But throwing himself on his knees, he clasped his hands behind her waist.

"Marjorie, Marjorie!"

Disciple of Joy, in the forefront of modern mockery, she was yet conscious of pity, for him and for herself. Not to be able to tell him to run out, get license and ring, or whatever he set store by, and "so to bed!" Not even that she was ready without ring or license! One must keep one's head. She had watched one lover growing tired, kept her head, and dismissed him before he knew it; grown tired of another, kept her head, and gone on till he was tired, too. She had watched favorites she had backed go down, kept her head and backed one that didn't; had seen cards turn against her, and left off playing before her pile was gone. Time and again she had earned the good mark of modernity.

So she kissed the top of his head, unclasped his hands, and told him to be good; and, in murmuring it, felt that she had passed her prime.

"Amuse me while I paint," she said.

"I feel rotten."

And Francis Wilmot, like a dark ghost, amused her.

Some believe that a nose from which blood has been drawn by a blow swells less in the first hour than it does later. This was why Sir Alexander MacGown arrived at half past four to say that he could not come at five. He had driven straight from the House with a little bag of ice held to it. Having been led to understand that the young American was "now in Paris," he stood stock still, staring at one whose tie was off and whose collar was unbuttoned. Francis Wilmot rose from the divan, no less silent. Marjorie Ferrar put a touch on the canvas.

"Come and look, Alec-it's only just

begun."

"No, thanks," said MacGown.

Crumpling his tie into his pocket, Francis Wilmot bowed and moved toward the door.

"Won't you stay for tea, Mr. Wilmot?"

"No, thank you, ma'am!"

When he was gone Marjorie Ferrar fixed her eyes on the nose of her betrothed. Strong and hard, it was, so far, little differentiated from the normal.

"Now," said MacGown, "why did you lie about that young blighter? You said he was in Paris? Are you playing fast

and loose with me?"

"Of course! Why not?"

MacGown advanced to within reach of her.

"Put down that brush."

Marjorie Ferrar raised it, and suddenly

it hit the wall opposite.

"You'll stop that picture, and you'll not see that fellow again; he's in love with you."

He had taken her wrists.

Her face, quite as angry as his own, reined back.

"Let go! I don't know if you call yourself a gentleman."

"No, a plain man."

"Strong and silent—out of a dull novel. Sit down and don't be unpleasant."

The duel of their eyes, brown and burn-

ing, blue and icy, endured for quite a minute. Then he did let go.

"Pick up that brush and give it to me."

"I'm damned if I will!"

"Then our engagement is off. If you're old-fashioned, I'm not. You want a young woman who'll give you a whip for a wedding-present."

MacGown put his hands up to his head. "I want you too badly to be sane."

"Then pick up the brush." MacGown picked it up.

"What have you done to your nose?"

MacGown put his hand to it.

"Ran it against a door."

Marjorie Ferrar laughed. "Poor door!"
MacGown gazed at her in genuine astonishment.

"You're the hardest woman I ever came across; and why I love you, I don't know."

"It hasn't improved your looks or your temper, my dear. You were rash to come here to-day."

MacGown uttered a sort of groan. "I can't keep away, and you know it."

Marjorie Ferrar turned the canvas face to the wall and leaned there beside it.

"I don't know what you think of the prospects of our happiness, Alec, but I think they're pretty poor. Will you have a whiskey and soda? It's in that cupboard. Tea, then? Nothing? We'd better understand each other. If I marry you, which is very doubtful, I'm not going into purdah. I shall see what friends I choose. And until I marry you I shall also see them. If you don't like it, you can leave it."

She watched his clenching hands, and her wrists tingled. To be a perfect wife to him would "take a bit of doing!" If only she knew of a real "good thing," and had a shirt to put on it! If only Francis Wilmot had money and did not live where the cotton came from, and darkies crooned in the fields; where rivers ran red and had alligators; South Carolina, where Florida moss festooned the swamps and the sun shone; where grapefruit grew—or didn't —and mocking-birds sang sweeter than the nightingale. South Carolina, described to her with such naïve enthusiasm by Francis Wilmot-South Carolina! A world that was not her world stared straight into the eyes of Marjorie Ferrar. Impossible! South Carolina! It was like being asked to be ancient!

MacGown came up to her. "I'm sorry," he said. "Forgive me, Marjorie."

She gave a little shrug of her shoulders. He put his hands on them, kissed her lips,

and went away.

She sat down in her favorite chair, list-less, swinging her foot. The sand had run out of her dolly—life was a bore! It was like driving tandem, when the leader would keep turning round; like the croquet party in "Alice in Wonderland," read in the buttercup fields at High Marshes not twenty years ago that felt like twenty centuries!

What did she want? Just a rest from men and bills? Or that something fluffy called "real love"? Whatever it was, she hadn't got it! Well, well! Dress, and go out and dance; and later, dress again and go out and dine; and the dresses not paid for! Nothing like an eggnog for "the hump"!

Ringing for the ingredients, she made one with plenty of brandy, capped it with

nutmeg, and drank it down.

IV

FONS ET ORIGO

Two mornings later Michael received two letters. The first, which bore an Australian postmark, ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope you are well and the lady. I thought perhaps you'd like to know how we are. Well, sir, we're not much to speak of out here after a year and a half. I consider there's too much gilt on the gingerbread about Australia. The climate's all right when it isn't too dry or too wet; it suits my wife fine, but, sir, when they talk about making your fortune, all I can say is tell it to the marines. The people here are a funny lot; they don't seem to have any use for us, and I don't seem to have any use for them. They call us Pommies and treat us as if we'd took a liberty in coming to their blooming country. You'd say they wanted a few more out here, but they don't seem to think so. I often wish I was back in the Old Country. My wife says we're better off here, but I don't know. Anyway, they tell a

lot of lies about emigration.

"Well, sir, I've not forgotten your kindness. My wife says please to remember her to you and the lady.

Yours faithfully,

ANTHONY BICKET."

With that letter in his hand, Michael, like some psychometric medium, could see again the writer, his thin face, prominent eyes, large ears, a shadowy figure of the London streets behind his colored balloons. Poor little snipe—square peg in round hole wherever he might be; and all those other pegs, thousands upon thousands, that would never fit in. Pommies! Well! He wasn't recommending emigration for them; he was recommending it for those who could be shaped before their wood had set. Surely they wouldn't put the stigma of "Briton" on to children! The stigma of Briton! He opened the other letter.

> "Roll Manor, nr. Huntingdon.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The disappointment I have felt since the appearance of my book was somewhat mitigated by your kind allusions to it in Parliament, and your championship of its thesis. I am an old man and do not come to London, but it would give me pleasure to meet you. If you are ever in this neighborhood, I should be happy if you would lunch with me, or stay the night, as suits you best.

"With kind regards,

Faithfully yours, JAS. FOGGART."

He showed it to Fleur.

"If you go, my dear, you'll be bored to tears."

"I must go," said Michael; "Fons et Origo!"

He wrote that he would come to lunch

the following day.

He was met at the station by a horse drawing a vehicle of a perched-up shape he had never before beheld. The greenliveried man to whose side he climbed, introduced it with the words: "Sir James thought, sir, you'd like to see about you, so 'e sent the T cart."

It was one of those gray late autumn

days, very still, when the few leaves that are left hang listless, waiting to be windswept. The puddled road smelled of rain: rooks rose from the stubbles as if in surprise at the sound of horses' hoofs; and the turned earth of ploughed fields had the sheen that betokened clay. To the flat landscape poplars gave a certain spirituality; and the russet-tiled farmhouse

roofs a certain homeliness.

"That's the manor, sir," said the driver, pointing with his whip. Between an orchard and a group of elms, where was obviously a rookery, Michael saw a long, low house of deeply weathered brick, covered by Virginia creeper whose leaves had fallen. At a little distance were barns, outhouses, and the wall of a kitchen-garden. The T cart turned into an avenue of limes and came suddenly on the house unprotected by a gate. Michael pulled an old iron bell. Its lingering clang produced a lingering man who, puckering his face, said: "Mr. Mont? Sir James is expecting you. This way, sir."

Through an old low hall smelling pleasantly of wood-smoke, Michael reached a door which the puckered man closed in

his face.

Sir James Foggart! Some gaitered old countryman with little gray whiskers, neat, weathered, and firm-featured; or one of those short-necked John Bulls, still extant, square and weighty, with a flat top to his head and a flat white topper on it!

The puckered man reopened the door

and said:

"Sir James will see you, sir."

Before the fire in a large room with a large hearth and many books was a huge old man, gray-bearded and gray-locked, like a superannuated British lion, in an old velvet coat with whitened seams.

He was trying to rise!

"Please don't, sir," said Michael.

"If you'll excuse me, I won't. Pleasant journey?"

"Very."

"Sit down. Much touched by your speech. First speech, I think?"

Michael bowed.

"Not the last, I hope."

The voice was deep and booming; the eyes looked up keenly, as if out of thickets, so bushy were the eyebrows, and the beard grew so high on the cheeks. The

thick gray hair waved across the forehead and fell on to the coat-collar. A primeval old man in a high state of cultivation. Michael was deeply impressed.

"I've looked forward to this honor, sir," he said, "ever since we published

your book."

"I'm a recluse—never get out now. Tell you the truth, don't want to—see too many things I dislike. I write and smoke my pipe. Ring the bell and we'll have lunch. Who's this Sir Alexander Mac-Gown? His head wants punching!"

"No longer, sir," said Michael.

Sir James Foggart leaned back and laughed. His laugh was long, deep, slightly hollow, like a laugh in a trombone.

"Capital! And how did those fellows take your speech? Used to know a lot of 'em at one time—fathers of these fellows, grandfathers, perhaps."

"How do you know so well what England wants, sir," said Michael suavely, "now that you're a prisoner here?"

Sir James Foggart pointed with a large thin hand covered with hair to a table piled with books and magazines.

"Read," he said; "read everything—eyes as good as ever—seen a good deal in my time." And he was silent, as if seeing it again.

"Are you following your book up, sir?"
"M'm! Something for 'em to read

when I'm gone. Eighty-four, you know."
"I wonder," said Michael, "that you

haven't had the Press down."

"Have—had 'em yesterday; three by different trains; very polite young men; but I could see they couldn't make head or tail of the old creature—too far gone, eh?"

At this moment the door was opened, and the puckered man came in, followed by a maid and three cats. They put a tray on Sir James' knees and another on a small table before Michael. On each tray was a partridge with chipped potatoes, spinach, and bread sauce. The puckered man filled Sir James' glass with barley-water, Michael's with claret, and retired. The three cats, all tortoise-shells, began rubbing themselves against Sir James' trousers, purring loudly.

"Don't mind cats, I hope? No fish to-

day, pussies!"

Michael was hungry and finished his bird. Sir James gave most of his to the cats. They were then served with fruit salad, cheese, coffee, and cigars, and everything removed, except the cats, who lay replete before the fire, curled up in a triangle.

Michael gazed through the smoke of two cigars at the fount and origin, eager, but in doubt whether it would stand pumping—it looked so old! Well, he

must have a shot, anyway.

"You know Blythe, sir, of *The Out-post?* He's your greatest supporter; I'm only a mouthpiece."

"Know his paper—best of the week-

lies; but too clever by half."

"Now that I've got the chance," said Michael, "would you mind if I asked you one or two questions?"

Sir James Foggart looked at the lighted

end of his cigar. "Fire ahead!"

"Can England really stand apart from

Europe?"

"Can she stand with Europe? Alliances based on promise of assistance that won't be forthcoming—worse than useless."

"But suppose Belgium were invaded

again, or Holland?"

"The one case, perhaps. Let that be understood. Knowledge in Europe, young man, of what England will or will not do in given cases is most important. And they've never had it. Perfide Albion! Heh! We always wait till the last moment to declare our policy. Great mistake. Gives the impression that we serve Time—which we generally do."

"I like that, sir," said Michael, who did not. "About wheat? How would you stabilize the price so as to encourage our

growth of it?"

"Ha! My pet lamb! We want a wheat loan, Mr. Mont. Every year the Government should buy in advance all the surplus we need and store it; then fix a price for the home farmers that gives them a good profit; and sell to the public at the average between the two prices. You'd soon see plenty of wheat grown here, and we should sleep in our beds."

"Wouldn't it raise the price of bread,

sir?"

"No; lower it. Wholesale dealing and carrying."

"State trading, sir?" said Michael, with diffidence.

Sir James Foggart's voice boomed out: "Exceptional case — basic case — why

"I quite agree," said Michael hastily; "I never thought of it, but why not? The opposition to child emigration in this country. Do you think it comes from the affection of parents for their children?"

"No; from dislike of losing the chil-

dren's wages."

"All the same," murmured Michael, "one might well kick against losing one's

children for good at fourteen!"

"One might; human nature's selfish, young man. Hang on to 'em and see 'em rot before one's eyes, or grow up to worse chances than one's own—as you say, that's human nature."

Michael, who had not said it, felt a lit-

tle stunned.

"The child emigration scheme will want an awful lot of money, sir."

Sir James stirred the cats with his slip-

pered foot.

"Money! The country stinks of money—misapplied. Another fifty-million loan—two and a quarter millions a year in the Budget. In five years' time we should save the lot in unemployment dole." He waved his cigar, and its ash spattered on his velvet coat.

"I thought it would," said Michael to himself, knocking his own off into a coffee-cup. "But can children sent out wholesale like that be properly looked after, and given a real chance, sir?"

"Start gradually; where there's a will

there's a way."

"And won't they just swell the big towns out there?"

"Teach 'em to want land, and give it 'em."

"I don't know if it's enough," said Michael boldly; "the lure of the towns is terrific."

Sir James nodded. "A town's no bad thing till it's overdone, as they are here. Those that go to the towns will increase

the demand for our supplies."

'I'm getting on,' thought Michael. 'What shall I ask him next?' And he contemplated the cats, who stirred uneasily. A peculiar rumbling noise had taken possession of the silence. Michael

looked up. Sir James Foggart was asleep! In repose he was more tremendous than ever-perhaps rather too tremendous; his snoring seemed to shake the room. The cats tucked their heads further in. There was a slight smell of burning. Michael picked the fallen cigar from the carpet. What should he do now? Wait for a revival or clear out? Poor old boy! Foggartism had never seemed to Michael a more forlorn hope than in this sanctum of its fount and origin. He covered his ears and sat quite still. One by one the cats got up. Michael looked at his watch. 'I shall lose my train,' he thought, and tiptoed to the door. He opened it and looked back above a procession of deserting cats. It was as though Foggartism were snoring its life away! "Good-by, sir!" he said softly, and went out. He walked to the station very thoughtful. The whole policy seemed based on the supposition that human beings could see two inches before their noses. Was that supposition justified? If so, would England be in her "parlous state"? For one man capable of taking a far and comprehensive view and going to sleep on it, there were nine-if not nineand-ninety-who could only take near and partial views yet remain wide awake. Practical politics! It was the answer to all wisdom, however you might boom it "Oh! Ah! Young Mont-not a practical politician!" It was public death to be so labelled. And Michael, in his railway-carriage, with his eyes on the English grass, felt like a man on whom every one was heaping earth. Had pelicans crying in the wilderness a sense of humor? If not, their time was poor. Grass, grass, grass! Grass and the towns! And, nestling his chin into his heavy coat, he was soon faster asleep than Sir James Foggart.

V

PROGRESS OF THE CASE

When Soames said "Leave it to me," he meant it, of course, but it was very trying for him. Whenever anything went wrong, it was he, and not somebody else, who had to set it right!

To look more closely into the matter he was staying with his sister, Winifred Dar-

tie, in Green Street. His nephew Val coming to dinner the first night, he took the opportunity of asking him:

"What do you know of Lord Charles

Ferrar?"

"What do you want to know, Uncle Soames?"

"Anything unsatisfactory. I'm told

his father doesn't speak to him."

"Well," said Val, "it's generally thought he'll win the Lincolnshire with a horse that didn't win the Cambridgeshire."

"I don't see the connection."

Val Dartie looked at him through his ashes.

"I'm not entering for the slander stakes, Uncle Soames! But he's got to bring off a *coup* soon, or go under."

"Is that all?"

"Except that he's one of those chaps who are pleasant to you when you can be of use, and unpleasant when you can't."

"So I gathered from his looks," said Soames. "Have you had any business dealings with him?"

"Yes; I sold him a yearling by Torpedo

out of Banshee."

"Did he pay you?"

"Yes," said Val with a grin, "and she turned out no good."

"H'm! I suppose he was unpleasant afterward? That all you know?"

Val nodded. He knew more, if gossip can be called "more"; but what is puffed freely with the smoke of racing men's cigars is not for the ears of lawyers. For a man of the world and his age Soames was singularly unaware how in that desirable sphere, called Society, every one is slandered daily, and no bones broken; slanderers and slandered dining and playing cards together with the utmost good feeling and the intention of reslandering each other the moment they are round the corner. Such genial and hair-raising reports reach no outside ears, and Soames really did not know where to begin investigation.

"Can you ask this Mr. Curfew to tea?"

he said to Fleur.

"What for, father?"

"So that I can pump him."

"I thought there were detectives for all that sort of thing."

Soames went a special color. Since his

employment of Mr. Polteed, who had caught him visiting his own wife's bedroom in Paris, at the beginning of the century, the word detective produced a pain in his diaphragm. He dropped the subject. And yet, without detectives, what was he to do?

One night, Winifred having gone to the theatre, he sat down with a cigar to think. He had been provided by Michael with a list of "advanced" books and plays which "modern" people were reading, attending, and discussing. He had even been supplied with one of the books: "Canthar," by Percival Calvin. He fetched it from his bedroom, and, turning up a lamp, opened it. After reading the first few pages, in which he could see nothing, he turned to the end and read backward. In this way he could skip better, and each erotic passage, to which he very soon came, led him insensibly on to the one before it. He had reached the middle of the novel before he had resort in wonder to the title-pages. How was it that the publisher and author were at large? Ah! The imprint was of a foreign nature. Soames breathed more freely. Though sixty-eight, and neither judge, juryman, nor otherwise professionally compelled to be shocked, he was shaken. If women were reading this sort of thing, then there really was no distinction between men and women nowadays. He took up the book again, and read steadily on to the beginning. The erotic passages alone interested him. The rest seemed rambling, disconnected stuff. He rested again. What was this novel written for? To make money, of course. But was there another purpose? Was the author one of these "artist" fellows who thought that to give you "life," as they called it, they must put down every visit to a bedroom, and some besides. "Art for art's sake," "realism." What was the cant? In Soames' comparatively bleak experience "life" did not consist wholly of visiting bedrooms. He was unable to admit that this book was life, the whole of life, and nothing but life. "Calvin's a crank, sir," Michael had said when he handed him the novel. thinks people can't become continent except through being excessively incontinent, so he shows his hero and heroine arriving gradually at continence." 'At

Bedlam,' thought Soames. They would see what a British jury had to say to that, anyway. But how elicit a confession that this young woman and her set had read it with gusto? Ha! These "advanced" young people had any amount of conceit; every one who didn't share their views was a "dud" or a "grundy"-! Suppose the book were attacked in the Press. wouldn't it draw their fire? If their fire could be drawn in print it could be used as evidence of their views on morality. That would want nice handling. But how was he to prove that Marjorie Ferrar had read this book? Young Butterfield—who had helped to prove the guilt of Elderson in the matter of the P.P.R.S., and owed his place at Danby and Winter's, the publishers, to Soames' recommendation! Why not make use of him? Michael always said the young man was grateful. And obscuring the title of the book against his flank, in case he should meet a servant, Soames sought his own bedroom.

His last thought that night was almost

diagnostic.

'In my young days we read that sort of book if we could get hold of it, and didn't say so; now, it seems, they make a splash of reading it, and pretend it does them good!'

Next morning from the Connoisseurs he telephoned to Danby and Winter's, and asked to speak to Mr. Butterfield.

"Yes."

"Mr. Forsyte speaking. Do you remember me?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Can you step round to the Connoisseurs Club this morning some time?"

"Certainly, sir. Will twelve o'clock

suit you?"

Secretive and fastidious in matters connected with sex, Soames very much disliked having to speak to a young man about an immoral book. He saw no other way of it, however, and, on his visitor's arrival, shook hands and began at once.

"This is confidential, Mr. Butterfield."
Butterfield, whose dog-like eyes had
glowed over the hand-shake, answered:

"Yes, sir. I've not forgotten what you

did for me, sir."

Soames held out the book. "D'you know that novel?"

Butterfield smiled slightly.

"Yes, sir. It's printed in Brussels. They're paying five pounds a copy for it."

"Have you read it?"

The young man shook his head. "It's

not come my way, sir."

Soames was relieved. "Well, don't! But just attend a moment. Can you buy ten copies of it, at my expense, and post them to ten people whose names I'll give you. They're all more or less connected with literature. You can put in slips to say the copies are complimentary, or whatever you call it. But mention no names."

The young man Butterfield said dep-

recatingly:

"The price is rising all the time, sir. It'll cost you well on £60."

"Never mind that."

"You wish the book boomed, sir?"

"Good Gad—no! I have my reasons, but we needn't go into them."

"I see, sir. And you want the copies to come—as if—as if from heaven?"

"That's it," said Soames. "I take it that publishers often send doubtful books to people they think will support them. There's just one other thing. Can you call, a week later, on one of the people to whom you've sent the books and offer to sell another copy as if you were an agent for it? I want to make quite sure it's already reached that person, and been read. You won't give your name, of course. Will you do this for me?"

The eyes of the young man Butterfield

again glowed.

"Yes, sir. I owe you a great deal, sir." Soames averted his eyes; he disliked all

expression of gratitude.

"Here's the list of names, with their addresses. I've underlined the one you call on. I'll write you a check to go on with, and you can let me know later if there's anything more to pay."

He sat down, while the young man But-

terfield scrutinized the list.

"I see it's a lady, sir, that I'm to call

"Yes; does that make any difference to

"Oh! No. Advanced literature is written for ladies nowadays."

"H'm!" said Soames. "I hope you're doing well?"

"Splendidly, sir. I was very sorry that Mr. Mont left us; we've been doing better ever since."

Soames lifted an evebrow. The statement confirmed many an old suspicion. When the young man had gone he took up "Canthar." Was he capable of writing an attack on it in the Press, over the signature "Paterfamilias"? He was not. The job required some one used to that sort of Besides, a real signature was wanted to draw fire. It would be dangerous to ask Michael to suggest one; but "Old Mont" might know some fogey at the "Parthenæum" who carried metal. Sending for a bit of brown paper he disguised the cover, put the volume in his overcoat pocket, and set out for "Snooks."

He found Sir Lawrence about to lunch, and they sat down together. Making sure that the waiter was not looking over his shoulder, Soames, who had brought the book in with him, pushed it over, and said:

"Have you read that?"
Sir Lawrence whinnied.

"My dear Forsyte, why this morbid curiosity? Everybody's reading it. They say the thing's unspeakable."

"Then you haven't?" said Soames,

keeping him to the point.

"Not yet, but if you'll lend it to me I will. I'm tired of people who've enjoyed it asking me if I've read 'that most disgusting book.' It's not fair, Forsyte. Did you enjoy it?"

"I skimmed it," said Soames, looking round his nose. "I had a reason. When

you've read it I'll tell you."

Sir Lawrence brought it back to him at

the Connoisseurs two days later.

"Here you are, my dear Forsyte," he said. "I never was more glad to get rid of a book! I've been in a continual stew for fear of being overseen with it! Percival Calvin—quel sale Monsieur!"

"Exactly!" said Soames. "Now, I

want to get that book attacked."

"You! Is Saul also among the proph-

ets? Why this sudden zest?"

"It's rather roundabout," said Soames, sitting on the book. He detailed the reason, and ended with:

"Don't say anything to your son, or Fleur."

Sir Lawrence listened with his twisting smile.

"I see," he said, "I see. Very cunning, Forsyte. You want me to get some one whose name will act like a red rag. It mustn't be a novelist, or they'll say he's jealous—which he probably is—the book's selling like hot cakes—I believe that's the expression. Ah! I think—I rather think, Forsyte, that I have the woman."

"Woman!" said Soames. "They won't

pay any attention to that."

Sir Lawrence cocked his loose eyebrow. "I believe you're right—the only women they pay attention to nowadays are those who go one better than themselves. Shall I attempt it, and sign 'Outraged Parent'?"

"I believe it wants a real name."
"Again right, Forsyte; it does. I'll drop into the Parthenæum and see if any one's alive."

Two days later Soames received a note.

"Snooks' Club, Friday.

"MY DEAR FORSYTE, -I've got the man —the editor of The Philosopher, and he'll do it under his own name. What's more, I've put him on to the right line. We had a spirited argument. He wanted to treat it de haut en bas as the work of a dirty child. I said: 'No. This thing is symptomatic. Treat it seriously; show that it represents a school of thought, a deliberate literary attitude, and make it a plea for censorship.' Without the word censorship, Forsyte, they will never rise. So he's leaving his wife and taking it into the country for the week-end. I admire your conduct of the defense, my dear Forsyte; it's very subtle. But if you'll forgive my saying so, it's more important to prevent the case coming into court than to get a verdict if it does.—Sincerely yours, LAWRENCE MONT."

With which sentiment Soames so entirely agreed that he went down to Mapledurham and spent the next two afternoons going round and round with a man he didn't like, hitting a ball. It quieted his mind.

Corridor Adventures

BY MARY ALICE BARROWS

Author of "Heartbreak Dance"



HE was a nurse. A very real nurse, taking the difficult ones of the surgical cases for her chosen doctors. She chose her "chiefs" for the quality of the sincerity they put into

their skill. Each must first be an expert surgeon, then when she summed up a further diagnosis of his traits with "I think he is a genuine benefactor," she listed herself for duty—under him, it was under-

stood.

This independence came from twenty years of nursing following a careful training, with her own high ideals unmarred, and thereby radiating through her service always. Long experience in the best educational hospitals had made her nursing something of an independent science to-day. She had a degree of financial freedom resulting from the gift in her mother's will that had first educated her, and a later heritage from her father to his only child, followed by a contribution from an uncle to his favorite niece. Her own thrift had made the most of these nestwarmers. Sensitive, but practical, that elusive possession, charm, was hers, and her manner was a mixture of the severe and the gracious in approach.

To-day her patient was convalescent and would, she knew, be unhappy, exacting and maladjusted. Miss Hartel looked up in her morning walk to the hospital and let her eyes feast on the green. The color at this hour of half-past six in the morning was different each day. She allowed her thoughts to wander with

her eyes:

"Yes, friend tree, I see how calm you are. And I know how the wind blew in the night. . . . Your idea is lovely this morning—that idea of swinging each leaf on its own little stem. The sunshine must make delicious lines and shadows of them later. How father did delight in

that! . . . Where?—where are they this twelfth of May? Where shall I look-out past the clouds? Or are they right here with me and the tree? But why then do I feel so alone? Oh, God, so alone! . . . I wonder how our crippled lad is this morning. I must manage to slip him some sandwiches, poor young devil. I wish I knew how to arrange an extension course for him while he's in that ward. . . . You little bird! What's that? Sing it again. Something about joy-but that is all I can understand. . . . My patient must be forlorn, for she probably had a bad night. I'll go in early to-day. How my feet pain!" She turned and looked back.

"Good-by, little feathers; good-by tree. I wish you could make it a little plainer to me, both of you. What I catch is 'God' and 'Calm'; yes, 'Beauty' too. Thanks!"

And she entered the hospital.

The patient had been groomed and a

day lay stretched ahead.

"Yes, I know—I know. But this has to be done—the doctor has ordered it. You will have to lie flat to-day. No, you cannot see anybody, but I've thought of a new kind of ice I'm going to make you; and shall we read some in our book? First turn—so—and let me see if I cannot rest the poor back."

The day wore on. In the middle of the afternoon she was in the corridor on her way to the diet kitchen when a tall, determined-looking young man of twenty-two stepped in front of her and, after a searching look, devoured her with "Miss Hartel—is it you—is it? The 'Magic Nurse'? Gook luck!" And out came

both hands to clasp hers.

"Is it possible this is Ned, walking about like new? Why, you stand straight as a pole, and how well you are looking! I'm so glad!"

"Glad! I'll tell the world I am. But until I get a good look at you I'm only going on low, even with these two sound pegs. Oh, boy, will I ever taste anything again that peps up to those salads you used to fix me! I'm here to say you knew my flat days in that ward, and always got in there somehow with a dose of yourself in your salads that pulled me right up. Gee, but I'm glad to see you again under that cap!"

"Tell me-have you full use now of

that mangled limb?"

"You bet I have," proudly, "and I'm using it for lost time, too; c'n keep the pace with any of 'em. That's a powerful old sculptor, little old Doc Conner, and I'll say he has a heart, by Jove! But right here's the wonder-juggler that used to slip in to me on overtime steam, and keep up my fighting blood. Where the dickens did you use to find all the stuff you piled into those salads, anyway?"

"Nowhere." Her eyes danced.

"Correct! The real stuff you fed me isn't to be handed out from any blue-print. You just oiled up the works and she's running fine now, too. Say, Miss Hartel, I was wondering. You wouldn't have some time to jolly up a pal of mine that has just come in, would you? He came to San Francisco a week ago: left his mother back East. He supports her; his dad died. He got a job, and yesterday there was a big smash. He has an arm and both eyes under; they don't know what he c'n keep. He likes his doc fine all right, and he doesn't razz a word about any of it; but-but, you see, he's a stranger out here, the way I was. He was saving money to go to college." The tall boy grew still. She watched him.

"Of course I will. I'll take a few minutes from my meals; but quick, then, Ned. Come and introduce me, for I must hurry back now to my patient."

The next morning had been rainy. The early walk had been a wet one, and the trees in the park were passed in a shower that seemed to be coming both down and up. She had noticed the bay lying unaltered by the downpour, and carrying on its ceremonies with mankind as steadily as in the sunshine. She felt it was strange to be so undisturbed by the sort of weather its cargo must pass through. It was always there with its currents and tides, without concern for the hoisting or drop-

ping of the sails that must answer the weather.

"It is like the essence of religion shining through the different creeds," she said to herself. "Just as I see it in my patients—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Christian Scientist. They differ as the weather over the bay. But the bay itself! At death—at birth—" She paused a moment, standing there in the rain to grasp her thought.

"The bay is the same," she ended, as

she started on.

Arrived at the hospital and having replaced the wet clothing by a crisp white uniform, an emergency call had taken her suddenly to another case. "A former patient—I'll do it," she had said when they told her what was wanted of her, and she had gone to him to fight for him while death tried to slip in whenever the surgeon turned his back. A desperate fight, and she had not sat down for seven hours, except the ten minutes she took for lunch. Finally there was a respite, and she slipped out into the corridor for a breath. Two doors below stood the head nurse of the corridor.

"There she is now," she exclaimed to some one, who at once hurried forward with: "Miss Hartel, oh, Miss Hartel! Are you here? I've just brought mother. She has had a stroke and they say she simply dare not worry. But she is sure she is going to die," choking, "and I've got to get back to work or I'll lose my job. I'm almost crazy. Oh, won't you look in at her as often as you can? I can't afford a special nurse, but I got her a room alone. Will you-oh, won't you keep her cheered up and not let her think she will die till I can get back to-night? You know the way you pulled up Bill. Oh, please, Miss Hartel."

"I'm on a serious case and am very busy to-day, but I'll see your mother after hours. And you? How is the boy now?"

"Oh, he's wonderful. We hoped to be married in August, but this—I don't know now. Will has been promoted, you know, and he says you did it."

"I?" laughing. "How?"

"Oh, Bill told me it taught him more about good business to lie those weeks and watch how you went at it to put him into shape than he ever learned from his other bosses. He says you never went slack on the job; that you yourself kept right on top of its ups and downs. He calls you his 'promotion teacher' now." They laughed together.

"You tell Will I'll do my best to promote your mother, though, of course, I have only a minute at a time, you must

remember."

"But that will be worth just everything to us. Oh, thank you," said the daughter in tears, as they hurriedly parted. And Nurse Hartel's thought answered within her: "Can I manage it, I wonder—enough to cheer this poor soul? I hope those two youngsters can have their wedding day."

My family's turn had come. That "powerful old sculptor Doc Conner" had moulded one of us over, too, and had called in the magic nurse. After the first days were over she began to notice the

occupant of the uniform.

She was lying drowsy at one P. M. when the nurse entered, smiling, from the corridor. This usually noiseless attendant sometimes came in bustling; that was on days when the patient was imagining herself to be pitied. At other times she played conductor, calling out: "Everybody off! Change for Buffalo, Chicago, Albany," or some geographical mixture, muddling her charge awake to set it straight. This was when the sleeper was spoiling a night by stubbornly sleeping all day. When she was in pain that white uniform appeared inside without seeming to enter. She never knew how it got there; but she knew it always did. To-day she aroused and asked: "How do you always manage to come in looking so snappy?" "Do I?"

"Yes. At seven in the morning you blow in like perpetual youth. The rest of the day you keep returning with that faraway look, sometimes puzzled, sometimes in mischief, always stimulating. I'm getting well, and I've been watching. I almost like to have you go because it is such an experience when you come in again."

With an air of comradeship Miss Hartel settled herself in a chair as she smiled

knowingly.

"Just now I've been talking to President Cram out in the corridor. I nursed his daughter. You see, the corridor is an artery. The life of the big city passes through, tourists and all. Sometimes by

drops, sometimes in streams. Often I find a former patient out there, bringing along a whiff of affairs from the outside. He, or she, may be a banker, or an artist, or a society candle, or some poor devil struggling along alone. Of course each has his own ideas, and it is diverting to hear them. Then, too, there are times when I get good news from some ward of the clinic that cheers me up; or perhaps some of the nurses have stirred up a little deviltry out there to keep things lively for everybody. You know we have a few pretty peppy ones among so many."

"Naturally you would have, and I suppose they manage to make the corridor their playground. Tell me—who was that speck you had tucked in your arm this morning when you gave me that glimpse? It reminded me of a baby bird in an

orioles' nest."

"That was a new grandson of one of the city fathers. I know the family: I nursed in their home for seven months and see them occasionally yet. Yesterday it was the three-year-old nephew of one of our State's prominent 'Native Daughters' that I was playing with out there. He is a cute little youngster, bright as buttons. One day last week when I was called out, there in the corridor stood a former patient of five years ago. She is a relative of one of the millionaires here, and they wanted some one to take a long case in that home—an invalid cousin of his. There are beautiful grounds, servants, cars, and all that, but—I didn't go," she ended, with vision in her face.

"Why not? Wouldn't it be easier there than this surgical work and hospital life?"

"Maybe—yes, of course. But I don't care for it. Any nurse can care for that sort of a case."

"You like the hard ones, then?"

"Not that, no—but I want to be using what I know. When I nurse I want to work for a life that will be lost unless I fight with all I have. It seems more useful. When a human life is at stake, and you are given it to keep, that makes it worth while to have learned what I have."

"I see," answered the sick woman. After a silence she reverted. "What made you change and glare out the window after you came in with the doctor this

morning?"

"Because you asked such foolish ques-

tions. Why do you go on asking him things you can't understand? Why don't you trust him to do his work without explaining it to you? A surgeon can't tell you in a few answers what it has taken years for him to get; there are too many details. You ought to leave it to him."

"I do leave it to him," she replied, a little emphatically, "but why do you folks all pout so if we lay people ask to know a layman's bit? You were scornful vesterday when I called a hypodermic an epidermic. And to-day you told me if the friends of the patients here used just their common sense, they would not ask to come nor to send flowers to a newly operated-on patient. Well, how are we of the outside to get this common sense if the answers to the questions we ask are yours to know and ours to guess if we can? No, Miss Day Nurse, I think when you hospital people treat us as having the power to grasp what you can grasp, you will find us less interfering. You build your fence around the facts and then wonder at us for not being within their field."

"But you do have the fact that you are better; why isn't that enough to keep on with? What difference what was done to

accomplish it?"

"There you go! If you hear an orchestra, do you think it shows lack of confidence in the leader to ask which is a viola and which the bass viol? Don't you like to know the trombone from the English horn? Moreover, isn't it sense to find out?"

"Yes, but that's different."

"Well, just why? Why should a doctor be so secretive about his line? I can't see why I'll get worse if I know my epidermic from my hypodermic, and I do see why we outsiders can't treat patients as you want us to till you let us know the things that make you people act as you do."

"Your hypodermic! Good gracious, you do need a few facts. Well, maybe we could explain more if all people were sensible. But most are only hysterical."

"You wish it onto the rest of us," was

the retort.

"Others sometimes mix up what terms we do use," the nurse tossed back mischievously.

"Try out treating us like sane ones, and see how we act then," came the laughing challenge. "All right. I'll give you the fact that you are talking too much right now. Close your eyes and rest, for I must go out and fix up the chart."

Out she went, and the combatant knew it was only to remove any target she could talk at. Feeling too weak to resent such manœuvres, she went back to sleep.

As Nurse Hartel was passing down the corridor a door opened and there was rolled out one of the low ambulances used to move the body from the room when, in the struggle, death had won. From a doorway close by a young woman started out, stood motionless, and, without a sound, she fell. Nurse Hartel got there in time to catch her, and hastily called the head nurse to her. Together they lifted the girl and carried her to an open window.

"She is his bride," said the head nurse, nodding toward the vanishing ambulance,

"and this is too much."

Nurse Hartel stood pondering. There had just hurried past her a nurse bearing on her arm a little citizen so young that in this transportation down the corridor he was covering his very first mileage.

"Coming and going—at the same time—in the same corridor," she said to her-

self as she moved away.

In passing the elevator Miss Hartel abruptly confronted a bent, trembling little woman, who emerged and started in short, uncertain steps down the corridor with a determined effort. Quickly the nurse was at her side, and unobtrusively slipping her hand under the arm of the frail figure, she asked: "Did you want to see somebody?" and as the aged face was lifted to hers, she continued gently: "Can I help you find some one?"

"I'm going to see the patient in room

327."

"327? Yes, that is down here at the end. Let me open these doors—they are pretty heavy. My room is near that, and I was going down there, so I'll go with you and call out the nurse for you."

"Thank you—it was a long way here.

I know the nurse."

"That's good," responded Miss Hartel. Deep within the thought breathed, "An autumn leaf—and winter is here," and aloud: "No hurry; take your time. If she isn't in the room I'll bring her right away.

But there she is this minute," and she steadied the eager pilgrim till she brought her to her door.

By the time Nurse Hartel came in again, looking remote, the patient had been wondering what all the smothered confusion outside could mean, and at once seized upon her expression.

"What is going on out in the corridor? Is it a reception or an operation?"

"Not quite either, and a little of both," was her rejoinder. She waited for the next. It was popped out:

"Which is it the most of?"

"Reception at present. A whole family, from grandpa to little Willie, is down at the end of the corridor to welcome the new stork child who arrived a half hour ago. They are separately and all together quite beside themselves. First they were under our feet every moment, questioning and wringing their hands, and now they fairly pack the corridor with their jubilee. The father has hugged four of the internes."

"Atta boy!" Then: "You folks seem to see life differently here from the way it shows up on the Avenue," came reflec-

tively from the bed.

"We have it in its crisis hours, directly and indirectly. It throws a different light about a lifetime. We know people as they really are—like going behind the scenes of a stage performance." The other broke in here:

"I heard one of the doctors say that too, and I've been thinking about it. I think I disagree. You see people as they are not—just exactly as they are trying to avoid forever becoming; that is why they are here!"

"But they are here," gently reminded this nurse.

"Yes, we are all either in the corridor or trying to keep out of it. But when we do come down it, it is to stay only while marvellous surgeons are carving away what they promise us is overpowering the real us," she warred. "And you wonderful nurses work over the ruins till you see signs of their disappearance. Then we go back through the corridor, leaving behind us you and the surgeon and the affliction. Now it seems to me you know our afflictions, our handicaps, but just never do know us. I'm not my affliction! I am what I have thought. You catch me when

I can no longer think and label that blank, unnatural critter the real I. No, my dear. They know us truly who know us when masters of our time and of our energies. What you folks know is the sound of nerves breaking. I and my fever are two separable quantities. I am my every hour; my fever is my incident."

The nurse rose and brought her a drink

of cool water.

"True, you get disorganized, but you still exist in your fever precisely as your every hour built you. Oh, the difference—the difference, when sickness has mastery of the time and the energies! And, too, when the crisis stuns. Then we see the qualities in that existence which persist through it all. Yes, indeed, the fever is but incident, but that incident disarranges the hangings completely. And then the craftsman behind stands displayed."

She had her half convinced.

"Do you see many surprises?" puzzled

the patient.

"Only when beginners. What we really meet is a despair or a courage that compels, joys that are transcendent, grief that drowns, loves that openly display beauties but rarely exposed. We see the human divinity."

In the park one morning a great crowd of poppies was cheering the sunrise. As she came upon them she called under her breath: "Where are you from? I must say I like your ideas about color. You reach up—do you mind being so far below the trees? You childhood, you!"

She gave up to the mood, laughed at them, and dreamed on as she hurried

ahead.

"I wonder. Suppose it were so! That all those emotions," she looked calculatingly toward the hospital, "live on in some form! Then, the material used in making a pepper-tree, for instance, would be from all of the exquisite in all of life, gathered up whenever released. It builds the pepper-trees. The pine then?... Made from courage. Courage and loyalty are what the pine-tree condenses into a form and fragrance. But whatever made the eucalyptus," she mused; "the many kinds of eucalyptus-tree? Grief? I'm afraid it is. All the kinds there are of grief clinging together and gathering more when it comes, then taking form in those trees all over

the landscape. H'm! Then that's why they sometimes droop so, after pushing so far up. I'd like to find out what sort of stuff arranged itself into an orange grove. Just what had the idea of being orangetrees! That isn't so plain. What is that orange grove? It might be content—yes —content, and affection. I guess it's affection. That's it—every one's affection, especially children's. . . . My poor patient! I wonder which way it will go to-day. Perhaps the night nurse has seen him through to the safe side. What a masterly fight Doctor Leigh has made! He is anxious, too—I must hurry. He will need me to-day. Oh, how alone I feel this morning!"

Nurse Hartel went rapidly on and into

the hospital.

"Was that old, old lady I helped down the corridor the other day the mother of your patient?" she later asked of a wholesome looking nurse as they met at the chart desk. The other nurse nodded, and Miss Hartel continued: "You've been with her a long time; it has surely been a hard case. Not many would have endured it as long as you have." The two nurses walked on together through the corridor.

"Endure it? Why, I'm learning every day from that poor, sick, wonderful woman. Do you realize what she does? Suffering as she is, isolated by disease from that feeble mother of eighty-two, and that pitiful brain-fever victim that is her sister—her worse than helpless sister—that patient of mine is cheering and helping along other shut-in folks all over the country. You should see the mail she sends, and see where her small bit of money goes! Not once have I heard her pity her own end, poor soul. No—she stays thoughtful of the others here and everywhere, friend or stranger."

"She seems to be a real Christian,"

commented Nurse Hartel.

"That's it. I sometimes feel that I'm near a shrine. Endure it! I love the woman and I admire her tremendously. I shall never forget her, never. She is dying more splendidly than most people live."

"Yes," quietly answered Miss Hartel as, veiled by a gentle smile, she went

briskly in to her patient.

"Hello, morning glory!" greeted the patient as she entered the room.

ng so The patient chuckled.
ort of "Been down to the bay already, first

mate?" he queried weakly.

"Yes, from a distance. I notice it each morning as I pass along. It is all ripples and color to-day—a beautiful picture. Boats, ferries, ships are passing about in it, and all as clear-cut this morning as new silver. It is exhilarating."

"Ship ahoy!" answered the nurse.

"That old boy can get himself up in a new rig every day in the year. You can't beat that bunch of water," he boasted.

Miss Hartel was bustling about, at work already arranging his needs for the

coming day.

"I think to know it you need to watch it day after day for many months," she chatted as she worked. "I have grown acquainted with it in my morning walks here. Some days it is clear and I see all the ships plainly. They seem close by me. On such days the sight is magnificent. Sometimes it has a fog and I see only pieces of ships, and they seem far away. They are mysterious then."

"Only separate bits of them show some

days," put in the patient eagerly.

"Yes, the top of a mast, maybe. I've seen them pass through that fog as shadows, all I could see was the shadow; and I've seen the wake of something when I could find no boat. They call and call to each other through the fog when they are like that. Like memories. What interests me is that whatever sort of a picture there is out there, those boats and ships are always in it somewhere, gliding about. They make me think of our beliefs, our loves. It is just like life, isn't it? Sometimes it is all so beautiful in the morning, and so foggy later. And while it is morning we think we see the ships and which way they are headed, and what sort they Then suddenly they are all uncertain—all only shadows in the fog. Oh, I love the bay," she ended energetically. "All that comes and goes in our corridors here—it lies expanded out there."

"So you keep track of that, too, eh?"
"Yes. It is my picture-gallery. I find all of life hung out there in a great frame. Now settle yourself comfortably and rest a few minutes, for I'm going to bring in your breakfast."

And she went out into the corridor.

Vol. LXXIX.-22

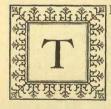


Certain designated individuals watched.—Page 300.

Into Belleau Wood

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR. Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. S. Rochester; Author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



HEY tried new tactics to get the bayonets into the Bois de Belleau. Platoons—very lean platoons now—formed in small combat groups, deployed in the wheat, and set out

toward the gloomy wood. Fifty batteries were working on it, all the field-pieces of the Second Division, and what the French would lend. The shells ripped overhead, and the wood was full of leaping flame, and the smoke of H. E. and shrapnel. The fire from its edge died down. It was late in the afternoon; the sun was low enough to shine under the rim of your helmet. The men went forward at a walk, their shoulders hunched over, their bodies inclined, their eyes on the edge of the

wood where shrapnel was raising a hell of a dust. Some of them had been this way before; their faces were set bleakly. Others were replacements, a month or so from Quantico; they were terribly anxious to do the right thing, and they watched zealously the sergeants and the corporals, and the lieutenants who led the way with canes.

One such group, over to the left, followed a big young officer, a replacement too, but a man who had spent a week in Bouresches and was to be considered a veteran, as such things went in those days, when so many chaps were not with the brigade very long. He had not liked Bouresches, which he entered at night, and where he lived obscenely in cellars with the dead, and saw men die in the orange flash of minenwerfer shells, terri-

bly and without the consolation of glory. Here, at last, was attack. . . . He thought, absently watching his flank to see that it guided true—guide centre was the word—of the old men who had brought him up to tales of Lee's Army of

No music here, no flags, no bright swords, no lines of battle charging with a yell. Combat groups of weary men, in drab and dirty uniforms, ranged approximately on a line, spaced "so that one shrapnel burst cannot include more than



Some of them had been this way before.—Page 306.

Northern Virginia, in the war of the Southern Confederacy. Great battles, glamorous attacks, full of the color and the high-hearted élan of chivalry. Jackson at Chancellorsville; Pickett at Gettysburg—that was a charge for you; the red Southern battle-flags, leading like fierce bright-winged birds the locked ranks of fifteen gray brigades, and the screeching rebel yell, and the field-music, fife and drum, rattling out "The Girl I Left Behind Me—":

". . . O, if ever I get through this war,
And the Lincoln boys don't find me,
I'm goin' to go right back again
To the girl I left behind me——"

one group," laden like mules with gasmasks, bandoleers, grenades, chaut-chaut clips, trudging forward without haste and without excitement, they moved on an untidy wood where shells were breaking, a wood that did not answer back, or show an enemy. In its silence and anonymity, it was far more sinister than any flagcrowned rampart, or any stone walls topped with crashing volleys from honest old black-powder muskets. He considered these things and noted that the wood was very near, and that the German shells were passing high and breaking in the rear, where the support companies were waiting. His own artillery appeared to

have lifted its range; you heard the shells for his first-aid packet, a bullet seared his farther in, in the depths of the wood.

around. The sergeant beside the lieuten- odd thrashing noises around him, and off

involunte of

So many chaps were not with the brigade very long.—Page 306.

ant stopped, looked at him with a frozen, foolish smile, and crumpled into a heap of old clothes. Something took the kneecap off the lieutenant's right knee and his leg buckled under him. He noticed, as he fell sideways, that all his men were tumbling over like duck-pins; there was one fellow that spun around twice, and went over backward with his arms up. Then the wheat shut him in, and he heard cries and a moaning. He observed, curiously, that he was making some of the noise himself. How could anything hurt so? He sat up to look at his knee—it was

shoulder, knocking him on his back again. The air snapped and crackled all For a while he lay quiet, and listened to

to the left a man began to call, very pitifully. At once he heard more machine-gun fire-he hadn't seemed to hear it beforeand now the bullets were striking the ground and ricocheting with peculiar whines in every direction. One ripped into the dirt by his cheek, and filled his eyes and his mouth with dust. The lamentable crying stopped; most of the crawling, thrashing noises stopped. He himself was hit again and again, up and down his legs, and he lav very still.

Where he lay, he could just see a tree-top-he was that near the wood. A few leaves clung to it; he tried to calculate, from the light on them, how low the sun was and how long it. would be until dark. Stretcher-bearers would be along at dark surely. He heard voices, so close that he could distinguish words:

"Caput?"

"Nein-nicht alles-" Later, forgetting those voices, he tried to wriggle backward into a shell-hole that he remembered pass-

ing. He was hit again, but somehow he got into a little shell-hole, or got his body into it, head first. He reflected that he had bled so much that a head-downward position wouldn't matter, and he didn't want to be hit again. Men all dead, he supposed. He couldn't hear any of them. He seemed to pass out and then to have dreamy periods of consciousness. In one of these periods he saw the sky over him was dark, metallic blue; it would be nearly night. He heard somebody coming on heavy feet, and cunningly shut his eyes to a slit . . . playing dead. . . . A Gerbleeding like the deuce!—and as he felt man officer, a stiff, immaculate fellow,

stood over him, looking at him. He lay very still, trying not to breathe. The Boche had out his pistol, a short-barrelled Luger, rested it on his left forearm, and fired deliberately. He felt the bullet range upward through the sole of his foot, and something excruciating happened in his ankle. Then one called, and the German passed from his field of vision, returning his pistol as he went. . . .

Later, trying to piece things together, Jean—you know, beyond brigade, he was in an ambulance, being jolted big road—at daylight. Battalic most infernally. And later he asked a chow there. Got it? Good——"

nurse by his bed: "I say, nurse, tell me—did we get the Bois de Belleau?" "Why, last June!" she said. "It's time you were coming out of it! This is August."

COMING OUT

The battalion lay in unclean holes on the far face of Bois de Belleau, which was "now U.S. Marine Corps entirely." The sun was low over Torcy, and all the battalion, except certain designated individuals, slept. The artillery, Boche and American, was engaged in counterbattery work, and the persecuted infantry enjoyed repose. The senior lieutenant of the 49th Company, bedded down under a big rock with his orderly, came up from infinite depths of slumber with his pistol out, all in one swift motion. You awoke like that in the Bois de Belleau... Jennings, company runner, showed two buck-teeth at him and said: "Sir, the cap'n wants to see you-

They crawled delicately away from the edge of the wood, to a trail that took you back under cover, and found the captain frying potatoes in bacon-grease. "Going out tonight, by platoons. Start as soon as it's dark, with the 17th. We are next. Sixth Regiment outfit makin' the relief—96th Company for us. They've been here before, so you needn't leave anybody to show them the ground. Soon as they get to you, beat it. Got a sketch of the map? Have your platoon at Bois Gros-Jean—you know, beyond brigade, on the big road—at daylight. Battalion has chow there. Got it? Good—"



The Boche had out his pistol.

The lieutenant went happily back to his men. The word had already gotten around, by the grape-vine route, and grinning heads stuck out of every hole. "Well, sergeant, pass the word to get set—goin' out to-night—" "Yes, sir! ready right now! Is the division bein' relieved?" "No, 6th Regiment comin' in—" "Well, sir, I hope to God they ain't late. Did you hear, sir, anything about us goin' back to St. Denis, and gettin' liberty in Paris, an' a month's rest—" That unaccountable delusion persisted in

The lieutenant went happily back to s men. The word had already gotten and into July. It never happened. "No, round, by the grape-vine route, and inning heads stuck out of every hole. "I didn't hear any such thing. But it's enough to get out of here. This place is Well, sergeant, pass the word to get set like the wrath of God!"

It was. To begin with, it has been a tangled, rocky wood of a few kilometres, the shooting-preserve of a French family in happier days. Even now you could see where a sort of hunting-lodge had been; they said some Marines had crawled in and bombed a Boche headquarters out of it. The first of June, it was rather a pretty

place, with great trees and flowery underbrush all green and new in the full tide of spring. It was a place of no particular military importance, other than local. But the chance of war made it a symbol. The German rolled down to it like a flood, driving before him forlorn fragments of wrecked French divisions, all the way from the Chemin des Dames. It was the spearhead of his last great thrust on Paris. The Americans of the Second Division were new troops, untried in this war, regarded with uneasy hopefulness by the Allies. Their successes came when the Allies very greatly needed a success; for not since 1914 had the Boche appeared so terrible and so strong as in this, the spring of 1918. For a space the world watched the Bois de Belleau uneasily, and then with pride and an awakened hope. Men saw in it, foreshadowed, Soissons, and the 8th of August, that Ludendorf was to call "the black day of the war," and an event in a car on a railroad siding, in the misty November forest of Senlis.

But the men who fought here saw none of these things. Good German troops, with every device of engineering skill, and all their cunning gained in war, poured into the wood.



Boche Grenadier.

Battalions of Marines threw themselves terest the shrapnel that one of the batagainst it. Day and night for nearly a teries of our 15th Field was showermonth men fought in its corpse-choked ing on the ruined airdrome in front of thickets, killing with bayonet and bomb Torcy. The white puff-balls were tinged and machine-gun. It was gassed and pink by the setting sun, and jets of red-



Obsairs freliture in m- mairie

Men fought in its corpse-choked thickets. . . .

shelled and shot into the semblance of nothing earthly. The great trees were all down; the leaves were blasted off, or hung sere and blackened. It was pockmarked with shell-craters and shallow dugouts and hasty trenches. It was strewn with all the débris of war, Mauser rifles and Springfields, helmets, German and American, unexploded grenades, letters, knapsacks, packs, blankets, boots; a year later, it is said, they were still finding unburied dead in the depths of it. Finally it was taken, literally by inches.

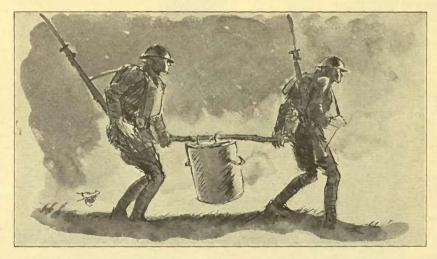
Now the battalion turned its back to the tangle, and watched with languid in-

dish dust went up from the ground under the bursts. A Boche battery was replying, and heavy shells rumbled far above, searching transport lines. Those nights, up in northern France, came late and went early. A man could sit on the edge of his hole, prairie-dog fashion, and write a letter at 10.30; it was not safe to move in the open until after eleven; it was nearly midnight when the relieving troops came in. The lieutenant's opposite number reported, chap he hadn't seen since Quantico, back in another lifetime. "Well, here we are! Out you go—" "I say, is it you, Bob? Heard you were killed—" "Oh, not at all—heard the same thing about you—not strange; lot of serious accidents have happened around here—" "Well—good luck—" "Sure—bon chance, eh?—so long——"

The platoon left the Wood and angled down to the Torcy road. A string of shells howled overhead, 88's by the sound of them, and broke on the road. The lieutenant halted and watched: "Dam'

lieutenant halted and watched: "Dam' unusual, shellin' here this time of night—must know it's a relief—" It was the conviction of all that the Boche knew every-

—take it easy, you— Risky business, this—wish to God I'd—" The platoon stopped, frozen, as they heard the charging handle of a Hotchkiss snick back. A small sharp voice barked: "Halt—who's there?—" "Platoon of the 49th—can we get through here?" "My God, I dam' near gave you a clip! What the hell, comin' up here—don't you know you ain't supposed to come bustin' around a machine-gun position, you—" "All right—all right!—shellin' the road down there—" and the platoon scuttled past the



Ration parties . . . always sweated mightily and anticipated exciting incidents. . . .

thing, down to the movements of the lowest corporal. "I think we'll cut a corner, and take a chance of gettin' through the line over yonder-" He led away from the road, through the trampled wheat to his right, away from the shelling. This was really No Man's Land, for the line curved back from the Wood, and thrust out again along the line of another crest, also wooded. Such intervals were watched by day and patrolled by night, and ration parties, carrying details, and other wretches who had to traverse them, always sweated mightily and anticipated exciting incidents. It was full of smells and mysterious horrors in the starlight, that wheat. Once the platoon came upon a pig feeding unspeakably. . . . The woods ahead grew plain; the men walked gingerly, straining their eyes at the shadows. . . . "Eighth Machine-gun in there

Hotchkiss gun, while its crew reviled them. Machine-gunners are a touchy lot, prone to shoot first and inquire afterward; the platoon gave thanks for a man who didn't scare—

They turned left now and went swiftly through the woods northwest of Lucy. They passed a place where the midnight harassing fire had caught a ration party: a shell had hit a push-cart loaded with loaves of the round French war bread which was the main item of the ration on this front; bread was scattered over an acre or so, and a frenzied sergeant was routing his ration party out of several holes and trying to collect it again. Otherwise, an outfit up in the Bois de Belleau wouldn't eat for another twentyfour hours. The platoon was amused. They took the road to La Voie du Chatelle, stepping out. They'd be well behind

the usual shelling, if the Boche was operating on schedule. Far enough back to talk now and relax their hunched shoulders.

Down the road they heard a trampling, and the wind brought a smell of unwashed men. "Hi! Relief of Frogs comin' in!" "Yeh-Frogs. They smell Frogs like camels. We smell like goats." "Hope this relief carries a bath wit' it! Me, I've got blue mould all up my back." "Well, next time we come in, we'll put showers in that goddam' place. Been there long enough to, already—" "How long we been there? Le's see—this is the 5th of July, ain't it?" "Je's, I don't keep count of no days! I can't remember when we was anywhere else-" This was in a tone so mournful that the file's neighbors laughed. "What you doin' in this war, anyway? Dam' replacement, jus' joined up after Hill 142—" "Man," said the file very earnestly, "I'll tell you. So help me Gawd, I wuz dodgin' the draft!"

The French column came up and passed. Its horizon-blue uniform was invisible in the dark, but the stars glinted a little on its helmets and bayonets. "V'la! Yanquis! B'soir, Americains!" "Dam' right, Frenchie! Bon chance, huh?" They went on without lagging, well closed up. A man's feet dragged going in; there are no such things on a battle-field as fresh troops, for you always approach by forced marches, infinitely weary-"but comin' out- Boy, we make knots!-" They reached La Voie du Chatelle, where regimental was, and where the old Boche always shelled. It was a little farm, pretty well knocked to pieces now, but regimental was reported to prefer it to a change; they had the Boche's system down, so that they could count on him. His shelling always fell into method when he had long enough, and the superior man could, by watching him a few days, avoid unpleasantness. La Voie du Chatelle, as the world knew, received his attention from 11.45 to 12.10 every night. Then he laid off until three, when his day-shift came on. You could set your watch by it. The platoon went cheerfully past.

A full kilometre farther they hiked, at a furious pace. Then the lieutenant considered that they might catch a rest; they

had come a long way and were in a safe spot. Ten minutes' rest out of every hour was the rule, when possible. He passed the word: "Fall out to the right of the road," and sat down himself a little way off, feeling for his chewing-tobacco. You didn't smoke on the front at night-lights were not safe. chewin' was next best. Then he observed that the platoon was not falling out. They stood in groups on the road, and an angry mutter reached him. "What th' 'ell? Goin' out, an' then he wants to rest!" "Yeh, 'fall out on the right of the road,' he says, the goddam' fool-" The lieutenant knew his men, as you know men you live in hell with. He got up chuckling. "Well if that's the way you feel about it-come on, you birds!" and he set them a killing step, at which no man complained.

The dawn was coming when they rendezvoused with the battalion in Bois Gros-Jean— Beans for breakfast, and hot coffee, and tins of jam! That afternoon they had off their clothes for the first time in three weeks or so, and swam in the Marne at a place called Croutte. And at formation they heard this order

published:

VI Armée Etat Major 6930/2

Au QGA le 30 Juin, 1918.

In view of the brilliant conduct of the 4th Brigade of the 2nd U. S. Division, which in a spirited fight took Bouresches and the important strong point of Bois de Belleau, stubbornly defended by a large enemy force, the General commanding the VIth Army orders that, henceforth, in all official papers, the Bois de Belleau shall be named "Bois de la Brigade de Marine."

The General of Division Degoutte
Commanding VIth Army
(Signed) DEGOUTTE.

"Yeh," said the battalion. "Now, about this liberty in Paris—" But they didn't go to Paris. They took a road that led through Soissons, and St. Mihiel, and Blanc Mont, and the Argonne-Meuse to Nieuwied, on the far side of the Rhine—

Vol. LXXIX .- 23

The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party

BY WILL ROSE

Editor of the Cambridge Springs (Penna.) Enterprise-News.

DECORATIONS BY WILFRED JONES



DID not walk down our Main Street to the office of Justice of the Peace Moses with the express purpose of talking with him about the passing of the partisan press. But the

subject came up and we talked about it for some time. I am sure that the thousands and thousands of political managers of all major parties can profit from our discussion and the conclusion at which we finally arrived.

At the start, let's get a clear look at the two widely different men who were talking.

Justice Moses was a classic partisan newspaper editor for more than forty years before he decided to sit back and take things more leisurely in a legal office.



Its policy belongs absolutely to the public.

I, on the other hand, am a young newspaper man, one of the many business men, rather than editors, who are successfully at the helm to-day, and what success I am achieving in the average inland field is due to a definite business policy. Party politics receives a very small pinch of my active mind in the conduct of my newspaper.

Justice Moses and I agreed that the day of the partisan newspaper in America has passed. Had we disagreed, this article would have much less point.

It has not been my good fortune to sit in at national or State headquarters of any political party. But I have been on the receiving end of campaign publicity and propaganda for some time, and I have kept my eyes open. I am decidedly mistaken if the party managers are not badly confounded by the present newspaper situation. They cannot get their propaganda into the big dailies at all. At the same time, the smaller dailies and weeklies cannot afford to use their stuff without editing it severely and thus destroying the exact effect which party headquarters intend. Just why this is we shall see a little later. In truth, party organizations are facing a tremendous problem. A solution may easily elect the next President. Do headquarters realize

Only four reasons for partisan newspapers ever existed.

Two of them were partisan ownership and patronage (legal advertising), both obvious.

The remaining two reasons were closely allied. In the beginning, all news was political news and a newspaper had nothing to print unless it was fighting the cause of a political party. Gradually, two dominant parties created two ready-made subscription lists. If you remember anything of the latter part of the nineteenth century in America, you know that it was utterly impossible for one newspaper to serve the members of both parties.

Therefore there were at least two newspapers in every community, and both

were strictly partisan.

The four reasons, then, were: first, partisan ownership; second, legal advertising; third, limitation and character of the news; fourth, an aggressive and divided public.

Changing conditions have negatived all of them. The revolution started about twenty years ago. Out of the revolution, newspapers have emerged to a safe and sound commercial position. They are not

now "married" to the party.

Newspapers used to be of the kind that was conducted for many years by an old employee of mine who wound up his career at one of the display cases. He had been utterly incapable of rising with the tide. In late years he grew reticent, drew into himself. He was obstinate about type-setting machines, the use of advertising illustrations, and the frequent changing of ad copy. One day in his last years he told me of some "easy money," as he termed it, which he took from a Congressional candidate in the "palmy" days of his newspaper. The candidate had sent him several favorable articles to run without mentioning terms. Because he was editing a partisan newspaper he ran them as a matter of course. After the election the publisher sent the candidate a bill for a hundred dollars, and he told me in great glee of how he got it. All he had done, of course, was to influence all of his readers to vote for the candidate. And for this he was glad, even surprised, to receive a hundred dollars!

Things are different to-day.

The postmaster in a borough in Pennsylvania recently took sick and died within two weeks. He left his widow in meagre circumstances. Friends thought it would be a fine act to have the widow appointed to fill out the unexpired term. Having heard something about politics, they waited only until after the funeral and then rushed to their Congressman. But they were too late. The successor had already been appointed, had been selected at a conference fully a week before the postmaster had died.

The appointment did not happen to be popular. Another conference was held. Said the Congressman to the party committeeman of the borough: "Get your newspaper to write an article that will

fix this appointment with the public." Said the committeeman: "I cannot."

If the publisher had been approached, he would have spoken, substantially, as



He was glad to receive one hundred dollars.

follows: "As property, this newspaper is privately owned. But its policy belongs absolutely to the public. It does not favor any party when the party is wrong. It stands for what is right regardless of party. The advertising of any party or of any candidate will be accepted on a strictly cash with order basis."

In short, newspaper-making has become a business. And if it would be successful, if it would pay its help promptly, keep up its plant, give efficient service in news distribution, discount its bills, and pay its owner a justified profit, it should divorce itself from politics, just as every other successful line of business has done.

The telegraph, telephone, rotary press, and typewriter had a great deal to do with the development of news and newspapers, but they did not change their political characters. However, they made possible a service which first local and then national advertisers were glad to buy in ever increasing quantity. Profitable commercial advertising that had no strings tied to it, that was delivered on the basis of value received, is the fundamental cause of the separation of newspapers from parties.

Perhaps local advertisers practised the psychology of large display space before they realized the theory of it. But certain it is that the size of display space has its own psychology. Thus, the department

store used larger space than other stores to impress the public mind with the size of the institution back of the advertising. Soon the smaller store or the specialty shop, in announcing some special sales event, used large space. Along came national advertisers to swell the volume. Then it became necessary to use threecolumn space constantly so as not to be lost in editions running from twenty-four to sixty pages. Meanwhile the mechanical department had been able to keep step with the development. Finally, the volume of what has always been termed "legal advertising," and which is placed in those papers selected by the party in power, became so small a part of the annual volume that publishers have been forced to drop it from consideration in the formation of policy.

I say "forced," and that is what I mean. A newspaper sells its advertising space most easily and successfully to-day on the basis of circulation. Circulation shows how well it covers its field. Obviously, it is not good business to appeal to the members of only one party. Why should any publisher cut his possible circulation in half by continually publishing the ideas and principles of only one party?

He should not, nor can he, unless he has a longing to dig ditches or sweep streets. I recently had become a newspaper owner when Charles E. Hughes was a candidate for the Presidency. Earlier in life he had been a law professor at my university. Later I had met him personally when he was a Justice of the Supreme Court and when I was a member of a college theatrical troupe which played in Washington. Furthermore, I had been a high school debater in New York when he was the greatly admired governor of that State. Lastly, he appealed to me for many reasons, not the least of which was his fair and open mind, and I liked him. Consequently I published nearly all of the propaganda sent out by Republican national headquarters that year. I may be permitted to say that some of this propaganda was decidedly ill-advised. It cost me the subscription of a Democrat who had read my newspaper for forty years, and, being a merchant, he took his advertising with him. He used to throw my newspaper clear across the room when it was delivered to him. I cannot say how many good readers followed his lead. In the few years intervening, I have become a much more successful publisher. I am a Republican still. But I can assure you that most of the Democrats in my county read my newspaper regularly and that none of them are to-day throwing it across the room. Yet, sincerely and confidentially, I think I did more for Coolidge, in spite of my saner business policy, than I did for Hughes.

Newspapers are making a new crop of millionaires. In thousands of cities, men, many of them formerly printers at the case with only a trade, who secured plants and property twenty or thirty years ago for a few thousands or hundreds, can now sell out for hundreds of thousands. And there you have the reason why candidates are not now buying newspapers to be elected governor or congress-

man.

Recently I asked the price of a newspaper property in a New York city of sixteen thousand population. This newspaper has its field exclusively and enjoys a circulation of approximately only eight thousand families. I was not merely a curiosity buyer. I wanted to buy. The present owner asked me six hundred thousand dollars. In another exclusive field of eight thousand population where an old established newspaper with a limited equipment now has about three thousand circulation, the owner wanted to sell badly so that he could remove to the Pacific Coast, but he would not accept less than one hundred thousand dollars, and he wanted half of that in cash. These prices were not based on physical valuations strictly. Earnings are relatively large. It is to be noted that both of these newspapers treat all parties equally and alike as far as their news and advertising columns are involved. In their editorial columns they make sincere efforts to uphold what is best for the public without regard to party. It is to be noted also that the influence of these newspapers in elections is strong and very definite. Readers are accustomed to read favorable Democratic sentiment at one time, or something in favor of the Republican party at another. They are pretty certain that they will not find impure party propaganda at any time. Knowing that

motives are pure, they give careful consideration to the newspaper's opinion.

Reaction to a partisan Republican party newspaper in a Pennsylvania city of fourteen thousand population is not nearly so definite nor large in quantity. Nothing in favor of any other party is ever found in this newspaper's news and editorial columns. Ofttimes the editorials are decidedly slippery because they are so obviously Republican propaganda. It happens that the entire county does not have a Democratic newspaper, not even a Democratic weekly. All publicity is in favor of the Republican party. Yet, in this county, we find the Democrats strongly entrenched in three of the four major offices. By remaining strictly partisan, this newspaper of which I write has obviously lost political prestige.

Nor has it progressed satisfactorily in commercial volume. Knowing that it serves only part of the public politically, it ignorantly fears the establishment of a Democratic newspaper in opposition. To ward against this possibility, it sells its advertising space for a ridiculously low rate per inch in the local field. This cuts its normal advertising volume down at least one third. Now by the very nature of its business, a newspaper must operate at a certain fixed overhead. It takes its profits from excess. Sacrificing one third of a normal advertising volume in order to remain strictly partisan is costing this newspaper something like twenty thousand dollars per year. Unfortunately, the Republican party does not know this and would be absolutely powerless to make it up even if it did. Nor does the party seem to realize that this newspaper is of very little help in winning elections.

Combinations have also helped to divorce newspaper and parties. The cost of publishing a newspaper to-day is very large. Towns up to twenty-five thousand population formerly boasted of two, or more, dailies, neither of them doing particularly well but both getting by after a fashion; to-day many of these cities have only one newspaper. This changing situation is covering the country rapidly. And of course, when one newspaper takes possession of a field, it aims to give service and satisfaction to as large a number as possible. It gives complete news first consideration. Advertisers are given exceedingly good

coverage of the territory. There simply is no room for a one-party policy.

Some may view this new situation with alarm. "How are we to maintain our two-party system?" they ask. That, you will admit, is the problem of the party and not of the newspaper. However, I, for one, know that the present situation is much better for the newspaper and I believe that it is more wholesome for parties and for the nation. But the party will be obliged to get up to date to meet the situation. It will be forced to revamp its methods of keeping the public informed of its principles and its objectives. A few suggestions may be in order.

The major candidacies are legitimate news. Their progress, their speeches, will always be carried by the news wires. This insures them representation in dailies; and, as far as these larger newspapers are concerned, the only problem of the political managers is to select candidates who can say something and do something. I do admit, of course, that it is becoming exceedingly difficult to make a weak can-

didate look strong.

And while the day when columns and columns of propaganda to be set in type in the newspaper plant without editing has passed, both dailies and weeklies are more greedy than ever for good feature material. But it must be good. And it must be reasonably accurate, sound, and largely in picture form. The Republicans made a good start along this line in the Coolidge campaign when the old sap bucket of the Coolidge farm (a very good and novel substitute for the appeal of the old oaken bucket) was presented to Henry Ford; and other subjects, liberally painted with what is known as "human interest," were sent to all newspapers. The "publicity" of the Democratic National Committee in the same campaign stuck to the old-fashioned proof sheets filled with stuff that the publisher could not afford to print, and I am sure that no great amount of it got into print for that reason.

The parties can do, also, as any legitimate enterprise does; they can purchase display space where and when they care to and can write their copy to suit themselves. Even to-day this would prove to be the most effective use of publicity funds. Eventually it will consti-

tute the major expenditure.

Mounds

BY JAMES G. BERRIEN

Have you ever noticed the beautiful way
God curves things?
The sloping slant of a hill
With the hint of a rock plateau underneath?
The bend of a river around
The sharp point of an island?
A two-year-old-baby's eyelash?
The way a bird dips and soars?

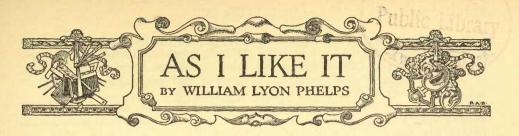
A hill through the heart of a State
Goes for miles, full of saw-toothed walls.
They fight like the devil to show through,
They think that is what they are meant for.
Benignantly they are vignetted below and above
With marvellous billowy verdure
That makes all the tops of the hills
Like waves—gentle, or high, or just slipping.

And the river that flows below—
Flows so smoothly—
Ever so smooth, like oil
Gray-green or bright blue in the sun
Making soft the high lights of the trees
And the too brown earth
And the autumn grass.

The brown road that gets over the hill—
Though so full of quite meaningless miles
Of sheer drag, and momentum, and use—
Has trees every side and long falls of water
Down crescent-shaped stairs of rock;
Has the arc of the moon seen afar.

So explosions that blast life wide open,
Like wars, quick death, sudden hate,
Wear the cerements of time
With the grace of a lightning-shot oak
Turned to mould—a sweet bed for the moss.





F those who make their living by writing, my unsolicited sympathy flows most freely toward the New York dramatic critics. So far as I can see, they are both honest and shrewd: the commonest accusation against them may easily be explained, if not justified. The accusation is that, instead of writing a criticism, they use the average new play as a target for their own wit, with the endeavor to score as frequently and palpably as possible. But think what they have to endure! To understand is surely to forgive. There are (exclusive of pic-ture-houses) sixty-five theatres in New York, and the dramatic critic must attend, if possible, every first night. Of the sixty-five performances on any given evening, not more than fifteen are worth seeing; the critic would intellectually and physically be better off almost anywhere else. Indeed, the situation is so serious that if one had to choose between seeing every play in New York and never going to the theatre at all, one would be a positive gainer by practising total abstinence. Most of the plays are such an insult to human intelligence that they must in the course of time produce a damaging effect on the mind and character; and if you are tempted to curse the critic, pause a moment and think how long your mind and heart would hold out if constantly exposed to such a mass of puerilities.

No one loves the theatre more than I. But if I had to choose between seeing all the plays in New York and seeing none, I would take the latter alternative. It is not possible to see them all and escape unscathed. Even as kings used to have professional tasters who tasted every dish of food before it reached the royal lips, in order to see if it was poisonous, so the professional dramatic critics are the official tasters for the sovereign people, and, unfortunately for them, much that they taste is either unpalatable or injurious. I am amazed at their endur-

ance and grateful for their dietetic re-

ports.

I am in the free and happy position of never going to the theatre except when I wish to, and of never seeing anything unless I have reason to believe it will repay my time and trouble. Even then I sometimes think—well, I remember a criticism in a Western newspaper: "If the admission were free, at the end of the first act the actors would owe the audience money."

Whether I receive free tickets or pay for them, I am always glad to recommend those plays that I have found either innocently amusing or intellectually stimu-

lating.

When I first heard that "Hamlet" was to be presented in modern clothes and with modern implements, I had a feeling akin to nausea. I felt it was like jazzing the Bible, turning a tragedy into a travesty, in the hope that it might be lowered enough to reach the level of the intelligence of the modern audience. But on reading the criticisms and hearing tributes from discriminating lovers of Shakespeare, I determined to see for myself, with the result that I found the performance not only intelligent and illuminating, but thrilling. Mr. Basil Sydney acted the greatest of all parts with sympathy and skill, and the other members of the cast looked like real persons. Ophelia was young and slim, Queen Gertrude looked sufficiently alluring to have tempted Claudius or any one else, and Polonius, in cutaway and spats, was just what he ought to be. Although I have seen "Hamlet" many times, I have never seen the funeral of Ophelia and the episodes connected with it presented in so convincing a fashion. Hamlet in tweeds with a golf cap, looking at the skull, made a contrast between life and death that was terribly impressive. Once more it became clear that Shakespeare is not only the greatest of poets but the greatest of playwrights.

The artistic success of this experiment does not make me any the less grateful to Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore for their Shakespearian performances. It is fortunate for us all that Mr. Hampden has at last his own theatre in New York, where he can give standard dramas; fortunate, too, that with him is associated

Ethel Barrymore.

But it is unfortunate that Rostand's "The Last Night of Don Juan," which is a work of genius, could not have been more happily presented and interpreted. I am glad I saw it, for even under distressing circumstances it is more rewarding than almost any other modern play; but the production at the Greenwich Village Theatre was hopeless, and any prospect of a long run was nullified. What is needed now perhaps more than anything else is a Rostand revival. We shall forever admire Walter Hampden for giving so magnificent an interpretation of Cyrano de Bergerac. But we need also to see "Chantecler," "L'Aiglon," and "Les Romanesques." Genius is too scarce and too precious to be neglected.

Last year, owing to prolonged absence, I was unable to see "What Price Glory?" But this season it is on tour, and I had the pleasure of seeing it in New Haven. It is a powerful and convincing drama, a war play written in sincerity and truth. The more of such representations the better. When Channing Pollock took "The Enemy" to the producer, he was told that everybody wanted to forget the war. retorted with the excellent remark of Colonel House: "The sooner we forget this war, the sooner we shall have the next one." My admiration for "The Enemy," which I expressed in an earlier number of Scribner's, was strengthened

by seeing it again.

Among the new plays one of the most notable is Philip Barry's "In a Garden," a splendid addition to American drama. The plot is original, the dialogue subtle and brilliant; and Laurette Taylor does the finest work in her career. A pleasure it is to see also the veteran actor Ferdinand Gottschalk, who for many years has delighted audiences by his consummate

The success of "The Show-Off," by George Kelly, was so great that I feared I might be disappointed by "Craig's Wife." I was not, though. This is another excellent American play, both amazing and stimulating. Keep your eyes on Kelly.

Eva Le Gallienne, one of the brightest ornaments of the modern stage, deserves universal recognition for her revival of "The Master Builder." She gave this in a series of "off" matinees, and it was so successful that it is now running nightly.

Books on the drama continue to multiply. One of the best I have read in a long time is Frank Vernon's "The Twentieth Century Theatre," which packs an immense amount of excellent criticism into a small space. A. E. Morgan's "Tendencies of the Modern Drama" has some good chapters, but labors under the fardel of dulness. Imagine writing three long chapters on Shaw, and Shaw is witty in himself but is not always the cause of wit in other men.

Has any change really taken place in Shaw's mind? There certainly has in his face. Formerly his portraits looked like Mephistopheles. Now they look like a benevolent priest. Is Saint Joan respon-

sible?

Young Mr. Collis has written a readable and lively book on Shaw, embellished with foot-notes by G. B. S. The book is filled with so much adulation and fulsome flattery that one might think it would be almost too much for its hero to swallow. One would be wrong.

"In a temple every one should be serious except the thing worshipped," said

the great Oscar.

An important and valuable work on the theatre in America has recently appeared under the title "The Charleston Stage in the XVIII Century, with Social Settings of the Time," by Eola Willis, published at Columbia, S. C. The scope of the book is shown in the following extracts from the Foreword.

To correct inaccuracies and to place Charleston in her proper light upon her own boards, the Gazettes have been searched page by page, and every item of theatrical importance or interest extracted from 1734 until January, 1801. . . . The result has been most gratifying in bringing to light the first American Prologues and Epilogues, the first productions of Ballad Opera in this Country, the first advertisements and dramatic criticisms, and the "first nights" of some of the most desirable acquisitions, etc.

It is a work of scholarship, patriotism, piety; and carefully done.

With reference to my query in the December issue as to the ability of singers to control their emotion, I have received many letters. Here is one from a man whose books I read with ever-increasing admiration—Basil King.

I think I can give you an example of a singer being overcome by the sheer emotion of what he sings, just as the reader of a poem by what he reads. The great basso, Pol Plançon, whom I knew intimately for many years, could never get through the air Qui sdegno from "The Magic Flute" without tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice. Oddly enough this was only when he sang in private. On the stage he never faltered; but when he sang it in a room, as I have heard him do some hundreds of times, there was always a hint of breaking down in the second last line of the words.

How I envy Basil King's years of intimacy with Plançon! He had a magnificent voice, enormous in volume, flexible as a trilling soprano, and under marvellous control. I first heard him in 1800, in "Faust" at Paris; a young American girl, Emma Eames, was the Marguerite. What a pair! In later years I heard him often at the Metropolitan, and once, when, in a concert at New Haven, he sang "The Two Grenadiers," I thought he was almost overcome. I was not almost but altogether so. It was a cruel fate that made Edouard de Reszké and Plançon contemporaries. They were both such glorious singers and such intelligent artists that they should have appeared at different periods of time. At the Metropolitan Plançon always had to take a secondary rôle, although he was one of the greatest singers of all time. Repeatedly I heard both him and Edouard in the same opera-if it was "Meistersinger" Edouard was Hans Sachs, and Plançon Pogner, etc. In "Faust," Edouard, who, unlike his brother, was never ill, always sang Mephistopheles. I remember an article in Town Topics, which, although of course praising Edouard for his "tremendous voice and striking personality," advised everybody to go to Brooklyn, the only place where one could hear Plançon sing Mephistopheles, and enjoy "his rich and noble tones."

What makes great bassos such giants in stature? Edouard de Reszké, Pol Plançon, Paul Bender, Chaliapin—all well over six feet.

An elocutionist, Miss Fonetta Flansburg, who by the way calls me Richard Lyon Phelps—a splendid compliment when you remember the royal connotation of the two names—gives a practical suggestion:

Forewarned that the tender or heroic (the worst) passage is at hand, I quietly draw a deep breath which brings the diaphragm taut and the lungs full. I keep that through the passage, renewing the breath if necessary. So held, I can let my voice make its appeal to my hearers, but I myself do not yield. Pick out your worst passage, brace up your diaphragm and read on one deep breath as long as possible, sneak a little more if necessary, till the danger point is passed.

Miss Margaret Lyneham, of Corning, New York, writes:

To quote my old teacher Dr. S. S. Curry [I knew him well], who used to compare the emotions to a high-spirited horse—how ancient that sounds, doesn't it?—which if left to his own desires runs here and there and gets nowhere. The will, like the driver, controls and directs without destroying or eliminating feeling. The trainer of the horse takes nothing from the horse. He guides him.

Miss Anna Nicholas, in an interesting article in the Indianapolis *Star*, comments as follows:

Prof. Phelps is not the first one who has felt a similar wonder—not that singers are not overcome by the passion or pathos of their songs, but that so few of them express those emotions in their singing. For the professor is probably wrong in his assumption that the singers usually feel intensely what they sing. They convey too often the impression that they are concerned solely with their vocalization, which may be fine in its way and yet lack the sympathetic quality that proves the emotional and spiritual appreciation of the music and the words. The greatest singers have more than beautiful voices; they have more than

a mere intellectual understanding of the song and its setting. If the author of the song and the composer of the music have put sorrow or tragedy or tender love or triumphant joy into their songs—soul, in short—the sympathetic singer will interpret that soul and the listener will be thrilled to his innermost heart and uplifted emotionally to

a degree no other power can equal.

It does not by any means follow that a possessor of a beautiful voice is appreciative of fine sentiment or is of emotional or sympathetic temperament. Nor is an understanding and sympathetic spirit necessarily an accompaniment of keen intelligence. This fact is illustrated by the difference between the singing of negro spirituals by white and colored singers. The former seem to miss almost entirely the sincere feeling that belongs to the songs, while the negroes sing with their hearts. Whether the sympathetic quality can be cultivated on a barren foundation is doubtful.

Finally, my friend Daniel Frohman, the most universally beloved theatrical manager extant, writes:

In the last SCRIBNER you asked why is the artist not overcome with the emotion he expresses on the stage, either in singing or in acting. Have you not read Diderot, Coquelin, and Irving on this much mooted

subject?

Of course, we know that the artist, in order to affect his public and make effective in every possible way the emotion which he seeks to express, must first control himself and all his resources of expression in order to give verity to what he seeks to do to impress his auditor and to be convincing and to make his art or his creation, or his interpretation, credible. So he has to depend upon his resources as an artist to translate into the character he enacts, the right proportion of effects that make it a truthful representation. If he allows himself to be personally shaken and overcome with the emotion he portrays, he cannot make his auditor feel the illusion of reality. I have had many experiences in this direction.

I am often asked what is the best life of Stevenson. In spite of new information on his youthful days, the best biography of Stevenson is still the "Letters" edited by Sidney Colvin and the "Life" by Graham Balfour.

An interesting story with a particularly suave villain is Harold MacGrath's "The Cellini Plaque." Just a good yarn, with

an ingenious plot.

Among the new autobiographies, one of the most captivating is by Thomas R. Marshall, who had almost as much fun in being Vice-President as, before him, Roosevelt had in being President. Tom Marshall called his book "A Hoosier Salad." It abounds in good stories. One of the best is his account of a political torchlight procession.

In the morning the Democratic newspaper . . . announced that it was the greatest torch-light procession that had ever marched in the city of Crawfordsville; that it was so large it took two hours to pass a given point. The evening Republican paper quoted this statement, confessed it was true, and then added that the given point was Mike Mulholland's saloon.

One of the most pithy sayings of Mr. Marshall is his statement of America's greatest need. "What the country needs most is a good five-cent cigar."

The expression, "my salad days," sounds like Lamb or Thackeray, and not in the least like Shakespeare. But it nevertheless belongs to the Bard of Avon.

The other day I was seriously asked why Lamb's essay on "Roast Pig" was considered funny. Well, it seems funny that a lamb should write an essay on a

pig.

Bryan's "Memoirs," completed by his wife—a highly intelligent woman, who successfully performed a difficult task—is a book that all Americans should read. No unprejudiced person can read it without believing in Bryan's sincerity and goodness. And I believe that his resignation when secretary of state was dictated by the best motives. He could not square his convictions with continuance in office, and showed considerable originality in preferring his convictions. never voted for Bryan and I almost never shared his views on any important subject, but I had a hearty admiration for the man, which has been strengthened by reading this book.

Albert Bigelow Paine, whose biography of Mark Twain is as good a biography as any I know in American literature, gains fresh laurels by his "Life of Joan of Arc," an important, valuable, dramatic work. Translating the original documents is a boon to readers. Did ever a woman have a more universal appeal? Within a short

space of time she has been biographied by Anatole France, Andrew Lang, Mark Twain, Bernard Shaw, and A. B. Paine. French, Scotch, Irish, and Americans

unite to do her honor.

Katy Leary's "A Lifetime with Mark Twain, Memories," written from her lips by Mary Lawton, is a book that no one can afford to miss. It gives an intimate view of one of the most picturesque personalities that ever adorned this planet, and even a stranger would feel after reading it that he had lived in this household, and knew closely every member of the family. The thing is amazingly well done. Was there ever a more lovable man?

And yet he twice tried to have me arrested, and once set a price on my head, the only time I received that particular distinction. When I was a boy in Hartford, on every Fourth of July I rose at midnight and, together with others, kept up an infernal racket till nine in the evening, twenty-one consecutive hours of undiluted bliss. At about three A. M. on one of these holidays, we were howling and yelling and shooting explosives near Mark Twain's house, when suddenly a policeman appeared on the scene. The cry Cheese it, the Cop! rang out against the starry sky. We dodged and ran; the minion of the law caught only one of us. to whom he explained that Mark Twain had telephoned—I know now with what lyrical profanity—to have us all arrested. But the merciful Irish policeman let his prisoner go, on the latter's promise to be responsible for no more noise in that vicinity.

The other occasion was more serious. When I was twelve years old, I owned a double-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun, with which I used to haunt the precincts of Hog River. One day—O ecstasy!— I saw a flock of white ducks, which I thought were wild, whereas only the owner of them turned out to be. I blazed away with both barrels and five of them swam no more. At that moment of nimrodical delight, as I was about to gather the trophies of the chase, a person appeared who informed me those were tame prize ducks, the property of Mark Twain, and that I had better run for my life. After a moment's bewildered discomfiture, I thought his advice sound; I fled. Next day the Hartford papers contained a paragraph by Mark Twain, announcing a substantial money reward for the apprehension of the miscreant who had slaughtered his valuable pet ducks. Of course I could have claimed the reward, but I didn't. For three months I never went near his house or the river, though my special pal, now the Honorable Frank W. Hubbard, of Detroit, lived in that immediate neighborhood. This is the only time a price was set on my head, and I was worth more to the authorities than I have ever been since.

A book that last week I read at a sitting and wished it were three times as long, is Richard Le Gallienne's "The Romantic '90's," which gives excellent penportraits of the leading literary lights of that dramatic decade. It is written in exactly the right style and temper, and I came very close to Swinburne, Meredith, Wilde, and others. Facsimile letters will please those who think character can be read in chirography—I don't. Max Beerbohm's caricature, which serves as a frontispiece, will explain why it was that Dana's Sun called Richard Le Gallienne the Head of the Angora School of Fiction.

No religious devotee has a faith more touching than that held by many men of science, as witness the following extracts from "Quo Vadimus?" by Doctor E. E.

Fournier d'Albe.

Every normal child is anxious to learn, and can be easily brought to feel and appreciate the intellectual joy of comprehension.

A workman in a physically fit condition does not object to working.

Sancta simplicitas!

I have previously had occasion in this column to call attention to "An Ambassador's Memoirs," being the English translation of the Diary of Maurice Paléologue, French Ambassador to the Russian Court in the years preceding the revolution of 1917. The third volume has just been published, covering the period from August 19, 1916, to May 17, 1917. It would be difficult to find a more accurate prophecy than this, which M. Paléologue wrote in his journal under date of October 8, 1916:

The long drawn-out war, doubts about victory and the difficulties of the economic

situation have given revolutionary hopes new life. Preparations are being made for the struggle which is believed to be at hand.

The leaders of the movement are the three "labour" deputies in the Duma, Tcheidze, Skobelev, and Kerensky. Great influence is also being exercised from abroad, the influence of Lenin, who has fled to Switzerland.

What strikes me most about the Petrograd triumvirate is the practical character of its activity. The disappointments of 1905 have borne fruit. There is no idea now of joining hands with the "Cadets," who are bourgeois and will never understand the proletariat: all illusions as to the immediate help to be expected from the rural masses have now vanished, and the revolutionaries are merely promising them the division of land. But the main thing is that the "armed revolution" is being organized. It is by the closest association between the workmen and the soldiers that the "revolutionary dictatorship" will be established: victory will be secured by the co-operation of the factory and the barracks.

And here are interesting passages:

B— has been quoting a proverb which expresses in a very picturesque form the inability of the Russians to discipline themselves voluntarily for the sake of a common effort:

"When three Germans meet they immediately form a *Verein* and elect a president. When two Russians meet, they immediately

form three parties."

Saturday, November 18, 1916. Of the symptoms which have impelled me

Of the symptoms which have impelled me to a very gloomy diagnosis of the moral health of the Russian people, one of the most alarming is the steady increase in the number of suicides in recent years.

As this question has caused me serious concern, I have discussed it with Dr. Shingarev, a Duma deputy and neurologist, who came to see me on a private matter. He tells me that the number of suicides has trebled or even quadrupled in Petrograd, Moscow, Kiev, Kharkov and Odessa during the last ten years. The evil has spread to the country districts also, although it has not reached such high proportions there or made such rapid progress. It is the youth of the country which is paying the heaviest and the statistics record cases of children of eight. The causes of most of these crimes are neurasthenia, melancholia, hypochondria and general disgust with life. Cases due to impulsive obsession or physical suffering are rare. As always in Russia, mental contagion and mutual suggestion play an

important part. Thus epidemics of suicide are frequent among students, soldiers, prisoners and prostitutes.

Monday, November 27, 1916. I forget who it was said of Cæsar that he had "all the vices and not one fault." Nicholas II has not a single vice, but he has the worst fault an autocratic sovereign could possibly have—a want of personality. He is always following the lead of others.

Last week, in Philadelphia, I visited the Curtis Institute of Music, in company with its gracious founder, Mary Louise Curtis Bok. This is already a productive institution, occupying several beautiful buildings, having many pupils, all carefully selected, with the best instructors anywhere available. I do not see how any ambitious student of the piano could ask for a finer teacher than Josef Hofmann, or how the voice could be better trained in technique or the pupil more stimulated than by Marcella Sembrich. I had a good talk with this great artist, reminding her of the nights at the Metropolitan, where she sang with her two incomparable fellow-countrymen, Jean and Edouard de Reszké. Madame Sembrich is full of vitality, humor, and vivacity, and loves teaching.

In the afternoon I heard the splendid Philadelphia Orchestra. In the box next to ours were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Noyes, who had just completed a long journey in America. I was glad to learn from them that they had enjoyed every moment of this expedition and that they will return in 1927. Alfred Noyes is one of the very few poets who can read their own poetry in an illuminating and impressive fashion. Furthermore, there is no ambassador of goodwill from Great Britain to America more effective than he.

When Henry James heard Lord Tennyson read he said he was surprised to see that the bard took more out of his poetry than he had put into it. When I hear Alfred Noyes, I both hear the music and get the interpretation.

In old days, to listen to Professor F. J. Child reading Shakespeare was better than reading any commentary.

I am glad so many people love the Dark. In addition to numerous letters,

The State, of Columbia, S. C., has a long and admirable editorial on the pleasures of evening. I am glad I made my confession, if only for the sake of inspiring so excellent an essay. I hate night, but I love evening. Few things in nature are more charming in their suggested intimacy than the early dusk of autumn. I fully understand the spirit of Browning's poem:

"How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark autumn-evenings
come!"

But the early evening is quite different from two o'clock in the morning. Evening has an enfolding charm—night is full of witches and hobgoblins. If I could manage my own universe, I should like dusk to come on about five and the sun rise again in a few hours, and thus have no night at all on earth, even as it is in heaven. By the way, who was it that first called attention to the paradox that although night falls, it doesn't break; and that although day breaks, it doesn't fall? Nature is full of mysteries, n'est-ce pas?

I was gratified in reading the December number of Scribner's to observe that my remarks on Still Life gave my beloved colleague Royal Cortissoz material for an entire article, written with his accustomed learning, insight, and urbanity. writes from a wealth of professional knowledge, and if it were a question of science instead of art, I should have to surrender. But it is a matter of taste. and I remain unconverted. He considers the technical workmanship, I merely look at the picture. Works of art cannot appear the same to an amateur and a professional. I have received many letters: here is one from Mr. Lewis C. Everard, of Washington: "The pleasure in still life is all for the artist, as the pleasure in pure mathematics is all for the mathematician. Ordinary mortals do well to avoid them both." Another, from Arthur E. Bostwick, the distinguished librarian of St. Louis, who writes: "technique per se is of interest only to technicians. I admit that the value of a work of art lies not chiefly in the subject but in the way it is portrayed. Still . . . it must be worth painting. It is precisely because 'still

life' is not of this character that still life pictures must always remain second class, except from the standpoint of the techni-John B. Tileston, of Sharon, Mass., perhaps feels as strongly about still life as any one, as he writes: "There is a place in the world for still life pictures, but that place is on the walls of an insane asylum beside the cubist and futuristic pictures." My knowledge of art. in comparison with that of Mr. Cortissoz. is approximately zero; but the first step toward learning is sincerity. Anyhow, I hope to accept his kind invitation to accompany him through a gallery of still life pictures; I would go anywhere with him; his companionship would atone for all the muralities. To have him lead me through such scenes would be like Virgil conducting Dante through hell.

On December 14, Miss Eleonora Sears walked in something under ten hours from Providence to her home in Boston. a distance of forty-four miles. I respectfully salute her, for I used to do some walking myself, and I know her achievement is worth recording. In the spring of 1884, when I was a Yale freshman, my classmate George Daniel Pettee, of Sharon, Mass., started with me at three o'clock in the morning to see how far we could walk in one day. We occasionally broke the monotony of walking by trotting three or four miles, which is exactly what Miss Sears did; by half-past two o'clock in the afternoon we had walked fifty miles, and had it not been for bad weather conditions, I think we might have covered seventy-five by evening. But it was a frightfully hot day, the thermometer registering well over ninety; at halfpast two there broke one of the worst thunderstorms I have ever seen, and we were drenched. We found shelter in a shed, and there we sat for an hour in soaked garments. When we started on again, we felt like Rip Van Winkle after twenty years of slumber-it was impossible to control our legs.

I salute Edouard Horemans, the Belgian billiardist, who after several years of effort has finally won the 18.2 championship of the world. By the time these lines are printed he may have lost it again, but,

anyway, his ambition has been once satisfied. I wish our great artists of the cue would take up that game—so popular in the eighties—of cushion caroms. Nursing is in this impossible, with the result that the spectators see the most dazzling open-table play. I witnessed a great match between the late Jacob Schaefer and the Frenchman Vignaux, in which Schaefer made a run of 70, the highest run on record at that time being 77, made by Sexton.

I saw Mr. Horemans play when he first came to this country; his skill is marvellous. He is a worthy champion, being as modest and unassuming as he is bril-

liant.

Into the Faerie Queene Club comes Mrs. J. R. Angell, the accomplished wife of the president of Yale, who read the poem at the age of twelve.

Miss Anna Coleman Ladd, a sculptor, is also admitted, having read the poem when she was a child in Paris. Her

mother

had done the same—spouting whole cantos as she cantered bareback across country. It goes with a zest for life and a sense of its stab, and I still loved Britomart as I modelled Duse, Pavlova, Anne Morgan, Yurka,

and carved my war-memorials.

But I have a bone to pick with you for seeing nothing in Brousson's Anatole France but the witty lecher! The reverence of the master for his craft, the infinite pains in search for perfection, the scorn of the second-rate, and the gay indifference to popularity and pompousness are bracing and needed.

If he really had had scorn for the secondrate, he would not have put lechery above literature.

More feats of reading. Rebecca B. Brown, of Springfield, Mass., joins the exclusive Samuel Richardson Club. She has just finished reading "Pamela," "Clarissa," and "Grandison."

Reverend William Langdon, of Ashe-

ville, N. C., writes:

You were so interested in the feat of my neighbor, Miss Myrtle Harris, of reading the Bible in six days that I am sending you a note of another who read it in eight days. The Presbylerian Survey, of November, page

684, says that an old gentleman at Salto, Sabatini Nastari, an Italian member of a Brazilian church, did as above, and again read it through 20 times in one year.

Here is an important notice. The annual dinner of the Fano Club will be held at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn., on Friday, May 7, at seven o'clock. Those who intend to be present will please write to me; and I hope others will write a few words that may be read at the party. This is the only notice that will be given of this dinner.

Mr. George T. Lambert, of Lebanon, N. J., writes:

The inquiry of Dr. Phelps as to the dental equipment of the genus bovinæ reminds me of a story they used to tell "on" a certain gentleman who lived in a cow-town down on the Santa Fe, who prided himself on picking bargains but whose knowledge of dry goods was better than it was of cattle. Having bought what had been represented to him as a fine young milk cow, he was bragging of his purchase to a ranch customer and asked him to come out and look her over. "What did you give for her, Julius?" asked Tim. "Only seventy-five dollars; I got her dirt cheap." "Seventy-five dollars! Why, hell, man," says Tim, "that's an old cow. I bet she is beginning to shed her teeth; let's look at her mouth. See, she hasn't got a tooth left on her upper jaw," and the ranch man lifted up the lip, and the merchant, fully convinced that he had been badly stung, sold the cow for thirty-five dollars. (The "toothless" animal was five years old.)

P. S.—After a somewhat extensive acquaintance with them I have never met a cow which did not show a decided preference for rising first upon her hind "laigs"—in fact, in the spring of the year I have in the Southwest met those who had to be pulled by the tail in order to do that. Ask Will

James. He knows.

Interesting comment from Ralph J. Williams, of Rahway, N. J.:

Cows' horns and moles' eyes may be traps for the unobserving, but the flapping of the wings of an ordinary rooster seems to have caused even such a keen observer as Mr. William Beebe to stumble, for in "A Monograph of the Pheasants," Vol. II, page 34, sixth line from the bottom, he says: "The bird (the black-beaked Kaleeze pheasant) never strikes its sides, as does the domestic

cock." ("Never" is italicized by the au-

thor, the other words by me.)

In September, 1923, you made this statement: "By the way, I have never received from any one a satisfactory answer to this question: What determines the gender of a new word in the French language?" Perhaps this will give you the information. A friend of mine told me in Senlis, Oise, in 1918, that the French Academy decided that the word "automobile" should be feminine, because (at that time) you could never tell what an automobile was going to do.

I am often accused of reading an enormous number of new books, but I take my hat off to one of our youngest authors, who announces that a certain novel published in 1925 is "as great as anything produced in English during the past twenty-five years, and certainly more brilliant than any other novel of the same period." I admire not only this subtle and discriminating criticism, I wonder at any one who has read and judged everything published in the English language since 1900.

According to the London newspapers, John Galsworthy gave a lecture on "Expression" before sailing to America, in which he talked entertainingly on American newspaper headlines. As the extreme limit, he cited the headline which appeared when the English poet laureate, Robert Bridges, refused to be interviewed:

KING'S CANARY WON'T CHIRP

which is surely worth remembering. I remember one which, while not nearly so good, equals this in cheerful impudence. When Matthew Arnold was touring

America in 1883–84, he arrived at Chicago in the evening, and was surrounded by reporters, to whom he spoke in a pontifical manner. He made a distinct impression, the exact nature of which was hidden from him till the following morning, when at breakfast he was greeted in the newspaper with the following huge headline:

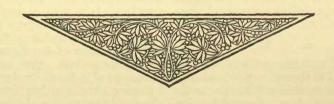
MATTHEW HAS WHISKERS

And recently the same cheerful intimacy with the great was shown by an American headline—reported to me by Professor Marian Whitney of Vassar—describing the Prince of Wales's reception at London on his return from the Seven Seas:

WALES IN TEARS WHILE HOME TOWN CHEERS

Although I had rather be a college professor than have any other job, I think it is salutary for me to know that some persons, after reading or hearing me, put thumb and fingers to nose in the international gesture of contempt. This is why I subscribe to *The American Mercury* and find its comments a tonic. But every one who reads this clever *Advocatus Diaboli* should be sure to read, immediately after, the excellent *McNaught's Monthly*, especially "Intelligentsiana."

Several times I have been asked if the story of my being poisoned by a wild duck in a Paris restaurant is really true, and, to settle this trivial matter once for all, let me declare now that the story of that French duck is no canard.





THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



T is impossible to keep pace in these pages with the mutations of the art season. The exhibitions come and go with a rapidity requiring at least a weekly chronicle for the adequate recording of them. But they include many episodes of too vivid an interest to be altogether neglected here. Even after they have departed they leave memories on which it is worth while to pause, if only to enforce the fact that we are vouchsafed every winter an extraordinary series of artistic experiences. I don't believe that there is anything quite like it anywhere else in the world. Masterpieces of the past are sent to New York as to the best of all markets. I remember the sensation created years ago when Rembrandt's Gilder appeared in the United States. Such things are now matters of course. The interests of modern art are steadily promoted. work of contemporary Europeans is brought to our doors, and our own men are given every chance. The first important show of the season was that at the Metropolitan in memory of George Bellows, which I traversed in an earlier number of Scribner's, and as I write, a similar tribute is being paid at the same museum to John Sargent. Bourdelle's sculptures I discussed in this place only a short time ago. The exhibition of his work was peculiarly representative of the almost feverish energy with which the American public is kept abreast of the art of the moment. This educational campaign inevitably invites reflection.

2 2 2

THE Pittsburgh International, which is now held in the autumn instead of in the spring, is an invaluable resource for the American student. Even if he goes annually abroad he is not likely to get as comprehensive an idea of what the painters are doing there as he can get at Pittsburgh. Homer Saint-Gaudens ransacks the foreign studios, and the big show at Carnegie Institute is something like an

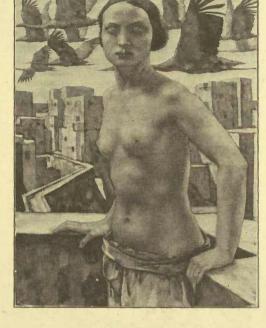
anthology of modern effort. What has it to say of current conditions? Not much that is exactly inspiring. The impression that I received of French art, for example, was that it was marking time and doing the best it could with a few progressive talents. The most interesting phenomenon I observed was what I would call a mitigation of the glossy slickness so long characteristic of the Salonnier. It came originally from excessive devotion to technical efficiency. The French cult for good workmanship has landed many of its practitioners to-day in a kind of juiceless mechanical adroitness. It is deadening, and a great deal of modern French art is only half alive. There are signs of a reaction against convention, and I am not referring to the iconoclasm of the modernists but to the work of the better men. The surfaces of their paintings are not so overwrought and smug as they once were. In other words, the French are handling pigment with more freedom. But their chief lack is a lack of first-rate Veteran types, like Besnard and Blanche and Le Sidaner, are not very effectively supported by their juniors.

I found the same want of individuality weakening the English section. The British have an outstanding figure in Augustus John, and he had some colleagues at Pittsburgh who were in nowise negligible, men like Orpen, James Pryde, D. Y. Cameron, and Glyn Philpot. The last mentioned is a man of originality and some power. But taking the English section in its length and breadth, the rather lifeless tradition of the Royal Academy seemed to prevail. One collateral development of it, for all its seemingly revolutionary character, has come back to affect artists of to-day. I refer to the Preraphaelite movement. There were indications at Pittsburgh of a considerable revival of it, and a recent English visitor tells me that it is stirring in numerous London studios. The vagaries of modernism are falling into disrepute, and in

the rebound from their license some artists are accepting the rigid realistic discipline typified in Rossetti and Burne-The literary influence, always powerful in English art, counts heavily amongst these new exemplars of pictorial

Leaving England for the Continent,

I found that the Dutchmen had nothing new to say, save in the case of Van Dongen, and although that modernist is novel he is in no other respect arresting. Belgium's only salient painter is Anto Carte, whose renewal of primitive ideas I touched upon with sympathy in SCRIB-NER'S a year ago. Elsewhere in the North there was next to nothing of consequence to see. The German section proved a total loss, significant of nothing save coarseness and bad taste. Aus-



Girl with Cranes. From the painting by Karl Sterrer in the Austrian section at the Pittsburgh International.

tria, escaping German vulgarity, was otherwise hardly better off, but she brought forward one fairly impressive painter in Karl Sterrer, whose Girl with Cranes made one of the high lights in the exhibition. Poland, too, presented only one creditable artist in the portrait-painter Mme. Boznanska. Czechoslovakia and Sweden were quite negligible. I had better luck in the Spanish and Italian sections. In the first, though the influence of Zuloaga has promoted too theatrical a mode in the portrayal of national types, it seemed to me that a certain amount of authentic talent like, to the development of the Hudson was manifesting itself, making for vigor River School and the emergence of George and breadth, and in Italy the old glitter Inness. Then came our great period of

and dexterity founded on emulation of the Spanish Fortuny is similarly yielding to freer and more personal methods. There are new men of promise, Oppi, Romagnoli, Italico Brass, upholding the hands of the accomplished old Ettore Tito in Italy. Art is moving forward there and in Spain. Yet as I look back over the whole

> foreign contingent, nothing impresses me more than the contrast between it and the American section. We may not be startlingly rich in conspicuous leaders, but our school has on the whole extraordinary freshness and force. That was the most piquant point I noted on my visit to Pittsburgh.

HERE was another occasion for patriotic pride when the National Academy of Design held its centennial exhibition,

opening it first in Washington and then bringing it to New York. Confined to the institution's own membership it did not give as inspiriting an account of presentday American art as was given at Pittsburgh, but it made an impressive demonstration of what our painters have done in a hundred years. Starting with the Revolutionary period and the great name of Gilbert Stuart, who was not an Academician but was nevertheless reasonably included, it brought the record down through Naegle, Inman, Morse, and the

VOL. LXXIX .- 24

expansion, the period on which I would gent. There has been a memorial exlike to dwell but which I can only suggest by recalling the names of such men as La Farge, George Fuller, Winslow Homer, Elihu Vedder, and A. P. Ryder. It was a great and glorious company, the com- the show at the Metropolitan which I

hibition of his paintings and water-colors in the Boston Museum. A remarkably representative collection of works of his in both mediums was brought together for pany that embraced also Duveneck, have already mentioned. While the first



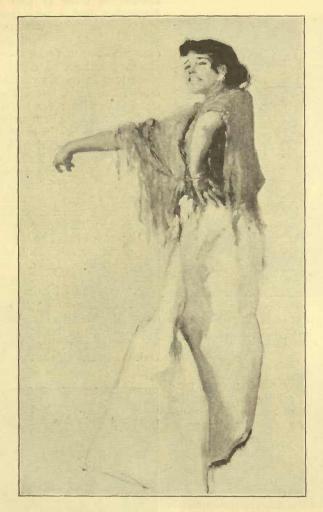
Don Antonio El Ingles. From the copy after Velasquez by Sargent shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

Chase, Blum, and Dewing. From the years immediately following the Civil War well on into our own day this exhibition showed that American art had flourished amazingly. It isn't as rich now in powerful personalities as it was only a little while ago, but it has a vitality which, as we have seen at Pittsburgh, remains unchallenged by the European schools.

AS it happens, it has been an American name that has been most often on men's lips of late, the name of John Sar-

of these affairs was going forward, Mr. W. H. Downes published an admirable biography of the painter. In November at the Knoedler Gallery there were exhibited numerous examples bought at the London sale of his studio effects, about which there has been so much talk. The exhibition of over six hundred works of his owned in England, organized by the Royal Academy, has just formed the event of the winter in London. Obviously interest in Sargent goes deep, in spite of the surprise of the little folk who have discovered that he was of small consequence. His mations of his power, they showed you tiful limpidity of tone that is in the orig-

genius, as a matter of fact, was apparent full-dress version that he painted of the even in the fragments that the Knoedlers Spanish master's Don Antonio El Ingles. brought over. Casual, unstudied affir- He missed, as it seemed to me, the beau-



The Spanish Gypsy. From the painting by John Sargent in the Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.

how a great artist gives to his slightest not so completely successful in the big, Pray, why shouldn't they have done so?

inal. But in all other respects this was sketch a certain enkindling quality. I a wonderful tour de force. Who else in was particularly impressed by the copies. our modern time has ever approached One of them, on a small scale, was made Sargent's virtuosity? At this exhibition from the upper part of the figure of Apollo I couldn't for the life of me see anything in The Forge of Vulcan. It recaptured abnormal in the collectors and dealers the very accent of Velasquez. He was who competed so earnestly at the sale.

Sargent's masterful craftsmanship is a very rare and precious thing. It lent the exhibition at the Metropolitan an extraordinary brilliance. Musing over that



Portrait of a Lady in Red Hat. From the painting by Vermeer shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

brilliance at the museum, one was conscious, too, of its solid elements, of the weight and depth of Sargent's contribution to the art of our century. A great portrait-painter commemorates not only individuals but the epoch in which they live. Take together the portraits and pictures of such a collection as that in the museum and you feel the mass as a kind of unified record of life, character, and movement. Just as their times live again in the works of Rembrandt and Velasquez, so the era of John Sargent will be carried down to posterity through his art.

1 1 1

I HAVE dealt thus far with modern art in a backward glance over two or three months. During that period some beautiful old masters have been in evidence. An Italian painting headed the list in November, a Temptation of Christ by Titian, which was sold to the Minne-

apolis Museum by the Reinhardt Gallery. It is a noble picture, dating from the same period as the glorious Tribute Money at Dresden and possessing traits kindred to those of that masterpiece. November was a rich month, for it yielded several fine old masters besides the Titian. At the Knoedler Gallery, for example, there was a memorable group of Dutch paintings. I could exhaust my space just on certain portraits by Rembrandt and Hals, but I must speak instead of two little Vermeers. I say "little" advisedly, for both are on panels under twelve inches in height. But both paintings, Young Girl with a Flute and Portrait of a Lady in Red Hat, stay in my memory as works of great largeness and breadth. In color both had a jewel-like loveliness, and in the Portrait of a Lady in Red Hat, Vermeer seemed to have let himself go with unprecedented splendor. In his wonted habit he is pearly and tender, a master especially of pure grays, honeved yellows, and delicate blues. In the red hat he struck a fairly clangorous note. This panel, by the way, has the interest of being one only recently discovered. It goes with the other painting in the exhibition to swell the already astonishingly large group of Vermeers in the United States. Of the two score paintings



Young Girl with a Flute.

From the painting by Vermeer shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

in the world known to be by him, about a nolds so absolutely in the mood of moddozen are in American collections.

to refer take us from the seventeenth cenhis customary formalism, and in his paint-

ern craftsmanship. Even in the land-The next old masters to which I have scape background he swerved a bit from



Lady Caroline Howard. From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds at the Duveen Gallery.

tury to the eighteenth, and one of them, curiously, foreshadows the nineteenth. This is a portrait of Lady Caroline How-

ing of the figure he seemed completely released from his familiar convention, brushing the paint on with a directness ard by Sir Joshua Reynolds which I saw pointing straight, as I have said, to the one winter's day at the Duveen Gallery. practice of Manet. Altogether a superb If the child represented had been in a later piece of craftsmanship, an essay in paintcostume I might have taken this canvas er's painting to lift the heart. It was a for a Manet. Never have I seen Rey- case of the eighteenth century getting out of itself and substituting a revolu- relieving her labors by an air ground out

tionary gesture for its grave, academic of the music-box. She wears a charmhabit. In contrast to its forthright sim- ingly figured dress and he paints that as plicity was a work that simultaneously he paints her and the bird-cage and the

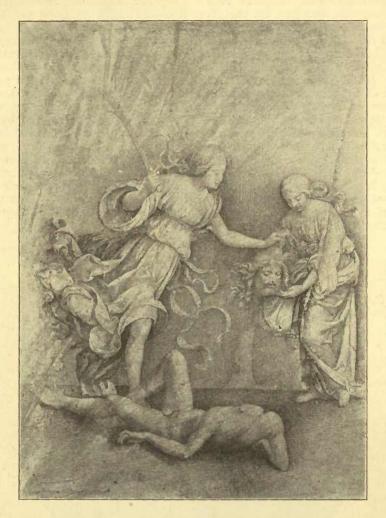


La Serinette. From the painting by Chardin shown at the Wildenstein Gallery.

Serinette of Chardin. What versatility that sterling painter had! He could witch the eye with a bottle of wine and a loaf of bread set upon a napkin. He could invest with a kind of æsthetic eloquence some housemaid or scullion engaged upon a kitchen task. And then he could go up-

appeared at the Wildenstein Gallery, La picture on the wall and the light that comes softly in at the window, all with the same exquisite and caressing touch. Exquisite, yes, but this marvellously painted surface has, besides, a rich and mellow resonance. I like to linger for a moment on these two pictures together, the Reynolds and the Chardin. They are so utstairs to the mistress of the house in her terly different each from the other, and boudoir, seated before her tapestry frame, yet the genius of the one is so in harmony

with the genius of the other. Through placing them in juxtaposition we see how different roads may lead to the same goal the Pierpont Morgan library and other



Judith and Holofernes. From the drawing by Francia shown at the Seligmann Gallery.

when the men who use them are driven by private collections. It ranged through the the same passion for beauty.

I recall some other old masters of great merit, a noble portrait by Bellini, a beautiful interior with figures by Terborch, and certain impressive Rembrandts. But I must speak instead of the exhibition which Mrs. Marie Sterner arranged at the Seligmann Gallery, one of the major

Italian, Dutch, Flemish, German, and French schools, going as far back as Bernardo Daddi and coming as near to us in modern times as to the classical figure of Ingres. It abounded in beautiful things, some of them fairly unforgetable, like the great Judith and Holofernes of Francia. The importance of the show resided not things it contained but in the mere fact that it was held. I can remember the time when American collectors didn't look askance at drawings, for the very simple reason that they didn't look at them at all. The few amateurs who appreciated old draftsmanship were isolated in obscurity. Then an awakened interest in French decoration brought in a handful of eighteenth-century drawings, and more recently the whole subject has been attacked with livelier sympathy. I cite Mrs. Sterner's exhibition as a landmark in American connoisseurship.

Even as I set down that last word I am wondering how American connoisseurship is going to carry itself at a forthcoming sale which will have taken place long before this number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is printed. The auction which

only in the high artistic value of the I have in mind is the one which is to disperse the collection of Barbizon landscapes formed by Mr. C. K. G. Billings. They are beautifully representative of Rousseau and Millet, Corot and Diaz, but they return almost as revenants upon the scene. When such pictures used to be put up at old Chickering Hall, collectors and dealers used very nearly to lose their heads, and they would bid the prices up into the thousands. Will the same thing happen this time? It is an exciting question, exciting to me not because I care a straw about the commercial value of a picture, but because I want to know how stable American connoisseurship really is. The Barbizon men have undoubtedly lost some of their vogue, but why I do not know. Their pictures remain the beautiful things they always



The Triumph of Time. From the drawing by Dirk Vellert shown at the Seligmann Gallery.





Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"WHERE, IN GOD'S NAME, DID YOU COME FROM?" HE GROANED.

—See "Moorings," page 368.

VOL. LXXIX

APRIL 1926

NO. 4

Smoky-A One-Man Horse

The Breaking-In

BY WILL JAMES

Author of "Cowboys North and South" and "The Drifting Cowboy"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

OF the many young colts that blinked at their first day of light on the Rocking R range, not any'd had a better start in life than one little mouse colored colt. That perticular one had seemed to draw all that Mother Nature could hand out, and even though born perfect, without a kink or a blemish nowheres, Mother Nature didn't stop there. She brought out the brightest and quiet-

est spring day she could dig up and just poured sunshine all over him.

With that kind of care to start him out, it wasn't many days when all the wobbliness went out of his legs, he walked and played on a solid carpet of green grass, which, through that same Mother Nature's watchful eye, had growed mighty thick, and then came a day when, to be imitating his mammy more than anything else, he begin to feed on the tender stems. He was going to be a real horse, and there sure was nothing to stop him. Even the streams and shades had helped, and after the play was over a big cottonwood stood guard, and in the shade of it the colt would go to sleep, a stream that run near would hum a lullaby and a couple of hours would slip by when nary a twitch of a muscle would ruffle the colt's slick hide.

The first summer went by and when the cold breath of early winter begin to sweep down from off the high ridges, Mother Nature, seeming like always a watching over the colt, started preparing him for the long, cold days and a coat of long, thick hair begin to crop out and take the place of the short, silky hair that'd decorated his hide the summer before. He followed his mammy through the snow that covered the range that winter and, regardless of what the weather handed out, there wasn't a day went by when the country around didn't hear his squeal as he played, and wherever he went there was tracks a plenty in the snow to show that the mouse

colored colt had been around.

The long winter nights wore on, and after months of snow bucking them, long nights begin to get shorter and then the snow begin to dwindle away till finally bare ground was felt under the colt's small hoofs. The green grass was beginning to crop out, and the snow had most all disappeared when another thing for the mouse colored colt to wonder at showed up, and wobbling on long legs, tried to stand up by his mammy's side. The mouse colored colt had a brand new brother.

That new brother of his sure drawed his interest, but his mother seemed to've changed some and he wasn't welcome to stick around too close no more, not till that new brother was some older, and by that time the mouse colored colt had others he was interested in. They was other colts of his age that was in the same bunch with him and a big old buckskin saddle horse which would stand quite a bit of bluffing and abuse without turning on him.

Full of life as he was, the mouse colored yearling wasn't at all worried which

way things turned. Being up in the high mountains was just the same to him as running on the flats, and he took advantage of everything that was for either his

pleasure, his appetite, or all he hankered for.

Steady, and along with the bright summer days, he growed in height, width, and strength. His little mouse colored body rounded more and more and curved along with the muscles till he was sure all in one hunk, and well knit. And what all layed between his ears in the way of brains had more than kept up with the rest of him. They was being used and developing right along with every second his eyes was open,



Not any'd had a better start in life than Smoky.-Page 339.

and if the way he planned mischief on the older horses indicated anything, he sure wasn't stunted there either.

So far in his life, nothing had come to him which had left a hunch as to what purpose he was on this earth for, he wasn't at all worried about it for one thing, and far as he was concerned, and the way he was feeling he was ready to take on anything life could hand him. Always he kept an eye open and a sensitive nostril for what all it held that would stir up his interest, and even though a few times his hide had got scratched for being inquisitive that way, he was always ready to find out some more whenever the chance showed up.

The four seasons kept a following one another, time wore on, and nothing extraordinary came to disturb the life of the mouse colored colt. Life seemed just wide open freedom where there was nothing to do but run on good range, doze in shady places in the summer and paw for feed or hunt shelter in the winter.

Things went on that way till the fourth spring came in the mouse colored pony's life. He'd growed to full size by then and experienced most all that made the life of a free range horse. Nothing was there to warn him that there could be anything else for him to learn or look out for, and when one day when all

seemed quietest a rider fogged in on him of a sudden, it all left him mighty confused, and his best lead seemed right then for him to do what the other ponies was doing, that was to run.

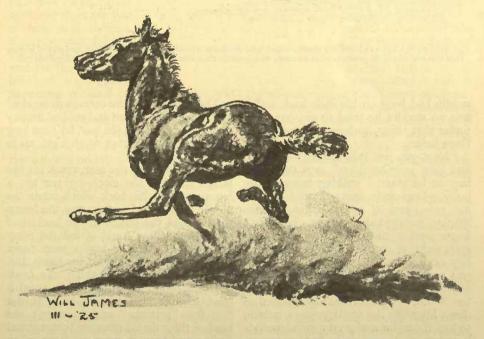
But the running didn't do any good, for it wasn't many miles further when him and all was hazed into the wings and through the gate of a big corral. A while later, and while fear still had the best of the mouse colored pony, a rope circled his front feet, he was jerked to the ground, something was slipped on his head, and then the foot ropes was took away. He stood up, but he wasn't free, and as he tried to break away a fear of the kind he'd never felt before took holt of him.

Clint, the bronco buster of the Rocking R, had dreamed of sometime running acrost such a horse as the one he'd just fastened his hackamore onto, he'd never thought that there was such a horse living. And now, while he was handling the rope that held the horse's head, he was watching him, and sort of fearing that this one would show *some sort* of blemish which would class him as just an average after all.

The pony fought, bit at the rope that held him, and all the while the bronco buster watched. He watched for bad points in the horse, and finally deciding with a glad feeling that there wasn't any, begin to look for the good points. At that he was more than satisfied, for good points cropped out all over the mouse colored horse, the spirit and brains was there a plenty, and as for built, he was a hundred per cent perfect.

Two days went by when the pony's first eddication came with the picket rope. That rope was forty feet long, big and soft, and fastened to a log in a little meadow by the corral. In them two days Clint was often present and by the horse. He'd talk to him once in a while, and gradually the horse got so he could hear the sound of that voice without trying to break away.

"Well, how's Smoky this morning?" says Clint early on the third day of the horse's eddication. Smoky was the name the cowboy thought fitted the horse the most, and as Clint figgered, it wasn't a bad sounding name either. It sure did fit.

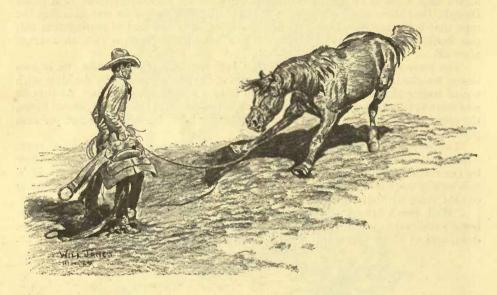


It wasn't many days when all the wobbliness went out of his legs .- Page 339.

I

TWENTY feet of rope was laying between the cowboy's hand and the pony's head. The cowboy was standing there just watching and smiling some at the surprised look that's in the pony's face, that pony had just been stopped sudden in his bucking with an empty saddle, it was the first time a

He was then led a little ways, and as he heard the squeak of leather and felt the weight of the saddle with each step he took, an awful hankering came to him to put his head down and try to buck it off, but the cowboy was right there in front of him and he didn't want to be stopped again and so sudden as he'd been stopped that first time he'd tried to buck with an empty saddle.



And now, while Clint was handling the rope that held the horse's head, he was watching him, and sort of fearing that this one would show some sort of blemish, which would class him as just an average after all.—Page 341.

saddle had been on his slick back and it was no wonder he tried to get out from under that thing, nothing had ever clung there before.

"Now, you just take it easy for a spell, and keep your head up," says that cowboy as he started walking towards the pony.—Legs wide apart, a wild look in his eyes, and a snorting his surprise Smoky watched him come, he didn't know wether to stand his ground and start fighting or back away as the cowboy came.—On he came, and as Smoky was seeing no sign of harm, he stood in his tracks, watched, and waited. A hand touched him on the forehead and moved on down his neck, the cowboy was a talking to him the while, and pretty soon Smoky's heart wasn't thumping so hard no more.

The other side of the corral was reached and there Clint turned and rubbed Smoky on the ear. "Well, old boy, let's see how you're going to behave when I get up in the middle of you."

Smoky watched the man reach for the latigo and felt the cinch tighten up, a hump came in his back which made the saddle set near on end, it was the hump that carried the punch in the buck, and most likely Clint could of led the pony around some till the hump wore down and his back straightened up again, but that rider wasn't for taking the buck out of a bronc too quick, he believed a good sensible horse should buck at the first few "settings" and he wasn't the kind of rider that'd smother that natural feeling and have it come out later, when

the horse is supposed to be broke gen-

He let the hump be and never moved the pony out of his tracks, he knowed that just one move would be enough to start that pony to exploding, and Smoky was set and just a waiting for that signal to start. He watched the cowboy raise his chaps so the belt wouldn't hinder his leg action, watched him pull his hat brim

down solid, and then he couldn't watch no more. Something had come between him and his vision, it was the cowboy's thumb which had layed over his left eyelid and pulled it down over his eye—In the next second he felt a weight added on to that of the saddle, and all of a sudden he could see again.

But what he did see left him stary eyed and paralyzed, for half a minute he just stood like petrified, that cowboy had disappeared from the side of him, and instead, there he was right in the middle of his back and on that hunk of leather he'd been

hankering to shed off ever since it was put on there.

Instinct pointed out only one way for him to act, it was telling him that neither the human nor the leather belonged up there in the middle of him that way, and that if he tried he could most likely get rid of 'em. There was nothing else to do that he could see, and right then he felt that he sure must do something.

His head went down, and a beller came out of him that said much as "I want you"— Up went Smoky's withers followed by the hump that made the saddle twist like on a pivot, and last came steel muscles like shot out of the earth and which carried the whole mixed up and crooked conglameration of man and horse up in mid air and seemed like to shake there for a spell before coming down. All

seemed heads and tails and made a picture of the kind that was mighty hard to see, and still harder to figger out.

Saddle strings was a popping like on a whip lash, leather was a squeaking, corrals shook as the hard-hitting hoofs of the pony hit the earth, and a dust was stirred that looked like a young cloud. Smoky was scared, mad, and desperate. All the action, strength, and endurance that was

in him was brought out to do its best. Not a hair on his hide was laying idle through the performance, every muscle tightened and loosened in a way to shake the weight on his back and make it pop.

Clint felt the muscles work even through the saddle, and every part of that pony which his legs touched seemed as hard as steel and full of fast working bumps which came and went, twisted his saddle under him, and made him wonder if it was going to stay. It seemed like sometimes that Smoky was headed one way and his saddle another, he wasn't always sure of

the whereabouts of that pony's head, and in all his riding that's what he wanted to keep track of most, 'cause losing track of a horse's head at them times is something like riding blind-folded, a rider would prepare for one kind of a jolt and meet another, which would cause things to scatter considerable.

Some kind of description on the hard jumps Smoky was putting through might be got when I go to say that before the horse got half done bucking, Clint's sack of tabacco, cigarette papers, matches and all had disappeared out of his pockets and layed scattered around the corral, and some of his belongings even layed on the outside of it.

But Clint was still straight up and on top when Smoky's hard jumps finally dwindled down to crowhops and then a



A hand touched him on the forehead.
—Page 342.

stop; that pony was needing wind mighty bad, and as his nostrils opened wide, was taking in the necessary air; he felt a hand a rubbing along his neck, and wild eyed, ears cocked back at the cowboy that was still there, he stood and heard him talk.

"You done a mighty fine job, little horse," says Clint, "and I'd of been disappointed a lot not to've found that kind

of spirit in a horse like you."

If Smoky had been raised amongst humans like a dog and been with 'em steady that way, he'd of had a hunch or felt what Clint said and meant, but Smoky was a wild horse of the flats and mountains. It'd only been three days since his eddication started, and even though the sound of Clint's tone and the feel of his hand soothed him some, he would buck again and again, it was his instinct to fight the human, and he would fight till that human showed he could handle him and proved a friend.

That had to be done gradual, and Smoky had no way to know as yet that man could be a friend of his, not while the breaking was going on anyway, for through that spell a horse is *made* to do things he sometimes don't want to do and which all keeps down the confidence that would come faster if that didn't have to be done.

Smoky was doing some tall figgering as he stood there trembling and wondering if there wasn't anything that he could get by with, he'd been made to do things just as that cowboy pleased and he'd found no say in the goings on, none at all. If he could only've bucked him off that would of pleased him a lot, but the little horse didn't know that he wouldn't of won anything by that, he didn't know he was on this earth for the purpose of the human and that if he did throw one man another would climb him till finally he'd have to give in and go through a lot of grief the while.

Smoky felt a light slap on his neck. "Come on, young feller," says the cowboy. "Let's see you trot around the corral a while."

But Smoky bucked more than he trotted, the cowboy let him, and when his head would come up he'd keep him on the go till finally there seemed to be no buck in the horse at all.

"I reckon that'll be enough for you for to-day," says Clint, as he headed Smoky for the side of the corral and made him face the bars to a stop. He then reached for the pony's left ear and twisted it some, just enough to keep that pony's attention on the twist of that ear most while he got off.

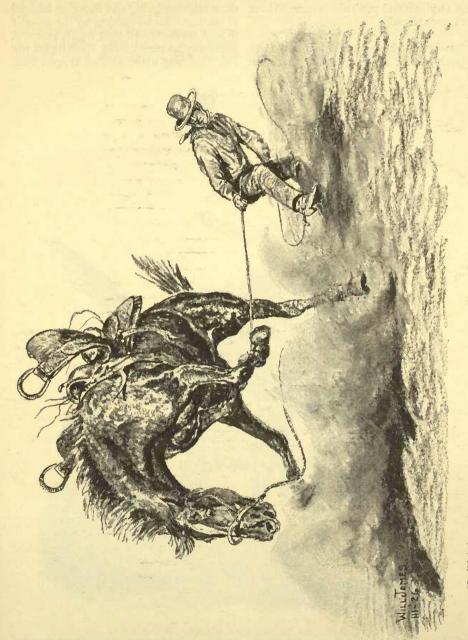
Clint touched the ground with his right foot, and keeping his left in the stirrup, at the same time keeping close to the horse's shoulder and out of the reach of his hind feet, he held that position for a few seconds. Smoky was watching him, shaking like a leaf and ready to paw the daylight out of the cowboy at the first wrong move or sudden jab of a knee.

Clint wanted him to watch, this was part of the eddication, and all that cowboy wanted to teach right then was for Smoky to stand and not to go to acting up. Slow and easy, at the same time having complete control of himself and his horse, Clint raised himself up in the saddle again, it was done in a way that only brone busters know, Smoky never even felt the pull on the saddle as the cowboy climbed on, and if that saddle hadn't even been cinched it wouldn't of budged then, so neat it was done.

Clint climbed on and off a few times that way, Smoky stood and shivered, scared, but willing it seemed like to take his medicine, maybe it'd come to his mind that there was no use fighting that cowboy, or else he was getting tired—anyway that was the last of it, Smoky felt the cinch loosen and then slow and easy the saddle was pulled off. About that time he whirled and faced the rider who was holding the saddle, he took a sniff at the hunk of leather and snorted like to say, "Gee! I thought that thing was on me for good."

The saddle was set to one side and the cowboy begin rubbing Smoky's back with a gunny sack, and according to the way that pony acted that felt mighty good, his upper lip stuck out and twitched with every motion of the rubbing, and when Clint finally quit the little horse's action showed plain that he should do it some more, Clint rubbed again.

"I'm afraid," he says as he grinned and rubbed, "that I'm naturally going to spoil you; here we just got through with the

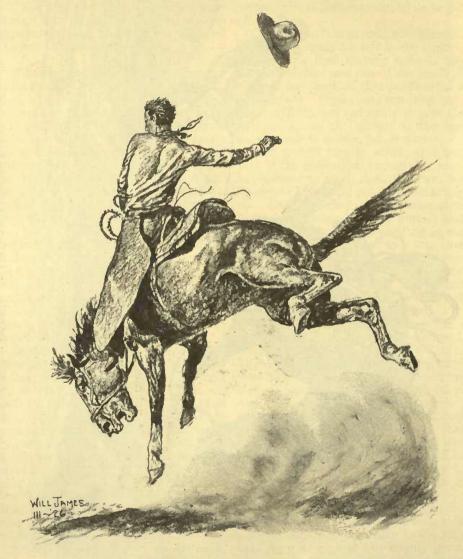


He didn't forget how he was stopped, and so sudden, that first time he'd tried to buck with an empty saddle,-Page 342.

first saddling and you're beginning to look done tall wondering and figgering instead for favors already."

a fresh one for that night and where the feed that was under and all around him.

of feeding. He was ganted up the same as if he'd been rode all that night, and still Smoky's picket grounds was moved to there was no show of any appetite for the



And when a glance back showed Smoky the rider was still there, he got desperate again and begin to see red. -Page 349.

grass was tall, a plenty and green, but somehow his appetite wasn't at its best, and when the break of day come there was very little sign (as Clint noticed) that the pony had et at all, he'd just stood in one spot, looked like, and seemed to've

As Clint worked in the corral busy with other broncs he'd look through the bars for any show of interest in the little horse, he'd look often, but most every time that pony's position was about the same, and if he did catch him with his head down he noticed how Smoky was just nibbling at afternoon, "he's having a hard time trythe feed, and not eating much.

Smoky was taking the change, from the life he'd led to what he was now going through, kinda hard, harder than the av-

ing to figger things out as it is."

It was bright and early the next morning when Clint looked out of the bunkhouse door and noticed Smoky out on the



Smoky wondered what a rope was doing up there.—Page 351.

erage wild horse ever does, and Clint maybe, and more able to realize.

creek bottom, it appeared that the little layed it that the little horse had more horse, after figgering and figgering, had brains than the average, more sensitive come to some sort of decision, and that done and settled had went to eating again, "I guess I'd better lay off of him to- for that's what he was doing when Clint day," decides the cowboy, as he noticed looked out, Smoky was eating like he was very little change in him even late that trying to make up for the time he'd lost,

and he seemed all at peace with every-

thing in general.

The cowboy grinned, "I know what that son of a gun has decided on," he remarked, "he's going to fight, and I see where I'm sure due for a tossing from that

pony to-day."

Clint done his day's work, and after riding and lining out nine head of rough and kinky broncs, went to where Smoky was picketed and led him into the corral where he'd been initiated a couple of days before. He was some kind of a different horse than what he'd been that day, his head was higher and more with just one purpose, he didn't shy and snort at every little thing like he did that first time, and Clint noticed that he never seemed to see the saddle as it was eased on his back and cinched.

"I don't like the sound of them 'rollers' that's making that noise in them nostrils of yours," he remarked, "they sound

to me like you meant business."

Smoky did mean business, and even though Clint was doing considerable kidding, he meant business too, he wasn't going to let the little horse get away with anything, for he realized that if he did it'd be harder than ever to persuade him to be good, he'd have to be treated rough, and Clint didn't want to treat him rough.

The cowboy seen the light in Smoky's eyes and understood it, he understood his every action, and they all meant fight.

"I'm glad to see so much spirit in you, old boy," he says as he pulled his hat down, "but if you want to fight I'll have to fight too, and here's hoping the best

one of us wins, let's go."

Smoky only shook his head a little as Clint put his hand on his left eye and mounted, he didn't want to notice a little thing like that, which was just as much as a warning from him for that cowboy to get set, set well and solid, for in this next performance things was a going to

pop worse than ever.

There's a big difference between the bucking that comes with the first setting of a bronc and the bucking that comes with the settings that follows afterwards on that same bronc. The first time Smoky was rode he was just a plain scared pony, of course his intentions was all to the good towards throwing that cowboy, saddle and all, off, but he was too scared

and desperate to try and figger out how that should be done, he'd learned from that first setting that plain bucking wouldn't faze that rider, he'd have to use some science, and with a cool head, study out the weak points the rider might have, and work on them weak points till a shadow on the ground tells him the cow-

boy is leaving.

Smoky had learned that it wouldn't get him anything to stampede hot headed into bucking like he did that first time, maybe that's what he'd been studying on the last day or so, anyway, he was some cool horse, and when he "bowed his head" this time it was all done deliberate and easy, he lined out with a few easy jumps just to sort of feel out how that cowboy was a setting as a preliminary, and with an eye back on all the movements of the rider as he went, he layed his plans on just how to proceed and get his man.

It was just when Clint seemed to be riding his easiest when without warning Smoky "broke in two" and brought out some mighty wicked saddle-twisting and cowboy-loosening jumps, crooked, high, and hard hitting was them jumps; it looked to the horse like his man was loosened at the sudden turning of events and had been shifted to one side a little—and that's just what Smoky was looking for to carry on the programme he'd mapped out.

It was the first encouragement that pony'd got since he first felt a rope on him, maybe he could get it over that cowboy yet. He bucked all the harder from the new energy the signs of winning brought him, no chance did he give so that the cowboy would ever get back in the saddle and straighten up, and every jump from then on was used as a kind of leverage against the rider, he bucked in a circle and every time he'd hit the ground he was his whole length back from where he'd started up.

The cowboy was well up on the fork of the saddle and still to one side, Smoky bucked on, and cool as a cucumber in a mountain stream, kept a watching and took care that he didn't buck back under him, he was holding his own, and looked for signs of the rider loosening some more, but no sign of that showed. The cowboy was still to one side and well up in the saddle, but he sure hung there, and

with his left hand on the "Mecate" (hackamore rope) he kept his right up in the air and fanned on the same as ever.

As the fight kept on and no show of the cowboy ever loosening up any more was seen, Smoky begin to wonder, he'd tried different tactics and with all his figgering and variety of sidewinding he couldn't tear away from that hanging hunk of humanity. He was getting tired, his lungs begin to call for air and pretty soon he wasn't so cool no more.

All that was in him, science and everything, was brought out on a few more earth-shaking jumps, and when a glance

back showed Smoky the rider was still setting there, he got desperate again and begin to see red. He bellered and at the same time forgot all he'd studied on in the ways of getting his man.

The fight didn't last long after that, it was too furious and unscientific. Smoky fought the air, the earth, and everything in general, nothing in perticular was his aim, and pretty soon he lined out in long easy crowhops and then a standstill.

Clint climbed off as Smoky stood spraddle-legged and took in the air, the little horse never seemed to notice him and in a hazy way felt the rider's hand rubbing



The bush came out and headed straight for Smoky.-Page 352.

around his ears and straightening out his mane.

"I knowed you'd give me a tossing today," says Clint.

And there was one thing Smoky didn't know, it was that no time during the fight did the cowboy feel he was losing his saddle, a setting to one side the way he had been was just a long-staying holt of his, something like a half nelson with the

wrastler.

Poor Smoky had lost again, but in a way he'd won, he'd won the heart of a cowboy, cause, through that fight that cowboy's feelings was for the little horse, he'd seen, understood, and admired the show of thinking qualities and the spirit which was Smoky's.

The idea might be got, on account of Smoky being the steady loser, that his spirit would get jarred and finally break, but if anybody thinking so could of seen that horse the next day that idea would of been scattered considerable. His time on the picket rope had been spent on more thinking and figgering, and the way he went after the tall grass showed he meant to be in shape to carry through whatever the new scheme was.

And some would of thought it queer to've seen how Smoky, the steady loser in the contest, seemed to hold no grudge or hate against the winning cowboy, as it was, that pony seemed to welcome that human a lot as he walked towards him the next morning, and the way he rubbed his head against the shoulder of that smiling rider showed that the fights in the corral had got to be some friendly; both was mighty serious, and both meant to win in them fights, but soon as they was over and the dust cleared there was a feeling the likes of when two friends have an argument, when the argument comes to an end both the loser and winner are ready to grin, shake hands, and be friends again.

Smoky had lost out twice in trying to dodge out from under his man, but he was nowheres near convinced as yet that it couldn't be done. The third time Clint climed him that pony bucked harder than ever and that cowboy just sat up there and let him. Clint had whipped some horses for bucking that way, but he'd whipped them because it was natural orneriness that made 'em buck. With

Smoky it was different, there was no meanness in him so far, that pony was confident that nothing could set him once he got onto the hang of knowing how to buck real well, and all he wanted was to be showed for sure that Bill could really set there and ride him through his worst that way, after that was done he'd most likely quit.

The first couple of times Smoky was rode and after he'd quit his bucking, there hadn't been much more to it excepting that Clint would just run him around a bit and turn him a few times till the hump was well down on that pony's back. Smoky had got to thinking that was all would ever come of being corraled and saddled, and so he was some surprised, after the bucking spell was over at that third setting, to see the corral gate opened wide, the cowboy on him again, and heading him for open country.

Smoky took to the high ridges like a duck takes to water, he trotted out like a good horse, and then was put into a long lope. Covering territory felt mighty good to the little horse for a change and he wasn't caring much where the cowboy lined him out to. For a spell he'd forgot the weight on his back, his ears was straight ahead, and the hand he felt on his neck only reminded him that some-

body was with him.

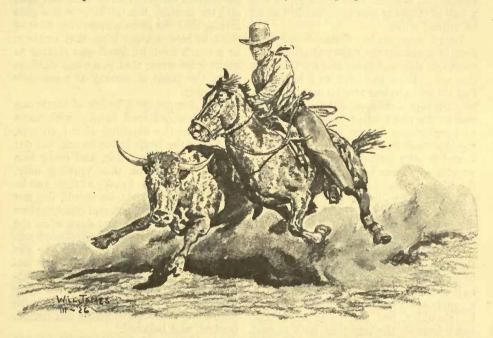
He was needing that change after being bested again like he'd been that third time. Clint had won once more and Smoky was a lot in favor of something, most anything, to drive off the feeling he'd got in losing. He was taking advantage of the run in that way and sashayed at a good clip, all went fine, till, of a sudden a jack-rabbit scared out of his hiding place jumped up and right under Smoky's nose, he shied straight up and to one side, and at the same time he was scared more by the wind of Clint's chap which had curled up and slapped along his shoulder. Away he went to bucking once again.

The first few jumps was mighty wicked but they didn't last, he'd already had his buck out not long before and pretty soon he straightened into a lope once again. Clint let him lope a ways then turned him and headed him back to the corrals, stopped him there, turned him a few times and started him out a ways only to turn him and bring him back again. That went on for a few minutes, and then Smoky was unsaddled and put on the picket rope once more.

The run had tired Smoky a little and give him an appetite, he didn't do so much figgering on how to get his man that night, and instead he grazed more, rested some,

cise, but he raised the dust and pounded the earth in good shape even at that, and that play of his would of throwed many a

Another run like the one of the day before, a few turnings and teachings on the feel of the rein, and Smoky was through for another day. He was getting used to and even slept a little. When he was led the lay of the programme Clint had set,



He liked to chase the wild-eyed cow, turn her when she didn't want to be turned, and put her where she didn't want to be put.-Page 352.

to the corral the next day and the saddle put on he even neglected to watch the cowboy and begin to show interest in the broncs that was in another corral. His ambitions hadn't allowed him to do that before, but somehow, things had changed. -Figgering ways and means of throwing off that rider had got to be tiresome, specially when nothing but disappointment was ever got by it, and besides that saddle and man was getting so they wasn't so bad to stand up under no more.

But as neutral as Smoky showed and felt, that little son of a gun bucked again, of course there was nothing in his bucking that was so wicked as it had been in them first three saddlings, it was more that he felt he should buck some, it made him feel better, and besides he was wanting exerand the new game that was brought on right along as he was rode, begin to draw the pony's interest.

Then one day the cowboy begin dragging a rope on him, he let it drag quite a ways, and even though Smoky watched it mighty close so it wouldn't circle around his legs and throw him like most ropes always did, it didn't worry him much. Pretty soon Clint coiled the rope up and made a loop which he started whirling in the air, the whirling was slow and easy at first and done with a small loop. Smoky looked back all interest and snorted a little, he wondered what that rope was doing up there and what Clint was up to.

But nothing happened only that the whirling kept up, the loop was gradually made bigger and then it was throwed on

the ground a ways in front of him. Smoky shied and snorted and the coils shot out, straightened, and all of it pulled up again by the cowboy, but he didn't try to run away from it, he hadn't forgot the eddication he'd received from the long soft picket rope. He'd learned from it that it didn't pay to stampede when a rope was around, on account that them ropes had a way of stopping him that couldn't at all

be argued with.

Loops was made, throwed out, and drug in again one right after another, they went one side one time, and another side the next, then in front and back, till Smoky begin to lose fear no matter which way the rope went or how it coiled up. was at the point when he was beginning to lose interest in the game that Clint roped a small bush, the rope tightened on it and Smoky pulled, he pulled more in wonder what was holding him than with the idea of what he should do, but anyway the bush came out and headed straight for Smoky as it did, he struck at it and would of left from there, but Clint held him and made him face it.

Smoky shook like a leaf as slow but sure the cowboy kept a pulling the bush towards him, he struck again and snorted as it touched his front feet, and he bucked a couple of jumps when he felt it up along his shoulder, but there was no getting away from it, the way that bush moved, it looked like something vicious to Smoky, and when Clint took the rope off of it, and held it out under the pony's nose for him to see what it was the little horse near showed signs of shame for getting scared.

Loose stumps, branches, pieces of old wagons, and everything that could be drug or moved was roped, anything that was light enough was pulled up for Smoky to investigate, and each time he was showed that he'd been shying and fighting for no reason, till finally, nothing could be found that brought any more than a snort from him. An old coal-oil can was then roped and brought up a rattling under Smoky's nose, but he even stood his ground at that.

He was learned to pull on the rope and made to drag things as heavy as a yearling critter, then gradually Clint made him keep the rope tight and hold it that way till a couple of light jerks on it made him give slack. All that took time, and the

cowboy learned him only one thing each day, sometimes very little of that one thing, but as the days went by it all accumulated to a lot.

It done Clint's heart good to watch the way Smoky was taking to things, his little ears worked back and forth, and with his eyes never missed a move that went on, his nostrils quivered at all that was new, and the cowboy was noticing with a glad feeling that the pony was putting a lot of trust in him, a word from that cowboy, or a touch from his hand was getting to mean a lot when that pony was dubious or at the point of scaring at some new

happening.

Clint hunted up a bunch of cattle one day and acquainted Smoky with some pointers in the handling of the critters, he'd haze the horse in the bunch, cut out some fat kinky yearling, and make him put his interest on that yearling only. All was a puzzle to Smoky at first, and he had no idea of what he should do, but Clint give him his time, and coaching him along it wasn't but a few days when the little horse understood some of what was wanted of him. In the meantime the teachings with the rope wasn't left behind, that went along with working cattle, and once in a while Clint would snare some big calf and make Smoky keep his nose along that rope while the calf circled, bucked, and bellered.

Smoky showed signs of liking all that went on, he took interest in it the same as a kid would to some new game, he liked to chase the wild-eyed cow, turn her when she didn't want to be turned, and put her where she didn't want to be put, he liked to hold the rope tight on one of the critters and feel that he was the one that was keeping 'er down. It all struck him as a kind of a game where every animal before him had to do as he and the cowboy

wished.

He was all for catching on and not a nerve in him was idle as Clint would take him of evenings and ride him out for a spell and chase, cut out, or rope at the critter. Them goings on had his mind occupied and the fact that he'd figger and think on the subject between times was proved by the way he'd go at things in a decided and knowing how way, when the day before the same thing had left him puzzled and wondering.

That little work he was getting and the all heart interest he was finding in it, had settled him to the big change from the free life he'd led with the old buckskin horse and the bunch of mares and colts. his mammy was even forgotten, and instead there'd sprouted in him something that made him take a liking for the long lanky cowboy that came to see and play with him every day. He'd got to finding a lot of pleasure in doing just what that

cowboy wanted him to do, and when that was done there was a hankering in him to do just a little bit more.

That's the way Clint wanted to keep him, just a hankering to do more would get results, and he was careful to see that the little horse didn't tire on the work, he wanted to make it play for him and keep it that way as long as he could, for he knowed that was the way to keep Smoky's heart and spirit all in one hunk and intact.

["Smoky-At Work" will appear in the May Number.]

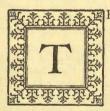
The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

VI

MICHAEL VISITS BETHNAL GREEN



HE feeling of depression with which Michael had come back from his visit to the fount and origin was somewhat mitigated by letters he was receiving from people of

varying classes, nearly all young. They were so earnest. They made him wonder whether, after all, practical politicians were not too light-hearted, like the managers of music-halls who protected the public so carefully from their more tasteful selves. They made him feel that there might be a spirit in the country that was not really represented in the House or even in the Press. Among these letters was one which ran:

> "Sunshine House. Bethnal Green.

"DEAR MR. MONT,

"I was so awfully glad to read your speech in *The Times*. I instantly got Sir James Foggart's book. I think the whole policy is simply splendid. You've no idea how heart-breaking it is for us who try to do things for children, to know that what-

ever we do is bound to be snowed under by the life they go to when school age ends. We have a good opportunity here of seeing the realities of child life in London. It's wonderful to watch the fondness of the mothers for the little ones, in spite of their own hard lives—though not all, of course, by any means; but we often notice, and I think it's common experience, that when the children get beyond twelve or fourteen the fondness has another sort of fondness tacked on to it. The commercial possibilities of the child begin to make themselves felt. When money comes in at the door, disinterested love seems to move toward the window. I suppose it's natural, but it's awfully sad, because the commercial possibilities are generally so miserable; and the children's after-life is often half ruined for the sake of the few shillings they earn. I do fervently hope something will come of your appeal; only-things move so slowly, don't they? I wish you would come down and see our House here. The children are adorable, and we try to give them sunshine.

Sincerely yours, NORAH CURFEW."

Bertie Curfew's sister! That case! But surely it would not really come to anything! Grateful for encouragement, and seeking light on Foggartism, he de-

** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The Silver Spoon" will be found on page 5 of the advertising section. VOL. LXXIX.-26

cided to go. Perhaps Norah Curfew would take the little Boddicks! He suggested to Fleur that she should accompany him, but she was afraid of picking up something unsuitable to the eleventh

baronet, so he went alone.

The house, facing the wintry space called Bethnal Green, consisted of three small houses converted into one, with their three small back yards, trellised round and gravelled, for a playground. Over the door were the words: "Sunshine House," in gold capitals. The walls were cream-colored; the woodwork dark, and the curtains of gay chintz. Michael was received in the entrance-lobby by Norah Curfew herself. Tall, slim and straight, with dark hair brushed back from a pale face; she had brown eyes, clear, straight, and glowing. 'Gosh!' thought Michael, as she wrung his hand: 'She is swept and garnished. No basement in her soul!'

"It was good of you to come, Mr. Mont. Let me take you over the house. This is

the playroom."

Michael entered a room of spotless character, which had evidently been formed from several knocked into one. Six small children dressed in blue linen were seated on the floor, playing games. They embraced the knees of Norah Curfew when she came within reach, with the exception of one little girl Michael thought rather ugly.

"These are our residents. The others only come out of school hours. We have to limit them to fifty, and that's a pretty good squeeze. We want funds to take the

next two houses."

"How many of you are working here?"
"Six—two of us do the cooking; one the accounts; and the rest washing, mending, games, singing, dancing, and general chores. Two of us live in."

"I don't see your harps and crowns."

Norah Curfew smiled. "Pawned," she said.

"What do you do about religion?" asked Michael, thinking of the eleventh

baronet's future.

"Well, on the whole we don't. You see, they're none of them more than twelve; and the religious age, when it begins at all, begins with sex about fourteen. We just try to teach kindness and cheerfulness. I had my brother down the other

day. He's always laughed at me; but he's going to do a matinée for us, and give us the proceeds."

"What play?"

"I think it's called 'The Plain Dealer.' He says he's always wanted to do it for a good object."

Michael stared. "Do you know 'The

Plain Dealer'?"

"No; it's by one of the Restoration people, isn't it?"

"Wycherley."

"Oh, yes!" Her eyes remaining clearer than the dawn, Michael thought: 'Poor dear! It's not my business to queer the pitch of her money-getting; but Master

Bertie likes his little joke!'

"I must bring my wife down here," he said; "she'd love your walls and curtains. And I wanted to ask you: You haven't room, have you, for two more little girls, if we pay for them? Their father's downand-out and I'm starting him in the country—no mother."

Norah Curfew wrinkled her straight brows, and on her face came the look Michael always connected with halos, an anxious longing to stretch good-will be-

yond power and pocket.

"Oh! we must!" she said. "I'll manage somehow. What are their names?"
"Boddick—Christian, I don't know. I

call them by their ages—Four and Five."
"Give me the address. I'll go and see
them myself; if they haven't got anything

catching, they shall come."
"You really are an angel," said Mi-

chael, simply.

Norah Curfew colored, and opened a door. "That's silly," she said still more

simply: "This is our mess-room."

It was not large, and contained a girl working a typewriter, who stopped with her hands on the keys and looked round; another girl beating up eggs in a bowl, who stopped reading a book of poetry; and a third, who seemed practising a physical exercise, and stopped with her arms extended.

"This is Mr. Mont," said Norah Curfew, "who made that splendid speech in the House. Miss Betts, Miss La Fon-

taine, Miss Beeston."

The girls bowed, and the one who continued to beat the eggs, said: "It was bully."

Michael also bowed. "Beating the air, I'm afraid."

effect. It said what so many people are really thinking."

"Ah!" said Michael, "but

thoughts are so deep, you know."

"Do sit down."

Michael sat on the end of a peacockblue divan.

"I was born in South Africa," said the egg-beater, "and I know what's waiting."

"My father was in the House," said the girl, whose arms had come down to her splendid sides. "He was very much struck. Anyway, we're jolly grateful."

Michael looked from one to the other.

"I suppose if you didn't all believe in things, you wouldn't be doing this? You don't think the shutters are up in England, any way?"

"Good Lord, no!" said the girl at the typewriter; "you've only to live among

the poor to know that."

"The poor haven't got every virtue; and the rich haven't got every vicethat's nonsense!" broke in the physical exerciser.

Michael murmured soothingly.

"I wasn't thinking of that. I was wondering whether something doesn't hang over our heads too much?"

"D'you mean poison gas?"

"Partly-and town blight, and a feeling that progress has been found out."

'Well, I don't know," replied the eggbeater, who was dark and pretty: "I used to think so in the war. But Europe isn't the world. Europe isn't even very im-The sun hardly shines portant, really.

there, anyway."

Michael nodded. "After all, if the Millennium comes and we do blot each other out, in Europe, it'll only mean another desert about the size of the Sahara, and the loss of a lot of people obviously too ill-conditioned to be fit to live. It'd be a jolly good lesson to the rest of the world, wouldn't it? Luckily the other continents are far off each other."

"Cheerful!" exclaimed Norah Curfew.

Michael grinned.

"Well, one can't help catching the atmosphere of this place. I admire you all frightfully, you know, giving up everything, to come and do this."

"That's tosh," said the girl at the typewriter. "What is there to give up-"Oh! But, Mr. Mont, it must have an bunny-hugging? One got used to doing things in the war."

"If it comes to that," said the eggbeater, "we admire you much more, for

not giving up Parliament."

Again Michael grinned.

"Miss La Fontaine-wanted in the kitchen!"

The egg-beater went toward the door. "Can you beat eggs? D'you mind? Shan't be a minute." Handing Michael the bowl and fork, she vanished.

"What a shame!" said Norah Curfew.

"Let me!"

"No," said Michael; "I can beat eggs with anybody. What do you all feel about cutting children adrift at fourteen?"

"Well, of course, it'll be bitterly opposed," said the girl at the typewriter. "They'll call it inhuman and all that. It's much more inhuman really to keep them here."

"The real trouble," said Norah Curfew, "apart from the shillings earned, is the class-interference idea. Besides Imperialism isn't popular."

"I should jolly well think it isn't," mut-

tered the physical exerciser.

"Ah!" said the typist, "but this isn't Imperialism, is it, Mr. Mont? It's all on the lines of making the Dominions the equal at least of the Mother Country." Michael nodded. "Commonwealth."

"That won't prevent their camouflaging their objection to losing the children's wages," said the physical exerciser.

A close discussion ensued among the three young women as to the exact effect of children's wages on the working-class budget. Michael beat his eggs and listened. It was, he knew, a point of the utmost importance. The general conclusion seemed to be that children earned on the whole rather more than their keep, but that it was "very short-sighted in the long run," because it fostered surplus population and unemployment, and a "great shame" to spoil the children's chances for the sake of the parents.

The re-entrance of the egg-beater put a stop to it.

'They're beginning to come in, Norah."

The physical exerciser slipped out and Norah Curfew said:

"Now, Mr. Mont, would you like to see

them?"

Michael followed her. He was thinking 'I wish Fleur had come!' These girls seemed really to believe in things.

Down-stairs the children were trickling in from school. He stood and watched them. They seemed a queer blend of anæmia and vitality, of effervescence and obedience. Unselfconscious as puppies, but old beyond their years; and yet looking as if they never thought ahead. Each movement, each action was as if it were their last. They were very quick. Most of them carried something to eat in a paper bag or a bit of grease-paper. They chattered and didn't laugh. Their accent struck Michael as deplorable. Six or seven at most were nice to look at, but nearly all seemed good-tempered, and none appeared to be selfish. Their movements were jerky. They mobbed Norah Curfew and the physical exerciser; obeyed without question, ate without appetite, and grabbed at the house cat. Michael was fascinated.

With them came four or five mothers, who had questions to ask or bottles to fill. They too were on perfect terms with the young women. Class did not exist in this house; only personality was present. He noticed that the children responded to his grin, that the women didn't, though they smiled at Norah Curfew and the physical exerciser; he wondered if they would give him a bit of their minds if they knew of his speech.

ns specen.

Norah Curfew accompanied him to the door.

"Aren't they ducks?"

"By George!" said Michael; "if I saw much of them I should give up Foggartism."

"Oh! but why?"

"Well, you see, it designs to make them

men and women of property."

"You mean that would spoil them?"
Michael grinned. "There's something dangerous about silver spoons. Here's my initiation fee." He handed her all his money.

"Oh! Mr. Mont, we didn't——"
"Well, give me back sixpence, otherwise I shall have to walk home."

"It's frightfully kind of you. Do come again, and please don't give up Foggartism."

He walked to the train thinking of her eyes, and, on reaching home, said to

leur:

"You absolutely must come and see that place. It's quite clean and the spirit's topping. It's bucked me up like anything. Norah Curfew's perfectly splendid!"

Fleur looked at him between her lashes. "Oh!" she said: "I will."

VII

CONTRASTS

THE land beyond the coppice at Lippinghall was a ten-acre bit of poor grass, chalk, and gravel, fenced round to show that it was property. Except for one experiment with goats, abandoned because nobody would drink their milk in a country that did not go in for growing its own food, nothing had been done with it. By December it was being actively exploited. Close to the coppice the hut had been erected, and at least an acre converted into a sea of mud. The coppice itself presented an incised and draggled appearance, owing to the ravages of Henry Boddick and another man, who had cut and stacked a quantity of timber, which a contractor was gradually rejecting, for the fowl-house and granary. The incubator-house was at present in the nature of a prophecy. Progress, in fact, was somewhat English, and it was hoped that fowls might be asked to begin their operations soon after the New Year. In the meantime Michael had decided that the colony had better get the worst over and go into residence. Scraping the Manor House for furniture and sending in a store of groceries, oil-lamps, and soap, he installed Boddick on the left, earmarked the centre for the Bergfelds, and the right hand for Swain. He was present when the Manor car brought them from the station. The murky day was turning cold, the trees dripped, the car-wheels splashed up the surface water. From the doorway of the hut Michael watched them get out, and thought he had never seen three more untimely creatures. Bergfeld came first; having only one suit,

he had put it on, and looked what he was -an actor out of a job. Mrs. Bergfeld came second, and having no outdoor coat, looked what she was-nearly frozen. Swain came last. On his shadowy face was nothing quite so spirited as a sneer: but he gazed about him and seemed to say: 'My hat!'

Boddick with a sort of prescience, was absent in the coppice. 'He,' thought

Michael, 'is my only joy!'

Taking them into the kitchen messroom of the hut, he deployed a thermos of hot coffee, a cake, and a bottle of rum.

"Awfully sorry things look so dishevelled, but I think the hut's dry, and there are plenty of blankets. These oillamps smell rather. You were in the war, Mr. Swain; you'll feel at home in no time. Mrs. Bergfeld, you look so cold, do put some rum into your coffee; we always do

when we go over the top!"

They all put rum into their coffee, and it had a marked effect. Mrs. Bergfeld's cheeks grew pink and her eyes darkened. Swain remarked that the hut was a "bit of all right"; Bergfeld began making a Michael checked him. "Boddick knows all the ropes. I'm afraid I've got to catch a train, I've only just time to show you round."

While whirling back to town afterward he felt that he had, indeed, abandoned his platoon just as it was going over the top. That night he would be dining in society; there would be light and warmth, jewels and pictures, wine and talk; the dinner would cost the board of his "down and outs" for a quarter at least, and nobody would give them and their like a thought. If he ventured to draw Fleur's attention to the contrast, she

would sav:

"My dear boy, that's like a book by Gurdon Minho; you're getting sentimental." And he would feel a fool. Or would he? Would he not, perhaps, look at her small, distinguished head and think: 'Too easy a way out, my dear; those who take it have little heads!' And then his eyes, straying farther down to that white throat and all the dainty loveliness below, would convey a warmth to his blood and a warning to his brain not to give way to blasphemy, lest it end by disturbing bliss. For what with Foggartism, poultry, and the rest of it, Michael had serious thoughts sometimes that Fleur had none; and with wisdom born of love, he knew that if she hadn't, she never would have, and he must get used to it. She was what she was, and could be converted only in popular fiction. Excellent business for the self-centred heroine to turn from interest in her own belongings to interest in people who had none; but in life it wasn't done. Fleur at least camouflaged her self-concentration gracefully; and with Kit— Ah! but Kit was herself!

So he did not mention his "down and outs" on their way to dinner in Eaton Square. He took instead a lesson in the royal personage named on their invitation card, and marvelled at Fleur's knowledge. "She's interested in social matters. And do remember, Michael, not to sit down till she asks you to, and not to get up before her, and to say 'ma'am'."

Michael grinned. "I suppose they'll all be nobs, or sn-er-why the deuce did

they ask us?"

But Fleur was silent, thinking of her

courtesy.

Royalty was affable, the dinner short, but superb, served and eaten off gold plate, at a rate which suited the impression that there really wasn't a moment to spare. Fleur took a mental note of this new necessity. She knew personally five of the twenty-four diners, and the rest as in an illustrated paper, darkly. She had seen them all there at one time or another, stepping hideously in paddocks, photographed with their offspring or their dogs, about to reply for the Colonies, or "taking a lunar" at a flying grouse. Her quick instinct apprehended almost at once the reason why she and Michael had been invited. His speech! Like some new specimen at the Zoo, he was an object of curiosity, a stunt. She saw people nodding in the direction of him, seated opposite her between two ladies covered with flesh Excited and very pretty, and pearls. she flirted with the admiral on her right, and defended Michael with spirit from the Under-Secretary on her left. The admiral grew warm; the Under-Secretary, too young for emotion, cold.

"A little knowledge, Mrs. Mont," he said at the end of his short second innings,

"is a dangerous thing."

"Now where have I heard that?" said Fleur. "Is it in the Bible?"

The Under-Secretary tilted his chin.

"We who have to work Departments know too much, perhaps; but your husband certainly doesn't know enough. Foggartism is an amusing idea, but there it stops."

"We shall see!" said Fleur. "What do

you say, admiral?"

"Foggartism! What's that—new kind of death-ray? I saw a fellow yesterday, Mrs. Mont—give you my word!—who's got a ray that goes through three bullocks, a nine-inch brick wall, and gives a shock to a donkey on the other side; and only at quarter strength."

Fleur flashed a look round toward the Under-Secretary, who had turned his shoulder, and, leaning toward the ad-

miral, murmured:

"I wish you'd give a shock to the donkey on my other side, he wants it, and I'm not nine inches thick."

But before the admiral could shoot his

death-ray, royalty had risen.

In the apartment to which Fleur was withdrawn, she had been saying little for some minutes, and noticing much, when her hostess came up and said:

"My dear, Her Royal Highness—"
Fleur followed, retaining every wit.

A frank and simple hand patted the sofa beside her. Fleur sat down. A frank and simple voice said:

"What an interesting speech your husband made! It was so refreshing, I

thought."

"Yes, ma'am," said Fleur; "but there

it will stop, I am told."

A faint smile curled lips guiltless of coloring-matter.

"Well, perhaps. Has he been long in Parliament?"

"Only a year."

"Ah! I liked his taking up the cudgels for the children."

"Some people think he's proposing a

new kind of child slavery."

"Oh, really! Have you any children?"
"One," said Fleur; and added honestly:
"And I must say I wouldn't part with

him at fourteen."
"Ah! And have you been long mar-

ried?"

"Four years."

At this moment the royal lady saw some one else she wished to speak to, and was compelled to break off the conversation, which she did very graciously, leaving Fleur with the feeling that she had been disappointed with the rate of production.

In the cab trailing its way home through the foggy night she felt warm and excited, as if Michael wasn't.

"What's the matter, Michael?"

His hand came down on her knee at once.

"Sorry, old thing! Only, really—when you think of it—eh?"

"Of what? You were quite a li— object of interest."

"The whole thing's a game. Anything

for novelty!"

"The princess was very nice about you."
"Ah! Poor thing! But I suppose you get used to anything!"

Fleur laughed. Michael went on:

"Any new idea gets seized and talked out of existence. It never gets farther than the brain, and the brain gets bored; and there it is, already a back number!"

"That can't be true, Michael. What about Free Trade, or Woman Suffrage?"

Michael squeezed her knee. "All the women say to me: 'But how interesting, Mr. Mont; I think it's most thrilling!' And the men say: 'Good stunt, Mont! But not practical politics, of course.' And I've only one answer: 'Things as big got done in the war.' By George, it's foggy!"

They were going, indeed, at a snail's pace, and through the windows could see nothing but the faint glow of the street lamps emerging slowly, high up, one by one. Michael let down a window, and

leaned out.

"Where are we?"
"Gawd knows, sir."

Michael coughed, put up the window again, and resumed his clutch of Fleur.

"By the way, Wastwater asked me if I'd read 'Canthar.' He says there was a snorting cut-up of it yesterday. It'll have the usual effect—send sales up."

"They say it's very clever."

"Horribly out of drawing—not fit for children, and tells adults nothing they don't know. I don't see how it can be justified." "Genius, my dear. If it's attacked, it'll be defended."

"Sib Swan won't have it—he says it's

muck."

"Oh, yes! But Sib's getting a back number."

"That's very true," said Michael thoughtfully. "By Jove! how fast things move, except in politics, and fog."

Their cab had come to a standstill. Michael let down the window again.

"I'm fair lost, sir," said the driver's hoarse voice. "Ought to be near the Embankment, but for the life of me I can't find the turning." Michael buttoned his coat, put up the window again, and got out on the near side.

The night was smothered, alive only with the continual hootings of creeping cars. The black vapor, acrid and cold,

surged into Michael's lungs.

"I'll walk beside you; we're against the curb; creep on till we strike the river, or a bobby."

The cab crept on, and Michael walked beside it, feeling with his foot for the curb.

The refined voice of an invisible man said: "This is sanguinary!"

"It is," said Michael. "Where are

we?"
"In the twentieth century, and the heart of civilization."

Michael laughed, and regretted it; the

fog tasted of filth.

"Think of the police!" said the voice, "having to be out in this all night!"

"Splendid force, the police!" replied Michael. "Where are you, sir?"

"Here, sir. Where are you?"

It was the exact position. The blurred moon of a lamp glowed suddenly above Michael's head. The cab ceased to move.

"If I could only smell the 'Ouses of Parliament," said the cabman. "They'll be 'avin' supper there be now."

"Listen!" said Michael—Big Ben was striking. "That was to our left."

"At our back," said the cabman.

"Can't be, or we should be in the river; unless you've turned right round!"

"Gawd knows where I've turned," said the cabman, sneezing, "never saw such a night!"

"There's only one thing for it—drive on until we hit something. Gently does it."

The cabman started the cab, and

Michael, with his hand on it, continued to feel for the curb with his foot. "Steady!" he said suddenly. "Car in

"Steady!" he said suddenly. "Car in front." There was a slight bump.

"Nah, then!" said a voice. "Where yer

comin'? Cawn't yer see?"

Michael moved up alongside of what

seemed to be another taxi.
"Comin' along at that pice!" said its

driver. "And full moon, too!"
"Awfully sorry," said Michael. "No

harm done. You got any sense of direction left?"

"The pubs are all closed, worse luck! There's a bloomin' car in front o' me that I've hit three times. Can't make any impression on it. The driver's dead, I think. Would yer go and look, guv'nor?"

Michael moved toward the loom in front. But at that moment it gave way to the more universal blackness. He ran four steps to hail the driver, stumbled off the curb, fell, picked himself up and spun round. He moved along the curb to his right, felt he was going wrong, stopped, and called: "Hallo!" A faint "Hallo!" replied from—where? He moved what he thought was back, and called again. No answer! Fleur would be frightened! He shouted. Half a dozen faint hallos replied to him, and some one at his elbow said: "Don't cher know where y'are?"

"No; do you?"

"What do you think? Lost anything?"

"Yes; my cab."

"Left anything in it?"

"My wife."

"Lawd! You won't get 'er back tonight." A hoarse laugh, ghostly and obscene, floated by. A bit of darkness loomed for a moment, and faded out. Michael stood still. 'Keep your head!' he thought. 'Here's the curb-either they're in front, or they're behind; or else I've turned a corner.' He stepped forward along the curb. Nothing! He stepped back. Nothing! "What the blazes have I done?" he muttered. "Or have they moved on?" Sweat poured down him in spite of the cold. Fleur would be really scared! And the words of his election address sprang from his lips: "Chiefly by the elimination of smoke!"

"Ah!" said a voice. "Got a cigarette,

guv'nor?"

"I'll give you all I've got and half a have fog England will survive." He felt crown if you'll find a cab close by with a lady in it. What street's this?"

"Don't arst me! The streets 'ave gone

mad, I think."

"Listen!" said Michael sharply.

"That's right, some one callin' so sweet."

"Hallo!" cried Michael: "Fleur!"

"Here! Here!"

It sounded to his right, to his left, behind him, in front. Then came the steady blowing of a cab's horn.

"Now we've got 'em," said the bit of darkness. "This way, guv'nor, step slow, and mind my corns!"

Michael yielded to a tugging at his

"It's like No Man's Land in a smoke barrage!" said his guide.

"You're right. Hallo! Coming!"

The horn sounded a yard off. A voice said: "Oh, Michael!"

His face touched Fleur's in the window of the cab.

"Just a second, darling. There you are, my friend, and thanks awfully! Hope

you'll get home!"

"I've 'ad worse nights out than this. Thank you, captain! Wish you and the lady luck." There was a sound of feet shuffling on, and the fog sighed out: "So

"All right, sir," said the hoarse voice of Michael's cabman, "I know where I am now. First on the left, second on the right. I'll bump the curb till I get there. Thought you were swallered up, sir!"

Michael got into the cab and clasped Fleur close. She uttered a long sigh and

sat quite still.

"Nothing more scaring than a fog!" he

"I thought you'd been run over!" Michael was profoundly touched.

"Awfully sorry, darling. And you've got all that beastly fog down your throat. We'll drown it out when we get in. That poor chap was an ex-Service man. Wonderful the way the English keep their humor and don't lose their heads."

"I lost mine!"

"Well, you've got it back," said Michael, pressing it against his own to hide the emotion he was feeling. "Fog's our sheet anchor, after all. So long as we tangle, lost shapes, and straying cries?

Fleur's lips against his.

He belonged to her, and she couldn't afford to have him straying about in fogs or Foggartism! Was that the-? And then he yielded to the thrill.

The cabman was standing by the opened door: "Now, sir, I'm in your square. P'raps you know your own 'ouse."

Wrenched from the kiss Michael stammered: "Right-oh!" The fog was thinner here; he could consult the shape of trees. "On and to your right, third house."

There it was—desirable—with its baytrees in its tubs and its fanlight shining. He put his latch-key in the door.

"A drink?" he said.

The cabman coughed: "I won't say no,

Michael brought the drink.

"Far to go?"

"Near Putney Bridge. Your 'ealth,

Michael watched his pinched face drinking.

"Sorry you've got to plough into that

again!"

The cabman handed back the glass.

"Thank 'ee, sir, I shall be all right now; keep along the river, and down the Fulham Road. Thought they couldn't lose me in London. Where I went wrong was trying for a short cut instead of takin' the straight road round. 'Ope the young lady's none the worse, sir. She was properly scared while you was out there in the dark. These fogs ain't fit for 'uman They ought to do somethin' about 'em in Parliament."

"They ought!" said Michael, handing him a pound note. "Good night, and

good luck!"

"It's an ill wind!" said the cabman, starting his cab. "Good night, sir, and thank you kindly."

"Thank you!" said Michael.

The cab ground slowly away, and was

lost to sight.

Michael went into the Spanish Room. Fleur, beneath the Goya, was boiling a silver kettle and burning pastilles. What a contrast to the world outside—its black malodorous cold reek, its risk and fear! In this pretty glowing room, with this pretty glowing woman, why think of its Lighting his cigarette he took his drink from her by its silver handle, and put it to his lips.

"I really think we ought to have a car,

Michael!"

VIII

COLLECTING EVIDENCE

THE editor of *The Philosopher* had so evidently enjoyed himself that he caused a number of other people to do the same.

"There's no more popular sight in the East, Forsyte," said Sir Lawrence, "than a boy being spanked; and the only difference between East and West is that in the East the boy at once offers himself again at so much a spank. I don't see Mr. Percival Calvin doing that."

"If he defends himself," said Soames

gloomily, "other people won't."

They waited, reading daily denunciations signed: "A Mother of Three"; "Roger: Northampton"; "Victorian"; "Alys St. Maurice"; "Plus Fours"; "Arthur Whiffkin"; "Sportsman if not Gentleman"; and "Pro Patriâ"; which practically all contained the words: "I cannot say that I have read the book through, but I have read enough to—"

It was five days before the defense fired a shot. But first came a letter above the signature: "Swishing Block," which, after commenting on the fact that a whole school of so-called literature had been indicted by the editor of *The Philosopher* in his able letter of the 14th inst., noted with satisfaction that the said school had grace enough to take its swishing without a murmur. Not even an anonymous squeak had been heard from the whole apostolic body.

"Forsyte," said Sir Lawrence, handing it to Soames, "that's my very own mite, and if it doesn't draw them—nothing

will!"

But it did. The next issue of the interested journal in which the correspondence was appearing, contained a letter from the greater novelist L.S.D. which restored every one to his place. This book might or might not be art, he hadn't read it; but the editor of *The Philosopher* wrote like a pedagogue, and there was an end of him. As to the claim that literature must always wear a flannel petticoat, it was

"piffle," and that was that. From under the skirts of this letter the defense, to what of exultation Soames ever permitted himself, moved out in force. Among the defenders were as many as four of the selected ten associates to whom young Butterfield had purveyed copies. wrote over their own names that "Canthar" was distinctly Literature; they were sorry for people who thought in these days that Literature had any business with morals. The work must be approached æsthetically or not at all. Art was Art, and morality was morality, and never the twain could, would, or should meet. It was monstrous that a work of this sort should have to appear with a foreign imprint. When would England recognize genius when she saw it?

Soames cut the letters out one after the other and pasted them in a book. He had got what he wanted, and the rest of the discussion interested him no more. He had received, too, a communication from

young Butterfield:

"SIR.

"I called on the lady last Monday, and was fortunately able to see her in person. She seemed rather annoyed when I offered her the book. 'That book,' she said: 'I read it weeks ago.' 'It's exciting a great deal of interest, madam,' I said. 'I know,' she said. 'Then you won't take a copy? The price is rising steadily. It'll be very valuable in time.' 'I've got one,' she said. That's what you told me to find out, sir; so I didn't pursue the matter. I hope I have done what you wanted. But if there is anything more, I shall be most happy. I consider that I owe my present position entirely to you."

Soames didn't know about that; but, as to his future position—he might have to put the young man into the box. The question of a play remained. He consulted Michael.

"Does that young woman still act in the advanced theatre place you gave me

the name of?"

Michael winced: "I don't know, sir;

but I could find out."

Inquiry revealed that she was cast for the part of Olivia in Bertie Curfew's matinée of "The Plain Dealer." "The Plain Dealer'?" said Soames: "Is that an advanced play?"

"Yes, sir, two hundred and fifty years

old."

"Ah!" said Soames, "they were a coarse lot in those days. How is it she goes on there if she and the young man have split?"

"Oh! well, they're very cool hands. I do hope you're going to keep things out

of court, sir?"

"I can't tell. When is this performance?"

"January the seventh."

Soames went to his club library and took down "Wycherley." He was disappointed with the early portions of "The Plain Dealer"; but it improved as it went on, and he spent some time making a list of what George Forsyte would have called the "nubbly bits." He understood that at that theatre they did not bowdlerize. Excellent! There were passages that would raise hair on any British jury. Between "Canthar" and this play, he felt as if he had a complete answer to any claim by the young woman and her set to having "morals about them." Old professional instincts were rising within him. He had retained Sir James Foskisson, K. C., not because he admired him personally, but because if he didn't, the other side might. As junior he was employing very young Nicholas Forsyte; he had no great opinion of him, but it was as well to keep the matter in the family, especially if it wasn't to come into court.

A conversation with Fleur that evening contributed to his intention that it should

not.

"What's happened to that young

American?" he said.

Fleur smiled acidly. "Francis Wilmot? Oh, he's 'fallen for' Marjorie Ferrar!"

"'Fallen for her'?" said Soames:

"What an expression!"

"Yes, dear, it's American."

"'For' her? It means nothing, so far as I can see."

"Let's hope not, for his sake? She's going to marry Sir Alexander MacGown, I'm told."

"Oh!"

"Did Michael tell you that he hit him on the nose?"

"Which—who?" said Soames testily: "Whose nose?"

"MacGown's, dear, and it bled like

anything."

"Why on earth did he do that?"

"Didn't you read his speech about Michael?"

"Oh!" said Soames: "Parliamentary fuss—that's nothing. They're always behaving like children, there. And so she's going to marry him. Has he been putting her up to all this?"

"No; she's been putting him."

Soames discounted the information with a sniff; he scented the hostility of woman for woman. Still, chicken and egg-political feeling and social feeling, who could say which first prompted which? In any case, this made a difference. Going to be married—was she? He debated the matter for some time, and then decided that he would go and see Settlewhite and Stark. If they had been a firm of poor repute or the kind always employed in "Causes célèbres," he wouldn't have dreamed of it; but, as a fact, they stood high, were solid family people, with an aristocratic connection and all that.

He did not write, but took his hat and went over from the Connoisseurs to their offices in King Street, St. James's. The journey recalled old days-to how many such negotiatory meetings had he not gone or caused his adversaries to come! He had never cared to take things into court if they could be settled out of it. And always he had approached negotiation with the impersonality of one passionless about to meet another of the same kidney—two calculating machines, making their livings out of human nature. He did not feel like that to-day; and, aware of this handicap, stopped to stare into the print-and-picture shop next door. There were those first proofs of the Roussel engravings of the Prince Consort Exhibition of '51, that "Old Mont" had spoken of-he had an eye for an engraving, "Old Mont." And by George! There was a Fred Walker, quite a good one! Mason, and Walker—they weren't done for yet by any means. And the sensation that a man feels hearing a blackbird sing on a tree just coming into blossom, stirred beneath Soames' ribs.

Long—long since he had bought a picture! Let him but get this confounded case out of the way, and he could enjoy himself again. Riving his glance from the window, he took a long breath, and walked into Settlewhite and Stark's.

The chief partner's room was on the first floor, and the chief partner standing

where chief partners stand.

"How do you do, Mr. Forsyte? I've not met you since 'Bobbin against the L. & S. W.' That must have been 1900!"
"1800." said Soames. "You were for

the company."

Mr. Settlewhite pointed to a chair.

Soames sat down and glanced up at the figure before the fire. H'm! A longlipped, long-eyelashed, long-chinned face; a man of his own caliber, education, and probity! He would not beat about the bush.

"This action," he said, "is a very petty business. What can we do about it?"

Mr. Settlewhite frowned.

"That depends, Mr. Forsyte, on what you have to propose? My client has been very grossly libelled."

Soames smiled sourly.

"She began it. And what is she relying on—private letters to personal friends of my daughter's, written in very natural anger! I'm surprised that a firm of your standing——"

Mr. Settlewhite smiled.

"Don't trouble to compliment my firm! I'm surprised myself that you're acting for your daughter. You can hardly see all round the matter, I fear. Have you come to offer an apology?"

"That!" said Soames. "I should have thought it was for your client to apolo-

gize.'

"If such is your view, I'm afraid it's no use continuing this discussion."

Soames regarded him fixedly.

"How do you think you're going to prove damage? She belongs to the fast set."

Mr. Settlewhite continued to smile.

"I understand she's going to marry Sir Alexander MacGown," said Soames. Mr. Settlewhite's lips tightened.

"Really, Mr. Forsyte, if you have come to offer an apology and a substantial sum in settlement, we can talk. Otherwise—"

"As a sensible man," said Soames, "you know that these society scandals are always dead-sea fruit—nothing but costs and vexation, and a feast for all the gossips about town. I'm prepared to offer you a thousand pounds to settle the whole thing, but an apology I can't look at. A mutual expression of regret—perhaps; but an apology's out of the question."

"Fifteen hundred I might accept—the insults have had wide currency. But an

apology is essential."

Soames sat silent, chewing the injustice of it all. Fifteen hundred! Monstrous! Still he would pay even that to keep Fleur out of court. But humble pie! She wouldn't eat it, and he couldn't make her, and he didn't know that he wanted

to. He got up.

"Look here, Mr. Settlewhite, if you take this into court, you will find your-self up against more than you think. But the whole thing is so offensive to me that I'm prepared to meet you over the money, though I tell you frankly I don't believe a jury would award a penny piece. As to an apology, a 'formula' could be found, perhaps—" Why the deuce was the fellow smiling? "Something like this: 'We regret that we have said hasty things about each other,' to be signed by both parties."

Mr. Settlewhite caressed his chin.

"Well, I'll put your proposition before my client. I join with you in wishing to see the matter settled, not because I'm afraid of the result"—'Oh, no!' thought Soames—"but because these cases, as you say, are not edifying." He held out his hand.

Soames gave it a cold touch.

"You understand that this is entirely 'without prejudice,' "he said and went out. 'She'll take it!' he thought. Fifteen hundred pounds of his money thrown away on that baggage, just because for once she had been labelled what she was; and all his trouble to get evidence wasted! For a moment he resented his devotion to Fleur. Really it was fatuous to be so fond as that! Then his heart rebounded. Thank God! He had settled it.

Christmas was at hand. It did not alarm him, therefore, that he received no answering communication. Fleur and

ninth and eleventh baronets. He and Annette had Winifred and the Cardigans down at "The Shelter." Not till the 6th of January did he receive a letter from Messrs. Settlewhite and Stark.

"DEAR SIR,

"In reference to your call of the 17th ultimo, your proposition was duly placed before our client, and we are instructed to say that she will accept the sum of £1,500—fifteen hundred pounds—and an apology, duly signed by your client, copy of which we enclose.

> We are, dear sir. Faithfully yours, SETTLEWHITE & STARK."

Soames turned to the enclosure. It ran thus:

"I, Mrs. Michael Mont, withdraw the words concerning Miss Marjorie Ferrar contained in my letters to Mrs. Ralph Ppynrryn and Mrs. Edward Maltese of October 4 last, and hereby tender a full and free apology for having written them. (Signed)"

Pushing back the breakfast-table so violently that it groaned, Soames got up. "What is it, Soames?" said Annette: "Have you broken your plate again? You should not bite so hard."

"Read that!" Annette read.

"You would give that woman fifteen hundred pounds? I think you are mad, Soames. I would not give her fifteen hundred pence. Pay this woman, and she tells her friends. That is fifteen hundred apologies in all their minds. Really, Soames—I am surprised. A man of business, a clever man! Do you not know the world better than that? With every pound you pay, Fleur eats her words!"

Soames flushed. It was so French, and yet somehow it was so true. He walked to the window. The French-they had no sense of compromise, and every sense

"Well," he said, "that ends it anyway. She won't sign. And I shall withdraw my offer."

"I should hope so. Fleur has a good

Michael were at Lippinghall with the head. She will look very pretty in court. I think that woman will be sorry she ever lived! Why don't you have her what you call shadowed? It is no good to be delicate with women like that."

> In a weak moment he had told Annette about the book and the play; for, unable to speak of them to Fleur and Michael, he had really had to tell some one; indeed, he had shown her "Canthar," with the words: "I don't advise you to read it: it's very French."

> Annette had returned it to him two days later, saying: "It is not French at all, it is disgusting. You English are so coarse. It has no wit. It is only nasty. A serious, nasty book—that is the limit. You are so old-fashioned, Soames. Why do you say this book is French?"

Soames, who didn't really know why,

had muttered:

"Well, they can't get it printed in England." And with the words: "Bruxelles, Bruxelles, you call Bruxelles" buzzing about his ears, had left the room. He had never known any people so touchy as the French!

Her remark about 'shadowing,' however, was not easily forgotten. Why be squeamish when all depended on frightening this woman? And on arriving in London he visited an office that was not Mr. Polteed's, and gave instructions for the shadowing of Marjorie Ferrar's past, present, and future.

His answer to Settlewhite and Stark, too, was brief, determined, and written on

the paper of his own firm.

Jan. 6th, 1924. "DEAR SIRS,

"I have your letter of yesterday's date, and note that your client has rejected my proposition, which, as you know, was made entirely without prejudice, and is now withdrawn in toto.

> Yours faithfully, SOAMES FORSYTE."

If he did not mistake, they would be sorry. And he gazed at the words "in toto"; somehow they looked funny. In toto! And now for "The Plain Dealer"!

The theatre of the Ne Plus Ultra Playproducing Society had a dingy exterior, a death-mask of Congreve in the hall, a peculiar smell, and an apron stage. There was no music. They hit something three times before the curtain went up. There were no footlights. The scenery was peculiar—Soames could not take his eyes off it till, in the first *Entr'acte*, its principle was revealed to him by the conversation of two people sitting just behind.

"The point of the scenery here is that no one need look at it, you see. They go farther than anything yet done."

"They've gone farther in Moscow."

"I believe not. Curfew went over there. He came back raving 'bout the way they speak their lines."

"Does he know Russian?"

"No. You don't need to. It's the timbre. I think he's doing pretty well here with that. You couldn't give a play like this if you took the words in."

Soames, who had been trying to take the words in—it was, indeed, what he had come for—squinted round at the speakers. They were pale and young, and went on with a strange unconcern.

"Curfew's doing great work. He's

shaking them up."

"I see they've got Marjorie Ferrar as Olivia."

"Don't know why he keeps on an amateur like that."

"Box office, my dear boy; she brings the smart people. She's painful, I think."

"She did one good thing—the dumb girl in that Russian play. But she can't speak for nuts, you're following the sense of her words all the time. She doesn't rhythmatize you a little bit."

"She's got looks."
"M'—yes."

At this moment the curtain went up again. Since Marjorie Ferrar had not yet appeared, Soames was obliged to keep awake; indeed, whether because she couldn't "speak for nuts," or merely from duty, he was always awake while she was on the stage, and whenever she had anything outrageous to say he noted it carefully; otherwise he passed an excellent afternoon and went away much rested. In his cab he mentally rehearsed Sir James Foskisson in the part of cross-examiner:

"I think, madam, you played Olivia in a production of 'The Plain Dealer' by the Ne Plus Ultra Play-producing Society? . . . Would it be correct to say

that the part was that of a modest woman? . . . Precisely. And did it contain the following lines? (Quotation of nubbly bits.) Did that convey anything to your mind, madam? . . . I suppose that you would not say it was an immoral passage? . . . No? Nor calculated to offend the ears and debase the morals of a decent-minded audience? . . . No. In fact, you don't take the same view of morality that I, or I venture to think, the jury do? . . . No. The dark scene—you did not remonstrate with the producer for not omitting that scene? . . . Quite. Mr. Curfew, I think, was the producer? Yes. Are you on such terms with that gentleman as would have made a remonstrance easy? . . . Ah! Now, madam, I put it to you that throughout 1923 you were seeing this gentleman nearly every day. . . . Well, say three or four times a week. And yet you say that you were not on such terms as would have made it possible for you to represent to him that no modest young woman should be asked to play a scene like that. . . . Indeed! The jury will form their own opinion of your answer. You are not a professional actress, dependent for your living on doing what you are told to do. . . . No. And yet you have the face to come here and ask for substantial damages because of the allegation in a private letter that you haven't a moral about you? ... Have you? ..." And so on, and so on. Oh, no! Damages! She wouldn't get a farthing.

IX

VOLTE-FACE

KEEPING Sir Alexander MacGown and Francis Wilmot in the air, fulfilling her week-end and other engagements, playing much bridge in the hope of making her daily expenses, getting a day's hunting when she could, and rehearsing the part of Olivia, Marjorie Ferrar had almost forgotten the action, when the offer of £1,500 and the formula were put before her by Messrs. Settlewhite and Stark. She almost jumped at it. The money would wipe out her more pressing debts; she would be able to breathe and reconsider her future.

She received their letter on the Friday

before Christmas, just as she was about to go down to her father's, near Newmarket, and wrote hastily to say she would call at their office on her way home on Monday. The following evening she consulted her father. Lord Charles was of opinion that if this attorney fellow would go as far as fifteen hundred he must be dead keen on settling, and she had only to press for the apology to get it. Anyway, she should let them stew in their juice for a bit. On Monday he wanted to show her his yearlings. She did not therefore return to town till the twenty-third, and found the office closed for Christmas. It had never occurred to her that solicitors had holidays. On Christmas Eve she herself went away for ten days, so that it was January 4 before she was again able to call. Mr. Settlewhite was still in the south of France, but Mr. Stark would see her. Mr. Stark knew little about the matter, he thought Lord Charles' advice probably sound; he proposed to write accepting the £1,500 if a formal apology were tendered; they could fall back on the formula if necessary, but it was always wise to get as much as you could. With some misgiving Marjorie Ferrar agreed.

Returning from the matinée on January 7th tired and elated by applause, by Bertie Curfew's words, "You did quite well, darling," and almost the old look on his face, she got into a hot bath, and was just out when her maid announced Mr. Wil-

mot.

"Keep him, Fanny; say I'll be with him

in twenty minutes."

Feverish and soft, as if approaching a crisis, she dressed hastily, put essence of orange-blossom on her neck and hands, and went to the studio. She entered without noise. The young man, back to the door, in the centre of the room, evidently did not hear her. Approaching within a few feet she waited for the effect on him of orange-blossom. He was standing like some Eastern donkey that with drooped ears patiently awaits the fresh burdening of a sore back. And suddenly he spoke: "I'm all in."

"Francis!"

The young man turned.

"Oh! Marjorie," he said, "I never heard!" And taking her hands he buried his face in them.

She was hampered at that moment. To convert his mouth from despairing kissing of her hands to triumphal flame upon her lips would have been so easy if he had been modern, if his old-fashioned love had not complimented her so subtly; if, too, she were not feeling for him something more—or was it less?—than passion. Was she to know at last the sensations of the simple—a young girl's idyl—something she had missed? She led him to the divan. sat down by his side, and looked into his eyes. Fabled sweetness, as of a spring morning-Francis and she, children in the wood, with the world well lost! She surrendered to the innocence of it: deliberately grasped something delicious, new. Poor boy! How delightful to feel him happy at last—to promise marriage and mean to perform it! When? Oh, when he liked! Soon, quite soon; the sooner the better! Almost unconscious that she was playing a young girl, she was carried away by his amazement and his joy. He was on fire, on air; yet he remained delicate—he was wonderful! For an hour they sat—a fragrant hour for memory to sniff-before she remembered that she was dining out at half past eight. She put her lips to his, and closed her eyes. And thought ran riot. Should she spoil it and make sure of him in modern fashion? What was his image of her but a phlizz, but a fraud? She saw his eyes grow troubled, felt his hands grow fevered. Something seemed drowning before her eyes. She stood

"Now, my darling, you must fly!"

When he had flown she threw off her dress and brushed out her hair that in the mirror seemed to have more gold than red. Some letters on her dressing-table caught her eye. The first was a bill, the second a bill, the third ran thus:

"Dear Madam,—We regret to say that Cuthcott Kingson and Forsyte have refused to give the apology we asked for, and withdrawn their verbal offer in toto. We presume, therefore, that the action must go forward. We have every hope, however, that they may reconsider the matter before it comes into court.—Your obedient servants,

SETTLEWHITE & STARK."

She dropped it and sat very still, staring at a little hard line on the right side of her mouth and a little hard line on the

left. . .

Francis Wilmot, flying, thought of steamship lines and staterooms, of registrars and rings. An hour ago he had despaired; now it seemed he had always known she was "too fine not to give up this Congressman whom she didn't love." He would make her the queen of South Carolina—he surely would! But if she didn't like it out there he would sell the "old home," and they would go and live where she wished: in Venice—he had heard her say Venice was wonderful; or New York, or Sicily; with her he wouldn't care! And London in the cold dry wind seemed beautiful, no longer a gray maze of unreality and shadows, but a city where you could buy rings and steamship passages. The wind cut him like a knife and he did not feel it. That poor devil of a 'Congressman'! He hated the sight, the thought of him, and yet felt sorry, thinking of him with the cup dashed from his lips. And all the days, weeks, months himself had spent circling round the flame, his wings scorched and drooping, seemed now but the natural progress of the soul toward paradise. Twenty-four his age and hers; an eternity of bliss! He pictured her on the porch at home. Horses! A better car than the old Ford! The darkies would adore her-kind of grand, and so white! To walk with her among the azaleas in the spring, he could smell them already; no, it was his hands where he had touched her! He shivered, and resumed his flight under the bare trees, well-nigh alone in the east wind, the stars of a bitter night shining.

A card was handed to him as he entered

his hotel.

"Mr. Wilmot, a gentleman to see you." The 'Congressman' was seated in a

corner of the lounge, with a crush hat in his hand. He rose and came toward Francis Wilmot, grim and square.

"I've been meaning to call on you for

some time, Mr. Wilmot."

"Yes, sir. May I offer you a cocktail or a glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you. You are aware of my

engagement to Miss Ferrar?"

"I was, sir."

This red aggressive face, with its stiff mustache and burning eyes, revived his hatred; so that he no longer felt sorry.

"You know that I very much object to your constant visits to that young lady. In this country it is not the part of a gentleman to pursue an engaged young woman."

"That," said Francis Wilmot coolly, "is for Miss Ferrar herself to say."

The 'Congressman's' face grew even redder.

"If you hadn't been an American I should have warned you to keep clear a long time ago."

Francis Wilmot bowed.

"Well! Are you going to?"

"Permit me to decline an answer."
The 'Congressman' thrust forward his

"I've told you," he said: "If you trespass any more look out for yourself."

"Thank you, I certainly will," said

Francis Wilmot softly.

The 'Congressman' stood for a moment swaying slightly. Was he going to hit out? Francis Wilmot put his hands into his trousers pockets.

"You've had your warning," said the 'Congressman,' and turned on his heel.

"Good night!" said Francis Wilmot to that square receding back. He had been gentle, he had been polite, but he hated the fellow, yes, indeed! Save for the triumphal glow within him there would have been a fuss!

(To be continued.)

Moorings

BY AMORY HARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



HEN Whartonby was a small boy he fell over the brass fender in his father's study face forward into the fire. That was why at twenty-seven the Congo forest trails knew

the white gleam of his helmet and the patter of the bare brown feet of his bear-That was why at forty certain geographical societies, certain geological associations in London, announced to their patrons the lectures of an English gentleman with several capital letters after his name. That was why at fifty it was Whartonby's wont to sit alone in Kensington Gardens and watch the younger fellows hoisting sail for foreign ports on Round Pond. With their schooners tucked comfortably under their arms they would lurch down to the water's edge, and cargoes would be stowed with efficiency and despatch, running gear would be overhauled, small boats shipped, and davits swung inboard, for there was sure to be a bucketful of wind before the trip was over.

Whartonby had followed this practice for more years than he cared to think about. With his hat pulled over his eyes he became an observer. He became so adept that he was able to tell what sort of a mother a boy had by the way the boy approached the business in hand, the business of ships on Round Pond. His heart went out to those ship-captains who wet their feet and looked apprehensively at a slippered lady sitting on a bench beneath a lace parasol. He openly envied those who shouted explanations of their activities to ears that seemed always listening to hear when the voyage would begin; and the sea-captain who was uniformed in blue and white galatea, whose companion called from her bench, "Whenever do we come to the mouth of the Orinoco?" or "Isn't it about time we picked up the Lizard?" set astir in him a sensation almost amounting to pain, was so keenly jealous of his good fortune.

It was, of course, inevitable that he should concentrate his attention upon these two, for it was they whom he most envied. The lady's bearing had a quality which had interested him from the first. a sort of eager restraint, as if she were always expecting something delightful to occur in just a moment, but feared lest some one should discover her to be too frankly joyous in anticipation, and so was ever veiling the smiles behind her eves. Dressed with the most fastidious good taste, the simplicity of her attire gave her tall form distinction. Her hands were strong and beautiful, moving, it seemed to Whartonby, with a sort of gay agility above a bit of lace crochet that apparently had no beginning and no end. She and her young explorer, with his schooner under his arm, would appear at almost the same moment every day when it was not too wet to sit in the open, and strolling slowly to Round Pond would discuss such matters as might pertain to voyages of discovery. They had a small woolly dog on a leash, the loop of which was slipped over the lady's arm at the elbow, and this little creature seemed possessed of the same quaint restraint which pervaded the personality of the lady herself, for it neither strained forward against the leash nor fell behind, but kept a light steady pressure upon the collar, moving with a kind of diminutive decorum which amused Whartonby very much. It became his habit to await the coming of these three, to watch them for an hour before darkness drove him to his club, where, if he was not joined by some "damned old derelict like himself," as he called them, he found that he was apt to ponder pleasurably all that he had observed the lady to say and do upon that particular



From a drawing by F. C. Yohn.

"Whenever do we come to the mouth of the Orinoco?"—Page 368.

occasion. The regularity with which they came and went, winter and summer; their absorption in each other, as if she had no eyes, indeed, for any other fellow; those days when her cheery shout of "Whenever do we come to the mouth of the Orinoco?" seemed to ring with something very like dismay; the fact that the blue-striped galatea uniforms were now certainly several sizes too small for their doughty wearer, all provided him with ample material for conjecture. Days when they did not appear at Round Pond became days of anxiety. Could anything untoward have happened to them? When they finally arrived he began to fancy that they were late, he was annoyed with them the moment he saw them safe and sound for having given him needless and unjustifiable anxiety. Then the absurdity of the thing would flash over him and he would smother a laugh. One would suppose he had a right to these three—like pantomime clowns who, when he clapped his hands, played their small act for his entertainment and were gone. He mused for a time upon comparative possession. After all, as little as he owned them, he owned them more than he would ever possess any other boy and his mother. The unconscious grouping of himself with them gave him a companionship of spirit which he valued the more because of its obscurity. He became fearful that they would see him watching them and would perhaps move their activities to some other place. The possibility of this drove him to various small deceptions. Concealment became of paramount importance. He dared not risk a single exchange of glances with the boy's mother for fear she would become aware that his presence was too regular; and he could not face that look which he had seen in the eyes of children when they gazed upon his own misshapen visage.

He decided upon some shooting in Scotland, and after a month on the hills he thought of his absorption in those three devotees of Round Pond as really imbecile. Nevertheless, when afternoon came the second day of his return he found himself seeking the bench where he had used to watch them from behind the great forsythia-bush. They did not appear. And, fearing that he would drift back again into

his attitude of dependence upon them, he deliberately avoided the place for a week. Then, pretending to himself that he was not looking for them, he wandered down the path and sat with his back to Round Pond. After a while he got up irritably and was about to walk away when he saw her, on a different bench across the pond. holding the little dog, alone. Instantly something seemed to strike him near the heart. She could not possibly be sitting there alone unless—unless— For this was Christmas Eve! No mother sat alone in Kensington Gardens on Christmas Eveunless-Suddenly he heard himself grinding the gravel beneath his heel, standing before her with his hat dragged off and his lips saying: "Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Has he been lost at sea? In the mouth of the Orinoco?"

She did not even seem surprised. She covered her face with her hands and did not answer. He stood there turning his hat round and round. And presently she said: "No, he isn't dead. He's not all mine, you see."

Whartonby stood still and groped about

his mind in confusion.

"What on earth do you mean?" he said at last. "Aren't you his mother?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered.

The face that looked up at him seemed to float against the background of gathering dusk. He felt a dumb desire to serve it. And he heard himself saying inanely:

. "I wish you would let me buy you a

fur."

Years before, he had watched a wideshouldered young man accompanied by a tall girl in blue serge entering a furrier's shop, to return not long afterward with a luxuriant pelt of silver fox about the latter's throat. He never forgot the look on both their faces. They had always seemed to him, since, the king and queen of all creation.

"I-I beg your pardon?"

"I was saying that I wish you would let me buy you a fur," he said in confusion.

"A fur—?" she said, and a slow smile came floating up to him. "Is this one so bad as that?"

"She'll think me an escaped lunatic," he thought; and then, aloud: "I'm afraid I'm confused—forgive me. I saw one bought once. It made an impression. I

always wanted to buy one—a silver for preferably. Could you tell me what has happened to your boy? You confessed, I think, to being his mother."

"Of course," she admitted.

Was the woman without human under-

standing?

"You seem to forget that, while you know what has become of him, I do not!"

he said severely.

"But you are wrong," she answered almost humbly; "if I knew what had become of him I would have told you at once."

"What on earth do you mean?" he said angrily. "You say you're his mother?"

"I am, of course, his mother. But, you see, that rather means that he has, of

course, a father."

Having stumbled upon the omission of this thought on his part, Whartonby was staggered. With a kind of reluctant mistrust he grudgingly admitted the existence of this complication. Then he said impatiently: "Well, what of it?"

Her lips trembled.

"Only, that his father is not—is not fond—of me," she said.

"What!" he cried stupidly.

"I had gone to our lodgings for his coat—I was only gone about ten minutes in all. He was making the voyage to the Orinoco. When I came back he was gone."

"You mean he was kidnapped? By

his father?"

"Yes."

"But why should you think that?"

"Because it has happened before."

"Good Lord! What have you done about it?"

"Nothing. He'll bring him back. He always does. Only, it's almost too much, not knowing when. You see, I can't tell where they've gone. His father is a skipper, too—skipper of a collier. Perhaps they have gone to—oh, they might be anywhere. There's nothing to be done but wait. He'll bring him back—he gets tired of him. He only does this to torture—me."

Whartonby experienced a feeling of breathlessness as he was plunged into realms of which he hitherto had guessed nothing.

"He'll take good care of him, I have no doubt," he said vaguely.

She gave him a look of utter supplica-

"You don't think he'll—he'll get to like the life, do you? It's in him, you see, to like the sea, to want the ships. You don't think the time will come when he won't want to come back?"

Whartonby recoiled from the thought, which suddenly appeared perfectly possible. Aloud he said:

"Of course not; I couldn't forget you myself."

And he knew that this was true.

The whole thing seemed utterly unreal to him. The idea of her just accepting the situation as she had accepted it before was too fantastic. Things didn't happen that way any more. There were telephones, telegraphs, cables, the police. People could protect themselves from this sort of thing. He would take steps. But the moment he suggested such a thing to her she said: "Oh, no! no! Please do nothing at all. It would only anger his father and make trouble. He would reach me in some other way, through Johnny; perhaps even a worse one."

"Surely no one could be such a devil," Whartonby said; "surely you have done nothing to deserve such treatment."

"I've done nothing wrong, if you mean that," she answered. "But I've always maddened him. You know there are some men whom women instinctively fear. It was so with me from the beginning. There was always something in his nature which beat me to my knees. And although I hid it from him as best I could, he always knew it, and it made him despise me."

"That must have been because he knew what a bully he was, what a bluff he was. He probably knew that there was little enough in him to fear," he

answered.

"I don't know," she said uncertainly; "there was a power about him, too."

Whartonby groaned. He had seen this situation from afar more than once—it disconcerted him.

"Do you know the collier's name?" he asked; "we could at least keep track of it, perhaps, in the papers."

She shook her head.

"How do you manage?" he asked her gently.

"I have a position," she replied. "I teach music."

"Would you care to give me your husband's name?"

She gave it in a low voice. "Please do nothing," she said.

But when he left her he immediately took steps to discover with what company and in command of what ship her husband was, and to what port that ship had sailed which bore "the skipper" and

his father on the high seas.

S. S. Saturnia. That was the ship, at least.

Whartonby traced the whereabouts of an obscure collier by diligent search of the shipping news and occasional application to the officials of a certain transatlantic line who wondered what in the world could interest old "Congo" Whartonby in the location of one of their tramp steamers. Three months after he had found her alone by Round Pond he was sitting over his coffee looking through the shipping news when he came upon an item which sent him striding from the room and out into the darkened streets.

"S. S. Saturnia sinks off Queenstown,

after collision in fog."

Going to Round Pond he stood looking down into the dark water, upon which a film of ice was forming. Into this merciless and immutable element had disappeared all that made the warmth and meaning of life for that poor lonely creature who had come here with the small, woolly, decorous dog every day of her be-She, at least, had not recoiled from the sight of his disfigurement. Was that because there was in her some unseen scar, some accident to her spirit as definite as the actuality which had befallen him in the fire? If she had felt any repugnance at the sight of his ravaged features, how perfect had been her consideration. He had not thought of himself as maimed or even marked since first they began to talk to one another.

And all his gratitude came rushing to his face, so that he felt he must find her

and let her see it at once.

But now what must be done? He congratulated himself for having foreseen this possibility and withheld the fact that he was following the ship's whereabouts. Now at least, if she did not happen to see

"I the item in the news herself, he would have time to think how best to soften the hus-blow.

> "He has had him longer than ever before, now," she said next day when he came to their rendezvous in the late afternoon, "but he always brings him back. He'll be at my lodgings one of these days."

> And Whartonby detected a note of something amounting almost to affection in her voice in speaking of the brute who was subjecting her to this damnable or-

deal.

"Do you mean to say you don't hate the man?" he demanded in acute irritation.

"Sometimes I do. Not when I remember he'll surely bring Johnny back, though."

"What a child of basic instincts you

are!" he muttered.

She smiled. He did not know that type of woman whose heritage is acceptance. That smile of hers! He felt that it was too non-combatant. Such a nature is too easily robbed. He was tempted to chide her. But the thought of all she was to endure before long smote him. Yet each day that passed he postponed even so much as preparing her for the end. A week and then two weeks went by. What if she reproached him for withholding the news when he broke it at last. After all, she had a right to know it. He would tell her at once, that very afternoon. that afternoon she did not come. three days he haunted the place. Finally, making up his mind to face her righteous indignation, he called at the lodgings whose address she had once mentioned. and which, by the greatest good fortune, he had happened to remember. In response to his ring a blond girl of not more than fifteen summers opened the door. He had some difficulty in making her understand, for he discovered her to be a foreigner. He spoke many tongues, but when, hoping to make better going by asking the question in several kinds of patois, she finally smiled brightly and said, "Of Finland—I of Finnish people," he gave up in despair.

"Lady," he said slowly, "very tall—high" (he waved his hands indicating height) "—little dog — you understand 'dog'?" And very solemnly he barked



From a drawing by F. C. Yohn.

"Lady, very tall—high . . . —little dog—you understand, 'dog'?"—Page 372.

until she cried out something in her mother tongue, laughing loudly. Then suddenly she said in a heavy whisper of awe, "Yes, yes—she die—she dead," and looking cautiously behind her closed the door in his face.

Whartonby stood a moment staring at the door, and then with a sensation such as he had never known he went back to Round Pond. What could have hap-Had she found out the truth? Of course. Madness on his part to have supposed that it would not eventually have reached her. Whartonby was convinced she had destroyed herself. almost immediately he went to Scotland in search of equability of mind, for the whole affair had stirred him more than he cared to admit. The obscurity of the tale only seemed to make its pathos deeper. It followed him to Scotland. And there he began to be honest with himself at This pain within his soul meant but one thing. The woman whom he loved was dead. In his case the normal order of things had been reversed, that was all. To most men love came first and death brought bitter sense of loss; to him death had come first and knowledge of love after. But the bereavement was the

He thought of the absurd way he had blurted out his longing to wrap her in warm furs! How quaintly amused she had been at his uncouthness. But she had been gracious, she had put him always at his ease. He thought of how they might have been together, in a thousand ways: at the play, and at dinner, bending toward one another over the small golden table with its fruit and napery; motoring perhaps on a summer evening, down to Devon, where they could smell the sea; lying on the downs in the burning sun, warmed less by its rays than by this companionship, which diffused its warmth and glow about them everywhere. For days he imagined himself busy with the dear business of her service. And then, finding suddenly that he was totally devoid of philosophy, utterly without refuge from his sense of loss, he went back to London in despair. Not enough to remember that his love had not the least chance of being returned even if she had lived. She had been the one lyric note in

his singularly inarticulate existence. In some fashion, coming to that place with the hope of meeting her each evening, had become the day's completion. As a ship to its mooring his spirit rounded some buoy of the outer seas and drifted noiselessly up the wind, till, in the dark, an unseen mark was reached, the mooring made, and he rode the tide secure, at rest, for one more night. It had been, perhaps, only a little thing to hold to. But that only made the similitude the clearer. Without this tie he felt old, without direction, adrift.

For weeks he avoided Round Pond with its poignance of association. But on Christmas Eve the hour and season found him strangely lonely, and he deliberately sought the place with the intention of recapturing the very things that gave him

pain to recall.

Coming down the familiar path he mused on the indifference of Nature. Everything was the same—just the same except for her presence. There were the usual explorers with their ships; the same little busy figures bending over the rim of the Pond; one of them was squatting on its heels, and one—one was running toward him! He strode suddenly forward to meet it, filled with a tremendous amazement.

"Oh, sir! How d'you do?" The small straight figure stood before him shyly. "We havn't seen you for a long while,

sir. I'm glad you're back."

Whartonby made one long step to the nearest bench and crumpled down onto it as if some one had kicked his knees from under him. He reached out uncertainly and drew the boy down beside him.

"Where, in God's name, did you come from? Out of the sea?" He groaned.

The boy settled himself comfortably beside him, and shook his head.

"From Liverpool," he said simply.

"But how? When?"

"When Mrs. Twigham wanted her money."

"Mrs. Twigham?"

"Yes. My pater left me with her in Liverpool. She keeps house for him. I hate her. She's fat."

"But why didn't you write us—write to your mother? All of this tragedy might have been avoided had you written one word. I could have come to fetch

you home to her."

"Mrs. Twigham had orders about my writing to Mum. The pater was going to bring me back as usual as soon as the ship got in. Everything was as it had been before excepting the pater's getting drowned."

"He didn't take you to sea with him

this time?"

"No, sir; you can see that, because, of course, I was in Liverpool all the time and that's why I'm here now."

"Of course," said Whartonby dully.

"Well, go on."

"Well, then, Mrs. Twigham didn't know what to do, because, of course, she wanted her money."

"Yes, I suppose she did."

"So then she wrote to Mum and said that if she wanted me she had better send enough to pay for me and for my fare as well."

"And then--?"

"Well, you see Mum couldn't come for "Because she ome herself on account of being blind, so looking for you."

she sent the money for Mrs. Twigham to bring me."

"Blind!" Revelation after revelation

broke upon Whartonby's mind.

"You say your mother replied to Mrs. Twigham? She wasn't—wasn't—dead?"

"No, sir; Zuzu was dead."

"Zuzu!"

"Yes, sir—our little woolly dog. Zuzu knew the way everywhere: to the shops and the studio and here to Round Pond. She could take Mum anywhere she wanted to go, almost. So of course when Zuzu died, mother couldn't get about for ages and ages until she learned the steps. She knows most of them now, though."

Whartonby got up unsteadily.

"And do you think she will come to Round Pond to-night? Does she know the steps to Round Pond perfectly?"

"Oh, yes. She knows them best of all.

She will be sure to come."

"How do you know that she will come

—that she will come—here?"

"Because she comes here every night, ooking for you."

Pilate Remembers

BY WILLIAM E. BROOKS

"I WONDER why that scene comes back to-night. That long-forgotten scene of years ago. Perhaps this touch of spring, that thin new moon; For it was spring, and spring's new moon hung low Above my garden on the night he died. I still remember how I felt disturbed That I must send him to a felon's cross On such a day when spring was in the air, And in his life, for he was young to die. How tall and strong he stood, how calm his eyes, Fronting me straight the while I questioned him. His fearless heart spoke to me through his eyes. Could I have won him as my follower, And a hundred like beside, my way had led To Cæsar's palace, and I'd wear to-day The imperial purple. But he would not move One little bit from his wild madcap dream Of seeking truth. What wants a man with 'truth' When he is young and spring is at the door? He would not listen, so he had to go; One mad Jew less meant little to the state, And pleasing Annas made my task the less. And yet for me he spoiled that silver night Remembering it was spring and he was young."

The Jameson Raid and the World War

THE TRUE STORY OF THE RAID

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

Author of "South African Memories," "Strong Men of the Wild West." etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



N January 8 and 9, 64 members of the Reform. Committee, including myself, were arrested and taken to Pretoria jail. The leaders could have escaped, but of course

refused to desert the cause. Of the prisoners, 23 were English, 16 South Africans, 9 Scotchmen, 8 Americans, 2 Germans, 2 Welshmen, 1 Turk (and a militant Turk he was), and several from other countries.

We remained in prison until the 14th of February, when we were released on bail until the day set for the trial, a month. hence. I was in bad health at the time, suffering from a severe attack of Zambesi dysentery, which I had contracted several months before on a trip into that section with Rhodes and Jameson. Upon the physician's advice, and with permission of the Boer Government, obtained by my wife, I was allowed to go, under bail of \$100,000, for a couple of weeks to Capetown, as the high altitude of Johannesburg, about 6,000 feet, was unfavorable for my condition.

While I was in Capetown, Sir Gordon Sprigg, who succeeded Rhodes as prime minister of Cape Colony, came to see me to complain about the financial difficulties he was having with the Cape railway line. He said that there had been a great falling off in freight shipped over his road to Johannesburg, owing to the fact that many of the mines were closing down and orders for freight had been rescinded. This gave me an opportunity of interceding for the reform prisoners.

Sir Gordon," I said, "you and others

of our South African friends have been trying to play politics. While you sympathize with the Reform Movement, you have been attempting to get on the good side of Kruger. You know that the Reform Committee prisoners control ninetenths of the mining operations of Johannesburg, and I am authorized to tell you that they intend to close down all the mines and to stop further purchases of Boer farms until they are released from prison."

Sir Gordon said: "Why, do you realize that that means industrial paralysis all over South Africa and would work untold

hardship?"

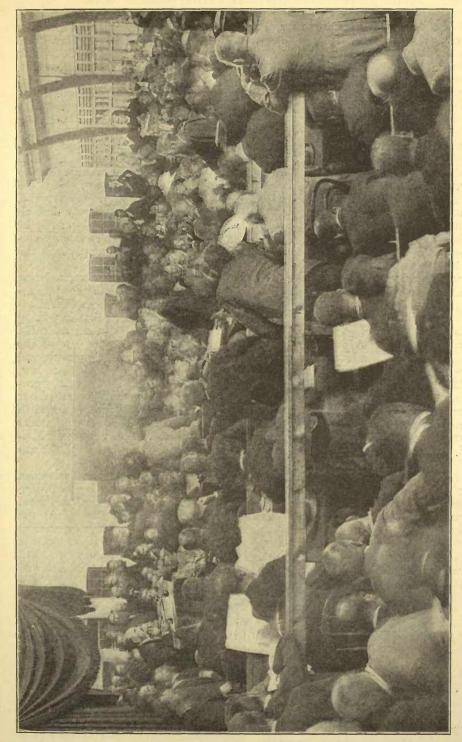
"Fully," I replied, "but do you realize, Sir Gordon, the menace to the Reform Committee prisoners through the lack of co-operation on the part of men of your influence with the friends of the prisoners, to better their condition? Now it is up to you to solve the problem."

I shall tell you in a moment how this

worked out.

When it was time for me to return to Pretoria for the trial, the feeling against the Reform Committee was very intense. I received many communications from American and other trusted friends in the Transvaal to the effect that if I were not killed en route to Pretoria I certainly would be condemned to death upon my arrival.

An incident which added to the fear of my friends was the action of a few hotheaded Boers who declared their intention of lynching the leaders before they got to court. For this purpose they had taken to Pretoria a heavy wooden beam, called the "Schlagters beam," from which five Boers had been hanged by the British in 1816. Fortunately, Chamberlain heard of this and cabled Kruger that he would



The courtroom—the trial of the Reform prisoners. Judge Gregorowski, the "banging judge," on the bench.

hold him personally responsible for the security of the leaders. Thereupon, Kruger ordered the beam removed and a larger guard placed around the prison. Nevertheless, of course, I was determined to go back and stand trial, and I arrived in Pretoria the day before court convened.

Referring to this incident I may be pardoned if I quote from *The Standard and Diggers News*, an enemy paper, a tribute which I take as one to the part Americans played rather than as strictly personal. The paper said: "One respects the probity of the man, who, dangerously ill and totally unfit for the hardship of a prison, preferred to take his stand in the dock, rather than sacrifice his self-respect by flight from Capetown. Mr. Hammond has worthily upheld the reputation of a nation which claims its sons as men who 'never run away.'"

The trial was a farce and a tragedy combined. The jury was of course made up entirely of Boers. A foreign judge, one Gregorowski, had been imported from the Orange Free State, the Transvaal judges having refused to sit. Gregorowski was known as "the hanging judge"—rather an ominous title for us prisoners. He had boasted before he reached Pretoria that he would make short work of us, and indeed, to lose no time, had brought his

black cap with him.

To digress for a moment. Just after the Boer War, James Barnes, the well-known American war correspondent, writer, and big-game hunter, returned to New York from South Africa. I met Barnes, whom I had known for some years, at a luncheon given him in New York. It was then that Barnes told me that he had a message for me from Judge Gregorowski to the effect that if he had known as much about Paul Kruger at the time of the Reform Committee's trial as he did then, he would have condemned Kruger to death instead of the four leaders. Alas! this belated knowledge.

The trial commenced on April 27. Of our conviction not one of us had the slightest doubt. But it was clear to everybody that of the 63 prisoners a large number had been followers rather than leaders. The first concern of the leaders was, therefore, that if possible only those of us who had been generally recognized

as the head of the revolt should incur the risk of the extreme penalty. These were Lionel Phillips, George Farrar, Col. Frank Rhodes, and myself.* After a good deal of private discussion between our counsel and the state attorney it was agreed that the four of us should plead guilty to high treason, and that the other prisoners should be allowed to plead guilty to the minor charges. There was an understanding also that in view of the pleas the state attorney would not urge the court to inflict exemplary punishment. What the Boers were to gain, as a quid pro quo, through this arrangement was that all their political dirty linen would not be washed at a long trial which would be reported by every important paper in the

The trial lasted only a few hours, during which to our consternation the state attorney launched into a most violent attack upon us, demanded that in passing sentence the court should set aside the comparatively mild statute law of the Transvaal, which had been promised, and should apply the old Roman-Dutch law, under which death is the only penalty provided for high treason. That settled our fate and we leaders were condemned to death by hanging. The other prisoners were sentenced to two years' imprisonment and payment of a fine of \$10,000 each.

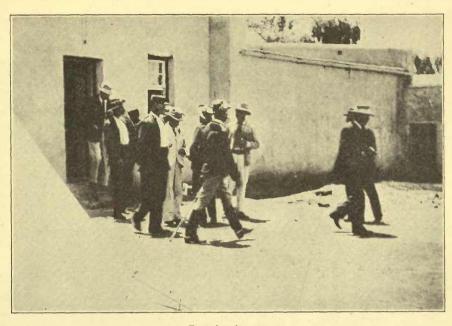
I have often been asked how I felt when I was in the dock receiving my death-sentence. As a matter of fact I felt more angry than frightened, angered at the treachery of the state attorney. When asked if I had anything to say, I took the cue from my fellow prisoners, who had preceded me to the dock, and as I had no previous experience of this kind, said nothing, maintaining dignified silence.

As I stepped down from the dock an old man in the audience fainted within a few steps of me. I started to pick him up, and was very roughly handled by the guard. A most painful scene took place in the court. Evidence of feeling came from all parts of the room and from all classes of people, from those who conducted the defense and from the Boers

^{*}Phillips and Farrar were knighted a few years afterward. Sir Lionel Phillips is still alive and one of the most prominent of South African magnates. Sir George Farrar was killed during the Boer War. Col. Frank Rhodes died about 1912. He was a distinguished British army officer and served with Kitchener in his Egyptian campaigns.

who were to have constituted the jury. by the Executive Council as to the dis-Immediately after adjournment of court, without our knowledge, a petition for commutation of our sentence was drawn up by and circulated among the Boers themselves. General Botha was one of the petitioners.

position to be made of the four leaders. There were two obdurate old Boers in the council who would be satisfied with nothing less than hanging. Kruger was in favor of some milder form of punishment, influenced undoubtedly by the protests to The prisoners were removed under which I have referred. He finally won



Pretoria prisoners.

Doctor Jameson under escort from prison—to be sent to England to be tried by the British Government.

leaders were locked up in the death-cell. This cell was 11 feet square, with no window, only a narrow grill over the door. The floor was of bare earth, vermin-infested. There were four canvas cots, blood-stained and filthy.

We were kept isolated in the cell for twenty hours, the monotony being relieved only by the pounding of the carpenters erecting the gallows near by.

What happened during the twenty hours, as we subsequently learned, was this: the Executive Council of the Transvaal Republic, presided over by President Kruger, was in session most of that time.

Cablegrams were coming in from all over the world, protesting against the death-sentence, and many protests came

guard to the Pretoria prison, and the four the two Boers over to his way of thinking by telling them that if the leaders were hanged they would be made martyrs, while by keeping them alive they might have commercial value and that a big fine could ultimately be extorted from them. That seemed easy money to our two Boer friends of the council, and they finally voted with Kruger to give us a life-sentence instead of hanging.

Toward the end of May the little germ which I planted in the conscience of my friend, Sir Gordon Sprigg, during my visit to Capetown, had taken hold, and all South Africa was clamoring for the release of the four leaders, in order to re-establish prosperity. Accordingly, on a certain day in about 200 different communities of South Africa, in some of which only from our friends among the progressive Dutch was spoken, a resolution was Boers as well. Several votes were taken passed by prearrangement demanding of

Kruger, realizing he could not withstand a movement of this kind, started to negotiate terms for their release. His first price was \$250,000 each. After repeated negotiations we finally agreed on sand nine hundred and thirty-eight \$125,000 apiece, which Kruger accepted, pounds for material damage.

Kruger the immediate release of the into the Boer Treasury. Subsequently Kruger put in a bill against the South African Chartered Company, of which Rhodes was the chief factor, for 1,677,038 pounds, itemized as follows:

Six hundred and seventy-seven thou-



Reform Committee prisoners playing marbles during "recess."

as by this time the delegations which had been sent to demand our release were arriving in Pretoria. But Kruger also insisted that we should express to him our appreciation of his magnanimity. This we refused to do, saying in effect: "Release without fine would imply magnanimity, but we would rot in prison before we would pay \$125,000 coupled with an expression of gratitude for his magnanimity." This created an impasse which resulted in our confinement for a couple of weeks longer. Then Kruger finally, after we had been in prison for six months, received his half-million dollars for our release, but without an expression of gratitude. It may be of interest to note that this large sum never found its way

One million pounds for moral and intellectual damage.

The latter item did seem a bit high, unless we assume that the entire moral assets of the Transvaal Republic had been dissipated by the raid, and that the republic was left morally bankrupt.

On our release we had a great ovation in Johannesburg, and after a few days' stay there went to England. We were allowed by the Transvaal Government to return to Johannesburg, on agreement not to discuss Transvaal politics for three years. It was during this time that the Boers were active in misrepresenting the Jameson Raid.

Mark Twain, in his trip around the world, about which he has so interestingly

written in his book, "Following the Equator," dropped in to pay a social call on the American prisoners. I had often met Mr. Clemens when, as a student at Yale, I staved week-ends with General Franklin, who at that time was president of the

asked, "how did you find the living conditions in the prison?" Mark Twain asked why he requested this information. The ingenuous reporter said: "Because there has been a protest against the living conditions in the prison, and Oom Paul Colt Arms Company, at Hartford. Gen- Kruger has been told by the complainants eral Franklin was a West Point classmate on behalf of the Reform Committee pris-



A Scene at Pretoria Jail. The four Americans just arrived. Having a sense of humor, they are enjoying a story of Captain Mein (standing), the Mark Twain of the Reform.

of my father. My wife had also met him in later years on several occasions. It was an unexpected and an enjoyable visit that we had from the great humorist. I asked him how he managed to get admission to the jail, and he replied that getting in jail was always an easy matter. He spent a couple of hours regaling us and our fellow prisoners of other nationalities with many of his inimitable stories. On leaving he told us that he had had a most enjoyable time but did not accept our invitation to prolong his visit, pending our release from prison.

As he left the prison yard he was accosted by a cub reporter of a Boer newspaper. "Mr. Clemens," the reporter that, compared with the accommodations

oners that the jail is an unfit place for gentlemen." (To this Oom Paul, who had a keen sense of humor when the joke was on the other fellow, had replied, that he did not know that jails were made for gentlemen.) Mark Twain asked the reporter if Mr. Hays Hammond or any of the other Americans had made any complaint. The reporter said no, the grievances were urged by their friends.

"Well," said Mark Twain, "I am not surprised that Mr. Hammond has made no complaint, because I knew him as a young man out in Nevada, where he used to spend a good deal of his time in the hotels in the mining-camps, and he said

he found there, he was at present living in luxury." The reporter carefully noted this down in his pad, and Mark Twain went on to say that he was really greatly pleased with the jail; he had found some very charming gentlemen there, and he thought it was an ideal rest cure for these tired business men. He only regretted his stay was so short that he could not take advantage of the peaceful conditions in the jail to rest his tired nerves. He said he could not imagine a place where one would be less troubled by the importunities of his creditors, and the only feature he did not like about the jail was that there were too many lawyers among the prisoners, and somehow or other he never could hit it off with lawyers.

All this was carefully noted by the ingenuous reporter. Next morning a very sharp criticism of the jail authorities appeared in this Boer paper. The article declared the jail was supposed to be a place for punishment and not a pleasant rest cure, and called upon the government to take drastic measures of a punitive nature. This later found response in the diminishing by prison authorities of our rations, which were already by no means

given us with lavish liberality.

The prisoners, not having seen a copy of the paper, could not explain the increased severity in their jailers' treatment of them, but fortunately some of their friends on the outside ascertained what the trouble was and sent a deputation to Bloemfontein, several hundred miles south, to intercept Mark Twain, who was then on his way to Capetown to take a vessel for England. They showed him a copy of the paper containing his interview and persuaded him to come back to Pretoria to explain to President Kruger that what he said was entirely in a jocose spirit, and that the truth of the matter was that the quarters of the prisoners were in a disgraceful condition and unfit for political prisoners. The severity of the discipline was soon afterward relaxed. Several years later, when I met Mark Twain in New York, he invited me to a delightful luncheon. Telling the story to the guests of the occasion as a good joke on himself, he promised me to make redress by giving me a banquet at any time I wished.

After Jameson's capture he held the Reform Committee responsible for his de-

feat, alleging that the committee had failed to send troops to his assistance. The following are the facts, supported by documentary evidence and now admitted even by Doctor Jameson's biographers:

Some months before the raid the reform leaders had given Jameson a letter asking him to come to the relief of Johannesburg. This letter was to justify Jameson's incursion before the world. The letter was purposely left undated, with the understanding that the date should be filled in only if and when the reform leaders should call on Jameson to come to their rescue. This is now universally admitted.

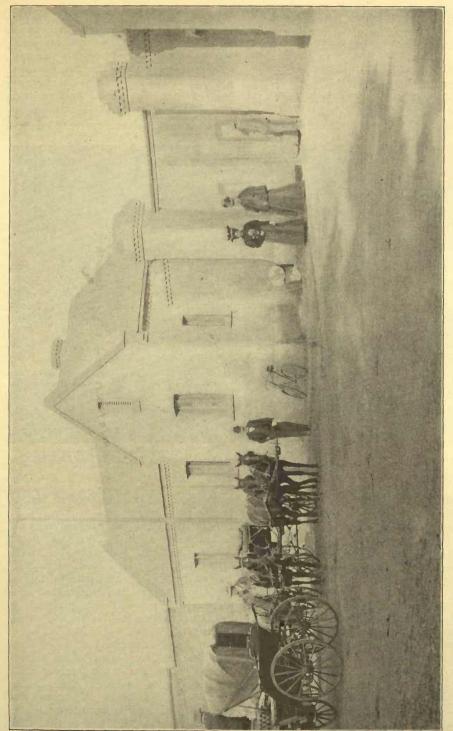
I have told you that after rumors had reached the reform leaders that Jameson and his men were restive and liable to start for Johannesburg without awaiting a call from us, we sent messages protesting against his coming, telling him that we were unarmed and any premature action on his part would jeopardize the entire movement, besides imperilling the safety of the people of Johannesburg.

The reason that Jameson started on his

ill-fated trip is this:

He was afraid that his men, already restive, would give up the enterprise. This is the admission he made to me subsequently. Besides, Jameson fully believed that with his force he could whip the Boers without any assistance from Johannesburg. He had been reading of the exploits of Lord Clive and other famous raiders in British history and had allowed his personal ambition to dominate his course of action, subordinating the welfare of the people of Johannesburg to this vaulting ambition. Jameson made no request at any time for support from Johannesburg; indeed he had been informed by messengers from the Reform Committee just before this engagement with the Boer commando that only a small part of the guns had arrived (at that time only 1,500), that the Reform Committee were then negotiating with Kruger for redress of their grievances, and that the proclamation by the high commissioner was a further obstacle to the co-operation of the people of Johannesburg with him.

We subsequently learned the circumstances under which Jameson's force left Pitsani. It was Sunday, after a banquet which impaired their good judgment that



At the prison gates-wives of the Reformers waiting to see their husbands.

they started off with a hurrah for the relief of Johannesburg. According to our plans, Jameson despatched a few men to cut the telegraph-wires. These men were so intoxicated that they cut the wire fences in the vicinity and left the telegraph-lines intact. Thus, the Boers were

Jameson insisted on hoisting the British flag, and also to inform Rhodes of our state of unpreparedness. Rhodes, knowing this, telegraphed to Tameson when he heard that he thought of taking the bit in his teeth, not to move, but to remain in Pitsani. This message was not delivered informed of Jameson's departure for Jo- in time to intercept Jameson. Jameson's hannesburg a few hours after he had left action is now universally regarded as a



Mr. Hammond, accompanied by Mrs. Hammond, out for a drive under escort of a Boer Guard and during a recess of the court.

Pitsani, and a long time before the Reform Committee were apprised of it.

Just before the departure of Jameson for Johannesburg the so-called flag incident had come up. Some of the members of the Reform Committee and others affiliated with it had brought from Capetown the disturbing news that Jameson intended to bring in the British flag, and that Rhodes had agreed to this plan. It caused great consternation among the Reform Committee. Many of them were not British subjects, including of course the American contingent, and many of the British members were averse to the hoisting of the British flag.

The Reform Committee, as I have stated, pledged themselves to the integrity of the republic. To remove our fears we sent a committee to Capetown to tell Rhodes that we would take no action if

betraval of the trust reposed in him by the Reform Committee.

After the Raid the Boer government put in a bill against the British South Africa (Chartered) Company for "Physical, Intellectual, and Moral damages." The aggregate sum for damages claimed was 1,565,385 pounds, 10 shillings and sixpence. The sixpence was probably in full compensation for the moral damages sustained.

The bill was not paid!

When the Boer War, which started about four years after the Jameson Raid, was drawing to an end in 1902, I happened to be in London. A banquet was given in my honor by Lord Grey, an old and dear friend, who was at that time governor-general of Canada. Among other guests were many British Colonial statesmen then gathered in London for a

Colonial conference. In responding to the toast of my health I spoke of the South African situation, pointed out that Boer and English had to live together there, and urged the view that only by generous treatment of the vanquished Boers could a South African commonwealth arise out of the ashes of the conflict. I pleaded for magnanimity for the Boers and told the guests, following a suggestion made to me by Joseph Choate, then ambassador at the Court of St. James, the story of our Civil War. I emphasized the magnanimity of Grant at Appomattox and enjoined them to beware of introducing into South African history a reconstruction period such as we had in the South after our own war. This speech was very favorably received by those present, and several speeches followed favoring liberal peace terms. I was afterward assured by Choate and friends in the British Foreign Office, and also by South Africans, that my intervention in their behalf contributed largely to the magnanimous terms of peace granted by Great Britain-a policy which has since welded South African states into a united member of the Great Commonwealth of British Dominions.

As the war drew to its end Kruger escaped to Holland, carrying much money with him but leaving his wife behind.

An interview I had with General Botha in 1011 will throw a light on the political conditions in South Africa at that time. General Botha was in London as the special ambassador from South Africa to the coronation of King George. I was there as the special representative of the President of the United States. A reception was given to General Botha which he personally invited me to attend. Before the Jameson Raid, Botha and I had been good friends. He was glad to see me again and said: "Hammond, it has been some years since we met."

"The last time we were together, General," I replied, "I did not meet you; but you were in the court-room when sentence of death was pronounced on me, and I gratefully recall the fact that you were one of the first to get up a petition for the commutation of the death-sentence of the four leaders." "Isn't it extraordinary," he exclaimed, "that you and I meet again

under the present circumstances, you as representing the United States and I as representing South Africa at the coronation?"

I asked the general how he and Doctor Jim, referring to Jameson, got along together. He replied: "You know it was through my influence that Jameson was knighted and that several other of your fellow prisoners of the Reform Committee have also received the honors of knighthood on my recommendation. I think Doctor Jameson is the salt of the earth, and as soon as the coronation ceremonies are over I am going to meet him and two or three members of your Reform Committee and have a good time fishing in Scotland."

The following day I had luncheon with Jameson, and I asked him how he hit it off with Botha. Jameson was at that time the leader of the political opposition to Botha's government. He answered: "Botha is a straight and loyal man, and

as good a friend as I have."

That evening I dined with King George. I told him that I had some interesting side-lights on South African history, repeated my conversations with Botha and Tameson, and expressed the belief that as long as men of that stamp were the chief political factors of South Africa, Great Britain might rest assured of a loyal colony. The king was greatly pleased to get this information.

As leader of the Progressive party of the Cape Colony, Jameson was prime minister for three years, 1904-1907. It was in 1907, at the Imperial Conference in England, that Jameson and Botha struck up their friendship, which was terminated only at death. Many of the British extremists did not forgive Tameson for having dealings with Botha. One of these thought he had an argument which would prevail with Jameson. "Are you aware," he said one day, "that Botha was one of those men who wanted to shoot you at Pretoria after the raid?" Jameson smiled. "Ah," he said, "Botha was always right." The good loyalist turned away dismayed.

It was largely owing to Jameson's cooperation with Botha that the Union of South Africa was formed in 1910, when Botha became its first prime minister. Many of the Reform Committee prisoners

Vol. LXXIX .- 28

became identified with South African reservoir of cannon-fodder. With her politics after the Boer War and held office under the Union government. Prominent among these was Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, who defeated Botha himself in a friendly but strenuous contest for a seat in the Parliament.

Many misinformed people ascribe the Boer War to the Jameson Raid. It is doubtless true that the raid did much to hasten the war, but the war as I view it was an inevitable conflict, much as I hate to think that any conflict is inevitable.

There were, as General Joubert once told me, two riders and only one horse in the Transvaal. The question was which of the two riders should sit in front, the Uitlander or the Boer. I told the general I thought that inasmuch as the Uitlander had paid nine-tenths of the cost of the horse and was contributing nine-tenths to its upkeep, the Uitlander was entitled to the front seat. I further told him that neither rider would profit by a bucking horse. Certain it is that the Uitlander population would not indefinitely have tolerated the oppression of the Kruger despotism. Something was bound to happen sooner or later, and, having regard to the subsequent history of South Africa and the world, it was better that it happened before the World War. If the Reform Movement had been successful, I believe that a modus vivendi would have been established from which, through diplomatic intervention, the full rights of the Uitlander could have been secured; after that, enlightened self-interest would have made it to the advantage of all South African states to compose their differences for the common welfare, and the Boer War would have been prevented for the time being.

But who can doubt that if the Boer War had not broken out in 1899, Germany would have arranged that it should break out in 1914? Reflect what a totally different affair this would have been! In the intervening years Germany had built strategic roads in her Southwest African territory, as a military threat to the whole British position from Capetown to the headwaters of the Nile.

Recent disclosures enable us to see the vast extent of Germany's African ambitions. She was to build up an enormous legion of black soldiers, an inexhaustible strategic roads, with her disciplined host of native levies, with the aid of the wellarmed, skilful, and courageous Boer army. Germany would have struck a blow in South Africa in 1914 which would have overwhelmed all possible opposition on the part of the British South Africans and the pro-British Boers, and would have given her that world-victory which she so nearly secured by the suddenness of her attack upon Belgium and France.

Her treasury would have been replenished with the gold of South Africa; naval bases at Durban and Capetown would have placed her submarines within easy striking distance of every sea route south of the equator; the resources of the South American continent would no longer have been at the disposal of her enemies; the participation of India and Australia in the war would have been seriously ham-

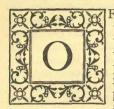
pered.

Immediately following the outbreak of the Boer War certain irreconcilable Boers made a compact with the governor of German Southwest Africa, as a representative of the German Government, to announce the independence of South Africa and to declare war against England. The governor-general of Southwest Africa was to support these men, promising to obtain measures to respect the South African claim to full independence in the event of a German victory. In return Germany was to have Walfish Bay, and the New South African Republic was to be allowed to seize Delagoa Bay, which belonged to Portugal. Botha, obtaining possession of this treaty, endeavored to dissuade the rebels from joining forces with the Germans. Failing to do so, he headed, in what is regarded as a remarkable campaign, a force of volunteer Boers (he was averse to using English soldiers in subjugating the rebellious Boers), captured the leaders, and put an end to the movement.

The events of the World War justified the optimism I expressed to King George as to the loyalty of his South African subjects; and the loyal and effective subsequent support given to Great Britain by General Botha, General Smuts, and their Boer followers, former political foes, fully warrant the wise statecraft of Great Britain in the magnanimous terms of the "Peace of Vereeniging," May 31, 1902.

A Critical Credo

BY MARY M. COLUM



F all the minor æsthetic sensations, that which is given by unusual form is the most piquant; it has the merit of flatteringly presupposing a certain amount of intellectual.

if not cultural, sophistication in the minds of the audience. But a too great interest in form obliterates all sensitiveness to the major sensations which really great literature brings. A man who spends his spirit wringing meanings from Mallarmé, who has a subtle taste for Laforgue, or who can fall into ecstasies over "The Waste Land" is immune, temporarily, anyhow, from any real passion for "The Divine Comedy," or for "Faust," or for "King Lear," or for "War and Peace." It has indeed happened that whole epochs have been thus immune, as for a period in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England, when Shakespeare, Milton, and Chaucer were considered either gross or dull. At present it seems as if some such moment were again approaching: great literature is becoming grossly unsubtle to so many of our literary connoisseurs, as is evident from Mr. T. S. Eliot's reactions to Shakespeare shown in his book of criticism, "The Sacred Wood," and by the reaction to Dante shown in a book published with all the hall-marks of authority, entitled "The Principles of Literary Criticism," by Mr. I. A. R. Richards, a professor in Cambridge University; it is equally shown in this country by the host of critics who explain and eulogize the work of literary innovators like Jean Cocteau, E. E. Cummings, and Marianne Moore.

It will be some time before we have a normal period in literature again, and this for many reasons: the inability of writers to humanize the scientific and other explorations which are transforming our conceptions of life and the universe, and their uncertainty in the face of the complicated variety of readers which makes up the present-day audience for literature. Undoubtedly, many critics have felt that some restatement of literary values, or, at all events, some restatement of the purpose and quality of great literature, was becoming necessary. The enthusiasts for the newer literature are firmly convinced that something so epoch-making has happened that it is impossible to write again in the old literary forms. Form is the important thing, they believe, and the new forms have changed the world.

Believers in the significance of form are in reality the oldest kind of conservatives in literary history; they appear at periods when creative vigor begins to run thin, and they have always ended up in the same way, with the belief that form in itself has a significance apart from what it contains. This inevitably leads to the sort of criticism which seeks to codify literary principles, and to the sort of critic who abstracts from the work of the writers he admires certain qualities which he elevates into literary canons, and he regards no writer as important who does not follow them.

At the moment we have the genesis of that sort of critic among us. For the newer criticism is inclined to cut off entirely all writers or artists whose work does not approach in technic that of certain writers fashionable among intellectuals. For instance, how many of our younger critics extract their poetic standards from the work of Mr. T. S. Eliot and, what is equally dangerous, their general critical standards from his critical work? Equally their ideas and standards in narrative writing are extracted from the work of James Joyce. It is characteristic of so much contemporary criticism that it can confuse the value of a remarkable writer like Toyce with that of a writer whose work is merely on the margin, as Eliot's is—on the margin of emotion, on the margin of thought, on the margin of profundity: that is, it deals not with

profound emotion or profound ideas, but with thin super-refinements which are undoubtedly the real presentments of certain contemporary neuroticisms of

thought and feeling.

Now actually the importance of the new forms is only superficial; something more far-reaching than the invention of ingenious or even significant form is happening in literature. The material of literature-or what we have regarded as the material of literature for so long-is undergoing a change, a change gradual, but so vast that it makes one wonder whether literature as an expression of the human mind may not, with the advance of science and what is called the progress of the world, be disappearing altogether as a human activity. The sort of emotional conflict which makes literature may grow rarer and rarer as civilization advances. It is obvious indeed that much of this conflict arose from taboos and censors forced on humanity by gradually changing social and moral ideas, or by difference in race, class, religion, and social customs generally. Emotional conflicts which are still common in Europe either do not exist in America or exist in a much less degree; while social conditions which in European countries make the material for immense tragedy do not exist in America at all.

In that remarkable German movingpicture, "The Last Laugh," not only the social conditions but the emotions involved are barely possible outside Eu-Again, happenings which once formed the material for tragedy everywhere are gradually ceasing to have a universal appeal. It is hardly again possible in literature to make much of a situation arising out of illicit love, where the tragedy turns on a woman becoming the mother of an illegitimate child, used equally by Hardy, by Hawthorne, and by Goethe. Yet it was once the most obvious material, such as could hardly fail to be moving even in the hands of the crudest writer. It is very doubtful indeed if a moving tragedy of sex-passion like that of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" can be done again in literature. Events such as these may gradually become like the tragedies in Greek literature—merely happenings peculiar to the conditions of life or religious belief at certain ages of the world.

We remember the material of Greek literature—the tragedy of a man marrying his mother, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the profound humiliation which turned Medea into the murderess of her children -fearful tragedies, which on account of the tremendous personal emotion involved still keep their sway over the human mind. But the incidents themselves ceased to be significant material for literature when Roman civilization displaced the Hellenic, and different and more trivial themes took their place. The Romans chose to devote so much of their time and energy to wars, conquests, and colonizations from the very beginning that strong feeling or profound reflection, both of which grow up only in leisure, came merely spasmodically into their literature, and but twice with any real intensity—once in the blazing lyrics of Catullus, and once in the philosophic poetry of Lucretius. Greek literature was the literature of a leisured people who had time to pursue to their conclusion ideas and emotions which stirred them: Latin literature was the literature of a busy people who were always doing practical things, and so when the Latin mind began genuinely to express itself and Roman civilization to develop, the material of Latin literature became very different from that of Greek.

The idea so commonly expressed that the material of literature is always the same and is common property, and "becomes significant only when expressed in appropriate form which gives it taste, intensity, and persuasiveness,"* is consequently erroneous, as is the idea that it is appropriate form which converts the crude material into literature. The material is always changing, and, far from the form making the material into literature, it is the quality of the mind of the artist which makes it into literature, and the form is something incidental which evolves during the making. The moment form becomes the deliberate aim of the artist the result can only be second-rate work, for, instead of a passionate desire to say something, there exists merely a desire to say something in a novel form, and a probing curiosity takes the place of passion in the artist's mind.

* Gilbert Seldes in the New York Nation.

conflict of significant mind with signifthe artist's mind significant are always the same: these are excess of intellect, excess of imagination, excess of emotion, excess of vitality—qualities possessed by all great artists, whether writers, sculptors, or painters, and which distinguish alike Michael Angelo and Shakespeare, Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe. The second determining force, is so much a product of the age and race and period that, although it cannot be counted on, it can always be accounted for—that is, the exact elements which produce it can be observed and summarized. Significant minds, however, are, as far as we know, so much the sport of nature that their appearance at any time is simply an uncontrollable and unaccountable accident. Taine's idea that literature is determined by three forces—race, milieu, moment—is, at best, a half-truth; these three forces determine, not literature, but merely the material of literature. There are instances in the history of the world where the race, milieu, and moment supplied the material, but where the mind that could work on it did not appear. The Roman Empire supplied significant material in plenty, but significant mind occurred too infrequently to make Roman literature a really great literature. And, although relatively there are few who can use it, America at the present day almost certainly supplies significant material. On the other hand, the significant mind has occasionally appeared without having any adequate material to work on. Dryden's is such a case.

In addition to the material and the mind of the artist, the public is a real determining factor in the quality of the literature of any period, although hardly any artists except a few of the very great ones will admit the importance of their public. And yet, in a certain sense, every artist—certainly every great artist—produces what his public wants, for the artist's public is that audience which, like him, feels the need of expression through what he expresses. How profoundly true

Literature, then, is determined by the their public are the works of the great artists-Goethe, Dante, Shakespeare. icant material; the material is always Molière! You can from their work pick changing, but the qualities which make out all the qualities, all the thoughts, all the ideals of the time which needed expression. In Goethe we have the idea which has haunted the Germanic race—if one had one's life to live over again: the Faustian idea. In Dante, within the framework of mediæval Catholic philosophy, we have the conception of woman -the angel guiding man, the Divine Mother, which haunts all the art of the Italian people. In Shakespeare we have the passion for greatness and the snobbish passion for what they call the great which belong to the English race. In Molière we have the passion for reality. its literature as a whole will always show the cardinal defect of each race. In French literature we find the defective quality to be imagination; in English literature we find the defective quality to be intellect; in Italian literature the defect is in vitality—unlike the English and the French, the Italians have never had the vitality to keep up a continuous literary expression. In German literature the defects are far subtler; it exhibits a lack of intensity in vitality and imagination.

It is sometimes difficult for a critic in his own time to gauge the significance of the material; therefore contemporary criticism, even by the best critics, is often astray. It ought never to be impossible, however, for the genuine critic, to recognize the significant minds of his own time —this is, in fact, the chief quality of mind which distinguishes him from other literary artists.

Significant mind and significant material, their conflict with each other, their relation to each other—these, I maintain, make the only hard and fast criterions of literature: all others have to be created anew by the critic when confronted with a new work of art. In a previous paragraph they were roughly applied to whole literatures; if we now apply them to a number of well-known writers in various branches of literature, what will be the results?

I will take, more or less at random, a him, and what it needs to express is few well-known writers whose names occur to me. The work of Bernard Shaw is to their race, period, and the needs of so widely known that it is of general in-

terest. Shaw's mind, it will be obvious even to the general reader who is not a critic, is characterized by excessive vitality and excessive intellect, but is defective on the side of imagination and emotion. His material is generally not very significant, but he has one quality of a great writer-the quality of being entertaining to the best minds of his own time. The power, however, of profoundly influencing or moving them, which can only be the result of intellect working with strong emotion, he has not. He has no real power of creating character; there is no Shaw world as there is an Ibsen world or a Shakespeare world; instead of creating human beings he assembles a series of qualities, opinions, and ideas which he attaches to a lay-figure. The result is often a very lively and diverting automaton which never becomes part of our experience as does Hamlet, or Brand, or John Gabriel Bjorkman. Gabriele d'Annunzio has been before the eyes of the world just as much as Bernard Shaw, but his work is not really widely known. However, his "Francesca da Rimini" has been made available for English readers in Symons's splendid translation, and I will take it for granted that it is familiar to people interested in literature. It is indeed a beautiful and moving play, and excellently displays the dominant qualities of d'Annunzio's mind-excess of emotion and excess of vitality. He is defective in intellect and imagination, and, though his material is often significant, it is sometimes ruined by the puerility of his mind, so that, with many of the lineaments of a great writer. he eventually falls below the level of even the second-rate. His reputation, however, has kept up, while that of Maeterlinck, who is a greater writer, has declined through the decay of his powers. Maeterlinck is intellectually far the superior of d'Annunzio, though emotionally somewhat his inferior; his other qualities were not only subtler and rarer but more evenly balanced, and, though none of them were of the highest order, he is defective in none as d'Annunzio is on the intellectual side. His material had profoundly racial qualities; he brought into French the mysticism of the Fleming, the loneliness and vespertine philosophy of a small people.

In another writer often compared with Maeterlinck, W. B. Yeats, we find in a greater degree the same sort of racial significance. For this poet, race and milieu supplied the characteristic material of his poetry; he became a unique figure through bringing into English poetry the racial experience, the racial myths, and the racial longings of another people. There is in his poetry that quality so often regarded wrongly as mysticism—the desire to sacrifice things held dear by other people for some generally quite illusory benefits—a fantastic devotion to remote and unfriended ideals that belong to a people for whom the desire to destroy what seems evil is overwhelming, but the desire to build up, an illusion. With cardinal deficiencies of emotion and vitality, he is yet almost a great poet. We see at once the defects of his genius in his own conception of what a writer expresses; he conceives that a writer expresses, not his own self, but his antiself; that a man gives expression to something he is not but wishes to be; that writing is, as it were, a compensation for something he has not got—this is the conception of a man whose intellect too strongly dominates every other aspect of his genius. He has indeed a lack of comprehension for those very great men whose emotions and vitality were each so overwhelming that they demanded equal expression, and whose work was the expression of the overpowering urge that they experienced. That quality in which a writer is deficient is the one in which he will be most powerfully influenced by other writers: Yeats has been influenced by almost every writer of his time who expressed strong emotion or subtle emotion-by d'Annunzio, by Maeterlinck, by William Morris.

These writers, of course, definitely belonged to the older generation, and are considered old-fashioned by most of the younger critics, though once they, too, were regarded as belonging to the advance guard and the left wing by an older generation of readers and critics. Yeats and Maeterlinck were considered incomprehensible, too mystical, and too symbolistic—it will be remembered that symbolism was the great movement when they were young, and Bernard Shaw and d'Annunzio were both thought very

suffered from having been so much praised by critics whose standards were bounded on all sides by significance of form and from being decried by critics for whom their originality and modernity was more or less a complete barrier against their comprehension of them. Of the best known of these left-wing writers the two most important are James Joyce and Marcel Proust. Now these two writers are remarkable for the same reason that any writer in the history of literature is remarkable—the work of each is again an example of the action of significant mind on significant material. The material of both Joyce and Proust is strongly determined by the race to which they belong, by their milieu, and by the moment. Race and milieu alone, of course, have distinguished the material of many important writers, but, in the case of these two, the moment really influences them in a remarkable way. Each exemplifies in his work two important scientific discoveries reduced to terms of literature: the discovery of the subconscious and the Einstein idea of the relativity of time. Both Proust and Joyce reveal their characters in terms of the subconscious and both translate into terms of art the Einstein idea of time. That the last idea is unconscious in both of them is probable, and is only an example of how the same great ideas come to men of genius in different terms. Marcel Proust and James Joyce are not only of great consequence in our time, but are actually sure of some measure of immortality—how great this will be depends upon the lasting significance of their material, and it is just this lasting significance of material which it is difficult for the contemporary critic to estimate.

That the subconscious has been more significantly, more profoundly, less obviously revealed by Dostoievsky I am convinced, and not only the subconsciousness of individuals, but the subconsciousness of men in the mass, so that the men he creates in his novels become characters in real life years later. We say when we read some revealment of the under-mind in a character of Toyce or Proust, "How

shocking, each, of course, for different subtle, how true, how interesting," but of Dostoievsky's revealment, so far as it goes The writers of our own left wing have into the mind, not only of the man, but of humanity, we feel as we feel before all those great products of the mind, like Michael Angelo's "Moses," that they were wrung not out of the experience of a single man, but out of the experience of man since the beginning of time. Toyce's Bloom and Proust's Swann we pause and marvel, our imagination and intelligence roused to wonderment, but before the Brothers Karamazov, what can we do but pause and weep: such agony, such ecstasy, such subtlety of love and hate—all the gamut of all the emotions of men in all their marvellous ramifications—love blurred with hatred, parental and filial devotion blurred with cruelty. In comparison with Dostoievsky the work of Joyce and Proust seems to have a somewhat too complete and excellent and urbane finish; it is polished off into a psychological exactitude by a too conscious application of the discoveries of Freud—that is to say these authors lack Dostoievsky's height of emotional power.

In contemporary American literature significant mind is rare. Let us consider a couple of the best-known American writers who at the same time enjoy a high esteem with critics and cultivated readers. The one who is in highest favor among the younger intelligentsia is Sherwood Anderson, and with their estimate I am in entire agreement. He is the one contemporary American story-writer with a genuinely free imagination, genuinely strong emotion, so that his material beneath his touch becomes transformed as only a creative artist can transform it. He has added to the significance of the material for all other artists who follow him. Sinclair Lewis, whom one of our most distinguished critics has compared to Flaubert, has, on the contrary, seriously damaged for other artists the material he uses instead of adding to its significance by the power of a transforming imagination, and has actually somewhat exhausted it for other writers: "Babbitt" and "Main Street" have become docketed, and ticketed and placed in pigeonholes; they are labels and do not walk the world as free ideas. Sinclair Lewis has not treated them with a free creative

Taine's, written like a citizen for fellow example of what happens to significant material passed through a mind that is not significant. He labels the material instead of transforming it.

I have chosen these writers mainly because their work is of immediate interest, and not because I think that they are the greatest writers of our day. The special Proust is natural, for it is the normal strivings unnoted by the elders.

imagination, but has, to use a phrase of thing for the younger generation of readers to be most excited by those aucitizens. We have in his work a perfect thors who particularly express the ideas of their time—a fact forgotten by some academic critics. This excitement may be given by a writer who is quite secondary in comparison with an older writer of great achievement. The preferences of the younger generation—even the outrageous follies of their preferences-cannot be overlooked: they are often indicacontemporary interest in Joyce and tions of new currents, of new stirrings and

The Last Moonrise

BY BENTON B. ORWIG

WHEN things remembered are each forgotten, When the hills become one with the plain, When Nature enfolds Her last lone God Back again, slain:

The seasons are one where no change is, There is nothing of west or east; Past the dull full surge of the furthest sea The wind has ceased.

The Mother of all that is or has been, The dawn and the fields and the rain, Tired of all lips and limbs and sighs, Sinning and pain,

Pleasures and sorrows and cryings and hymns, Of straining each breath and giving, Youth and age and the matter that mind is, Tired of all living.

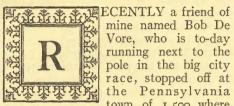
Nothing remains to give to Her: The noon and the dusk and the spring; Nothing ever can grow or yield, Or breathe or sing.

The course of Her blood in long thin tremors Pulses where all is red; At Her breast as dry as the earth is Even love lies dead.

The Small-Town Banker Puts on Knickers

BY WILL ROSE

Author of "The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party"



mine named Bob De Vore, who is to-day running next to the pole in the big city race, stopped off at the Pennsylvania town of 1,500 where

he got his business start.

He was delighted and pleased to find a smart auto-bus of the new hotel at the railroad-station, and even more pleased with the style and convenience of the room and bath to which he was assigned. The room had a telephone, too, and when it rang, less than fifteen minutes after he had washed his face, he subconsciously and gladly prepared himself to pay \$6 European for the room in contrast with the \$3.50 per day American plan which the town hotel in his day had charged for its drafty, ill-kempt, rusty rooms with their high windows and dirty lace curtains. John Lavery, an old friend, formerly cashier but now president of the First National Bank of the town, was on the wire.

"The porter of the hotel just came in with a deposit," explained Lavery, "and as usual told us all about the new arrivals on the morning train. He said you dropped off. When can I have a short

visit with you?"

"I am leaving on the night-train," said De Vore. He hesitated over an idea. which would have been just the ticket in the big cities and their environment, but which might not grease the rails of a conference in this small town. Should he suggest it? "However, I am going to take an hour off this afternoon to go round the new golf course here," he went on. "Come over at one o'clock and we'll have lunch. You may have time to walk around the course with me, too."

"Fine! I'll do better than that. I'll go to the train with you. I want a good long visit with you. And another thing. Look out for my drive!"

De Vore decided to put on his golf togs before going out, so that he would be ready immediately after lunch. However, he again hesitated, and out of consideration of the usual small-town dress. he refused his knickerbockers which he had long since learned to carry in his grip where they would be ready for either business or pleasure on the golf course.

He could have saved himself at least one of many quick decisions. Lavery came into the hotel lobby promptly at one o'clock with a bag of sticks slung jauntily over one shoulder, and dressed in correct attire for any golf course in the country. The two men enjoyed a frank friendship and could joke heartily about their respective pants!

In telling me about it later as we sat behind a plate-glass window watching the traffic on Fifth Avenue, De Vore laughed joyously, but he grew serious over the

significance of the incident.

"The small-town banker's soul as well as his legs are to-day dressed in knickers," he said. "There was a time, not so long ago, when the country banker wore short pants of a different kind, figuratively speaking. Those were the days when he carried a black satchel, and drove a weary horse from farm to farm to transact his business. That banker has largely disappeared and it's a good thing. If he appeared to-day we might mistake him for a bootlegger!

"Those were the days of the farmers' banks. Later these banks took advantage of the federal system and became national banks. Carrying along the figure, their owners and managers then put on the long pants of the grown-up man, but they let them go unpressed and never paid out a dollar for dry-cleaning. Thrifty American shabbiness was the style note of the banker. But to-day they wear knickers and they read the trade papers and financial sheets with just as much avidity as they do the style magazines. It is something I had not stopped to think of before, and I dare say that many others are in the same boat with me."

De Vore fixed his eyes on the tip of his toe, and concentrated in that intensive way which has undoubtedly had much to do with his rapid and successful rise. I waited. I felt certain that one of his famous short surveys of future possibilities

was coming.

"John Lavery's history is interesting while we are thinking along this line." he went on. "Thirty years ago he was struggling to get the old Farmers' Bank to resources of \$10,000. He succeeded. Within the next two years the small banks in the two small towns on either side of him happened to go up with bad losses, because they lacked elasticity to stretch over the emergency. Small banks had that rather unbecoming feature in those days. After studying the situation carefully Lavery put a proposition up to the conservative men of the community, got the promise of \$50,000 capital, and changed from a private or semiprivate into a national bank. There was no particular pioneering in this move. He was merely changing from short pants to long ones, merely following the styles. might easily have let his pants go unpressed and worn his mind in the same groove until it became shiny on the seams. In that day conservative and stable people would have applauded such so-called thriftiness.

"But Layery was dry-cleaning his mind constantly. He was originating ideas and theories within the possibilities of the country bank. All he lacked was opportunity to try some of them out. Fortunately I happened along with a strong body, an active mind, and a smiling face, and he picked on me for a public demonstration. For it was about that time when I went to the small town in my first business venture in charge of my own and other people's capital. The way Lavery handled me proved that he was growing, although I did not fully appreciate it at the time. He used to talk with me at great length and detail about my little

retail store and the way I was handling it. He was sounding me out, reading my character and potential size. To make a long story short, he loaned me the limit at the bank, and made it possible for me to make several private loans, all on my own name, so that I could press on with the development of the opportunities I saw at every hand. Within seven years I owed on my personal name and credit \$20,000, but I had trebled the size and profits of my retail business, developed a fine little manufacturing business which I controlled, and helped to organize, bring to the town, and direct three other small. growing factories. Conservatively I was worth in physical assets more than \$50,-000 against the \$20,000 that I owed. Now, mind you, while Lavery was doing this with me he was also bringing into the bank two good accounts from me and three new factory accounts which I naturally helped him to get. All he required in return was that I carry at all times a life insurance equal to 150 per cent of my total personal debt without regard to my assets, and make my will with an officer of the bank as executor. Even my wife was in his confidence. She fully understood that in case of my untimely death she was to take freely all of the life insurance, and give free and willing rein of my affairs to the bank and its officials. While Lavery was doing this with me, he was working in various ways, though similar ones, with some others. Why, he tells me that only recently he went to the owner of the old hotel and showed him that there wasn't a modern, comfortable hotel in a radius of thirty miles. He also showed him the local small river, the delightful walks of the neighborhood, the remarkable rabbit-hunting in the fall, and the hard-surfaced roads that will be built within the next five years. He got him to agree to the organization of a new, modern hotel which the old hotel man would head. The new hotel account is four times as large as was the old one and the town is immensely benefited. Travelling men are riding twenty-five miles out of their way to stop there, especially over week-ends. The conclusion to the story is that he showed me a statement of the bank, when I was there the other day, that totalled resources of more than

\$2,000,000. Think of that alongside of the \$10,000 Farmers' Bank he originally planned thirty years ago. The town has grown some since, of course—it couldn't help it with a man like Lavery whipping it constantly—but only normally. What I mean is that it is located in the East where old communities are not doubling in size every ten years as some baby towns are in the West, for instance. Think of it. What an answer that is to the "Main Street" cynic who seems to be very popu-

lar in the present hour!

"Yes." continued De Vore after a short revery in which he seemed to be chewing on the "Main Street" reference, "we are said to have many pressing problems in this country. Our legislators are said to be very wise but strictly up against it. They are trying to make laws that will in turn make people be kind and just and good, and builders at the same time. To my way of thinking, in looking for something difficult they have looked over the obvious place in the present scheme to punch in and make definite contact. If the country bank generally throughout the country can rise to meet the opportunities before it, life in the small town can be made much more delightful than in the cities and at the same time much more profitable in money terms and much more secure. It is to the small town that we must look for a return to the American dollar that will buy one hundred cents' worth of food and clothes and recreation. I refer to building the community—thousands of them—rather than the few great centres. It can easily be the solution of farm credits, distribution of manufacturing and population, congestion of cities, development of natural resources, perfection of railroads, roads, and truck-lines, and—solution of the labor problem!"

De Vore's talk set me to thinking, and gradually, as opportunity has presented itself, I have put some of his theories and predictions to the test. When one has enjoyed an excellent dinner prepared under the artist eye of Chef Mozon, and later sits in a Fifth Avenue club window intoxicated by the aroma of a fine Havana, his ideas are sometimes as swift, and as fleeting, as the twin-six limousine going up the avenue. Knowing this, I wanted to guard against its effect. But

I have discovered a remarkable series of incidents to the credit of the country banker. One almost dares to say that his city brother does not hold a candle to him when it comes to genuine resourcefulness, insight, constructive motion, and service to the world!

Until recently small towns and even small cities, especially in the East, have been unable to disassociate the terms "banking" and "wealth." The bank in any normally prosperous community has been a profitable business. Requiring money for capital back at the start, the well-to-do men of the community naturally gravitated to the directorates. Too often these men were well-to-do by inheritance only or by very gradual accumulation through painful personal economy which we in America are miscalling thrift. The first class skinned their shinbones whenever they tried to jump into the business mêlée; the second class had spent their lives toward the sole goal of doing an imitation of a withered Egyptian mummy, and by the natural law of absorption dried up everything with which they came in contact. No greater proof of this situation can be found than that the bank has been one of the very last lines of business to use the power of advertising for service, greater growth, profits. (Notice the order of the results.) It favored advertising for its customer only when paid for out of profits already earned, and considered advertising for itself a sacrilege. Natural results followed. Selfish, moss-back, and inactive directorates grew up. The bank was almost always indulging itself in community and county politics. It developed factions. One young business man in a small town told me that. when he unavoidably hurt the personal feelings of a sixty-year-old bank power who ran a competing store, this old pirate came to him and threatened terrible things through the bank if an apology was not forthcoming. What do you think of that?

Then came the new idea. Younger men, without regard to their personal worth at the moment, but with proved ability, were made directors for the benefit of what they knew about constructive business and finance gained through the proper educational courses at colleges and commercial schools and by way of experience in the financial, productive, advertising, and selling departments of all business. Active directorates followed. Service to the community became the kevnote of banking.

To-day the selection of a new director for a country bank in many progressive communities is very interesting. Nothing can give a better idea of the development going on than a very few of many illustrations which might be cited.

One small town of less than 2,000 population had a fine surrounding territory. and enjoyed the prestige of two banks which were constantly fighting. But this created competition. The cashiers were on their toes. A young man with a past experience in Chicago, New York, and other large cities came to town and purchased one of the two small weeklies. One cashier watched him. The other did not because, as a rule, which is being rewritten now, country publishers in America had never been spotlighted for any business methods, to say nothing of good ones. (This, with its resulting effect on "Interurban America," is another story told last month in my article Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party.") The rule had held true in the small town in question. However, the cashier who had his eyes open noticed that he now received a statement from the newspaper on the first of every month, instead of every three months, as had been the practice. He also noticed that he was having more and more of his bank printing done at home due to the man-sized solicitation of the new publisher, and was using more advertising space than ever before because he was being shown how to do so profitably. The newspaper had also become livelier and fresher and was The cashier inquired better printed. further, and learned that this young publisher was paying his local bills promptly every month and discounting with the supply houses. He was, therefore, fully prepared to understand why the young man's business increased in a very few years from \$7,000 to \$20,000. Convinced that this young man had benefited by an excellent schooling in the national fields of advertising and selling, he asked him to become a member of his board, even though he was only thirty-two years old, at least ten years younger than any man

who had been chosen a bank director in the history of the community. The remarkable part of the proceeding was that somebody had to get off the board before the publisher could be put on. cashier talked it over in a friendly fashion with the president of the bank. This president was the too usual figurehead. He was a retired business man of wealth who owned fifty shares of the bank's stock and carried a balance running to \$10,000. However, he was not otherwise nor constructively active. He saw the cashier's point promptly, in a co-operative spirit, and retired. He did not take his friendship with him. In less than four months after the seating of the young publisher and advertising man, the latter had grappled with one of the pressing risks of the bank and changed it into an asset. None of the other directors had given such a possibility a thought. Yet it was comparatively easy to do when studied by an experienced man. A small factory in the town was more than \$5,000 in permanent debt to the bank. The risk was safe but unpleasant. One of the bank's active directors, having had faith in the factory in the past, had indorsed its notes. But the bank disliked to press the matter, even though the examiner urged action at every visit. The young publisher picked up this matter and went to work on it. He was able to reconstruct the factory's advertising and selling policy so as to wipe out its debt, release the indorser, and change the account from a liability into a going business of \$50,000 the first year with a balance running to four figures. Undoubtedly he is continuing that kind of value to the bank.

No less remarkable and interesting was the filling of a place on the directorate of a national bank in an Eastern city of 25,000 when a prominent and wealthy citizen dropped dead. His associates in the bank had included a crowd of prestige, a supreme court judge, a wholesale grocer worth a quarter of a million, the richest and most talented trial lawyer in several counties, and other men of like prominence and stability. Everybody thought that the leading candidate for the vacancy was an intimate of the men already on the board, who had made a fortune in the dry-goods business and retired. In all probability he would have been a distinct addition to the prestige of the directorate. But he was not elected. Instead, a young and very influential farmer from out in the county got the place. He brings not prestige of the kind we have been discussing, but new accounts!

In another town, much smaller, where the natural business to be had comes from the farming communities, but where a new industrial growth is in full swing, one of the farmer directors was easily disposed of and a young manufacturer with a wide knowledge of factory and manufacturing problems replaced him. With three small factories already growing in the town and more coming in because of unusual rail and water possibilities, the bank is now in a position to develop intelligently in its desire to serve.

Sometimes the benefit of more modern and prosperous organization comes from within. One small bank during the recent upheaval in the investment market felt that it could change its securities with profit. In its directorate was a doctor who had a local reputation as a bond expert. He knew nothing of the actual details of business, such as production, advertising, selling, and auditing. At the same time his interest in the bank was only nominal. He was made president and immediately became an active The investments were changed decidedly. He also enjoyed, or suffered under, a community confidence as a man of strict integrity which made him the executor of many wills, especially of men in limited circumstances. Through this reputation he brought in many new small accounts.

This new and progressive idea in the organization of country banks is resulting in thousands of humane sympathies in the fabric of daily business, and is surely having its constructive effect on American stability of character and real values in citizenship. It is the human hand that makes the grand federal banking machine effective.

The sharp contrast between the old and the new methods is brought out by the respective treatments of a young hardware merchant by the two banks in one small town. This young fellow inherited several thousands of dollars before he had learned the rudiments of business

management. But he had made a small success as a retail salesman, and on the strength of this put his money into a good retail store which was for sale at the time. He was quick, active in local societies, a good window-trimmer, and excellent at trade stunts. And he did the business, but he fell down badly in taking care of his finances. Things were going from bad to worse. About this time some fool interested him in a very high-grade player grand piano, and, although he already had a good piano of older vintage, he misplaced 1,800 more dollars with a still greater loss of credit. The music from the piano was an innovation in local circles, and his wife invited people in and showed the piano generously. Meanwhile business men down on the main street gossiped. The cashier of the First National Bank, where the young man had his account, sought to be of help to him and in the friendliest spirit went to him. But he lacked tact.

His first question was: "How can you afford that new piano when your affairs at the bank are in such bad shape?"

With Old Human Nature as it is and with Social Pride still a definite quantity, only one answer on the part of the young merchant was possible. He possessed a strong personality.

"That's none of your damn business!" he replied.

This peeved the cashier. "Then I'll make it my business," he said.

Fearing that the cashier intended to press him and knowing what that would do to him at the particular moment, the hardware man called on the president of the Second National Bank and poured out the whole story. The president happened to be a competitor, too, which makes this incident all the more interesting and encouraging. He understood human nature and had reached a mellow and successful maturity. Instead of discouraging the young man, he built up his self-confidence with a long fatherly talk. But the account was in too bad shape at the moment to be transferred with any benefit to the Second National Bank. The president did not tell the young man this, but he assured him that after a little time the Second National Bank would be glad to take the account and in the meantime went to work gently on plans to make the account valuable. For several nights each week, he went to the store of the young competitor and acted in an advisory capacity. Under his careful and tactful tutoring the young man turned the piano back on a dealer in a city near by, sacrificing \$200 which had been paid down but wiping out an obligation of \$1,600; placed himself on a limited weekly salary and arranged his home budget to stay within this; started a strenuous campaign to collect his book accounts; instituted a system of statements to all accounts on the first of every month backed up by personal visits after the 15th; and wrote confidential weekly letters reporting his financial progress to all creditors except the other bank. He was delighted and greatly heartened by the co-operation he received all around and made rapid progress toward a sound footing. When the disgruntled cashier of the First National Bank served notice a little later, the young merchant's affairs were in such good condition that the Second National Bank was justified in making a connection. It is only right to add that the young man has benefited permanently, and, best of all, last week he went back to the piano dealer, got the advantage of the \$200 he had paid in on the piano, an additional discount for cash, and now his wife is again in the van of local musical circles. Yet that isn't the best part of it either. The best part is that America has one more young retailer who is capable, and who will forever stand for the best in community competition. That's national wealth!

The cashier of another small-town bank has also studied human nature with benefit. When the Southern Pacific Company gave out its Pacific Oil rights, this cashier remembered that many widows and other investors, classified as incompetents, were stockholders in the Southern Pacific Company. He secured a local list. These rights gave the stockholders the opportunity of purchasing one share of the new Pacific Oil Company at \$15 per share for every share of Southern Pacific held. Already the new stock was selling in the open market for above \$30. The rights expired on March 1. Several days before this date the cashier visited the names on his list to remind them of the expiration date. He found three instances where stockholders were not going to exercise their rights because they did not fully understand their value and would have to make a loan. The cashier arranged the loans, of course, and secured three new accounts for his bank. One of them later became sizable by inheritance and remained with him to the extent of \$50,000 in his three departments of checking, saving, and bond, because he had performed a service and inspired confidence.

This same cashier put over another piece of unusual constructive work when he started the wheels going in a small local factory that had been shut down through mismanagement. He went to the local Chamber of Commerce, reminded them of possibilities, and urged them to advertise the factory in several surrounding industrial centres as an opportunity for some young man with a few thousand dollars to get into business for himself. An experienced man came to town with \$10,000, looked over the possibilities, and asked the cashier to investigate him and his experience and record. Things checked up fine and they went ahead. The factory is now in its third vear under this new citizen, and is growing into a very profitable business. Its account is large.

One of the most interesting cases which involved the new way of doing things came to light in another small town which was trying unsuccessfully to support three men's-wear retail stores. As is so often the case, the town had two banks. Bank No. I had two of the accounts, one of them being the strongest, or that of John J. Josey, who had been doing business there for forty consecutive years in the same stand next door to the post-office. Josey was growing very elderly. Bank No. 2 had the third account, the least successful of them all, the youngest, and barely making expenses. This store was a branch of another in a neighboring town of larger size, and was managed by a local young man of fine habits and excellent and growing ability. But it was third in an overcrowded field. The cashier of Bank No. 2 happened to be talking with the city owner of the branch one day when he was in the town. The owner told him that for two cents he would close it out if he wasn't under contract for several more years to the young manager. This gave

the cashier an idea which he discreetly kept in the back of his head until he could use it.

In the natural course of events John J. Josey, the successful merchant of forty years' standing, whose clientèle was large and loval, died. The cashier hot-footed it to the young manager of the branch store and told him of his previous conversation with his boss. He knew that the young man had saved nearly \$3,000, and suggested that the bank would like to back him in the purchase of the John I. Tosey business—which could now be had from the administrator, who was settling up the estate for an old widow as fast as possible, at a large discount on the inventory—providing that an officer of the bank could advise in the running of the store until the bank loans were paid Under the circumstances the risk was very slight. The bank was required to loan the young man only about half of the knock-down value of the merchandise in the store. The Josey store had been making better than \$5,000 a year over and above the owner's salary. agreed that the young man should merely add a small line to the large store sign as "successor." The result was that Bank No. 2 closed out a shabby account and took on the best account in that line in the town, which was even increased owing to the diplomatic death of the third store. The other store in the town also prospered in proportion, and wishing to show its appreciation to Bank No. 2 transferred its account from Bank No. 1.

There are some bankers who think that one financial institution is better for the small community than two or more banks. In fact, in numerous communities movements looking toward combinations are growing. I happened to sit on the tail of this idea one day recently without planning it when I was calling on a banker friend. He asked me to come right on into his office, even though at the time he seemed engaged, and introduced me to a local manufacturer. Presently the manufacturer left and my friend turned to me.

"There is the finest kind of profits walking right away from this bank," he said regretfully, referring to the departing manufacturer, "and I am powerless to interfere. Here is his financial statement showing book value for his stock of nearly

\$400 per share. In his surplus is a fine lot of bonds. He has just landed a big order and will have to borrow \$50,000 until next spring. All we can let him have is \$6,000 because he is already borrowing \$4,000 here. Our combined capital and surplus is only \$100,000, and we are limited by law in any one loan to 10 per cent of that figure. Consequently, he is taking \$50,000 at 3 per cent for six months, or \$1,500 interest income, to a city bank and must go to the trouble of putting up collateral because his own bank cannot accommodate him. city bank will also get the checking-account deposit, increasing their resources by \$50,000. The manufacturer is put to a great deal of trouble and explanation, and we lose a fine addition to our resources and profits. Incidentally, he becomes more and more dissatisfied with his location in this small town. If he should move his factory, we would lose 250 families, have almost as many vacant houses in the town, and our merchants would lose a pay-roll of \$10,000 per week. It's all the more depressing when I stop to think that we have plenty of money to loan, or can get it from the Federal Reserve."

"Yet you wouldn't counsel dropping

that 10 per cent ruling," I said.
"Not for a minute. Why, over in the other end of the county only last fall, about the last privately run bank in these parts went up with a loss to the community of more than half a million dollars. The cashier was one of the finest fellows in the world, and I don't think he ever meant to be dishonest. But he was a large stockholder in a home factory that had a wild growth during the war and a bad slump during the depression. It was grossly mismanaged. The cashier let this factory have almost a quarter of a million dollars on hope. Think of that! course, the whole thing crashed. No, sir! That 10 per cent ruling is the best thing to be found in the national scheme of banking."

"How would it be," I asked, "if you could refer an extraordinary loan such as your friend desires to make, to the Federal Reserve Bank in this district, and the Federal Reserve had the power to make an exception under the 10 per cent ruling?"

"I wouldn't advise even that," he an-

swered. "Oh, of course, if we wanted to, we could take care of this man as it is, by loaning several amounts to our directors or other local men with the understanding that they would turn around and loan it to the manufacturer. But that isn't banking. However, there is a way for the small community to meet this growing demand. Either bank here can loan up to about \$10,000. The bank up the street has more than a million resources. We have nearly a million. I have been urging the fellows up above to combine. They have been inclined to smile so far, but we are going ahead so fast, and they are loafing with such slack traces that we may easily run them down before long. If we were to combine in one bank we would immediately be twice the size of either of us now with half the fixed overhead and twice the banking power. But we would be more than that because in doubling our size we would instantly double the range of our territory and possibilities. We would also be large enough to add special departments, such as a wellorganized and efficient bond department. trust department, etc."

This friend also referred to the chain bank in our talk, after I had told him of the several developments covered in this

article.

"Why ask me?" he challenged. "You have found the answer to the chain-bank idea in your investigation. The country bank is fast becoming not merely a depository for community funds and a neckvoke on the local business men, widows. and orphans, but the fountainhead of town business development. In the future its main idea will not be the making of money. It will get away from the blood-sucker stunt entirely. It is reorganizing its directorate so as to secure business brains, experience, breadth, and activity. Especially activity. This makes it equal to its appointed job of showing every kind of business man how to take advantage of the best methods, and to make and to have more moneynot more debts at 6 per cent per annum. The day is coming when even the small bank will consider another official than the cashier essential. This man will be the manager of the promotion, or businessbuilding, or business-aid, or whatever you

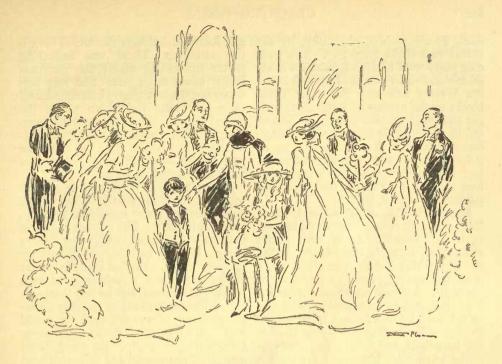
want to call it, department. All towns do not have the men you have been telling about to put on their directorates. Some banks will have to import that kind of talent. And when that kind of a man is finally at the head of a recognized department in all banks, then we will cut commercial failures to the minimum and find some place to take hold of this thing called Public Economy. But I am getting away from your question about chain banks.

"If more and more country banks continue to spruce up and make good—to put on the knickers, as you term it-where does your so-called chain bank come into the scheme of things at all? A chain bank isn't a grocery-store, remember that. It is not going out to lower interest rates. The small-town people won't have it, I tell you. If I am doing business in a small town and have to lay myself open to an obligation at the bank, I want the man who lets me have the money to know my condition. He must know my wife and kiddies. He must know whether I made what money I have or inherited it. He must know how slowly I made it. must know my pet hobbies, my contributions, my personal habits in and out of business hours. Chain banks cannot know these things-don't want to know them. With them, and more particularly their home offices, I am simply one more name in thousands on a list. No, sir! The money here belongs to this community, and we do not propose to appoint a financial king with an arbitrary throne just at present. They hold up the whole peanut to us and tell us that all they want is the shell, the supporting structure. But we know that later they will eat the nut and throw the shell away!"

The country banker is learning not to shy at the new-fangled aeroplane. He is taking his flight and getting a bird's-eye view. He finds that he is merely the financial department of a big community business that is greatly like unto the corporation structure. He will grow only as the whole business grows. He cannot get his own salary raised without earning more for the whole concern. So he is studying and working and playing to get himself up to date and to keep in the pink of condition.

TT. :- ---- t--i-l

He is wearing knickers!



Over this scene of expensive and brilliant disorder the bride presided competently and coolly.

Claustrophobia

BY ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE

Author of "At the Foot of the Rockies," "Calvert of Strathore," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETHEL PLUMMER

HE church rehearsal was over, and Warner, leaning against the side of the chancel, told himself in a sudden panic that never, under any circumstances, could he go through with the real ceremony.

It had been a full-dress rehearsal—for all but the bride, of course—and his ears were still filled with the crashing reverberations of the wedding march, his eyes still dazzled by dissolving views of the eight "Watteau" bridesmaids in rainbowhued chiffon frocks, advancing slowly up the aisle, swaying this way and that, leaning affectedly on tall, ribbon-bedecked sticks. They had broken ranks now and were moving about, chatting animatedly with the groomsmen, their conversation

"flower-girl" and velvet-clad "ring-bearer," riotously at large now that their onerous duties were performed.

Over this scene of expensive and brilliant disorder the bride presided competently and coolly. Warner, watching Rémy as she moved from one group to another, now talking over some point of the music programme with the organist, now turning to speak with the florist who had dropped in for last suggestions, now catching the fleeing "flower-girl" and "ring-bearer" to coach them once more in their "parts," realized finally and fully that just so would she go through lifeordering its forces according to her will, imposing her wishes on all around her. The fear that had been tugging at his much interfered with by the diminutive heart and brain for weeks seemed suddenly to clutch him, physically, by the and Rémy had always demanded his enthroat and choke him. . . . The wedding party went back to Rémy's for sandwiches and claret cup, and when it broke up, Warner left with the rest. Three blocks up the avenue he stopped his taxi, got out, paid the chauffeur, and walked quickly back to the big white stone house he had just left. He stood looking up at it for a moment and then, spurred by the fear that Rémy might demur at seeing him so late, he ran up the steps and

pressed the electric button.

Briggs, the Cosgroves' butler, loath to believe that anything more could happen in a day already packed with hectic events, waited an instant, doubtful that the bell, which had rung so often, could possibly have rung again at that hour of the night. A second reverberation dashed his hopes, and as he moved majestically to the door, he told himself bitterly that the eve of a wedding is a trying time in any household, and that he regretted sincerely having let himself in for such a fatiguing occasion in the Cosgrove ménage. But at sight of Warner his bitterness dissolved, and he welcomed the morrow's bridegroom to the warmth of the library with a knowing and forgiving smile. He too had known a wedding eve! Men, high and low, were pretty much alike, he reflected. Aloud he assured the young man that he would send a maid to Miss Rémy with the message at once. He put another log on the fire, and as he disappeared through the door on his errand, he favored Warner with another brotherhood-of-man glance.

Warner resented the look and its sentimental implications with a fervor that astonished himself. He stood by the mantel, his clenched hands thrust deep into his pockets, scowling at Briggs's retreating back. Well, he wouldn't have to see him or his meaning glances again, he told himself with a sudden, guilty relief. No-he would never see Briggs again. As for that matter, he would never see Rémy again—or this room where so much had happened to him. He looked around it with a curious, new interest, as though for the first time. In a certain sense it was the first time, for he had never before been able to look at it with detachment. Rémy had always been there with him, tire attention. There was something rather suffocating about the demands Rémy made upon one. She was certainly not the sort to give him time for all this—the Franz Hals high above the carved mantel, the Rodin near the window, the long rows of dignified, handsomely bound books, stretched along the walls, which looked as though no one ever handled or loved them.

As he glanced at them now, he grinned with sardonic amusement. What was he doing dans cette galère magnifique, anyway, he asked himself. The doctors assure us that we change completely every seven years. Well, he had changed completely in seven weeks. He had come into that charming room a certain sort of man seven weeks before, and he was leaving it for the last time, to-night, a totally different person. It was all over-or would be, in a few minutes. Rémy would never forgive him, naturally. He straightened up against the mantel and raised his head as he heard her foot on the stairway.

She came in quickly and laid a hand on Warner's shoulder, putting up her provocative lips, on which hovered a subtle feminine replica of Briggs's intimate smile. But Warner only looked at her strangely and made no movement to take

her into his arms.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. "Are you still angry?"

He shook his head.

"Then what is it?" She spoke with a scarcely concealed impatient astonishment.

"Can't you guess?"

"Heavens, no!" she said, and glanced at the clock. "It's almost twelve o'clock. Phil—don't ask me to engage in a guessing contest at this hour of the night! Tust let me have it straight, can't you, old dear?"

In the beginning Warner had sometimes thought Rémy too direct, too brutally forthright in her manner. It was a note in her youthful ultra-modernism which he hadn't particularly liked. But now he welcomed her straightforward The interview couldn't be too technic. short, too much to the point for him.

"I want to tell you something I should have told you weeks ago, Rémy, and to

have asked you for."

The girl's intent gaze held a look of surprise, followed by one of fear. She moved slightly away from Warner.

give you back something I should never me as—well— The truth is, my dear girl, we've made a bad bargain, and now at the eleventh hour I've found the courage to come here and own up to it and set you free. I'm not the man for you, and



"It is unfortunate that our ideas on the subject didn't happen to coincide, Phil!"-Page 404.

"I don't think I understand." Her straight, dark brows that contrasted so beautifully with her yellow hair, drew together in a puzzled frown. The curved. somewhat full lips flattened out into a thin red line. "I don't understand," she said again.

Warner filled his lungs with air as for a dive. Then he took the plunge.

"It's simply this, Rémy-I've known for weeks that we weren't suited to each other - oh, don't shake your head! You've found it as hard to put up with

I ought never to have asked you to marry

For a moment the girl did not speak. She moved a chair closer with her knee, sank down on it, and looked up at Warner. She touched her bobbed hair with a little gesture which he had once thought charming, but which for some time had vaguely annoyed him, and smiled. He noticed with a shock how sharp and pointed were the small eye-teeth as her lip drew back over them.

"Is this a joke, Phil?"

"No-oh, no!" he said earnestly.

"It's in extremely bad taste, you know," she swept on, ignoring his protest.

"'Bad taste'!-there you are, Rémy." He gave a little laugh. "I've come to realize that I, myself, and everything I do and say is labelled 'bad taste' by you. Isn't that enough of itself to prove what I say—that we aren't suited to each other?"

"Don't be absurd, Phil! People don't break engagements for a superficial reason like that. Besides, I dare say you'll learn-I've always known you were clever. You'll find out quickly enough what's done and what isn't, once you are

really one of us."

"That's just it, Rémy. I find that I don't really want to be one of you. The New York type doesn't impress me as being the perfect thing, by any means. I'm afraid of becoming a rubber stamp."

She smiled at him with disarming can-

dor.

"Don't worry, old dear! You'll never become the perfect New Yorker! You'll be my 'young Lochinvar' to the end. And frankly, I hope you always will be wild-western and cave-mannish-it was what first attracted me to you, you know," she added.

"I've always wondered."

Rémy got up and stood leaning against the mantel, facing Warner. She looked at the tall, slim young man before her with an appraising glance that missed nothing, neither his good nor his bad points. His keen face and slender, athletic figure, though undeniably good, were somehow unfashionable. He was handsome, compelling in an unstandardized way—sharply different from the men she had always known. At times she felt like a pith-ball between two opposing electric poles-now attracted, now repelled. On the whole, she had been far more attracted than repelled. She felt strongly attracted now.

"Yes, I like it—to a certain extent,"

she said finally, and smiled.

"When it doesn't interfere with your plans." Warner grinned sardonically.

"If you mean the wedding ceremony and giving up that ranch of yours on the edge of nowhere for New York and father's office-yes. You really have been

rather absurd about the wedding, old dear. I've worked hard over the whole thing. It will make a beautiful picture, and I certainly feel that I have the right to arrange my wedding according to my ideas—especially as you didn't seem to have any on the subject."

"Oh, yes-I had some. I'd thought about it—out there, under the stars—just a few friends-in some dim, quiet

church---"

Rémy laughed a tinkling, amused laugh and sank down again on her chair.

"It's unfortunate that our ideas on the subject didn't happen to coincide, Phil!"

"Well, I wasn't thinking particularly of the wedding. I was thinking-haven't you noticed that our ideas never coincide. Rémy?" demanded Warner.

"They coincided the night you asked me to marry you and I consented," said

the girl quickly.

Warner shifted his stance a little and looked down at the upleaping flame be-

fore speaking.

"Yes-but if you will be as honest with me as I am with you, Rémy, you'll acknowledge that, for once, you made a bad mistake."

"I acknowledge no such thing," retort-

ed the girl.

"Don't you think it a bad mistake to marry a man whose whole attitude toward life and mode of living are so different from your own?"

She made an amused little moue.

"Not if he will promise to change them

-as you have!"

"That's just the point," said Warner slowly. "I find I can't keep that promise."

"Ah, that is serious. A man who won't keep his promises—!" Her voice had an icy edge to it.

"It isn't that I won't-it's that I can't,

Rémy!"

"Tust what do you mean by that?" she asked after an instant's pause. Warner leaned restlessly against the mantelpiece, then moved away from it uncertainly and sank into a chair near Rémy's.

"See here," he said, "let's talk this over sensibly and quietly."

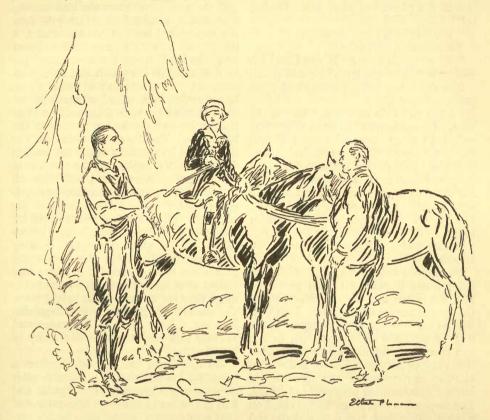
"What do you want to talk over sensibly and quietly?" demanded the girl. "Why—the mistake we are thinking of making and how to avoid it." Warner leaned forward and spoke earnestly. "If —if you had engaged passage on a boat sailing for Europe and had suddenly discovered that she was unseaworthy, wouldn't you cancel your passage, Rémy?

some one else—there are plenty for you to pick and choose from! It isn't as though you loved me."

The girl threw up her bright head,

frowning.

"Oh, I dare say I'd make another sailing



From the very beginning he had attracted her.—Page 406.

I've come to the conclusion that our boat will go down in the first blow, and I think the only sane thing to do is—to cancel our passage."

"You can't cancel a passage when it's time to haul in the gang-plank! It's too late—no steamship company would stand for it, Phil. And, besides, if one has any sporting blood, one would rather take the trip, with the chance of drowning, than to be left behind, disappointed."

Warner smiled a little. "I don't believe you'd be very disappointed, Rémy, and you wouldn't be left behind for long. You'd simply take the next boat with

date. But—I do love you, Phil. You're different. I was so tired of all the men I'd known. They are all so alike——"

"That's it—that's what I've come to realize—that I was just something new for you to play with, Rémy. You'd better have left me out there in the West, where you found me. It was the life I'd always known, and now I realize that it's the only life I can lead."

"You should have thought of that

sooner," said the girl coldly.

"Perhaps—only I'm sure you'll acknowledge that before I came East I didn't know what I was up against. It

was practically impossible for me to real-

ize your background."

"And now—on our wedding day"—she glanced again at the clock—"you've decided that you dislike that background so much that you want it—and me—to fade out of the picture of your life. Is that it?"

"Yes," said Warner steadily.

"Impossible, old dear!"

"Why 'impossible'? If you loved me—that would be different," he said again. She shook her bobbed head in an exas-

perated fashion.

"I tell you I do love you, Phil—in my way. Oh, of course I'm not sentimental—it isn't done nowadays—and if you throw me over I shan't go to the bottom, like the 'wild duck,' because I have a couple of slugs in me and a trailing wing! I'll come to the surface all right and I'll keep afloat. But I acknowledge I shan't feel happy. You've come to mean a lot to me, Phil. You may not be perfect, but you can put it all over the men I've known—"

She stared brightly at him while her mind raced backward to the preceding summer, when she had suddenly found the men of her set intolerable. Josh Carlisle had taught her what to expect in the way of ultimate disillusionment, and it was in a revolt against him and his kind that she had acquiesced in her father's invitation to accompany him on a trip to inspect some mining properties in Idaho. The inspection over, they had decided on a short riding tour, and it was at the end of a hard day's going in the Snake River country that they had come upon the "Bye-low Ranch."

As Rémy stared at Warner she could see again the hot, treeless upland trail, from which they had unexpectedly looked down into the valley, with Warner's ranch lying cool and shady at the bottom. It had seemed like a glimpse of Paradise with its copper-splashed pool, gleaming blue as a Maxfield Parrish bit of water, between the dark, pointed poplars growing beside it; and the white ranch house, surrounded by unbelievably green grass and fat, grazing cattle, seemed to extend a welcome to them. They turned their horses' heads downward, and at sunset drew rein at the wide porch steps of the

"Bye-low Ranch," and Rémy saw Warner for the first time. . . .

From the very beginning he had attracted her. His thin, tanned face, his supple, hard body, slim-waisted, narrowflanked, so different from the well-fed. well set-up New Yorkers she had known. exercised a curious fascination over her. An impersonal note in his attentions, a politeness untinged with gallantry, piqued her. As for Warner, the unexpected advent of the girl, her youth and seductiveness, the aura of wealth and power about her, dazzled him, who had never before been dazzled by such things. It was as though he had plucked a star from the blue. . . . Together they rode over the ranch, and he showed the girl the waving fields of alfalfa, explaining the wonders of the irrigating system and unfolding all the plans so dear to him for further development of the natural resources of the country. When the day grew too hot for riding, they loafed in the big, cool livingroom, looking at his guns and hunting trophies and discussing the books and magazines that crowded the tables and spilled over on to the floor. In the evenings they sat out under the bright stars, the shadow of the Sawtooth Mountains looming faintly in the distance, and Warner told her the uneventful story of his life. . . .

He had been brought West when a baby, by his father, seeking health after a bad nervous breakdown in a bank, and had grown up in the large tranquillity of that new country, alone, save for his parents, his dogs and horses and the occasional bands of migrating Indians. His father had managed to make a little money, and there had been a tutor for the boy during a couple of winters, and then three years at Leland Stanford. He had been recalled from college by the death of his father, followed by that of his mother in a few months. Since then he had lived alone, busy, contented. . . .

Rémy and her father stayed two weeks, and long before the impromptu visit was up she knew that she wanted Warner more than she had ever wanted anything in her life. She felt sure that she had only to stretch out her hand, and she knew no reason for staying it. Hadn't she always got what she wanted?

And now this prize, which had seemed so easily within her grasp, was slipping from her, eluding her! There had been times since Warner's arrival in New York, Rémy acknowledged to herself, when she had doubted the wisdom of her choice—moments when Warner had seemed the square peg in the round hole—but with the possibility of losing him his desirability redoubled. All her predatory instincts awoke and warred with her pride. She looked at Warner with eyes cold as steel.

"And so you want me to put an end to things between us—here—to-night——?"
"It's best for you as for me——"

"Oh, never mind about me!" She tossed the words at him defiantly. "The point is you want me to give you up. Haven't you any intelligible explanation of your request, at least, to offer me?"

Warner looked at her perplexedly. "Yes," he said at length, slowly. "To begin with, we're both different—here. I don't recognize myself here and I don't recognize you. You aren't the same

girl——"
"I've changed less than you," she interrupted, "since my feelings have not changed as yours have. I care just the

same---"

"Yes, but no longer for me. You care for a man of your own creating—a man who will give up the life that was the breath of him, who will chain himself to a mahogany desk in a plutocratic office and gamble for money, a man who—" He broke off and turned to her with a despairing gesture. "See here, Rémy—I'm an untamed creature. All my days I've lived out in the open. If you loved me enough to live my life—"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"I'm quite willing to go out to Idaho in the summers and spend a few weeks at your ranch—it's a smart enough thing to do now—spend a while at a 'dude ranch'"—Warner winced—"but as for living there—! You can't seriously think I'd want to live there?"

"Oh, no. I'm convinced you wouldn't." Warner's vibrant voice had gone flat. "I'm as convinced of it as that it is the only existence for me. I've honestly tried to change—I've meant to do all you ask and expect of me, but I sud-

denly knew to-night that I couldn't. I've got to have freedom. Marriage isn't freedom—it's the other thing." He stopped and looked at the girl meditatively. "If there is a sane explanation of what I'm doing to-night it's that, I suppose—the horror of putting myself in a situation from which there is no escape. And feeling as I do, I decided that the only honest thing to do was to tell you all this before it was—too late."

"You call this belated refusal to fulfil

your promises 'honest'?"

"Yes. Perhaps if ours could have been a real marriage, if you had been willing to follow me, to have walked out there, in that spacious tranquillity, hand in hand with me, under the quiet starsthen love might have had the illusion of liberty. But here !—in this cramped life. hedged about by a thousand damnable conventions-good God! I've got the suffocating feeling that I've walked into a trap, a cave, an endless tunnel! I know you despise me-I despise myself. But I can no more control this feeling than I can control the color of my eyes. It's a physical terror I feel, mind you—as though I were helpless, shut in, boundcan't you understand, Rémy?"

"I understand that you are a coward and a welcher. I understand you once wanted me and that now all you want is to leave me flat—to humiliate me before my world—to be free of me—to get away! That's it, isn't it?" demanded

the girl passionately.

"That's the way it looks to you, I suppose," said Warner slowly. "And it is true that I want to be free again—to be rid of this unconquerable fear that grips me."

The girl turned pale beneath the rouge on her round young cheeks. She rose

with unaccustomed dignity.

"I would never dream of holding a man who wanted to leave me," she said in a tone Warner had never heard her use before. She glanced at the clock and struck her hands sharply together. "But—but what can we do? It's too late to get a notice into the papers—the usual 'the engagement has been broken by mutual consent'!" She smiled bitterly.

"I'll do anything under God's heaven you say—anything to make this easier

for you."

the brunt of it," said the girl coldly.

"Why not tell everybody that I am 'a

"It is only fair that you should bear blame should attach to you. But, of course, I see now it wouldn't do-"

"Of course not. In a case like this, it



The afternoon throngs on the Avenue were being treated to their favorite free "show"-a fashionable church wedding .- Page 409.

coward and a welcher,' as you put it? That will set you straight and serve me

The girl moved slowly away and stood by the table, drumming lightly on it with her fingertips. She gave a short laugh.

"It's just like you, Phil, to suggest that! It would be the very last thing I'd do. Inform an amused world that I've been thrown down, abandoned by my 'young Lochinvar'?-thank you!"

is better for the woman to be wrong than right. If there is any throwing down to be done, I must do it—you owe me that much, at least."

"I owe you everything."

"Everything, except-" There was the hint of a break in Rémy's voice, but she pulled herself sharply together. It wasn't her way to show emotion. She stared down thoughtfully at the table, still drumming lightly on it with her pol-"I see. I was only anxious that no ished fingertips. Suddenly she looked up

light in her eyes.

"I've thought of a way—but it will be

hard on you, I admit-

"I've told you I'd do anything under heaven you want done. Punish me as you see fit-I deserve to be punished---"

"It will be punishment all right," said the girl quietly. "It's just this—it's too late to tell everybody, so we'll say nothing and let them come to the church. You must be there with your best man, but I —I shall not come! It will be the worst quarter of an hour of your life, but you've simply got to stand for it."

"I see."

"After all, these people are not your friends—they're mine—and they'll forgive me and forget you and your humiliation quickly enough. And it's the only way I can think of to clear myself-to make them believe absolutely that it was

I who tired of the engagement—" Her voice broke definitely this time. "You'll just have to stand for it, Phil," she said again.

"You couldn't think of anything I wouldn't stand for, Rémy. All I ask of you is that some day you'll write and tell me that you forgive me and understand," said Warner gravely. He got to his feet. "Until four o'clock, then."

The afternoon throngs on the Avenue were being treated to their favorite free "show"-a fashionable church wedding. Whitegloved policemen waved up the gleaming limousines in unending line and dispatched them after the lordly fashion of well-subsidized policemen at a wedding. The halting, curious crowd pressed close about the awning, beneath which richly dressed women and men in frock-coats and high silk hats passed into the Church of the Heavenly Angels. Through the opening portals the perfume of flowers and the crash of organ music were wafted to the afternoon air. Inside the church the . wedding guests rustled and craned their necks and whispered about

at Warner, and there was a curious, bright the bride. Rémy Cosgrove had been one of the most conspicuous of the younger set. She had personality. Everything she did attracted attention. Her selection of a young, unknown Westerner had piqued Society, and Society, thirsting to have its curiosity satisfied, was out in force.

> Warner, who had come early, waited in the vestry-room with his best man, Amos Whitridge—a young fellow he had never laid his eyes on until a few weeks before. The slenderness of his acquaintanceship with his "best man" typified clearly enough the curiously haphazard character of the whole situation as far as he was concerned. He hadn't a real friend or relation in that part of the United States. All those people out there, foregathered from vulgar curiosity, expecting to see him go through with the most sacred ceremony of his life, were Rémy's friendsjust strangers to him. It was damnable!



Warner felt a queer constriction in his throat, a tightening about his pounding heart .- Page 410.

There was one consolation, though. As Rémy had said, the humiliation she was about to put upon him would be more bearable under those circumstances. All he really wanted in the world, he told himself, was that it should be over! He glanced at his watch surreptitiously. A few minutes more and he would be free!

He slipped his watch back and touched lightly and jubilantly a small, flat envelope in the pocket of his waistcoat. It was his ticket back to the "Bye-low Ranch." He had dashed out in a taxi early in the morning to the railroad office and bought it. Freedom and contentment were in that little envelope. He sighed happily. This bad quarter of an hour would soon be over and done with forever. Good God! just to get away from all this and back to the waving green of the alfalfa fields and the sunsets behind the jagged mountain range—!

Whitridge opened the chancel door a

crack and peeped out.

"Gad! I never saw such a crowd!"

The rector of the Heavenly Angels came into the vestry, shook hands with Warner impressively, and put on his canonicals. Then he consulted his watch.

"Don't get nervous, young man! It's five minutes after four, but the bride is always late!" He smiled jocularly at Warner, and turned to Whitridge. "I am going into the chancel—I always say a prayer before performing the marriage ceremony. You and Mr. Warner had better come, too, as the bridal party will surely be here any moment now," he said, and, followed by the two young men, passed into the chancel.

From their station behind the barrage of palms, Warner could see the shifting, myriad-hued assemblage perfectly. Above the swelling arpeggios from the organ loft there hummed the murmured talk of the restless throng. The heavy perfume of flowers hung on the agitated air. Warner felt a queer constriction in his throat, a tightening about his pounding heart. Somewhere in his neck a strange new pulse was throbbing furiously. God! if only it were over!—if only the ordeal were over and he could slip away!

He put his hand in his pocket and touched again his passport to liberty. After all, it wouldn't be long now—he was only getting what was coming to him. He'd stand it! Freedom was only a little way ahead! He passed a handkerchief

across his damp forehead.

Suddenly the organ stopped with a crash. There was a deep silence, broken only by the soft, concerted movement of craning necks. And then the first soft strains of the Mendelssohn "Wedding March" fell upon Warner's startled ears. Young Whitridge turned to him and grinned encouragingly.

"Come on!" he whispered.

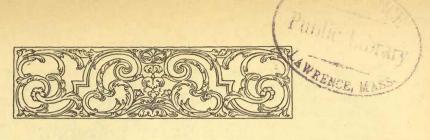
Warner shook his head. "Wait a minute!—there's some mistake—" His dry lips had difficulty in forming the words. Whitridge stared at him curiously.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Buck up! Hurry !—they've

started!"

Dazed, Warner faced about, and with Whitridge's compelling hand on his arm, found himself walking to the front of the chancel. He looked down the aisle with troubled eyes, and there, in the dim, flower-strewn distance, he saw advancing in slow, ineluctable procession, the eight "Watteau" bridesmaids, the diminutive "flower-girl" and velvet-clad "ringbearer," and behind them Rémy, in white satin and rose point, leaning on the arm of her father. . . .





Syrian Songs

BY LOUIS DODGE

Ι

When Hafiz was young (And his face was like a dancing flame)
He used to say, "Surely my dog and horse have souls."

When he was old (And his face was like ashes)
He was wont to say,
"Ai—but who can prove that men have souls?"

II

While a sand storm swept in from the desert Old Hafiz entertained travellers in an inn, saying:

"On an occasion when I walked in outer darkness I encountered a dead man who talked to me. I asked him how he was, and he replied listlessly, 'About as usual.'
I asked, 'Do you rest comfortably?'
He sighed as he responded, 'One always dreams, you know.'
I came to the point. 'What is it like to be dead?' I asked.
He mused, perplexed; then lifting his hollow eyes he demanded, 'What is it like to be alive?'"

TTT

Said old Hafiz to Sihun the youth:

"When Sorrow comes and enters at your door And you start up trembling and weep and wring your hands— Be sure that Sorrow is yet but a stranger to you.

"But when he enters to you and you do not stir, But keep on mending your old sandal, With your head a little on one side And your dull eyes on your work, Then may you say with assurance, 'Yes, I know who it is. It is Sorrow.'"



Rewards

BY I. HYATT DOWNING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES REYNOLDS



AY was drooping as Anna Walrod turned her horse into the road leading to the open country. The road followed the general course of the valley, crossing here and

there a little stream over rickety wooden The stream was marked at inbridges. tervals with clumps of willow and gaunt cottonwoods. It always seemed to Anna that the road lingered when it came to one of these shaded places, as though loath to begin its ascent of the long slopes to the top of the mesa, where the heat waves

crawled in shimmering layers.

Dusk had fallen over the flat country when at last Anna Walrod neared home. Lights pricked widely separated points in the swiftly thickening night. Her own house, one of a shadowy group of low buildings, lay before her. On the day when she had first seen them, new and raw, years before, the thought had risen in her mind: "If they would only burn." It had seemed to her then, as for months afterward, that obliteration of these chains which bound them to this strange. unfriendly country would be release. The need of remaining would no longer exist. One didn't go off and leave buildings. But if there were no buildings, surely the land would not be sufficient cause to stav on. Land! Why, that was everywhere, limitless, rolling in unending waves westward until, somewhere, it must slide smoothly into the ocean, like the flat blade of a knife.

As she turned into the yard, her ears were assailed by the high, shrill whine of whirling gears. The kitchen door was open, and she could see the giant shadow of her husband moving with machinelike regularity across the yellow lamplit walls, as he turned the required sixty revolutions per minute. How she hated that

separator. The slightly sickening odor which rose from its bowl, when scalding water was run through after the milk, was always with her. The machine had come to possess a sort of malignant personality. The first thing to be attended to in the morning, it was the last leering task at night before thin sleep, fretful with weariness, spread over her. Each day it was there, alive and grinning, conscious of its multitude of grease-coated

disks and floats and bowls.

Her husband paused in the act of pulling off his heavy boots as she entered the kitchen. He was a thick, squat man with a stubble of straw-colored beard and a sullen mouth. He looked up at her, still holding his boot, his face red from the exertion of pulling it off. "Christ's sake! What took you so long? I s'pose I ain't hungry? Workin' like a dog all day and no supper!" He threw the boots into a corner back of the kitchen stove and then padded heavily across the bare pine floor in his stocking feet to a shelf where he kept his pipe. He stopped in the act of tamping tobacco into the blackened bowl to inquire over his shoulder: "Ya bring that Spearhead?" Anna nodded indifferently to the still unwrapped bundles on the table. He fumbled among them. "Hell! This ain't Spearhead. It's Horseshoe!" He threw the oily black plug back upon the table. Anna did not reply. The air became thick with the smell of melting grease and the penetrating odor of rank tobacco. She placed three plates upon the table, and beside them the wooden-handled knives and forks.

"No use settin' a place for Eustace. Ain't likely he'll be home." There was a leering satisfaction in the voice. Anna halted, half stooped over, as she reached for cobs in the basket beside the stove. "Where is he?" she asked in a voice which she strove to make casual.

"I seen him ridin' off as I come in from

the field. All slicked up and headed for Schultze's." He paused for a moment as though waiting for the protest to which he thought he was entitled. "He sure was slicked up," he added. But Anna only scraped the potatoes and thick, fat slices of bacon from their pans into the dishes on the table. As she poured the coffee Take sat down and began eating with a sort of wordless, animal-like concentration. When he had finished he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and shoved away from the table. Taking out his pocket-knife, he began shaving off grease from about the knees of his overalls, where, in milking, some of the liquid had spilled over as he held the pail gripped between his legs.

When at last the kitchen had been placed in order for the next day's work, when the disks of the separator had been hung on their drying spindle and placed in the window where the fresh air would blow over them. Anna Walrod went out into the soft August night and found a seat on a bench where the milk-pails had been turned upside down to dry. The moon had risen, and vague half-tones of the prairie swept away to the westward. In the pale, opalescent light the buttes seemed nearer, softer, and without their harsh menace of midday. A faint wind stirred through the dried grass and rustled the dead stalks of the sunflowers. The mill, down by the corral, creaked drow-

She thought of her son, and some flavor of the sense of victory which had been hers that afternoon at the bank returned to her. She saw again the respect and admiration in Mr. Dellinger's smile as he showed her the figures he had kept all these years and known only to themselves. Fifteen hundred dollars, and it was hers! She had saved it. Fifteen years of pinching poverty, of stealing a quarter of a dollar at a time, of lying to Jake about cream checks and the number of eggs taken to town. And now-it was Mr. Dellinger had said it was enough. Any boy with fifteen hundred dollars in his pocket ought to be able to get through any school in the country, if he had ambition and really wanted an Did Eustace really want an education? And when she had first felt the tug of his

If only he were more eager-more like herself. But then, what could be expected? The boy had never known anything but life on the farm and association with "hands" during harvest. Well, soon it would be over and Eustace would be gone, never, she was sure, to return. After that, things would be finished for her. She would see him again, yes. But she could never plan for him and dream for him and drive things through for him again. Suddenly she found herself crying. It had been so long-so long. If only Eustace--.

She wiped her eyes on a corner of her apron and drew a shawl closer about her shoulders. This was the hour of the day to which she looked forward. When Eustace was with her it was better. That foolish Schultze girl. Why didn't she leave him alone? After a while her ears became attuned to the crooning voice of the night, a mild sedative to her tired mind. She loved to sit quite still and watch the years march before her inward eves. When Eustace was quite small she had often sat upon this same bench with him until long after his bedtime, conjuring up visions of her boy following out the destinies which she, if not God, had decided upon for him. She had never been sure about God. Here in Dakota he seemed very unreal and remote. When they first came she got down on her knees each night in the hot, black little box of a bedroom and prayed that the crops would be bountiful, that the hot winds would spare them, that anthrax would not strike their cattle, that Take, her husband, would love her always. But the crops curled and withered at the touch of scorching winds, black leg and anthrax almost wiped out their small herd. Neighbors surrendered in despair and moved away, and in two years everything with which they had begun life so hopefully in Dakota was gone. Jake became sullen and embittered. He, too, would have gone with the discouraged claimholders back to Iowa, or Minnesota, or Wisconsin to work by the day or be renters for the rest of their lives. But Anna hung on. Even during the blurred period following the birth of Eustace, when all education. But that was the trouble. life was pain, she had refused to leave. baby hands at her breast she had looked down into his small face, determination hardening in her mind. "You won't be a farmer! You won't be a farmer!" The thought became the motivating force of her life. All plans were shaped with this aim in view. She never discussed the subject with her husband, knowing that his most active manifestation of interest would be a sneer.

When the boy was three years old something took place which narrowed the field of ambitions for her son and in her own life burst one of those flares which lend a pale effulgence to the dull skies of existence, even after its own white glow has disappeared. Sitting here on the bench alone through the long August evening, her eyes could pierce the pools of dusk which gathered in the shadowed ell of the house and see again every incident of that drama which had happened, it seemed, so very long ago. Something of the numbed horror gripped her heart afresh as the picture etched itself upon her mind.

She had just come out of the kitchen with her thrifty pan of "scraps" for the chickens when she saw the baby toddling with uncertain, eager steps toward a coiled, mottled thing with a wedge-shaped head which moved slowly forward and back, and a tiny red tongue that shot in and out like a flame. There was a sibilant whir in the air which turned her heart to ice and choked back the awful, bursting shriek in her throat. She did scream, though, a shuddering, retching sound, in the split second which elapsed between first sight and that lurching, downward stroke of the arrowlike head.

The rest was blurred. Only the baby in her arms crying, and then struggling as she held him between her knees, while tying her handkerchief above the two little bruised-looking dots on the white flesh of his arm. She had been unable to find a stick with which to tighten the tourniquet and so had used the shaft of an old branding iron her frantic eyes had caught hanging from a nail on the side of the house. She put her mouth against the wound and sucked at it, spitting the dark blood upon the floor. Then she was running, running, the heavy child dragging at her arms and the shaft of the branding iron

gouging at the flesh of her cheek. Her eyes fastened themselves upon a shapeless black blot which wavered, receded, and danced crazily upon the horizon. It was. she knew, the home of a young doctor, newly come West for his health. Her laboring lungs drove the air through her clenched teeth with whistling gasps. Nausea gripped her stomach. Once she fell, cutting a long, jagged gash in her hand. She did not drop the baby, and instantly was running again. A dark curtain began dropping over her consciousness, and there was an awful drumming noise in her head. Still she ran, the ground rising in waves to meet her stag-gering feet. Then she heard, as though whispered in dreams, a voice, and some one touched her. The curtain shut out the light, and she was dropping down, down-

Presently she again heard the voice. It was an incredibly cool voice, and as soothing as the sound of running water. She opened her eyes and saw the face of a young man bending over her. Anxiety, so plainly written in his face, gave way to instant relief as he saw that consciousness had returned. He smiled and held something to her lips. "Here-oh, the baby's all right. I was much more worried about you. You're Mrs. Walrod, There! Better now?" She aren't you? rose dizzily from the bed upon which she had been lying. "My baby, where is he?" The young doctor pointed to the bed. Her groping mind had failed to discern the child as he lay beside her. She hungrily gathered him in her arms. turned anxious eyes to the young doctor and found reassurance in his smile. "Baby's fine. You needn't worry, really. Young, clean blood, you know. You've noticed how quickly a cut will heal on his hand? This is the same way. He'll be a little sick for a while. I gave him some stuff. You really saved the baby's life by your presence of mind in applying the tourniquet. Who taught you how?"

She didn't answer his question. "You're sure about the baby. Are you sure?"

"Yes, entirely sure. I'll tell you about it." Then he began to talk, telling her that there had evidently been no time for the poison to be absorbed by the baby's system. She had done everything necessary in a preliminary way. He explained the toxic action of a rattlesnake bite and the antidote. As he talked he leaned forward, a frown of concentration on his forehead, his long fingers twining and intertwining with a sort of nervous restlessness which seemed to be characteristic of the man. He was young-hardly thirty —and slim and blond. There was, Anna thought as she looked at him, something fragile about his slight delicacy. Yet, too, there was a suggestion of eager life straining at physical limitations. He was too fine for this country, she found herself thinking. He shouldn't have come here. Why, one of these winds would blow him across the prairie like a tumbleweed. Thoughts raced in disordered confusion through her mind. In some manner she was sure that her baby wasn't going to die. He would be very sick, probably. Then this young man with the handsome, delicate face would come over and see him once in a while. She would give him fried chicken to eat. It would be nice to have him come. She wondered what Take would say when she told him that Eustace had been bitten by a rattlesnake. Swear at her, probably, for not watching him closer. How tired she was. She hoped the young doctor would keep on talking. It was so pleasant, now that everything was over, to lean back in her chair with Eustace safe in her arms, and hear his modulated. Eastern accents. Why wasn't there any one in this country who could talk that way? It was something the place did to people, she decided vaguely. Well, she must be going. She wondered if the baby would waken as she carried him back. Something burned on her chest. She looked down and saw a dried clot of blood where the branding iron had scraped her skin. Then she realized that her dress was open and her breasts exposed. She drew the dress together at the throat, a slow flush mounting to her cheeks. She heard the doctor saying: "Let me take the boy. You're tired out. By George! What marvellous strength to run like that for half a mile with this big fellow in your arms. I could never have done it."

"Oh, I guess you could if it was your

baby." She smiled at him for the first time, and he paused as he lifted the sleeping child, surprise caught and held in his eyes. Her hair had come undone and fell, in dark richness, about her shoulders. She tried to put it up, but, realizing there was nothing with which to fasten it, allowed it to fall again. "I can't make it stay. It'll just have to be down."

"I think it is quite lovely the way it is." The young man turned out of the door with the baby asleep in his arms. Anna followed him, and each was conscious of an odd constraint. They walked for a space across the curled mat of the buffalo grass in silence, leaning a little against the wind which whipped Anna's thin dress, flattening it against her curving, strong young body. Now and then he glanced at her out of the corners of his eyes. At last he said: "Have you been here long?"

"Four years."
"My God!" After a while he repeated the words again: "My God!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know. I guess I thought you had just come, like myself. But four years of it. Does this wind ever stop?"

"Not very long at a time. But it changes directions.

"Well, that's something." They both laughed.

When they reached Anna's house she held out her arms for the baby. But he shook his head, smiling, and motioned for her to go in. He followed her into the little bedroom and laid the baby down on the iron bed. They stood for a moment side by side, looking down at the heavily sleeping child. Something flashed into her mind. It was just as though—then she heard herself thanking him in a flat, emotionless voice. He glanced at her quickly and, turning, went back into the kitchen. There he told her, matter-offactly, that the baby would be fretfully ill for a few days, but there was no cause whatever for worry. To-morrow he would drop in again. She needn't thank him at all. He was very glad to have been able to help. Her eyes followed him as he walked back through the hot, dry glare of the sun. And somewhere in the recesses of her mind a little bell kept ringing, the reverberations widening and spreading and beating at her consciousness until she knew that it was a voice saying over and over: "To-morrow."

During these days Take Walrod was much away from home. He worked out a good deal among the ranchers, who still ran dwindling herds in futile defiance of the ever-encroaching fences. He was a natural horseman and seemed to prefer the fading color of frontier ranch life to the more prosaic business of dry farming. He never planted row crops, thus saving the labor of cultivation. Wheat and barley were easily put in and then it seemed to be up to God, who made the country, to produce the harvest. He drank a good deal when in town and grew increasingly indifferent to his family. At this time he was helping August Schultze put up hay, returning home when so inclined. It fell, however, that he was home the next day when the young doctor strolled over to examine the baby's arm. Anna saw the doctor coming slowly across the brown prairie, pausing often to poke at the ground with a stick he carried in his hand. She was conscious of an odd, drumming excitement rising in her breast. She found herself thinking: "It will be nice to hear him talk." Just that and nothing more definite. It seemed to her that when he spoke she caught a fleeting glimpse of other places, of mild-mannered people and gentler conditions of life. Even this occurred to her as being very singular. She had known little else than the crude environment of agricultural life. But she had always loved certain things —the far sound of bells at night, the smell of harvested grain, breathing over dusksoftened fields, the liquid beauty of a blackbird's song in the hot noon silence of a marsh. Something leaped in her heart at these things. She had never felt the stir of such emotions in Dakota. Never had there been a response to the harsh note of life here.

And so, as she saw this young man walking slowly across the prairie, she heard his cool, foreign-sounding voice saying again: "It looks very lovely as it is." In the moment before he reached the doorstep her eyes travelled swiftly about the clean, bare kitchen to Jake, scraping at a tobacco-crusted pipe with his knife. And in that moment she knew

that she had hated her husband for a long time.

Then the young man was standing in the doorway, smiling. She introduced him to Jake. He was Blake Littlefield. Not Doctor Littlefield. He, himself, was a patient, under the care of the famous Doctor Dakota. As he shook hands with Jake, Anna saw it—the surprise, incredulity almost, that was written in his eyes. He turned almost immediately to her. "Baby all right?" She nodded and led the way into the bedroom where Eustace lay sleeping. As on the day before, they stood side by side, looking down at the flushed face of the baby; she felt that she was somebody else, not Anna Walrod, farm drudge, at all, and that this young man and she were looking down at a sleeping child which belonged to them both. He watched the baby silently for a few moments. Then his eyes lifted to the bare board walls through which unclinched nails protruded. When he looked again at her, Anna felt rather than saw the compassionate understanding of his glance. Presently he turned away and went back into the kitchen. There he left a few brief directions for the care of the baby and passed out of the door. Nor did he glance again at Take Walrod, still picking at his blackened pipe by the kitchen window.

Brown summer declined at last into a dull monotone of gray. In November the first snow fell. Thereafter the days went by in white silence, except when the wind blew and wraiths of spiralling snow trailed over the glistening drifts and hissed against the window-panes. Anna would stand for long periods, gazing through the window, absorbed in the strange shapes which took form before her eyes as mists of snow eddied and whirled with the errant wind. Sometimes they curled up, up, like a licking tongue of white flame, or they swept away, trailing long streamers disconsolately behind. Squatting grayly into the white expanse, a halfmile distant, was Doctor Littlefield's shanty, and if Anna happened to glance in that direction any time before noon she saw a plume of wood-smoke curling back over its low roof. Anna often thought how helpless it looked, sitting there with

Drawn by James Reynolds.

He paused for a moment as though waiting for the protest to which he thought he was entitled,—Page 413.

the white snow all about and the grim

buttes watching beyond.

Afternoons Doctor Littlefield often walked over to the Walrod farm. Anna at last found herself going about her work in a sort of subdued excitement, waiting to see him coming across the crusted snow, leaning against the wind. An odd sympathy had developed between these two. Each felt, in the beginning, immeasurably sorry for the other. Doctor Littlefield's health was not improving as he had been told it would in the rigorous climate of Dakota. He coughed a great deal. It used to tear at her heart to hear him gasping for breath after a protracted spell of coughing. He talked much of Arizona as the winter wore on. Doubtless he would be better there—last longer. as he once phrased it, with a short laugh. If they were alone he talked a great deal about himself, the practice he had begun to establish when "this thing" hit him, college, and once about a girl. "Is she are you-" A dozen questions were in Anna's mind. Doctor Littlefield laughed a little bitterly. "Not any more. don't blame her much. Lungers who haven't anything in the way of cash make rotten husbands." Anna was aflame with anger. "What kind of a girl could she have been? She should have loved you the more."

"Some would. She didn't happen to be that kind. Not your kind, Anna."

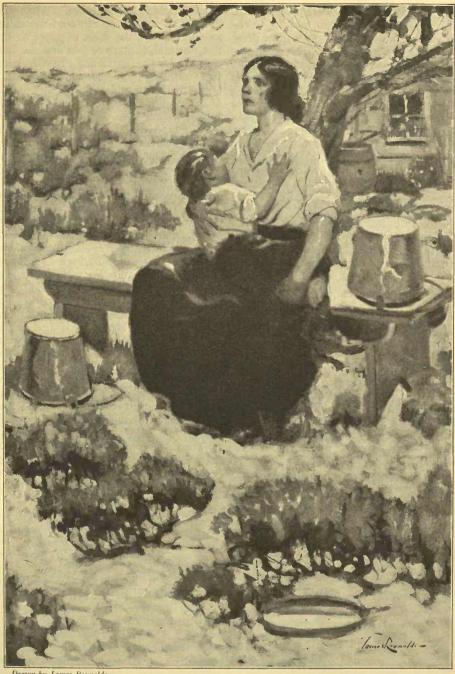
She felt his eyes upon her but was afraid to look up, fearing that something was written in her face. He rose and, crossing to the window, stook looking out at the white country, washed now in thin winter sunshine. Suddenly he turned and walked over to the chair where she was sitting. He stood looking down at "It's such a damned shame," he said, at last. "Life works out so badly for most of us. The blindfold is never removed from our eyes until we have chosen the wrong way out. Then everything is hideously clear. Sometimes people refuse to stay in the paths they find their feet following. They cut corners." She felt his fingers touching her hair and sat still, her heart racing. He reached down and touched her forehead with his lips. Then she heard his hand on the door. It opened, and he was gone. She

started from her chair, then sank back, covering her face with her hands. And, somehow, she knew that a chapter of her

life was definitely ended. . . .

A week passed. Doctor Littlefield did not come again. Then, one day, she saw Jake hitching a team to the wagon. He drove away in the direction of the doctor's shack. There she saw him jump down and go into the house. Presently he came out carrying something which resembled a box and dumped it into the wagon. Then the slight figure of the young man climbed up beside him on the spring seat. The team was turned about and came slowly across the bumpy land. She could hear the clear whine of the wheels in the snow. They stopped at the gate, and Doctor Littlefield got down from the wagon and came slowly toward the house. He came in and stood looking at her for a long moment without speaking. She seemed incapable of speech, but a dreadful foreboding was in her heart. Then, abruptly, he crossed over and, taking her in his arms, kissed her upon the lips. Then he stepped back, and she heard him speaking: "I'm going, Anna. If I stayed —well, you and I can't cut corners. And you must leave here, too, somehow. It'll rob you, Anna. Get away and take your little boy where he'll have a chance. For me it is only a little while. But you-I can see it will be hard." He paused a moment. Then: "Good-by, dear." The door opened and closed. A dry sob caught in her throat. She heard the high whine of the wheels and the "chock" of the axles. She ran to the window and watched the slowly moving wagon until it became a speck in the distance. And only when she felt Eustace pulling at her skirts did she remove her eyes from the dwindling black dot on the white snow. Then she gathered the baby in her arms, kissing him again and again. She heard herself whispering: "I can't stand it-I can't stand it!"-

The bent woman, sitting outside the sagging house, looked up at the stardusted sky. She sighed a little. How long ago it seemed. She had found, through the corrosive years, there were many, many things which she could bear. The years had walked on, new settlers had



Drawn by James Reynolds.

Conjuring up visions of her boy following out the destinies which she, if not God, had decided upon for him.—Page 413.

come, growing fields were everywhere. Eustace was a young man, waiting to enter college in a few more days. She drew against the creeping chill of the night air. It must be very late. She felt vaguely uneasy about Eustace. He shouldn't stay out so late. That foolish Schultze girl, with her brassy laugh and red lips. She was glad it was nearly time for him to go. Then there would be rest, complete rest, from this great weariness that was coming over her. With a little sigh she rose and went into the house. The lamp was smoking from a burned-out wick. She extinguished it and felt her way slowly into her bedroom. In the hot darkness she undressed and put on her coarse nightgown. She turned back the covers and smoothed the pillow. Her hand brushed against something, a paper, pinned to the linen. As she touched its smooth surface, a foreboding too great to be mastered gripped her mind. She sat down on the edge of her bed weakly, conscious of the dull, suffocating thumping of her heart.

Then she smiled to herself. It was time she was slacking up when she all but fainted at the finding of a note which would tell her that Eustace would be out late and for her not to worry. The boy had always been thoughtful of his mother if not quite so eager as she could have wished.

She rose, and, crossing to an old marbletopped bureau, found a match and lighted

a lamp which stood there. When the flame was caught she replaced the chimney and spread the sheet of paper on the her shawl closer about her shoulders flat cool slab of marble. At first the lines written in the sprawling, boyish hand were unintelligible. "I can't do it, Ma." What in the world did the boy mean. What couldn't he do? Then the words leaped at her eyes. "Bertha and I are getting married. I am going to take over the south quarter that Mr. Schultze just bought. Don't worry about college, Ma. Honest, Ma, I'd rather farm. worry.'

Anna Walrod laid the note down on the She felt suddenly ill and weak. She found a chair and sank slowly into it. A dim shade of light patterned the halfopen window. Her eyes fastened themselves upon this unwaveringly. A puff of warm air came in, laden with the smell of ripening grain. An hour passed. she did not move. Two hours. faint dawn traced ghostly outlines in the room. A glow began to spread in the An insistent sound began tapping at her consciousness. It was familiar and compelling. Dimly, for a time, she resisted it. Then she ceased resisting and knew that the sound was her husband, Take, moving about the uncarpeted floor of the room above in his bare feet. was day.

Then Anna Walrod rose, slowly put on her clothes, and going out to the kitchen began assembling the separator, making ready for the morning's milk.

Derelict

BY RUTH LAMBERT JONES

TRACE me no beacons on the shore, No stars upon the sky, For I have looked on other fires And lost myself thereby.

Nor sunder branches from the pine That I may view the sea, For I have looked on Freedom once And found it Calvary.

Mail Day

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. S. Rochester; Author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



LL hands have been talking about it since the last mail-boat .-"Let's see-to-day's the twenty-fifth; that cock-eyed mail orderly says there's a P. and N. boat on the fourth-

just ten days, huh?"-" Just ten days, hell! How long d'yuh think ten days is, sailor?"-"Aw-what's the sense in mail anyway, down here at the fartherest place there is! Tell you—that last mail we got, I get a letter from my girl-told me about goin' out to Ocean View wit' a damn gunner's mate from the Naval Base -Hampton Roads-you know-on the Sunday after the Fourth o' July. And here it is the end of August. Sometime next fall she gets my come-back, advisin' her to lay off of gunner's mates or say adoo to me. And by that time she prob'bly be cruisin' steady with a corporal of Marines!" "Well, it's ten days, like I said--"

The cruiser rocks to the long Pacific swell—the interminable roll that comes. day and night, wind and weather regardless, out of the blank southwest, from clear around the world. Down here in these naked Pacific roadsteads you cast your anchor cunningly, and make the stern fast to a buoy, so that the bow will always ride up to the swell. Wind and tide are of no special consideration—but in an anchorage a few points off you will roll your innards out, as they say, very quickly. . . . Gulls-the ship's company has noted five species of gulls and will soon know the individuals by their Christian or given names; pelicans-all pelicans are amazingly dignified and answer to the name of "John"; and two kinds of cormorants—which are the esteemed guano-birds of this coast-rally around the ship continually. Pelicans and cormorants do not utter; gulls squall and mew forever, and are a weariness. . . .

Every morning, the deck divisions, scrubbing down with sand, holystoning, and waiting on the ship with the proper mysteries, see the sun come up out of South America, painting with rosy light, very briefly, the incredible bleak barrenness of the Rainless Coast. There is guard mount; the band plays; the bugles go for quarters. The cruiser hums about the routine of her day, a self-contained and aloof little world, suspended in a tremendous boredom. The sun mounts, veiled sometimes in pale clouds that threaten but never perform; and shoreward you observe a place of tumbled sand-hills, drab as an ash-heap, where no green blade or leaf grows, except a few sickly trees in the squalid town that crawls in the lee of a great scarred rock— El Morro. (There is something going on in that miserable town; high affairs of state, concerning the details of which the ship has not the honor of knowing anything.) Far inshore, beyond the hills, beyond the ridges, you can see on a clear day enormous piled-up masses, like white clouds, except they hold their shape—the Andes. There is a bell on the fo'c'stle that marks the passing of the hours. General drills. Brightwork. Chow. You reflect that, if you were in Scapa Flow or Singapore, Vladivostok or New York, Capetown or Puenta Arenas, the general drills would go on, and there would be the same brightwork to be shined, and the bell forward would toll off the same hours in the fashion of the sea.

The sea is very old; things do not greatly change upon it. They relate that there was a ship on the navy list once— U. S. S. Wateree. The dark spot on the beach yonder, three and a half miles up the coast, is her boilers. In 1869 she lay



That cock-eyed mail orderly .- Page 421.

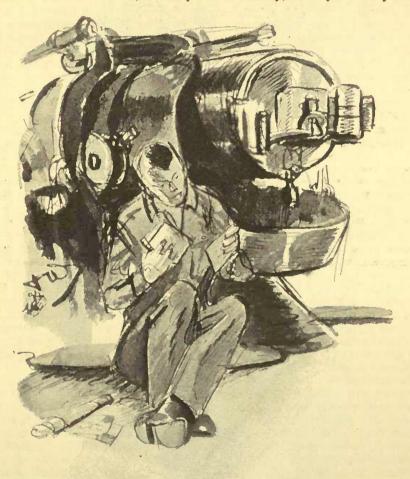
now. ashore, following which the water receded wheeler of Civil War construction, and three times around her! But U.S.S.

in here, perhaps where we lie now. had a flat bottom: she settled upright. American sailors and Marines aboard her When the Pacific Ocean returned, as it went about their little details, as we do did presently and with violence, U. S. S. And there was an earthquake Wateree floated like the Ark. All the others-there were a lot of them, lying from the coast, and left every ship in the like stranded mullet—were swept up, roadstead sitting on the ocean floor. To rolled over, and savaged generally by be exact, reclining on their sides. Except merciless water—the hulk of one sailing-U. S. S. Wateree, which was a paddle- ship washed up with her own anchor-chain land at the foot of the hills, where the tidal wave set her down. Subsequently thrifty Chileños used her for a hotel, roadhouse, hospital, God knows what. A later storm came in after her, made sport with her, and deposited her on the beach where her boilers now remain.

They say that tidal waves, which occur from time to time on this coast, are always

Wateree rested tranquilly some miles in- preceded by an earthquake. Our captain is on record to the effect that, if a temblor starts, he will light off all boilers and go to sea. Or so he was reported by that truthful marine, the captain's orderly.— "Old Man say that? Well, they do say these earthquakes and such are hard on pore folks ashore—but if it's got to happen, here's a fine place for one!"

So this day, and any other day. There



The Rainless Coast.

From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

is liberty from one o'clock to five for one hundred men; about twenty valiant souls go over, and the bored shore patrol. . . . "Not that there's a dam' thing on the beach. The girls, now, they got ankles like beef cattle; - that pisco stuff they sell you, it'll grow hair right in the middle of a guy's stomach! Yeh! Two drinks, an' you'll come back and ask the Exec for a match, right on the quarter-deck .- All same, a liberty's a liberty! Le's go-" When the launches return after five, the red flag-the chow flag-is at the foreyardarm, and all the gulls are milling with petulant remarks by the garbagechute, port side; they know when we eat. The band and the Marines of the guard form across the quarter-deck: the band discourses the national air, and the flag comes down. Out on the Pacific the sun shows through the seaward haze, a tired sun in a smudge of yellow. Looking inland, the hills are lovely in lavender with purple shadows, and the high peaks of the Andes hang far above and beyond, insubstantial as dreams in a sky like mother-of-pearl. Then it is dark, and the Southern Cross, canted and lopsided, blazes out, and the bugles go for movies. Presently, taps. Nine days until the mail.

Even with nothing to mark it, time will get on somehow: it is Saturday; the ship and her people are groomed for Captain's Inspection. When your mess-boy comes in with early coffee, you say: "Morning, Aliponga. Say, did the mail-boat get in?" "Mail-boat, ess, ser, he come in. Anchor port side—you look—see?" The Commander's morning orders say: "08:00—mail orderly to go aboard mailboat and bring off mail. Mail will be distributed immediately following Captain's Inspection." "Well, mail's aboard," says the Officer of the Deck when you come up the hatch, pulling on your gloves, to your division parade. "Guard-tention! Guard present—counted for, sir!" reports the first sergeant of Marines to the captain of Marines; and "Yes, sir. Nine bags first-class, the mail orderly says, sir," adds that invaluable non-commissioned officer in discreet tones.— Sometimes inspection can be longer than other times. And you know the Old Man wants, just as badly as anybody, to see retired under his gun, and set his letters

what is on his desk in the cabin—sense of duty's a great thing!

Finally the gold and glitter passes the last compartment to be inspected—Gun 8, in the marine compartment. The captain goes aft, and the bugles sing "Carry On"-and, "Mail-O!"- Better remind the gunnery sergeant about those tompions— "Oh, Murphy—here a minute—" The shock-headed company clerk comes on the run from the detachment officemail is distributed by divisions. climbs on a mess-bench, and a hundred marines, from the guard in their white belts and tight blouses to the captain of the head in skippies, mass around him.— "Non-coms get theirs called off first-Je's, I'm goin' to strike for corporal, I am!" . . . I think that if the folks who write our letters could see those letters handed out, in far places, they would write more of them. .

There is the detachment sheik; four times, to the envy of all, his name is called. He has a blue envelope from Norfolk, and a pink one from Beaufort, S. C., and a large, square billet from Brooklyn—very elegant stationery—and the biggest and fattest of all is plain white, from a place in Pennsylvania you never heard of.—Sheiks, one may remark, make good soldiers. For one thing, they never risk stoppage of shore liberty by misconduct. They are ambitious fellows, loving the gauds and glitter of the higher ratings; they are well aware of the effect a sergeant's chevrons, cloth of gold against blue cloth, make on a simple maid.

There is also the intense chap who gets a lot of letters, almost as many as the sheik. They are from the same place and in the same handwriting. He goes off by himself to read his mail and answer it. You happen to know that he allots most of his pay to a certain savings-bank, which pays four per cent. You consider that you will probably lose a good marine in that bird, when we get North; he's due to be paid off. Chances are, you'll have a vacancy for a corporal, and there will be a new service station or some such thing on a North Carolina highway, with the girl who writes those letters on the premises. . . . Gun striker on Gun 8 has done very well. Has a stack of it. He's

in a neat pile. Shuffles them out according to dates—picks out the oldest one postmarked six weeks since.—"Le's see -where was we that day?-standin' out of Balboa-

There are the fellows who draw one letter—never any more; go off to read it slowly. Some of those letters will be brought to you to-morrow: things not so good at home, son; your father's rheumatism-can't work; could you increase your allotment, and ask your captain if you can't get out of the navy and come home, for we need you very badly—that

sort of thing.

And there are the home papers—little four-sheet weeklies and semiweeklies, Sentinels, and Eagles, and Patriots, and *Post-Items*. They are read before any one bothers to open the great dailies, New York and Philly and Chicago, that lie now unnoted on the sergeant's table. Presently men will shuck off their wrappers and seek out the bathing-girls in the picture supplements. . . . Crowd's thinning out-one bird receives, with indignation, the pious publication of a certain sect. "Aw!-I'll be-" But before the next mail comes, he will read it, out of pure boredom—even the testimonials. And there are always men who get no mail. They wait until the last. "That's all there is; there isn't any more," says the company clerk, tearing into his own. And they lounge off, making scornful remarks-forward, by themselves . . . nobody to join in a little seven-up. Or black-jack.

Then one goes to look at his own. It's the same aft as forward, on mail day . . . the orderly has left it on the desk. Not as much as you'd hoped—there never is but more than last time, anyway! Saturday morning-inspection over-lots of time-eight-nine-ten letters-an even ten. Not counting two long official envelopes addressed to your job. Sorting them out luxuriously, you find seven directed in that rapid, angular handwriting, honest and distinguished, and not always immediately understandable—like the lady who writes—very like. How her next mail.

pen, you remember, flies across the paper. Impetuous. And, unless the nib is perfectly new, scratchy. You remember once, with a genuine stab of remorse, inviting her attention to the scratchingprefaced, maybe, by . . . You would give much to recall that word. . . . It was a long time ago. . . . It is also a long time since that raw forenoon in late winter, a nasty gray day, with a wet sea-wind flailing East River, when you said appropriate things and came up the gang-plank. She—game and all that. So was Jack, valiant in his five years, and not unaccustomed to partings, and not quite sure what it was all about. . . . No tears, but her mouth was soft and quivery when you kissed it, and unshed tears are bright in the eyes and fall like slow rain upon the heart- Man's a fool to go to sea! And he always goes. . . .

"Rot-mustn't get sentimental-" And then, you might as well—the cabin door is shut, and you're five thousand miles from anywhere and most of a year removed, down on the Rainless Coast. . . . A ship is a man's world, quite. No place for women in it, whether in the wardroom country among the spurious and exact comforts of bachelors; or along the clanging living spaces forward, with the black little billet-hooks where the hammocks hang, and the unabashed guard, coming off, changes into something loose. Nor in the cabins, all painted and varnished and set with brightwork on which the mess-boy spends his soul, and where the faces of sweethearts and wives and children look inharmonious and a little

strange.

Mail day, though, brings a gentle influence to the hardest ship, no matter where the striped sacks catch up with her. There are, somewhere around the world, for most of us, women. And on this day, in a remoteness with a name out of the geography, they come aboard with the letters, mothers and sweethearts and wives, and are with us for a little. . . .

And after, you can look forward to the

Religion and the Instalment Plan

BY EDWARD REXFORD



HE title may plead guilty of a paradox. Yet it is intended to suggest the delicate irony with which great movements, disregarding the broad ways paved for them by

years—even centuries—of conscious effort, come upon us by casual, roundabout

paths and quite unheralded.

History tells unending tales of the struggle for religious freedom. It is perhaps the oldest, bitterest battle of mankind, the more intense because the issue is so often misconceived. It has become a battle among believers, a quarrel between sects, a quibbling over details by groups which are otherwise united in the fundamental hope of a life beyond death and the domination of an all-powerful deity. Many beginnings have been made toward the forging of a huge crucible, a melting-pot for the sects, from which should emerge, at last, a tolerant attitude between the bickering creeds, but all have failed to stand the crushing tests of time, due to their utter disregard for the economic forces always to be considered.

Even to-day, the dream of a broader viewpoint in religious issues—of the sweeping of the old debris of sect and habit into a wide sparkling sea of common understanding—is as remote, apparently, as in the dark ages when secularism dyed its altars with blood in the name of Christ.

Apparently; not actually. For in our own country at least, behind the scenes of our modern, impatient conditions of living, we are becoming aware of a strange stirring to light. In the bowels of the vast organization we call commerce, something is happening. But the irony lies in this—that it is the result of no conscious effort of ours along spiritual lines; instead, it is a by-product of materialism, of a commercial method newly introduced into the public buying power.

From time immemorial, religious tolerance has been regarded by man as something he had to force upon his fellow men and maintain at all costs, but now we are finding the situation reversed, and religious tolerance is, of itself, being forced upon man. What thinking people of all centuries have believed to be an ideal, but unnatural, situation at last seems to be working out in accordance with natural laws. In a word, religious freedom in its true sense—a freedom for the individual—appears to be coming surely, though inadvertently, on the heels of the instalment plan.

The first real estate agent, whoever he was, to utilize the method of selling homes on the instalment plan was, to say the least, untroubled by altruistic dreams of freeing religion from the grip of sect and schism, but was only concerned with making a sale. He saw in the middle-class salaried man a faith in the future, his confidence in himself, his love for his family, and his desire to improve his condition. Even better and more immediate was the alluring prospect of freedom from the city with a chance to raise his children

in suitable surroundings. From isolated cases have grown, in the last fifteen years, great developments in semi-suburban life. Outside most of our large cities now appear vast tracts given over to the erection and sale of countless houses on the instalment plan, each boasting and fostering a sectional pride fathered by these same real estate agents. When these agents sell their houses, they do not particularly restrict the tenants to one religion but accept all who apply and can vouch for a credit intact. A natural result is that ten or fifteen denominations may at last be represented, with no one in absolute domination. In the poorer sections, particularly, this is true, but in the richer it narrows down to four or five. This diversification of religion usually means that no one sect has numbers sufficient to found a separate church of its own and must be forced to call upon the sects thinking along similar lines to combine with it and temporarily bear the burden. In doing this they must, of necessity, subject their own individuality to the will of all.

The situation works out in most cases somewhat along the following lines. On first coming to their new homes, the people have strong ties binding them to their former associations, and are apt to continue those ties when it comes to religion. But soon families begin to increase and journeys become less frequent, and, together with the growth in community spirit, they look around for spiritual guidance for the young. Through some central organization, usually the real estate office, they start a movement to have a church of their own denomination, but soon find their numbers not large enough to stand the financial burden, and they, therefore, have to combine and build a community church.

A very good example of this portrays itself in the community church at the Jackson Heights development just outside of New York City. Here the instalment plan has run to ownership of apartments, enabling the man of lesser means to become part owner in the apartment house in which he resides, with the running expenses divided pro rata. There they boast a community church with twenty Protestant faiths worshipping together under one roof.

At East Williston, Long Island, in a development of small houses, a movement was recently under way to erect a community church on the same order. The campaign was being helped on by means of signs placed along the roads urging every one to contribute regardless of sect. These are but two of numerous examples around New York City.

Outside of Chicago there are known to be at least three, the same for St. Louis, and two for Pittsburgh. An interesting adaptation of the idea is in effect at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, a very wealthy summer colony, where the community church, though not so called, serves the Catholics for early mass, the combined Protestant faiths at eleven, and the negro servants in the afternoon; the summer season being so short that no one sect feels itself compelled to maintain a building devoted solely to itself.

Never before in history has man successfully combined, for any length of time, various faiths under one roof by their own free will and found them to work in harmony; simply because in the past he tried to put the cart before the horse and did not see that it is economic conditions that control our thoughts and not our own free wills.

It is true a great many people are accepting this condition of subjecting their beliefs as a temporary matter only and are simply putting up with it until they can get a place of their own at some time in the future, but they are overlooking the effect it is having on their children.

In community churches they are naturally rather strict to see that no faith puts too much stress on its particular doctrines, which means that their services are kept simple and dignified. Preachers of various denominations are invited to speak and express their views, but not in a belligerent manner. The effect is that the people, in holding down the other fellow's religion, are also holding down their own and getting, in return, the good of all the others. In secret, they may cherish their former beliefs, but they forget the children.

The children are being raised in a simple faith which has the good points of all. They are seeing that Johnny Jones and Mary Smith are just as devout as they are and are not going to purgatory because they believe there should be five sprays on the candlesticks instead of seven. Also they are seeing that men of all faiths have sound and worth-while ideas on religious subjects and are sincere in their expression of them. It is thus, in the children, reared in this new environment, that we are to find a new religious tolerance not encountered so far in our religious world.

Therefore we see that expediency, caused by a new element in our economic life, is slowly shaping our religious thought. As most of our large cities are taking up the community idea of living, either in small houses or apartments, the movement is rapidly on the increase, because it is economically sound.

Another phase of the instalment plan is

the purchasing of motor cars. This is having a great effect on church attendance all over the country, favorably in some cases, unfavorably in others.

Let us take the case of the cities. Many people are owning cars who have no right to have them, from a financial standpoint, and could not afford to buy except on the instalment plan. In certain localities social position depends on the ownership of a car, and people buy them to satisfy their social standing, entirely disregarding the side issues that come with car owner-

snip.

Before the advent of the automobile, a man was forced to stay at home on Sundays, and, being at home, was compelled by public opinion to attend his church. He therefore grew up in an atmosphere restricted and hemmed in by public opinion which catered to bigotry and domination by his church. But with a car, he has a legitimate excuse to leave his home environment and take his family with him, pleading the health of his children or a pressing engagement. By going away he thus evades the compulsion of public opinion, and gets out of the influence of his church. When this begins to happen, although he is not always conscious of it, he slowly works out of the mental and physical restrictions which he has grown up under and gets a new angle on life. He sees other people, their customs and their advantages; he copies them and often brings their ideas home to introduce to his community. In going away he often does things on Sundays which were prohibited in his own environment, simply because he travels to places where people are doing those things and regarding them as correct. He finds out that other people are not eternally damned because they break rules which have been held up to him as being infallible. His children see new modes of life, new ways of doing things, and question him on his own beliefs, and probably go so far as to show him where he is wrong. You need only watch the roads out of any of our large cities of a Sunday to be convinced.

A great many churches are being forced to hold their main service in the morning or the evening in order to permit their congregations to attend. In Garden City, Long Island, one minister went so far as to have an early service for golfers and met with comparative success. As time goes on and travel becomes easier, with man able to reach his pleasures in rapid time through the use of the car, more drastic changes will have to be made, until a new way is found to combat this condition.

In the country towns and villages two situations are developing. There the folk are finding automobiles to be a necessity at any cost, with the result that money is flowing out of circulation in those communities, into the big cities, to the detriment of the churches. In former days, the churches of a town were its religious and social centres and received the whole support of a community, but now those same people are finding the larger cities more attractive and spending their surplus funds there. This situation is forcing the churches in those places to combine for their own protection and very existence. At first each denomination sought aid from the cities and had it granted, but the drain is now so great that the central organizations are recommending combining. In Canada, a country of small towns and villages, we now see the combining of three great religions—the Congregationalists, Methodists, and Presbyterians -with the falling off in church attendance as one of the reasons.

Another, and more constructive, result is taking place because of the automobile, especially in school districts. In numerous places there are now motor-buses that travel regular routes to pick up children and bring them to school, in the country where the distances are too far to walk. On Sundays these same buses serve moreover to bring the children and parents to church, an opportunity which would otherwise have been denied. Some churches, especially the Unitarian, find that, through the use of the car, they are getting parishioners from as far as ten to fifteen miles away, due to the fact that their churches are usually in towns. This enables the farmer to pick his church rather than accept the one thrust upon him by convenience.

The radio must also come in for its share, although it has only just begun to demonstrate its purpose in the general scheme of things. Here we find a new force which promises the greatest results, results which no one can possibly foretell.

Natural curiosity leads mankind to find out, in the easiest way, what interests it. The radio is providing a means of getting knowledge of all kinds to people in their homes, the place where they are most willing to have it. The increase in the call for books in outlying localities is in keeping with the subjects that come over the radio and in proportion to the number of radios in a locality. The mere fact that the listeners have no control over what they have to choose from in the way of programmes, is forcing many people to get a large variety of knowledge that they would never have voluntarily acquired.

The constant demand for higher and better types of programmes from broadcasting stations shows that the people are being educated by means of the radio to

the better things of life.

Religion is one of these, especially in the summer. In two church organizations, the interest which the people have demonstrated so far in listening to the teachings of other faiths and then expressing their views, has spurred the narrow-minded exponents of those faiths to go to the extreme of tearing down the aerials of their parishioners and prohibiting them from listening to the so-called heresy which comes over the air. This took place not in a small town, but in two

of our largest cities.

The teachers of the gospel, who could formerly control the actions of their flocks by fear and public opinion, are finding the radio an unsolvable problem, because they have found that they cannot extend their domination to control the actions of a man in his own home without suffering serious natural reactions. Curiosity comes in again when the radio owner wants to hear what is forbidden to him, especially when he knows of the preaching of some famed man whom his pastor is busily denouncing. It also serves to quiet the ardor of the pastors when they know that their criticisms may serve merely as an advertisement and incentive to make a rival the more attractive. Often a man finds that the reviled one has just as devout a conception of God as his own sponsor and a better way of expressing it. His next step is to approach his minister with embarrassing questions and be met with evasive answers or abysmal ignorance. The advent of the radio is causing no little concern among the clergy of outlying communities who have no means of keeping up-to-date, often through no fault of theirs, and who must stand competition of greater minds when brought to bear on the subjects of their beliefs.

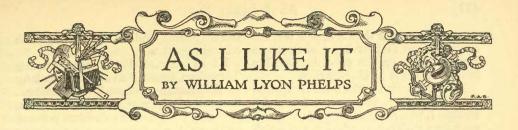
What the future holds along these three lines of changes, just discussed, is very problematical, but some guesses may be hazarded. It is only natural to think there will be a more tolerant view taken of religion through the acquiring of knowledge of current topics all over the world; also that people will get out of their shells more and more and come in contact with the thought of their neighbors, thus forcing them to avoid unnecessary friction.

Clergymen will spend more time in constructive work, instead of upholding their particular brand of worship and damning the next. They will be compelled to keep abreast of the times and vastly improve the character of their sermons, so as to fit in with the steadily progressing thoughts of their congregations.

In the case of the individual, it will be brought home to him, through his hearing the various views of numerous men, that religion is more a matter of personal viewpoint based on the thought of the best minds than the domination by and following of a man who sets himself up as an appointed agent of God. I am trying to point out that it is necessary, in the end, for the clergy to give advice and suggestions and not orders. There has been entirely too much thinking done by the clergy and not enough by the congregations. In some cases the present system is good, but decidedly not so on the whole, and do not think that the practices of centuries are going to be given up without a struggle; because they are not.

I have tried to present briefly a sketch of what is going on behind the scenes, not so much in an argumentative vein as in a plain statement of facts; just a glimpse to show which way the wind is blowing and to leave the details to those who wish to

follow the subject further.



Death and Transfiguration!

a tone-poem by Richard Strauss, and I have spent five years trying in vain to hear it. I chased it to Philadelphia, doubled back to New York, slewed under the river to Brooklyn, hustled back to New Haven, and missed it. Mr. Stokowski, who knows what is best in music, plays it annually upon his incomparable instrument, the Philadelphia Orchestra: I am in that city twelve Friday afternoons of every year, and hear the orchestra, but, by mischance, it is never on one of the twelve that "Death and Transfiguration" is played. Learning that Mr. Mengelberg would play it with the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall on the night of December 31 and the afternoon of January 1, I thought it was a good way to end the old year and begin the new; accordingly I bought tickets for both performances. But after I had done this and was waiting for that consummation long and devoutly wished, the programme was changed. Then I heard that Mr. Mengelberg would play it at Brooklyn on Sunday afternoon, January 3. I took the noon train from New Haven, dived in Manhattan, rose triumphantly in Brooklyn, and took my place at the Academy of Music, with joyful anticipations. A slip of paper floated from my pamphlet-programme to the floor; I picked it up and read a legend to the effect that, owing to numerous requests, Mr. Mengelberg had decided at the last moment to substitute for the piece I wanted, "Also sprach Zarathustra." At his farewell in Carnegie Hall, Sunday afternoon, January 10, this distinguished conductor actually did play the piece I wanted; and while he was playing it, I was lecturing-according to previous agreement-at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn. I am now trying to buy the disks, so I can hear it on the victrola.

I have been fortunate enough to hear four of Strauss's tone-poems-"Mac-'HIS is not an oath; it is the title of . beth," "Don Juan," "Heldenleben," and "Also sprach Zarathustra." They are glorious works, inspired by genius. To my mind, as a composer for the orchestra, Richard Strauss is so far ahead of his living contemporaries that he is in a class by himself. I confess I like his tone-poems better than his operas, better than his songs. I was not profoundly moved by "Rosenkavalier," or by "Ariadne," which I heard him personally conduct in Munich. I also heard him play the piano accompaniment to his own songs, on a draughty day in New York. I caught a severe cold, the chief impression I derived from the recital. But his orchestral pieces are sublime; I doubt if any one, with the single exception of Wagner, has understood and been able to employ resources of an orchestra more impressively than Richard Strauss.

On Saturday afternoon, January 16, I heard at the Metropolitan Opera House a stunning performance of "Tristan and Isolde." And now I am going to the whole Wagner cycle in February and March, the four parts of the Ring, preceded by "Tannhäuser" and postluded

by "Tristan."

The best book in English that I know as guide and interpreter is "The Wagnerian Romances," by the admirable American poet, Gertrude Hall. This volume, containing a separate essay on each opera, written in beautiful and melodious prose, ought to be read and reread by every one who has heard or who intends to hear these music-dramas. The insight displayed is almost uncanny; the story is told much better than any synopsis or any literal translation; the depths and heights of these stupendous works are revealed. And in order to profit by the book, it is not necessary to have any knowledge of the theory of music, as I have the best of reasons for believing. I will go so far as

to say that no one should hear a Wagner opera without first having read Gertrude Hall's chapter on the same, because her

interpretation is so illuminating.

An introduction to the book is supplied by Willa Cather, who praises it superlatively. I, who never use superlatives, and am stingy with commendation, and weigh every word carefully, might be slightly repelled by Miss Cather's unqualified enthusiasm, if I did not know it was justified.

The last comments (for the present) on the question of Still Life shall be chosen respectively from the scorners and from the worshippers. Mrs. Earle Buckingham, of Hartford, calls my attention to a story by the late Thomas A. Janvier, called "Roberson's Medium": "It was a favorite story with my father, Forrest Morgan, a great book-lover and a ferret for nosing the fun out of them." Indeed he was; I used to enjoy his letters prodigiously. Here is the passage from Janvier's story:

Do you remember that picture I painted a year ago last winter—peas, and asparagus, and Bermuda potatoes, and strawberries, grouped around a shad—that I called "The First Breath of Spring"? I don't think you can have forgotten it, for it was a noble work.

On the other hand, the American poet Louis Untermeyer actually wrote a poem about Still Life in which he finds in these pictures something *dynamic*:

"Never have I beheld such fierce contempt,

Nor heard a voice so full of vehement life As this that shouted from a bowl of fruit, High-pitched, malignant, lusty, and per-

Brutal with a triumphant restlessness."

Well, I have often wished I were a poet. For poets, like cats, can see in the dark.

A beautifully illustrated, well-written, and authoritative Life of John Singer Sargent is by William Howe Downes. The biographical facts are followed by criticism, both original and selected, and the list of works is useful. There are so many reproductions of the pictures that

one may often, and with profit, apply the critical remarks.

I take pleasure also in recommending "American Artists," an excellent book by my Scribnerian colleague Royal Cortissoz. General principles of criticism are given, including the author's individual point of view, and the illustrations are numerous and interesting. In addition to separate chapters on artists, there are separate essays on such subjects as "New York as an Art Centre," "Theodore Roosevelt and the Fine Arts," etc. etc.

Stephen Vincent Benét has produced an exciting American historical romance. called "Spanish Bayonet," where unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster. The characters are original and the plot ingenious; but what lifts this book above the average of new fiction is its masterly style. Stevenson used to complain that style was employed chiefly by those who had nothing to say. He could see no reason why thrilling adventures should not be narrated artistically; and he gave magnificent illustrations. Well, Mr. Benét's new book is packed with happenings; and the prose is as beautiful as though he were trying to write an essay about nothing at all.

Three excellent detective-mystery tales are "Mr. Fortune's Trials," by H. C. Bailey; "The Black Cat," by Louis Tracy; and "The Limping Man," by Francis D. Grierson, which is enthralling. I wonder if any reader can guess the identity of the Limping Man. I guessed and guessed wrong. I will guarantee that "The Limping Man" would hold the attention of a broker during a bull market

on the stock exchange.

The novelist E. F. Benson not long ago wrote a charming account of his "folks" in a book called "Our Family Affairs," wherein his irresistible mother is the dominating figure. A woman of infinite charm. Adorable wife and mother, as hostess of the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace at Lambeth, she was in both senses of the word always entertaining. After a formal dinner party of thirty, peers, bishops, statesmen, poets, etc., the moment the solemn guests had departed, she danced with her children gaily about the ruins of the feast. She had tremendous vitality, and enjoyed private and

public life with gusto. The archbishop sembles Léon Daudet's "Memoirs" in its hated tobacco; not only were the dinners smokeless, but the men were not allowed to smoke after the cloth was removed and the ladies had left them to themselves. This nearly killed Tennyson, who, with the possible exception of Carlyle, was the most persistent smoker in English literature. But the irrepressible First Lady of the Church occasionally borrowed a cigarette from her son E. F., and snatched a fearful joy. What would have happened if her grave husband had caught her at it? He never did.

The account of the composition and publication of "Dodo," the sensational success of which I well remember, is diverting. Noteworthy also is the fact that the archbishop gravely read through a devastating review of his son's work, and then roared in genial laughter. What particularly interests me is the novelist's attitude toward the critics, so precisely similar is it to the attitude of A. S. M. Hutchinson. Both believe that the critics were enraged because "Dodo" and "If Winter Comes" had sudden and prodigious vogue without their imprimatur; both believe that their subsequent books were attacked by the critics with deliberate malice, and with tools carefully sharpened in advance; an assault with intent to The similarity is interesting. Open your copy of "One Increasing Purpose," turn to the place where the novelist describes how all the critics lav in wait for "This Freedom," with battleaxes gently swinging, and then see what Mr. Benson says about the reception accorded to the novel he published next after "Dodo":

The critics, justly enraged that this rare phenomenon called a "boom" should not have been detected and heralded by their auguries and by them damned or deified, laid aside a special pen for me, ready for the occasion when I should be so imprudent as to publish another novel. . . . Then, saying "one, two, three—go," they all produced on the birth-morning of the unfortunate book columns and columns of the most blistering abuse that I remember ever beholding in God-fearing journals.

An autobiography that is sure to arouse attention and something else, is Poultney Bigelow's "Seventy Summers," which re-

sensational lack of caution. It might almost be called "Seventy Punches." Prominent and obscure persons are hilariously attacked, with a combination of vim and venom that will be amusing to all readers not related to the victims. is not the first time that an autobiography has been used for the discharge of longaccumulated ammunition; Doctor Johnson similarly used a dictionary. most valuable part of the work is the detailed account of the intimate friendship between the author and the boy who subsequently became Wilhelm II, German

Newton Baker's "Progress and the Constitution" is small in size, weighty in information, packed with wisdom. good book for Americans, and perhaps

never more needed than now.

"The Le Gallienne Book of American Verse" is the best anthology of American poetry that I have seen. The editor shows catholicity of taste combined with critical judgment. I especially commend his remarks on Longfellow. The late Professor Lounsbury thought "The Day Is Done" one of the greatest poems in American literature, and I think he would have been willing to omit the word "American."

And now let me tackle that two-handed engine of naturalism, Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," where we follow the fortunes of a nincompoop from childhood to the chair. What A. E. Housman told in a page Mr. Dreiser tells in two volumes. Yet his steam-roller method gains, I suppose, by crushing out all this accumulated mass of detail. The style is clumsy and awkward; it has as much grace as an ichthyosaurus in a quagmire. But it is all true, unanswerably true. It is the naturalistic method of Zola. And if the novelist chooses to select from life a hero without brains or backbone or charm, and depict his unimportant career with patient microscopy, and bring in hosts of other characters none of whom one would ever wish to know in real life, that is his own affair. There are plenty of such persons and I suppose they spend their days in the manner herein described. One may justly admire Mr.

Dreiser for sticking to his own theory of art, and for his dogged and truth-loving patience not in writing jewels five words long, but in scraping together pebbles and

more pebbles.

It is properly called an American tragedy not because of the unfortunate career of this particular protagonist, but because he represents many Americans who lead equally tragic lives although not meeting an equally tragic end. The very commonplaceness of the vast number of characters in this story makes their representative quality more depressingly impressive. They are, alas, samples.

Yet it is strange that in this work and in others of the same author there should apparently be no hint that every town in America contains individuals of nobility, unselfishness, and idealism, people of intellect, resolution, and charm, who find and help to make life a splendid adven-

ture.

The last thing Mr. Dreiser would wish to be called is a moralist or a preacher; yet this vast book resembles not a little the obvious sermon of Hogarth's Idle

Apprentice.

It is quite easy for me to see and feel the qualities emphasized by his adorers, such as Mr. H. L. Mencken, Mr. Burton Rascoe, and the latest convert, Mr. Stuart Sherman. I remain outside this kneeling group, sceptical and unconvinced. For

two reasons:

First, all great novels should have the element of transfiguration. People who are poor in health and brains and money may still be rich in significance. It would not be fair to compare Mr. Dreiser with Dickens; but it is easy to imagine how splendidly Dickens, with a knowledge of the seamy side of life fully equal to the American's, and with as much studiously realistic detail, would nevertheless have breathed into this ash-heap such a glow of life that it would have made a conflagration unquenchable by time. It would not be fair to compare Mr. Dreiser with Dickens, because Dickens was a man of genius. Let us then compare him with Mr. Arnold Bennett, who has perhaps no genius, but who is a literary expert, who has mastered the art of the novel, who is a shrewd, hard-bitten man of the world, and who loves life with a fervor both chronic and passionate. Compare "An American Tragedy" with "The Old Wives' Tale," or with "Riceyman Steps." Mr. Bennett has transfigured the lives of the commonplace and of the downtrodden with a veritable glow of creative power, with the gift that belongs only to the true artist. Now if Henry James complained that Arnold Bennett's novels were simply an accumulation of bricks without ultimate significance, if what should have been the means had become the end, what would he say to "An American Tragedy"?

Furthermore, the great preservative is style. There is a literary standard, there is a difference between good writing and bad. I cannot believe that this work, hampered by such clumsy composition, will be read in the next century. To use William Sharp's phrase, it will float around awhile, a colossal derelict on the ocean of literature, and will eventually

sink.

Let us hope that the English gentleman will never become extinct. We need him. The other night I was dining at the house of Professor and Mrs. Frederick Wells Williams, and the guest of honor was Major General the Honorable Sir Charles Sackville-West. A slender, quiet man, unaggressive in appearance, he has served his country in India, Burma, South Africa, and during the Great War in Europe. At the Versailles Conferences, he was the British military representative of the Allied Military Committee. suggestion of these responsibilities and duties appeared in his conversation; he was simply an English gentleman, with a charm as potent as it was unobtrusive. His niece is the accomplished novelist, V. Sackville-West. Her husband is the scholar and critic, Mr. Harold Nicolson, who has written the best book on Tennyson I have read, and who is now chargé d'affaires at Teheran—what splendid men the English send out as their diplomatic representatives! And Sir Charles's son has written a novel which I am going to read.

I can see this English gentleman sitting in a smoking compartment on any train you like, listening quietly to men vociferously expressing opinions on subjects on which the most silent man in the company is also the only one well informed.

Some weeks ago, at the invitation of my friend Mr. John Macrae, the publisher, I had the pleasure of lunching in New York with the novelist Leonard Merrick. He came hither with the determination not to lecture and adhered to it with unshakable resolution. Leonard Merrick is a good fellow, and I am sure one would enjoy his company best of all on a six months' voyage in a sailing-ship. beautiful edition of his novels, with separate introductions by leading men of letters, Barrie, Wells, Pinero, Locke, Barker, Chesterton, and others, was a surprise to him. It was just the opposite of log-rolling. He knew nothing of the plan. Not living in London, none of these writers was an intimate friend, and of them all he had met only two. They agreed to write the introductions because they admired his novels and, for the sake of art, wished to increase their circula-

At present I know of no living American dialect poet superior to John V. A. Weaver. He writes poems in the slang of Manhattan—they are dramatic, emotional, often tragic in intensity, and always interpretative of human nature. His latest volume, called "More 'In American'," is perhaps his best. These verses are true to life and true to art.

An original book that helps to explain some mysteries in bodily and mental activity is "Human Vibration," by Conrad Richter. It is agreeably written, and on the whole clear to the non-scientific mind. otherwise I should not have understood it. It gives a reason for two facts I never before comprehended. Why is it that when you feel almost too tired to change your clothes, you can go out, play three sets of tennis and feel after the exercise so much more vigorous than before? And why is it that when you feel really ill, you can give a public lecture or teach a class, and after this experience feel as though you had received a tremendous tonic? Well, Mr. Richter gives a scientific reason. Congenial work never hurt anybody. Activity, instead of producing fatigue, often cures it. Rest kills thousands every year:

In the current number of *The Journal of the A. S. P. R.*, Professor Ferdinando Cazzamalli, of the University of Milan, has actually demonstrated by radio receivers that the human organism gives out oscillations of wave lengths that can be computed in meters.

Gerald Stanley Lee, the Prophet of Mount Tom, has come out with a book called "Rest Working," apparently a development of his previous book, "Invisible Exercise." I am not sure that I understand everything in this volume, though I tried to follow his directions and ran upstairs with an orange on top of my head. Everything that Mr. Lee writes results from years of meditation and he is a fruitful thinker. If you read this treatise. you will agree with me that there is a "big idea" in it, but the details are not always easy to follow. There is enough new truth here to make me believe that people in the twenty-first century are going to understand the relations between mind and body so well that we shall appear in retrospect as hopelessly benighted.

All who are interested in the art of the theatre should be grateful to Eva Le Gallienne. This admirable artist is never satisfied with appearing in a play merely because it has a long run; she enjoys development more than success. This season she produced (at the Princess Theatre) Ibsen's "The Master Builder" in a series of special matinées, and the interest aroused was so general that now she is giving the play nightly. In addition to this, however, she determined to produce at special matinées (in the beautiful Booth Theatre) Ibsen's penultimate play, "John Gabriel Borkman." I was present on the opening afternoon, Friday, January 29, and I received enough thrills to last me until the next masterpiece. It was an excellent production, and Miss Le Gallienne was especially fine. This is generally regarded as one of Ibsen's minor plays; but a minor by Ibsen is greater than almost anybody else's major. It is indeed a tremendous affair—how singular the old opinion, that Ibsen was more philosopher than playwright, and at best only a literary dramatist! But then I have heard otherwise intelligent people maintain that

Browning could not write poetry and that there was no real music in Wagner. Miss Le Gallienne announces that she will start a repertory theatre in New York next season. I hope she will—we need it. And she has the requisite ability, training, and scholarship. She gave one of the Francis Bergen Memorial lectures at Yale in December which is still the subject of conversation in our academic circles.

Although Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat" has had a great run on the New York stage this season, British comment does not seem altogether favorable. I cite two opinions from England given in The Living Age. St. John Ervine: "This is a dull play, but not so dull as the novel from which it has been adapted." James Agate in The Sunday Times heads his review "The Forest of Arlen" and says: "So far from having the moral force of 'Ghosts' or 'Damaged Goods', this piece has no significance of any kind."

It was because I had read the novel that I stayed away from the play.

An interesting and authoritative explanation of the control of voice by professional singers comes at my request from Clara Clemens (Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch), who writes:

I believe that one reason singers rarely are overwhelmed by their own emotion while singing is that there are always questions of memory and technic claiming a large part of their attention. If their minds were fixed entirely on the composition itself without any consideration for its production they would frequently be overcome by the desire to weep. Sometimes when singing in a room for two or three people I have found it very difficult to conceal the emotion I felt over an exceptionally touching song. But during a public performance one has to screw one's mental attention to such a high notch of precision for fear of some accident that only part of one's heart throbs in accompaniment to one's thoughts.

This comes very near a complete explanation.

In my remarks on the Pension Nordland, in Munich, which I contributed to the January number of Scribner's, I ought to have added that although the Pension Nordland has left Schelling-

strasse, it exists in an even more attractive neighborhood, at Ohmstrasse 11, and best of all, is still directed by the same gracious and charming ladies, Fräulein Junkers and Fräulein Lammers. Their present pension is in a larger and better building, with a terrace, with even more sunshine, and with more conveniences. As those who read these articles are all desirable citizens, I hope that those who go to my beloved city of Munich will go to this pension, and send me from that delectable home a picture post-card. This is not an advertisement; it is a friendly and valuable suggestion.

Robert Browning's house in Asolo, to which he added Pippa's Tower, which death prevented him from occupying, and where his son "Pen" died in 1912, is now the home of John Beach, the American composer. Mrs. W. K. Young, of Los Angeles, Calif., qualifies for membership in the Asolo Club and is doing good missionary work. Dale Warren, of Plainfield, N. J., enters the club and at the same time sends me a beautiful picture of the garden. An article on Asolo by the latest member of the club will appear in *The World Traveller* this spring.

Further contributions by members of the Bemerton Club to the new organ in George Herbert's church come from Howard Speer, a former pupil, whose son is now in one of my classes; from Gertrude Forrest, of Lowell, Mass., who spent a memorable day at Bemerton, and who charmingly says she is "not an alumnus for lack of the proper sex"; from Pro-fessor Charles W. Nichols, of the University of Minnesota, who, though not a widow, for lack of the proper sex, encloses what is usually the same thing, "the pro-fessor's mite." An article by Professor Nichols on English birds has been accepted by the editor of SCRIBNER'S. William S. Hunt, of South Orange, N. J., an able journalist; Hugh Rankin, of New York, and Reverend C. B. Bliss, of Shoreham, Vt., all add to the quality and quantity of the Bemerton Club.

One of the most valuable contributions to my Feline Category comes from Thomas (good name!) Dreier, of Winchester, Mass. I have never been in Padua, but next time I visit Italy, I shall see this mummy and worship:

Speaking of cats (Mack, my Airedale, pricked up his ears at that), I've just been reading Jusserand's book, "The School for Ambassadors and Other Essays." On page 77 he tells us that one of the most curious of the relics preserved in Petrarch's house near Padua is the mummified cat under glass. The inscription in Latin verse makes the cat say: "The Florentine poet was consumed with a double love. His most ardent flame was for me, the other for Laura. Do not laugh. If Laura could charm him by her divine beauty, I deserved this incomparable lover by my fidelity; if she excited his genius and inspired his verses, it is thanks to me that cruel rats did not devour his writings. Alive, I chased them from these sacred precincts, preventing their destruction of my lord's learned work; and now, dead though I am, I still cause them by my presence to tremble with fear, and so, in this inanimate body, survives my pristine fidelity."

When I go to Padua, I'm going to take Mack along. There's an egotistical cat

there I want to chew.

George L. Bradlee, of Providence (like countless others), tells me something I did not know, but am glad to learn:

In an interesting new book, "Great Works of Art and What Makes Them Great," by F. W. Ruckstull, I noticed, in an illustration of Ghirlandajo's "Last Supper" (the San Marco, not the Ognisanti, fresco) a detail that pleased me. On the floor, near the table, gazing complacently out of the picture, sits a domestic cat... Surely no other eminent painter ever introduced one into such high and haloed company. Did Ghirlandajo, "the apotheosis of common sense," as Mr. J. A. Symonds called him, subscribe to the Siennese sentiment for cats when he put this painted puss in his Cenacolo?

For the Ignoble Prize, nominations come thick and fast; there are also protests, for Anna Lorraine Edwards, of Hamilton, Mont., writes:

How dare you harbor the thought of nominating Mona Lisa for the Ignoble Prize? Her smile is not the smile of the cat that has just eaten the canary. The smile of Mona Lisa is the smile of the mystic—one who believes in and who experiences the invisible beauty of the universe. She is listening to her own inner life. Her cup runneth over.

The smile of Mona Lisa rests me like the "Winged Victory of Samothrace."

Another protest. Elbert M. Conover, director of the bureau of architecture of the Methodist Episcopal Church, objects to G. G.'s nomination of Methodist Sunday schools, because of their hymns. "Why does she condemn all of them? She had better condemn the democracy that permits each school to select its own hymn book. If the board of education of the M. E. Church had autocratic rather than advisory power, every M. E. Church school (they are not called Sunday schools now) would use the Methodist Hymnal for American youth." (In our Huron City church, we use the Methodist Hymnal, an excellent work).

It is curious how the term "Sunday school" is disappearing. Too many of them were—But, anyhow, they are now called in many denominations Church

schools or Bible schools.

H. W. Goodrich, of Philadelphia, hates "ineluctable," and wishes me to shout it to a class of students, and see if any one can define it before I finish counting ten.

S. F. Houston, of the same fair city, hates the expression "until such time as," which he hears in committee reports. I did not suppose committee reports were listened to with such attention.

One from Princeton who modestly signs himself "Old Fogy," nominates my use of

casket for coffin. Approved.

Doctor Daniel M. Molloy, of Managua, Nicaragua, nominates the use of the period after "per cent." "Since the term has been fully adopted as an English word meaning 'by the hundred' why keep up the useless custom of breaking the sentence with a useless period?" I am with him in this crusade—down with all superfluous periods!

George H. Tripp, the librarian of the Free Public Library of New Bedford, Mass., writes a letter which I one hundred per cent endorse—more power to his

typewriter!

For a candidate for the Ignoble Prize I wish to suggest the word "kid" as applied to a child. That always grates upon my sensibilities, and it seems to me an extremely low-brow expression. Also one more thing, so-called reformed spelling I strenuously

object to; even catalogue must wear its tail, and programme must have the double "m" to suit me. These short cutters are like the jay-walkers who rush across the street in peril of their lives, and then waste ten minutes looking in the shop windows.

Howard Austin Snyder, of Bermuda, nominates the feminine ending ess.

Probably one of the most foolish expressions in the English language we find in the most sensible writer of English when Macaulay calls Queen Victoria a "Britoness." Perhaps he would not have done so had he lived in this age of equality. This habit of denoting the sex is continued to the present day and although the line that separated the sexes is fading fast, we still cling to the absurd ending in "ess" to distinguish women from men. . . .

Poets were poets whether man or woman, so why say poetess? The woman who has any manhood should resent this. Perhaps a protest from one so endowed has resulted in our allowing the title of chairman to a woman who presides at a convention. Consistently with this, as teachers are teachers, of whatever sex, we do not say teacheress, although I have seen instructress.

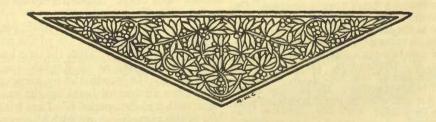
I do not know that the following words should be entered for the Ignoble Prize, but I am aweary of them. In nearly every lengthy book-review I read, the

author is called "wistful." And in most novels the heroine says something "evenly." Odd, isn't it?

Doctor James H. Penniman, of Philadelphia, is moved by the commotion aroused over the cow's ears to propound the following question, which may permanently separate the hitherto united members of many families:

Your cow problem is admirable but here I think is a better. In what direction did the grain of the fur of the original cat run? The cat always licks with the grain of his fur; is that what makes it lie that way or was it like that in the primeval original cat? I know the answer.

This week in New Haven I had the pleasure of seeing an exhibition game of billiards between those gentlemen of the green cloth, Jacob Schaefer and Willie Hoppe; it is inspiring to see anything done supremely well, where eye and brain and hand are in perfect co-ordination. This is the veritable music of the spheres. I observed one notable difference between Mr. Schaefer's playing and my playing. You wonder what it can be? I will not keep you in suspense. Mr. Schaefer chalks his cue oftener than I do.





BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



VERY lover of art has had the experience of encountering some work which, regardless of its critical or historical status, has lodged itself in his memory in an especially endearing way. I remember such an experience in the Prado years ago. Every day I would go there and live among the works of Velas-They were first and last the objects of my study. But every day before I came away I would pause for a moment before Tiepolo's Car of Venus, and that was a moment of mere unthinking delight. It is only an ébauche, a project for a ceiling hastily sketched, but it is one of the master's most effective compositions and in its ineffable lightness it seems an affair of rose leaves and whipped cream. I dote upon that Tiepolo. I dote upon all Tiepolos. Once in Vienna I got wind of some prodigious paintings of his, designs based upon classical themes, and finally I tracked them to the possession of the Artarias, Beethoven's old publishers. Straightway I got in touch with the head of the firm and he gave me a brochure on his treasures. The plates made my mouth water. I couldn't see the originals. He told me they were at the moment rolled up in a tin box in London, which was to say that they were "in the market." We talked wistfully of the possibility of their coming to America. Herr Artaria had dreams of their being purchased here. But negotiations never came off, and I have always mourned the fact, wondering if so good a set of Tiepolos would ever reach America.

Sometimes dreams come true. The Artaria decorations are still, so far as I know, in Europe, but when Sedelmeyer showed them in Paris, some time before the war, he showed with them four superb decorations in the same genre. These were purchased by the late James Deering, and by his bequest they have recently come into the possession of the Chicago Art Instiest gifts ever made to an American mu-

seum, for it represents one of the fullrounded achievements of a great painter. Tiepolo takes his subject from Tasso and depicts episodes in the romance of Rinaldo and Armida. In his first scene the sleeping hero beholds the lady of his dreams. In the next they are together in a happy garden, unconscious of the grim Ubaldo and Guelfo, come upon their disturbing mission. Then in another panel the warriors tear Rinaldo from his enchantment, and in the last the hermit is completing the liberation. There is nothing poignant about any of the pictures, not even about the one celebrating Armida's abandonment. It was hard for Tiepolo to be tragic when he dipped into poetry. He found in Tasso, rather, the stuff for so many operatic tableaux. Nothing could be, indeed, more characteristic of him than this series. There are other beautiful examples of him in this country. There are several in the Metropolitan Museum, notably the fine Glorification of Francesco Barbaro. Only the other day I saw a fascinating little ceiling by Tiepolo in the Wildenstein Gallery in New York, and there are other important souvenirs in American collections. But the Chicago set has a peculiar significance here. As I have indicated, it takes us to the very core of Tiepolo's art, constituting as it were a complete chapter in the history of that art, one with a beginning, a middle, and an end. The best of news to hear would be an intimation that the Institute had decided to give the paintings a room by themselves, which would reconstruct the whole decorative aspect of the period.

'HE truth is that Tiepolo is inseparable from his background. His is the soul of eighteenth century Venice, and that, to be correctly understood, must be isolated with some care. Long before he was tute. It is in my opinion one of the rich- born the splendors of the Renaissance had faded, and not only had the artistic sway

of the Venetian school been broken, but the moral fibre of the republic had been irretrievably sapped. Along with the spiritual force of Bellini, the technical maestria of Titian and Tintoretto had gone down the wind, and there were seemingly no elements in the national energy to stimulate artistic genius as a part of the national life. Sinister elements in political activity were matched by social corruption. The whole civilization of the place and epoch was materialized, tainted, and unwholesome. Meanwhile it was incomparably glittering and gay. Ever since I read the Memoirs of Goldoni, I have made a cult of the eighteenth century in Venice. One of the most exciting moments in my life was when I had even better luck than John Addington Symonds, and pounced upon a complete copy of the rare Memorie Inutili of Carlo Gozzi. I never go rambling through that period without huge enjoyment. But I am never unconscious, either, of a certain unreal and meretricious air enveloping the scene. One is always asking, involuntarily: "What good could come out of that phosphorescent world?" Even as one asks the question one is thrown back, as though in the revolving of a circle, upon the charm of just that self-same phosphorescence. Gaiety, as we are often enough reminded, is infectious. The prevailing gaiety of eighteenth-century Venice is very beguiling. After all, it is amusing to look on at some amorous adventures and to watch light-hearted gamblers, especially when you see the spectacle under a romantically moonlit sky, noting all manner of picturesqueness the while in architecture and costume. Life seems to move with consummate grace and wit to the music of flutes and violins, and in this case that very unreality of which I have spoken serves as a mitigation of the central Venetian defects. By some freak of the imagination we seem concerned not so much with life itself as with a theatrical pageant. Moreover, art arrives at a validity of its own. Out of that artificial cosmos there emerge the smiling portraits of Rosalba, the piquant figures of Longhi, the luminous scenes of Guardi, and, most rewarding of all, the truly magnificent creations of Tiepolo.

THEY called him Tiepoletto, to distinguish his name from that of the great guish his name from that of the great patrician family of Venice, but Giovanni Battista could fashion his own patent of nobility. His father was a ship-captain in commerce, a prosperous man with a large family. Our Tiepolo was born in Venice in 1696. Very little is known about his private life, and beyond the fact that his artistic predilections developed in his early youth, that he received some training from the quite negligible Gregorio Lazzarini, the incidents of his pupilage remain obscure. He was married at the age of twenty-three to Cecilia Guardi, Francesco's sister. The elder Tiepolo. whom he lost while he was still a child, left him in good circumstances, and he seems to have advanced with great rapidity in his professional career, receiving many commissions for work in Venetian churches and palaces and in villas on the mainland. His fame spread abroad. By the time he was forty he was the subject of a fervid recommendation from the Swedish minister to his king, then looking for a decorator for the palace at Stock-"Tiepolo," wrote the diplomat, holm. "is made expressly for us. . . . He paints a picture in less time than it takes another to grind his colors." But he did not go to Sweden. He travelled about instead in the Veneto and Lombardy. You see him plying his brush at Udine and Vicenza, at Milan and Bergamo, at Padua and Verona, to say nothing of Ven-Then he goes outside Italy, to paint on a prodigious scale in the episcopal palace at Wurzburg, in Franconia, taking three years to complete his task. ceiling above the grand staircase is vast enough to have kept him going far longer. In 1761 Charles III invited him to the Spanish court, and he did the great decorations in the palace at Madrid, besides other paintings. Molmenti, his canonical biographer, can tell us only too little about the Spanish sojourn. There was a quarrel with Raphael Mengs, but otherwise we have only the works to which to turn. Though he hungered to get back to Venice, he died on Spanish soil in 1770.

I gather that he was a man of light and pleasant humor, a man of esprit, as Tessin, the Swedish minister, called him. And if there is not much about his life in the



The Car of Venus.

From the painting by Tiepolo in the Prado.



Rinaldo enchanted by Armida.

From the painting by Tiepolo in the Chicago Art Institute.



Rinaldo and Armida in the Garden.

From the painting by Tiepolo in the Chicago Art Institute.



Armida Abandoned by Rinaldo.

From the painting by Tiepolo in the Chicago Art Institute.



Rinaldo and the Hermit.

From the painting by Tiepolo in the Chicago Art Institute.

books, it is because his life was lived utterly in his art. That might be inferred from the almost unbelievable volume of his work. He covered acres of ceiling and wall space, and he painted no end of altarpieces and easel pictures. Molmenti tells a droll story of the painter's wife once going in his absence to tempt fortune at the Ridotto. When she had gambled away every penny she had, her companion per-

something exciting about his appearance in this rôle. By the time Tiepolo was born the puissant brushmen had all become more or less legendary. The Dutch tradition was dying down. Velasquez had been in his grave nearly forty years. As for the Italians, there was not a man left among the painters living when Tiepolo came to manhood who was even remotely qualified to lead him into the path



The Glorification of Francesco Barbaro. From the painting by Tiepolo in the Metropolitan Museum.

suaded her to stake all the sketches in Tiepolo's studio. She lost them, of course, and their villa, too, but all I think of in this anecdote is that mass of work in the studio. He could easily have replaced it. He was one of the swiftest and most prolific painters the world has ever known. In sheer bulk of achievement, I doubt if any of the giants of the Renaissance surpassed him. What of the quality of this immense *œuvre* of his?

T is the quality of painter's painting, which is to say of work that is fascinating because of the way in which it is done. Tiepolo is nothing if not a great craftsman, a technician whose dexterity is at the heart of effects extraordinarily beau-

he was destined to follow. But the great shade of Veronese was there to kindle the fires latent in him, and to Paolo's architectural inspiration he gave a new lease of life. He is, indeed, a Veronese born again, with the differences inevitable in the development of an original genius. The earlier man was grave, monumental, a type of the grand style. Tiepolo not merely softened his grandeur, but gave it a blithe and even lyrical turn. He substituted a kind of rhetorical bravura for the majestic and sustained organ music of Veronese. When Symonds came to pay his tribute to Tiepolo in that charming little book of his, In the Key of Blue, he chose, curiously, an altar-piece for his theme. I cannot quite understand his ardor for the master in sentimental-detiful. There is something mysterious and vout mood, nor can I share his feeling that. Tiepolo spent too much time upon decorative schemes for baroque buildings. They were, as it seems to me, what he was invented to produce. But nothing more penetrating has ever been written about Tiepolo than this passage in which Symonds sums up his impression: "Within a narrow space the master has played with architectural perspective, with atmosphere, with consummate drawing of

No modern impressionist has known better how to give a plangent color its full value, and, by the same token, Whistler himself was never surer in the painting of a nuance of tone. Nor has any modern painter ever been skilfuller than Tiepolo in enveloping a composition in light and air. His skill as such is beyond measurement. He was a monster of cleverness before cleverness as a studio trick had got



Contarini Receiving Henri III at Mira. From the painting by Tiepolo in the Musée Jacquemart-André.

the human form, with cunning composition; and these essentials of art he has used as preludes to the revel of his light and color sense." The English critic shrewdly and very suggestively traces the character of this craftsmanship back to what he calls Tiepolo's "peculiar and just perception of certain atmospheric and color qualities in his birthplace." In other words, he was not only as a man but as an artist, a vivid, eager denizen of the lagoons, a loving son of the skies above them. It is one of the blest paradoxes of art that this dweller in a world of thricesophisticated artifice, this designer of what I have called operatic tableaux, should have burst the bonds of his social and mental milieu and dealt in pictorial frou-frou as though it were the stuff of palpitating life itself. His vitality is one secret of his spell.

itself recognized. It wasn't a trick with Tiepolo, but a sincere and forthright exploitation of an unimaginable manual adroitness. He drew, he used the brush, with the certitude of breathing. Moreover, and this is one of the finest things about him, these natural gifts of his, this spontaneity and this furia, were amazingly well organized and controlled. If he had one faculty more dazzling than any other, it was his faculty for filling a space. I have alluded to his kinship with Veronese. It comes out in such a tour-de-force of mural decoration as he wrought in the Palazzo Labia. You see there how worthy of Veronese he was in building up an heroic architectural ensemble. But Tiepolo is even more the magical Tiepolo when he sails off into the blue on his own. as at Wurzburg or Madrid or Strà, or in any of the great churches, and seems on a

vast ceiling not so much to build as to improvise. Then he paints like an angel. The architectural motive is not forgotten. The decoration has its base. It is duly tied to the cornice. It has balance and order. But what one is chiefly aware of is a cloud of figures dispersed in a skyey

whether conception of it sprang from the Scriptures or the classics. All that you care for is the harmony embracing the master's properties, the decorative felicity of sprawling legs and outspread arms, of billowing or fluttering draperies, of birds and Cupids added like floating flowers to



The Supper at Emmaus.

From the painting by Tiepolo in the Louvre.

area, flung pell-mell into a kind of flickering flight, and invariably, through every mutation of movement, falling into the right relation to the artist's broad purpose. That purpose may have had some spiritual or imaginative origin. Tiepolo was a great man for dipping into mythology or the lives of the saints. But I would be a bit puzzled if I ever met anybody who had given any attention to Tiepolo's "meaning." There is a sense in which he has no meaning. Looking at one of his ceilings, you do not care a straw

the whole gleaming fabric. The fate or the function of his gods and goddesses and saints does not matter at all. All that matters is that he fills the eye with sensuous beauty.

HE tried, no doubt, on many an occasion, to do more than that, leaving behind him a really imposing quantity of religious pictures, and, I suppose, there are instances in which he touches the heart. He does so, in a measure at all



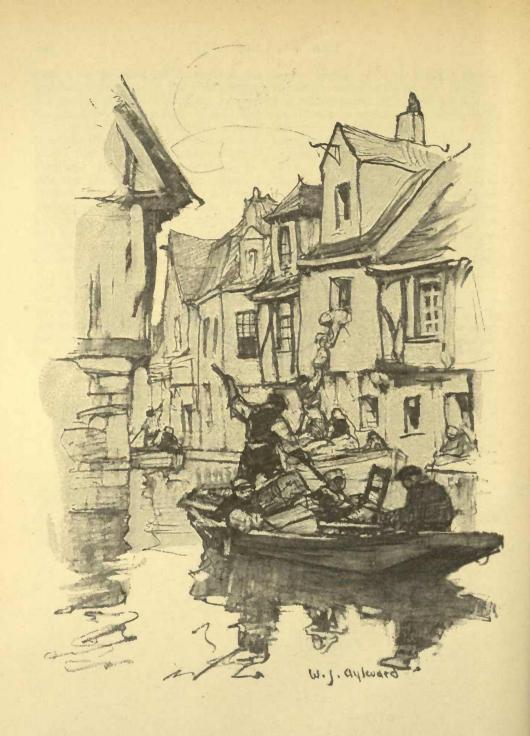
Allegorical Ceiling.
From the painting by Tiepolo at Strà.

events, in the work which registers his high-water mark as a devotional artist, the Supper at Emmaus in the Louvre. Unquestionably it is a fine picture. Yet if, in the next moment, I happen to recall Rembrandt's painting of the same subject, I find Tiepolo's composition crumpling up. It looks positively stagey beside the Dutchman's canvas. That, I must confess, is what I always feel when Tiepolo paints a picture making a religious appeal. Only, as I have hinted before, one can't be altogether exacting or completely logical where Tiepolo and eighteenth century Venice are concerned. If you are wise you meet them half-way, and refrain absolutely from asking them for what they have not got to give. I do not ask Tiepolo for poetry and dreams, though he dabbled in both. I do not ask him for the spirit of Biblical story, though he was always delving in the Scriptures for his themes. I do not ask him for meticulous accuracy in the matters of history and manners, though he will set Antony and Cleopatra at table together, with all the aplomb in the world, and paint Contarini receiving Henri III at Mira as circumstantially as though he had witnessed the scene. In doing these things he may take any liberty he likes in respect to costume and architecture, establishing his personages in a world that is not theirs, but his own and the world of Venice. He may do all this and my withers are unwrung. All that I ask of him is that he should be the marvellous man of his hands, the miracle-worker in technique, the conjurer in fresco, the master of feats in color, luminosity, and design, the breath-taking wielder of the brush. In that character he is, without qualification, one of the transcendent figures in the history of painting.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

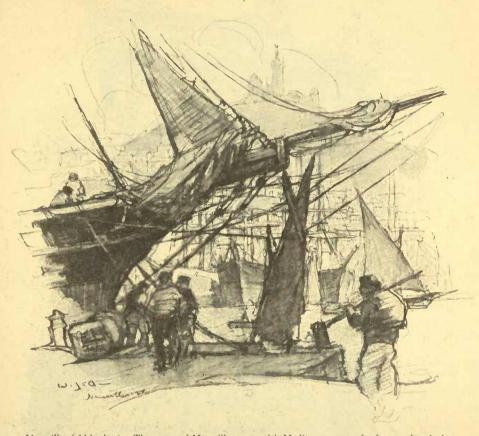






THE LOIRE, FAMED FOR ITS CHÂTEAUX AND FLANKED BY VINE-CLAD HILLS AND PROSPEROUS TOWNS, AT TIMES TURNS THESE INTO MINIATURE IMITATIONS OF VENICE.

SCRIBNER'S AZINE NO. 5 VOL. LXXIX



Marseilles (old harbor). The quays of Marseilles teem with Mediterranean craft of every description,

IN FRENCH PORTS

Twelve Sketches by

W. J. Aylward

Including

MARSEILLES

BOULOGNE

NANTES

DIEPPE

ROUEN

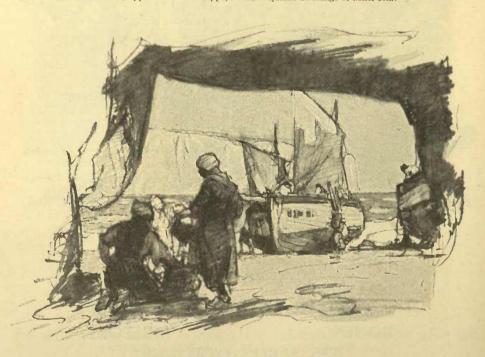
TREPORT

LES SABLES D'OLONNE

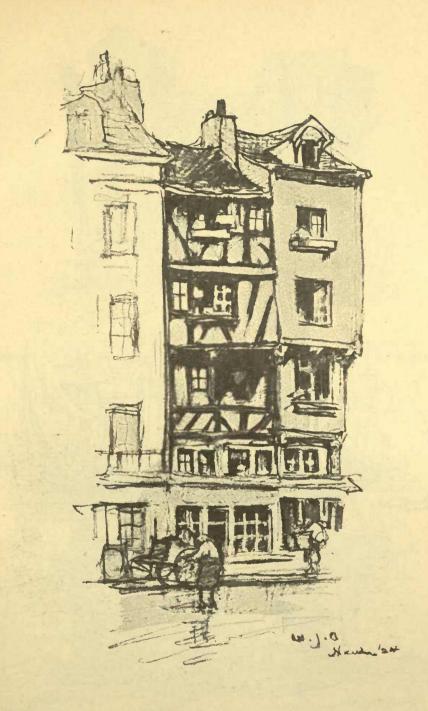
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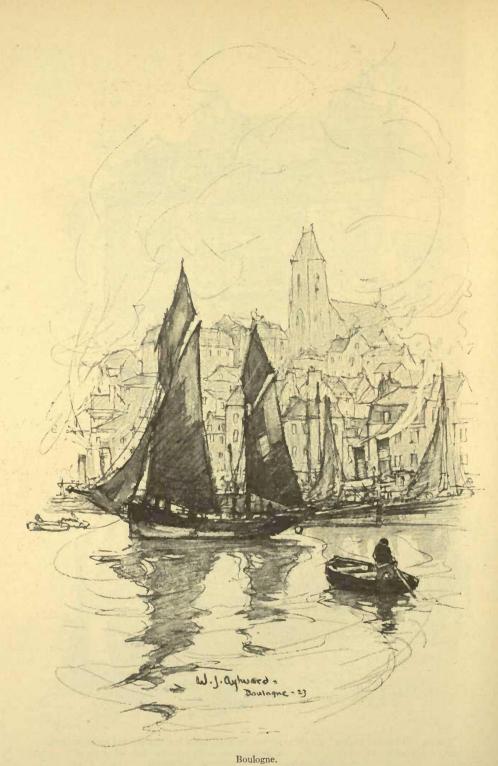
Le Pollet, opposite famed Dieppe, is full of quaint dwellings of fisher-folk.



Historic Dieppe, fashionable watering place and thriving port and manufacturing centre, has a small population that lives in caves along the beach.



Nantes, "Chicago of France" and old capital of Brittany, has a few fragments of a glorious past.



A modern busy port, from whose ramparts ("Upper Town") England may be seen. It has its feudal citadel as well as its heavy foreign trade, its boarding-schools (English and French) and navigation-schools, and is on a direct route between London and Paris.



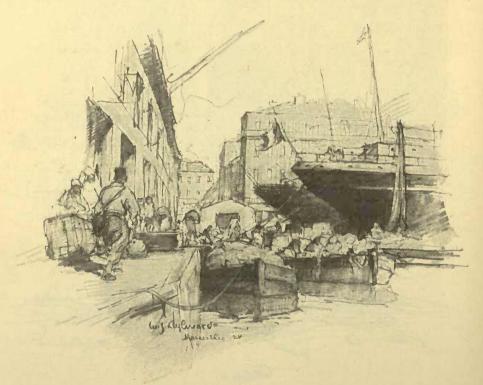
Inn Yard on Market Day, Les Sables d'Olonne.
Seaport, fishing village, and watering place on west coast, north of Bay of Biscay, which has a life full of charm and variety.



Net-Menders, Les Sables d'Olonne. While the fishing fleet is away, the good fishwives either sell the catch or mend the nets.



Le Tréport, a small fishing village on the English Channel, has a delightful charm that lures many a tourist to remain.



Marseilles—"Joliette," or the new basins, is crowded with great liners that sail to every port of the Seven Seas.



The travelling bridge at Rouen.

Due to the heavy traffic and swift current of the Seine at Rouen the river is spanned by a ferry that crosses above the water instead of upon it.



On the coast of Brittany.

Brittany is honeycombed with tiny harbors that shelter a great fishing population; it is, in fact, the "Nursery of the French Navy."



From the Shibata Collection, Tokyo,

Spring.

A Leader in New Japanese Art

THE PAINTER WHO SET OUT TO FIND MICHAEL ANGELO

BY CAROLINE SINGER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE AND FROM THE WORK OF SELIO



HARACTERIZING
his compatriots, a
Japanese writer has
placed them temperamentally between
China and America,
as the country lies.
This would indicate a

new type, a human blend of Orient and Occident, evolved in the incredibly short time since Admiral Perry exchanged assorted liquors, assorted guns, Government publications, and mechanical models with the island nobility for bronze, lacquer, silver, silk, and porcelain. So infrequently does the foreign visitor encounter a happy approximation of East and West in an individual, a craft, or in art, that one is inclined to accept this statement as prophecy.

For justification of this prophecy in art, however, one need look no farther than the work of Seijo (Seijo Takeuchi), imperial artist. Inklings of his vigor and originality have reached Paris from time to time in the exhibitions of such Japanese as the young Bakusan, whose paintings show the older man's influence. It is only recently that his fame, undeniably established at home, has crept abroad. The French, with great discrimination, have hung one of his paintings in the Luxembourg and have decorated the artist.

To appreciate the vigor and originality of this man one must know his history. To appreciate his achievement one must understand, at least superficially, the present-day intellectual tumult of his environment. Like a succession of gales, foreign

thrown into mental confusion. The native culture, once enriched by China's civilization and by India's religion, has in mutual admiration of Seijo. By his been altered. The country, threatened mastery of the traditional technic, by with loss of identity, now seeks by urgent the Orientalism of his imagery, he retains

influence has swept across the land for eastward and dreams of the past. The seventy years. The people have been modern watches the western horizon, eager for fresh gales.

These irreconcilables approach accord



From wood-block print of the artist's painting of his favorite flower.

through schools and press, to restore tranquillity and recover its identity. Super-patriots are being bred. But as to this identity, the conservatives and the moderns, equally patriotic, scarcely agree. It is one thing for the fine old gentleman who withdraws to the hillsides of Kyoto to escape the hurly-burly of increasing industrialism; for the volatile youth who sits in the cafés of westernized Tokyo it

nationalism, receiving official impetus the confidence of the conservative; by the manner in which he has expanded this technic and forced it to express a new symbolism he compels the young modern to defer to him, even grudgingly to admire.

Long ago, before the modern was being wrapped in his first scarlet and pink kimono decorated with fish, Seijo had found the old forms sterile. He had rebelled against realism. His was a oneis quite another. The conservative looks man revolution, a deep and real thing be-



From the Shibata Collection, Tokyo.

The artist's studies of animals are nationally famous.

yond conversation. Pattern, design, rhythm are for him the ancient heritage from Asia and too innate to be looked upon as unique developments of art. Having rebelled, he, too, turned to the Western schools of painting for a solution of his personal problems, but he did not imitate.

Although painter to the Mikado, whose coronation screen executed by him is a court treasure, Seijo does not live in the capital, but chooses to remain in tranquil. lovely Kyoto. He is bound not only by the faint perfume of the Golden Age and the picturesque Bohemian life full of delicious young folly and romance which flowers in those resorts along the riverbanks where wandering minstrels still play and sing of love and death beneath the tea-house balconies, but by memories almost too tender, too deeply intimate, to disturb. He was born in Kyoto, and from the first was destined to be a keeper of one of those resorts which to-day, as always, offer a special hospitality to the artist or the master craftsman. It is this riverside Bohemia which rightly gains for the city the name of the "Japanese Paris."

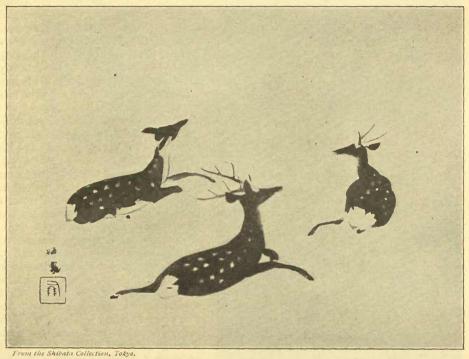
Kyoto is proud of the legend that Seijo was an unknown fisher-lad who peddled his catch from door to door until one day a fairy prince recognized latent genius in his boyish scrawlings, lifted him out of oblivion, gave him a name, and made his

fame possible.

The real story as told by the artist himself is far more dramatic than the legend. The most vivid recollection of his childhood is of an evening when he was four. A wood-carver, a jolly fellow who had drunk too many porcelain thimblefuls of saki, drew pictures for the child's amusement. To-day Seijo says that the only emotional experience comparable in keenness to his experience of that evening was his shock upon first entering the Louvre. The wood-carver never returned to the restaurant, but on the following day the small boy began to draw with the writing materials kept on hand for dinner guests, or with charcoal from the kitchen fire.

By the time he was ten he wished to do nothing else, and found the homely chores about his father's kitchen almost unendurable because of his frustration. Secretly one day he sought to become an artist. He slipped away to a nearby dye- Finally his secret need to paint became so medium for mixing colors. Always upon

shop, of which there are many in Kyoto, great that it burst from him in a torrenwhere the river water is famous as a tial confession to his parents. They were kind, they were sympathetic; for in the fair days he had seen above the roof long Orient the wishes of an only son or an strips of kimono cloth, patterned with eldest son are almost incredibly indulged. grass and flowers, floating in the sun like But they could do nothing. They were beautiful banners. He believed that poor, and he was the only boy. For a within the dye-works must be hidden art- young Japanese to follow another path



The sacred deer.

He longed to become their humble apdye-stuff he found only the master of the shop and a handful of workmen. There were no artists. The designs were made elsewhere and cut upon blocks of wood for printing, or made into stencils. He was told that painting was a higher art, to be learned only from a scholar. Sick with disappointment, the boy slipped back to his father's pots and pans.

He did not cease to draw, using the writing-brush and ink-slab as the woodcarver had done and beginning to long now for colors, for the powdered turquoise, the Chinese red, the malachite.

ists who drew designs upon the cloth, than the one taken previously by his father and his male ancestors was then unprentice. But among the great vats of thinkable. Also, if he did not become a cook and restaurateur who then would care for them in their old age, and who would marry and have sons for the worship of their spirits when they were dead? He must cook, not paint. In a short time his elder sister would be ready for her betrothal. She would soon leave the family to be altogether possessed by her mother-in-law. Then his own duties would be doubled. With a heavy heart the boy returned to his chores, but also he continued to sketch, copying from nature because he had access to no paintings.

As he approached young manhood and

great for silence. This outburst was fol-ship, a society in which a woman's deep-

From wood-block print of the painting of ducks and lotus.

lowed by an extraordinary incident. His elder sister, now old enough to marry, offered to free him by taking his place in the restaurant. To an American this scarcely seems a remarkable act of sisterly devotion, but in Japan of nearly a half-century

faced the complete acceptance of his ago it was heroic. In a society based upon duties the yearning became once more too family organization and ancestor wor-

> est obligation was to bear sons, in which there was no place for the unmarried or childless woman, she chose spinsterhood, and therefore ostracism. One can fancy how she knelt upon the padded matting beside her brother, her kimono spread about her like the petals of a flower, and cried out to him in the constrained voice of the Oriental woman, more terribly touching than tears, begging him to take his freedom. Reluctantly he accepted and went forth to his own struggle, while she went into the kitchen.

> Progress toward his goal was difficult. He had to support himself, and therefore chose crafts which gave his creative ability some small scope. Thus he came to make designs for embroidery during that period when Japan had first discovered America's insatiable appetite for curios, such as hand-embroidered pictures, seascapes, and landscapes, to be covered with glass and hung upon the wall or used as tea-trays. He exercised such care upon these designs, for which he received thirty cents apiece, that sometimes several weeks elapsed before one was ready for delivery. His employer complained then that such a design required the work of a year to perfect in embroidery. He requested the young designer to confine himself to the more obvious birds and flowers, bamboo and butterflies. The youth grew very wroth. If he designed at all it must be according to his own nature. Now this scene would have cost him his job if it had not been discovered that the Seijo designs brought larger prices when embroidered and exported. And so today it is quite possible that pictures of this variety by the Mikado's own painter are scattered through Amer-

ica, while no more than four of his paintings are owned outside of Japan, one in France, one in Germany, and two owned by famous violinists.

There ensued many lean years for the restaurant-keeper's son, but by dint of meagre living he was able to buy materials for painting and at last to study under the Scholar School of Art, a term loosely describing the group of scholars who painted according to the traditions of Southern China, which had once been as expressive of Japan as of China. To-day this school endures in Peking, where it is stoutly

eign museums. When a scholar exhibited it was understood that the potential buyer must approach him in a semi-social way, and that the whole transaction must retain the odor of a social affair. Seijo conformed, and the slender beginning of his success was made with a wholly traditional painting. Not many years later



The black bear.

championed by the artist Kungpah King, a contemporary of Seijo. This scholar school in Japan offered release from humanity, from the ugliness of daily life, in an art which did not imitate nature but transformed it into a world of subtle rhythms and harmonies. Painting was considered by this school as the exclusive accomplishment of the scholar who already excelled in chirography and was often something of a poet. A painting was frequently merely the generous decoration upon a poem and completely subordinated to the verse. The poem itself was often more important as an example of beautiful brush writing than as a literary gem. Paintings were exchanged between scholars, who looked askance at the beginnings of commercial art which followed in the wake of buyers for forhe was appointed to the faculty of the Kyoto Academy of Fine Arts, where he served for thirty years, resigning only recently, and where for many years the strong influence of his personality will continue to be felt.

As once before he had suffered from the thwarted desire to paint, he was now overcome by a new restlessness. He was sensitive to the conflict between Asia and the West in every phase of Japanese life. From the strangers his country had borrowed an alien energy. There was everywhere a shifting of social values. As the family institution weakened the individual grew in importance. Seijo experienced change within himself. Yet the artists remained mute. Slavishly they repeated the Chinese abstractions and with each repetition grew more sterile. Paint-

ing had degenerated into a series of standardized brush trickeries, into a set of formulas by which an average amateur could become an acceptable artist. According to Seijo, art had deteriorated into painting "nature side-view." Profiles of nature and tricks were not enough to satisfy his temperament, and so he cast about him for some other form of expression.

grate. In this they are like the Florentines, and, like them, ask why they should abandon the beauty of which they are assured for the doubtful beauty of far-off places. As Florence scorns the businesslike Genoa, so Kyoto, even to-day, scorns the bustling Tokyo. And twentyfive years ago this conservatism was even more marked. Yet, with no knowl-



Shibata Collection, Tokyo

Japanese pastoral.

Somewhere there must exist an art expressing the West. Unaided he came to this decision, although the foreign sailor, the trader, the religious zealot had little or nothing to say of it. At last there came into his hands the proof, two photographic prints of the sculpture of Michael Angelo! If there was this form of art, he deduced, it had not been arrived at suddenly. It was the result of long experimentation. In this experimentation, of which there must be some record in Europe, he would, perhaps, find the solution for his personal problem and the future of Japanese painting. Soon he set out upon one of the most remarkable pilgrimages ever recorded. He set out to find Michael Angelo!

The gentle people of Kyoto rarely emi-

edge of any foreign language and with nothing to guide him in his quest except two photographic prints, the artist set forth.

Even to-day the cost of such a journey is almost prohibitive for the young artist unless he has a patron. Without patronage it would have been impossible for Seijo, who now had a wife and two small sons, one of whom is to-day the wellknown art critic and author, "Itsu" Takeuchi. But as his sister had freed him once before, she again came to his aid. She had become a rare individual in her generation, a successful business woman. Fortunately, she lived to have her inexhaustible faith in her brother rewarded by a realization of his national recognition. On this occasion she became his patron. And so, hone too easy in unfamiliar foreign clothes and with scanty funds in his pocket, the artist set out to find Michael Angelo. He found him in Italy, as many another pilgrim finds him to-day. He went to the museums of Holland and Germany. Always there was the embarrassment of having no interprein restaurants and shops by which to com-

the nude figure. Then he turned homeward toward Kyoto.

Twenty-five years ago he was a young man. That his pilgrimage was not followed by a veritable orgy of imitation and experiment is remarkable, but he possessed a curiously clear vision. What he had gone away in search of he had found. ter, so that he must make little sketches He had decided that the best paintings of the West are close in rhythms to the best



Seijo Takeuchi sits for a sketch by a foreign artist for the first time.

municate his needs. Gesturing was difficult, for Japanese are not given to pantomime outside the theatre. Without money enough to buy copies of paintings or even the better prints, he had to search always for obscure stationers who sold

postal-card reproductions.

The galleries seemed to him filled with the audible clamor of artists of all ages speaking of their own souls. The Turners blasted his eyes with light. In Corot he found peace and Orientalism. In Fra Angelico he fancied a spiritual kinship with the East. But the pilgrim had been unprepared for the long history of art, for the variety of forms and mediums. He was exhausted. For one day he stood in an obscure corner of Gérôme's studio and watched students and a painter with whom he could not converse draw from

of the East. For the expression of abstract ideas he had discovered no technic more suitable than the one of which he was already master. He was still satisfied that the interpretation, and not the realistic imitation, of nature was art. And one may now wonder what, after all, he had got for himself on this pilgrimage!

On his journey he had come to believe that Japanese painting must be in the future divested of its snobbery and become the sincere expression of especially talented individuals, instead of the affectation of scholars. The future artists must put aside formulas and eschew trickery. They must look at nature with their own eyes and judge it with their own souls. This would involve them in struggle, selftorment, moments of terrible failure; but also there would be compensation in moments of divine achievement. Individual expression was the inalienable right of the individual artist in new Japan. Thus would the spirit of new Japan eventually find its expression.

As for himself, he would no longer accept the old restriction put upon beauty. He would take it where he saw it—in the

a mural. It is a great tragedy that many of these paintings were forever lost in the earthquake and fire which demolished Tokyo and Yokohama, but there is one typical of this phase of his work in the Shibata Collection of Tokyo. It is a view of Fuji, in which the mountain, cool and icy, stands above a lesser hill of cobalt



Kiyomizu, the temple in the hills above Kyoto, in the shadow of which lives the great painter.

neck-line and draperies of a geisha, in colored garments flapping upon a clothesline, in an arched bridge over a filthy canal in Suchow, China. He would be true to his own vision and cast away the horn-rimmed spectacles of ancient China. He would paint nature front view, back view, and upside down if he so desired; in the moonlight, in the shadow, in the sunlight, close by or far away, according to the dictates of his soul. In the Japan of a quarter of a century ago this was revolutionary and Seijo was a lonely rebel.

When he painted again there came from his brush lines so fresh and virile and colors so fearlessly radiant that a single nar-

blue. Against the hill and in the foreground are the sea and a patchwork of cultivated fields upon which there is a gay pattern made by the workers. Coolie labor and tilled fields are far away from the tradition which ignored mankind! In the same collection is a study of the eternally green twilight of a bamboo forest, and there are bold spontaneous sketches of single flowers. There are also delicately humorous studies of birds and beasts, neither weak nor finicky, in the truly Asian manner. And last year Japan began to benefit, as did the Luxembourg, by his prolonged sketching trip in China. This was a second pilgrimage, accomrow kakemona unrolled upon the wall panied by his son, "Itsu," to search out would dominate a room with the power of not the future of Japanese art but the

past. In connection with his interest in China he has gathered one of the most complete collections of Buddhistic stone

carvings remaining in the Orient.

As truly Japanese in spirit as the great Korin, who, four hundred years ago in Kyoto, turned away from the overdelicacy of the Chinese decorations to paint the walls of the temples and the Mejii Castle in bold rhythms upon sheer gold, rhythms peculiarly Japanese and as alien as Korin to his own period, Seijo's figure looms against the welter of present-day imitation and experiment. As sensi-

tive to nature as the ancients and as sympathetic with common life as the woodblock artists who once recorded it, he evolved his own form of expression. But to-day he does not press it upon the younger generation. As an official critic, representing the Imperial government upon art juries, he has no mercy for the insincere. Nevertheless, he looks upon the chaos about him with a kindly eye. It is for him the inevitable sign of growth. Surely, if one is to accept the Japanese writer's prophecy, this Seijo Takeuchi is to be hailed as a forerunner.

Don Juan in Baltimore

BY LEONARD CLINE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

I



N an ancient red brick house behind the lindens of Eutaw Place, with white stone steps scrubbed every day immaculate by a negress with a blue bandana around her head,

lived Don Juan alone with his little grand-

daughter, Inez.

I would join him evenings on a bench beneath the trees. Here was a pool, and from the middle of it rose a pyramid of concentric mossy basins, and on the topmost poised a naked bronze nymph, green with the patina of years. She held a vase with slender arms outstretched above her head and from it a trickle of water poured upon her laughing face. Down her flanks the water streamed, from bowl to bowl it dripped, until at last it dripped into the pool; and there swam languidly a swarm of gold and silver and purple fish. We would sit and smoke, and Don Juan would gaze on the nymph, and listen to the susurration of the breeze in the lindens and the tinkle of the falling water, with hardly a word for an hour.

Around us on the lawn Inez would frolic. Her playmate was Tasso, the slim little Italian greyhound, barely eighteen inches high but proud and sensitive as the gonfalonier of Florence. When the first star glimmered in the white evening sky Don Juan would rouse himself and call. Hand in hand they two, and I by their side, and Tasso loping ahead of us for herald, would loiter across the lawn and through the ponderous doors into the shadowy corridor of Don Juan's house. Rachel would be waiting to take her mistress to bed. Don Juan would bow over the child's hand with a gallantry so tender that one could not smile at its extravagance; and he would wait at the foot of the stairs until from the top Inez turned and waved him a good-night kiss.

Then Don Juan and Tasso and I would go into the library, one of the suite of rooms on the first floor of the narrow old mansion—rooms cluttered with elaborate gilded Louis Quinze chairs and tables, with soft rugs and tapestried footstools; rooms with flashing glass chandeliers hanging from modelled ceilings, and a hundred dusty paintings, not one of them later than the seventeenth century,

crowding the walls. In the library Tasso would take to his pillow and leave Don

Juan and me to the divan.

Here were Don Juan's treasures: those books bound in tooled Morocco on the shelves, a lickerish assortment ranging from Catullus to Aretino; that smouldering Madeira in the amber-corked decanter; that little Tintoret glowing with sensuous reds and yellows over the mantelpiece. He would sip his wine, and let his eyes linger on the Tintoret, and sigh with all his heart.

"I have sinned much in my time. Válgame Dios, I have repented, my dear friend, but my atonement is not yet. . . . She is so frail, so pure, so sweet, that chaste soul fresh from the benediction of the Blessed Virgin in heaven! And her happiness is in my hands. What shall I do? What shall I do! Ah, I am filled with terror when I gaze into the future.

She is so beautiful!"

II

ONE would have said, observing the dulcifluent tenor of Don Juan's life, that he had been vouchsafed long since that absolution for which he sued so humbly every Sunday at the Jesuit chapel. He had quite survived the fever of his youth. Perhaps at first, after the decease of his patient spouse, Doña Irene, after her mute, reproachful gaze ceased to follow him, he had indeed been as serene as his outward manner of life would indicate. He lived in modest comfort on a small fortune. His pleasures were

simple.

Every Saturday morning Don Juan went to market. He groomed himself for the occasion. Promptly at ten o'clock he issued from his palace, in the softest of linen and the creamiest of pongee. Hardly had the door closed behind him when it opened again before his man Johnson, a prideful blackamoor whose countenance glistened after the burnishing it had been given. Indeed, Johnson could have kissed the white stone steps without smirching them, on a market day. At a respectful distance behind, a good ten yards, Johnson followed; and so the cortège proceeded down Eutaw Place to the Lexington market. Here from stall

to stall through the crowded lanes Don Juan adventured, with the curiosity and the joy of a gourmet. He knew all the merchants, he would greet them with a kindly good morning, he would discuss with them solemnly the quality of these alligator pears, of those radishes, and that celery. From time to time Don Juan would buy, and when the transaction was effected he would go on. Then Johnson would come up to collect the purchase. Not until noon would the procession return up Eutaw Place, Don Juan ahead, Johnson at the respectful distance behind. bearing a basket heaped with crisp green lettuce and red and green peppers, with oranges and purple grapes.

Such hauteur for such a little man! But did Don Juan meet some dame of his acquaintance the whole street thrilled at the sweep of his salutation. And when he doffed his hat he disclosed a shock of white hair, for Don Juan was an old man

now, nearing seventy.

Then once or twice a week Don Juan would be off to some art auction. He would bide his time until the most disreputable and dust-caked canvas of all were on the block. This he would buy. He would spend more than the purchase price in having it cleaned and restored. A week, a month, a year indeed he would study it, searching it with his magnifying glass, pondering hours over a finger or a bit of lace, hunting through his books and catalogues. Eventually he would hit upon some attribution, and that evening he would impart the news to his companions around the fountain. "School of Giorgione! Claro que sí! Oh, it is priceless, my friend! The master himself touched it in three places!" Not always did experts agree with Don Juan in his conclusions, but that merely demonstrated the fallibility of their expertness. School of Giorgione it remained.

When not with his canvases Don Juan dreamed daylong with his memories; and once a week he knelt humbly at the communion rail and beat his breast with contrition for his dreams. But all this was before Inez came to the old house in Baltimore, to shatter his serenity. Don Juan bowed before her black eyes and her flashing smile, ravished completely. And to me now and to a very few others he



We would sit and smoke, and listen to the susurration of the breeze in the lindens, with hardly a word for an hour.—Page 467.

confided the doubts that began to torment him.

"Ah, my friend, was ever sinful man so tried as heaven has seen fit to try me? One time I would think, when I put aside at last the sins of my youth and the good Lord permitted me to continue to live, that the Blessed Mother of God had interceded for me . . . perhaps knowing that my heart was never altogether evil. Ah, yes, I have sinned, but I have sometimes thought . . . those moons, those gardens, those songs one sings, they were not entirely bad. But now I fear it was to punish me that I was permitted to live. Do you not understand? I, that know how beautiful life is, am charged with leading through it safely that little child, that petal, that birdling.

"My dear friend, what torture I suffer! She is so vivid, so responsive, so alert, so beautiful-ah, how beautiful! In her veins bounds the blood that went mad in mine. She will want to live richly. She will want all the joy of life, its music, its color, its swirl. What shall I do? Shall I give her everything that in her innocence and eagerness she asks-I who know so well the perils that lie before her? That way, Dios me guarda! is misery and heart-break. But shall I be austere, shall I haunt her with my watchfulness, shall I make this house her prison—I, who know so well the happiness I would deprive her of? That way also is frustration and heart-break, I am afraid.

"Oh, I have not forgotten how an orange-tree in blossom smells, how a star beckons. Was I not wild with joy in my youth? Even when I kneel at the altar, even when I make bold to take in my sinful body the Blood of Our Lord, I cannot think it was all vicious. I am not saint enough to deny everything to that rose, that little bud so soon to blossom; and yet, her happiness and her hope of heaven are in my hands. Her radiant spirit so recently from heaven!

"I do not know, my friend, my dear friend. I do not know."...

III

Twelve years old was Inez when affairs called me away from Baltimore. I would hear now and then from Don

Juan, letters in a flamboyant chirography that made me think of those gilded rococo chairs of his, with an incredible signature. There was nothing in his epistles but adoration for Inez and admonitions to pray for him. Seven years later events brought me back unexpectedly, and I made haste to Eutaw Place to visit my friend.

On the same bench in front of the fountain I found him. How slowly his wits came back from their revery, how tardy was his recognition of me! Indeed, Don Juan was getting to be a very old man. Tasso, roly-poly himself now, was drowsing on the grass. Without remembering the lapse of years, I glanced around for Tasso's old playmate, and asked with dismay, "But where is Inez?"

All the way to the house Don Juan

held his sides with mirth.

"Madre de Dios!" he chuckled.
"'Where is Inez'! Ah, my dear friend, I shall die! 'Where is Inez'! Did you hear him, Tasso? Did you hear Don Leonard? 'Where is Inez'! Pues, it is after eight o'clock, my friend, and the child always is put to bed punctually by eight! 'Where is Inez'! She is home, of course, my dear friend, taking care of her three little grandsons!"

He placed a roguish fat finger along his nose. I laughed with him, and we arrived gasping for breath at the house before my question was finally answered. Doña Inez, if you please, was at a ball this evening. It was a very exclusive ball at the country place of one of Maryland's most aristocratic families. Doña Inez was, you must understand, the unquestioned belle of Baltimore. Weddings were dour and lugubrious affairs these days, for never a bridegroom led his bride to the altar without a pang at the thought of Doña Inez. . . "Ah, my friend, my dear friend, you will not believe! No, I cannot permit you to gaze upon her; beauty would slay you, would devastate your life. And I—such a great sinner!"...

It was not entirely the same house as that I remembered from of old, this to which Don Juan now admitted me. A phonograph had established its vulgar presence in the parlor, and the record on it —I peered as I passed—was a tango. Popular magazines were scattered about.

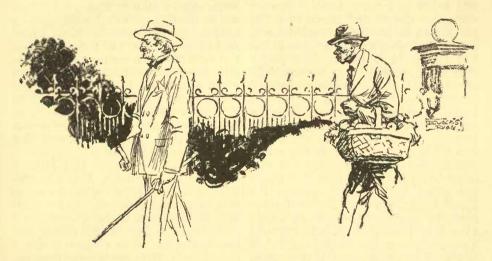
Pillows were tossed carelessly across the floor, where the familiar old carpet had given place to a few scattered oriental rugs. Fully half the dusty canvases had disappeared. Flowers were everywhere, great vases teeming with them. The grand piano stood with keyboard open and a litter of dance music on the rack. The glass chandelier still hung from the ceiling, but floor lamps were in every corner; and one of them was turned on,

penance. The good father is so lenient! So it occurred to me that I should relinquish this . . . this so reminiscent a treasure. I am afraid it is hard enough even without it to keep my mind from sinful revery."

Busying himself with drawers and cupboard, he produced glasses and a decanter, and he smiled when I exclaimed

over it.

"Yes, it is the same." He held it up to



Promptly at ten o'clock he issued from his palace in the softest of linen and the creamiest of pongee.

—Page 468.

shedding its light over a huge box of candy on a footstool.

Speechless I followed into the library, Tasso content now to waddle behind us. And on my first glance through the curtained door came a sudden pang of apprehension. Over the mantelpiece no longer flamed the Tintoret in its reds and golds. In its place was a cool and chaste Murillo in silver and pearl and blue: a Madonna standing on the crescent.

I could not help a gasp of surprise. Don Juan, noting the direction of my gaze, smiled with ineffable gentleness.

"My Tintoret? You miss my Tintoret! Ah, my friend, it is . . . it is in the way of penance. I have been a very great sinner and there is little enough I can do now in expiation. I pray; yes, yes, I mortify myself; I go to confession, I leave the confessional, I secretly double my

the light and scrutinized it lovingly. "My dear friend, is it against the law? They tell me it is now against the law for me to have wine in my home. I cannot believe them. You know, my friend, that I do not read the newspapers. How can I tell whether it is against the law?" The mischievous finger went to his nose.

"But I heard rumors one time that such a law might be passed. I am afraid that I am a great sinner. My friend, I took pen and paper, I made figures all night long. I said, 'I shall live to be ninety, it is quite probable. But then I might live to be a hundred.' Therefore I calculated what I would need for the rest of my life, and I bought it. I put it away here in my home. I bought enough to last me until I should be one hundred and ten years old, I did indeed, my friend."

We touched our glasses. "To Inez,"

I suggested.

Don Juan trembled with pride. "Ah, ah, that child, that exquisite child, that rose of the angels! The heavens themselves adore her, the sunset flings its roses upon her, the dawn wakes all the birds to sing for her! I pave her way with my heart, my friend. Yes, yes,

lovely beyond earthly dreams!"

She was going to Bryn Mawr now, but was home at present for the summer vacation. She drove her own car: Oh. not a man in Maryland could drive so swiftly, but always with such care! She had legions of admirers. The poetry that had been written to her would fill one of those book-shelves there—that one. where the Casanova used to be. beautiful, so beautiful! . . . But at the same time how saintly she was! To be sure, one could not know whether to bow to her or to the altar: one said one's Ave Maria, and if one thought of Inez instead of a Dolorous Mystery of Christ the sweet Virgin must approve the thought. It was a symbolism, a ritual in itself, a prayer and a benediction merely to look at her. And Tasso! Poor old Tasso, who was repenting himself now in his old age, that rascal, that tempter, that gay old scamp !—Tasso would surely kill himself with too much wagging of his tail some day when Inez deigned to stroke his head. . . .

Don Juan's fingers, agitated with delight, caught kiss after kiss at his pursed lips and showered them into the air as, panting and flushed, he told his

litany.

"But" . . . I smiled . . . "your doubts, Don Juan? All the lions that go through the world seeking whom they

may devour?"

He made a gesture of deprecation. "My friend, my dear friend! She would tame them with a laugh!... But I am firm, I am not weak, I deny her too much liberty. I temper my discipline with justice and with adoration. She is so beautiful!

"And then"... and Don Juan's visage twinkled into a smile..."I think, my friend, that very soon there may be something to announce. A charming young man, of excellent family, and

wealthy, very, very wealthy; a Harvard man, and such sonnets as he writes to her! But modest and honest and clean. It would be a match quite worthy of her blood, my friend."

Don Juan paused and frowned medi-

tatively.

"The most excellent family, most excellent. Of course there are one or two considerations. . . . Unfortunately the young man is not of the faith. That can be arranged I have no doubt; this would not be the first time that a dispensation has been procured for a lady of my house. And in my mind it is all the same. God turns not his face away from those whose error is ignorance. Often indeed by such a union the heretic has been brought back in peace and joy to Mother Church. No, this is not an insuperable obstacle to the happiness that I must assure to that beautiful child, that little flower, that angel of mercy and charity.

"Pues . . . I am quite at a loss. I would ask your advice, Don Leonard. In my country it is the custom for young men to wait upon the father or the guardian of the señorita they are courting and profess their desires. In my country our institutions are all so different! Oh, I understand! Here you have no duennas, you have no formalities, no . . . no barred windows. I have learned a great deal, but . . . should not the young man say something to me? One little word,

maybe? Even a letter?"

Twitching with anxiety, Don Juan leaned toward me. I concealed a smile.

"Not at all," I exclaimed. "You will be fortunate if the young people condescend to let you know when and where they are going to be married. But, Don Juan, he must have given you some reason to think——"

Don Juan waved me silent. He bent still nearer and his eyes laughed. "It is she," he whispered. "I thought it must be all right. Oh, to be sure, it is all right. She is so happy when she is with him. She is with him to-night! Indeed, you shall see for yourself. You shall meet them both this very night and tell me again if I am wrong. For I am very firm, my friend; I watch her vigilantly, I brush dangers from her path, I—who know life so sinfully and so well—guide her

Discipline tempered, my friend, with with his rod the tall white tapers, I adoration."

"But, Don Juan," I protested, "she is at a ball! Surely she will not be home until two or three in the morning?"

"Pues, sí," Don Juan's words stumbled across his lips in confusion, and his eyes fled from mine for succor to the face of the blue-robed Madonna. "But I... I am incorrigible. I am ... what do you say?—a night-hawk. How could I think of retiring without seeing her? I should not sleep, my friend, I should have no rest without the benison of her smile. So . . . now and then . . . Oh, not always, my friend! I assure you! . . . I wait here until she returns. And come, you shall stay with me to-night! Tasso is getting too old, that rogue; he is no longer company for a youth like myself, he goes to sleep. Come: we will drink Madeira for a month! . . . That blossom, that swallow, that fairest child! How glad she will be to see you, my friend! . . . And tell me, is it really true? Is it a crime for me, who have repented so much, to take now a glass of wine? The least little glass of wine?"

IV

THAT night I could not keep the vigil with Don Juan, and I did not see him again, for the pressure of business upon me, for a month. One Sunday a telephone call from him caught me at the hotel at dinner, and I extricated myself from another appointment in order to accept his invitation to go with him to vespers.

I met him at the church. Silent we sat in the dim nave, breathing the fragrance wafted from the censer swung by the little acolyte, with its tiny red star of flame glimmering for a moment at the end of the arc. The choir sang on and on. . . . "Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes . . . quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia eius. . . . " . . . Then, the priest gripping the golden monstrance reverently with veiled hands, the benediction...

But when it was over Don Juan remained kneeling. At his side I knelt too, patiently, while the congregation filed have had masses said for her, I have

carefully through its treacherous places. out: I watched the altar-boy extinguish Istened to the organist in his loft let his fingers stray across the triplicate keyboard through a sonorous, dreamful improvisation in the bass, adorned with remote angelic harmonies in the echo organ.

A sigh deep-drawn and portentous, a sigh from a spirit sorely wrung, called my attention sharply to my companion. Don Juan was rising. I felt his hand on my arm as if for support, and when he bent his knee in his usual profound genuflexion ere he turned his back on the altar I could see he almost staggered.

"Don Juan!" I whispered anxiously, shocked by his feebleness. "Are you ill? What is the matter?"

Gravely he crossed himself with holy water at the little stone font. His lips moved and I bent closer to catch his words. "I have been a great sinner. Ah, but I alone should suffer! Why cannot the pain be mine only?"

I wanted to call a taxicab, but Don Juan insisted on walking the few blocks to Eutaw Place. For the first time in all the years of our friendship he took my arm and leaned upon me. And-bearing his cross to Golgotha—Don Juan told me what already sick at heart I apprehended. Inez. So beautiful, so beautiful, so sweet, so innocent! She had gone with that boy driving; they were going to dine with friends. At midnight she had not returned. At dawn she had not returned. Panic-stricken telephone calls had failed to disclose any trace of her. Don Juan had composed himself to wait. All day Sunday he had waited. Inez had not yet come back.

"Was I wrong, my friend? My dear friend! You have no idea how I have prayed, how with anguish I have dreaded the years, how I have mortified myself! What should I have done? Lock up that little bird, that nightingale, that flower, away from the sun, away from the moon? Deny her the light, the flowers, the color and glow of life? Ah, I have been firm, but I could not do that, not utterly. have enforced obedience but I have tempered always discipline with justice. And I hoped . . . I prayed always for her. I given to charity always. Did I buy her a dress, I would give to Father DuBois for his charities twice what it cost. Oh, was I wrong? My sinful weakness, my unwisdom, my vain and worldly spirit. . . ."

I made a great pretense of derision, I poured out plausible explanations, I ridiculed the idea that even the most callous wretch in the world would put an impious hand on the hem of her garment, I called to mind the honesty and the goodness of her companion. Doubtless already they were married, and too rapt in their delight to think of anything but their own love! But secretly I was filled with fear. And thus, feigning to smile, and inwardly crucified with pity and rage, I assisted Don Juan up the white

stone steps into his house. That night I alone kept the vigil in Don Juan's library. Exhausted at last, he allowed me to help him to his bedchamber. In his chair I sat and smoked and brooded. From time to time I would wander through the empty rooms, so pitifully filled with tokens of Inez-her gloves here, her books, her music, her bouquets. For a few minutes I stood on the porch and listened to the fountain, to the murmur of the lindens, and watched the moon slide through the foliage, and dawn come bleakly after it. Now and then Tasso would rouse and waddle to the front door, sniffing dubiously, whimpering, surely aware of evil in the world that night. . . .

Shortly after eleven o'clock the next night the scratch of a key in the lock shot through the silent apartments of that house of grief, clutched at our hearts like a scream. Don Juan went deathly white, and he held himself up by the table for a minute, reeling. His eyes were closed, his lips prayed. Then he gripped himself and, declining the support of my arm, strode with me into the hall.

Inez stood just inside the door.

Tasso was at her feet, gazing up imploringly at her face, his tail a-wag but half-heartedly; she ignored him and he could not understand. Inez did not see him. She saw nothing. Her great black eyes stared out of a face ghastly as white jade in the dim light, strained from her face as if to escape the horror that lay behind them. Purple was beneath them,

and her cheeks—those sweet round cheeks, so delicately flushed of old!—seemed to have sunken in the space of a few days. I stopped short, smitten by the vision of such loveliness so tortured, by the thought of Don Juan's pain. But Don Juan quickened his step.

Don Juan quickened his step. I heard the gasping intake of his breath as he walked past me. He held out his arms, he murmured something, I could not discern what. As he approached her Inez swayed. Don Juan's arms were about

her as she fell.

Then I hurried to help him, but again he waved aside the proffer of my aid. He lifted her in his arms as easily as I myself could have, and with such tenderness the tears rushed to my eyes to see him. He carried her into the parlor and laid her on the divan.

"Peace, peace!" he whispered to me. "She is all right, she will awake soon, it is nothing. But go to the telephone, dear friend, and call the doctor for me. Tell him . . . tell him that I am hurt, that I

have . . . fallen."

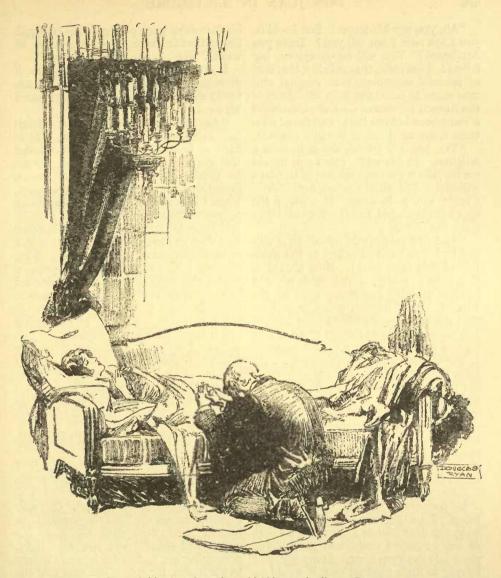
Tasso, who was whining uneasily beside the couch, I took with me into the library. When I returned Don Juan was on his knees, his face was buried on the couch, upon his head lay the white, slender hand of Inez.

V

PROVIDENTIALLY I was called away from Baltimore, and years passed again before, happening to come by that city, I stopped over-night to visit Don Juan. Johnson admitted me into the dusty old house. A quavering figure crept out of the library to greet me, and when a beam of light fell on the wrinkled face I saw

that Don Juan was weeping.

"My dear friend, my dear friend! God is good indeed to send you back to me! How long time has been since we sat down together! Come, there is still a bottle of Madeira. They tell me it is actually against the law to drink it. Ah, but I am already half out of this world, half in the next; and surely there is no such law in heaven. So I take half a glass, my friend, from time to time, without sinning. Surely no one would ask



He carried her into the parlor and laid her on the divan .- Page 474.

Don Juan, now at the end of his frivolities, a diligent and devout penitent, to relinquish this?"

Even as he blinked the tears away his mouth trembled in a momentary smile.

Through the parlor we went, and I perceived with more and more foreboding that the chairs and the divans were covered with cloths now. Desuetude clung in these empty chambers. The ing crystal chandelier hung pale and ghostly in the shadows, the piano was closed. . . .

Then we entered the library. Where the Tintoret had glowed one time in its passionate reds and yellows; where later in the days of his doubt the eyes of Don Juan had sought solace in the pale Madonna of Murillo, in her blue robes standing on the silver crescent: there above the mantelpiece the wall was bare.

Hesitating, I inquired about the paint-

Don Juan lifted to mine the gentlest eyes in the world.

"Ah, yes, my Madonna! But I sold it, you know: did I not tell you? Have you not heard? You will be overjoyed, my friend! That child, that pale lily, that bird of celestial sweetness, that virginal soul that came so reluctant from the bosom of the Blessed Mother of God, she listened to a voice from heaven itself, and found a retreat from the broil of life in a convent.

"Yes, yes, my friend, she is become a religious. In her white robes you should see her; she is the most radiant of all God's children. The sisters adore her. Sister Cecilia she is become. She plays the organ in the chapel, and it is her voice that

sings the Gloria.

"And so I sold my Murillo. It is well not to become too attached to the chattels of this false world. How should I, that hope to inherit some humble place in heaven, and lay my weary gaze on the Blessed Virgin herself, pride myself on that ignorant and awkward imagining of her unimaginable sweetness? So I sold it, and gave the money to the convent. Besides, you know, my friend, I . . . I have lived wastefully, I am afraid, and I did not have all the money in the world to begin with."

Inez in a convent! I could not speak at first: I sat with blurring eyes, remembering her joyousness, her vitality, her passionate delight in life now shrouded thus, and watched Don Juan's trembling hands pour the gold wine into two glasses. "And you see her often?" I asked.

He pondered. "I could wish to see her more. I am getting to be an old man now, my dear friend; I cannot get about so well as once I could, and particularly since I do not keep a car. At my age, and having so little need for one, it would be sinful ostentation to do so! But now and then Sister Cecilia sweetens this lonely old house with her goodness. She was here only last month. Tasso, you know . . . Tasso got very old, that rogue! It will hearten you to learn that

his last days were penitent and tranquil. Sister Cecilia came to see him when he was ill. He . . . he wagged his tail."

I sipped my wine. Presently, as if divining my thoughts, looking stead-fastly over my head, Don Juan revealed

his own.

"Ah, yes, my friend, my dear friend; how can I deceive you? It was a little hard to bear at first: I that have loved this world so richly, it was hard for me to think of her putting it all aside. Sometimes even now, on a sweet night. when I look at flowers, when I see young people walking together, I have a pang. Did I ever tell you about Doña Mercedes? But that was long, long ago! But still, I remember what I said to her, I being younger then and filled with the pride of youth, the night she told me she planned to enter a convent. Was I the vicar of sin? Perhaps. . . . But it is hard to think that life is all evil, when one has found it sometimes so beautiful.

"Am I wrong? I do not know, my friend. I worry; yes, I worry still. I wonder . . . I think, perhaps I should have directed her childish steps even earlier toward the serenity and the refuge she has now found. But tell me I was

not wrong, my friend!"

I took his hand and looked him in the

eves.

"You were quite right, Don Juan," I said. "Surely there is a happiness in the service of God far beyond the vision of our gross spirits to understand. One who kneeling can see the light that comes from heaven itself, how shall she miss our moons and suns? And you were right, permitting her to find for herself the way to her haven, for only those who hear the divine voice in their own hearts can be happy there. Be assured, I am overjoyed at her profession."

So I lied, and Don Juan pressed my hand again and smiled. "My friend!" he murmured. "My dear friend!"



The Stripped Atom

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

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THE ASTRONOMY OF THE ATOM



HE world has just entered upon a period of the development of atomic mechanics, which unquestionably represents the most far-reaching change in our conception of the

nature of things that has occurred since the period of development of celestial mechanics that occupied the two and a

half centuries following Galileo.

Celestial mechanics was made possible through the invention of the telescope. because this invention enabled astronomers for the first time to make precise measurements of the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies. The spectroscope occupies a precisely analogous position with respect to atomic mechanics. This instrument consists, in its essentials, simply of a prism, grating, or other device for spreading light out into a spectrum, as illustrated in Figure 1, and therefore of separating or differentiating its component wave-lengths so that they can be measured accurately. If the light comes from a Cooper Hewitt mercurylamp, for example, or from any incandescent vapor, its spectrum consists of a series of definite lines, each of a particular wave-length or of a particular frequency, for frequency is simply the velocity of light divided by the wave-length. Frequency corresponds exactly to pitch in sound, a spectral line of long wave-length (red) having a low optical pitch, and one of short wave-length (violet) about twice that pitch. But it is to be remembered that these optical frequencies are a million million times higher than ordinary acoustic frequencies, which range about a mean of only about 1,000 vibrations per second.

Figure 2 shows such a "line spectrum" obtained from a discharge tube containing hydrogen. The wave-length of the light corresponding to any one of these lines is marked above it, being given in the very minute unit called an angstrom, in terms of which physicists now measure optical wave-lengths. This unit is but one tenmillionth of a millimeter. The line of wave-length 6562.79 angstroms is in the extreme red end of the spectrum, the line 3070.07 at the extreme violet end, from which it is at once seen that the total visible spectrum covers but about an octave of frequencies. The wave-length of any new line that might be found in some intermediate position between two of the foregoing lines can of course be accurately determined by measuring its distances, on such a spectral plate as that shown in Figure 2, from the two nearest lines on either side of it, and then interpolating with the aid of these measurements between the numbers given as the wave-lengths of these two lines. Figure 3 shows the line marked 6562.70 when photographed under high magnification and high resolution. It is seen to be a "doublet"-a fact of interest for what follows.

Celestial mechanics ultimately triumphed and is to-day universally accepted, because the telescope made it possible to determine the exact orbits of the heavenly bodies and to check by precise observation of such phenomena as the time of eclipses the theoretical results which are consequences of the Galilean and Newtonian laws of mechanics that are assumed to govern the motions of the heavenly bodies. Similarly, to-day the spectroscope has provided the physicist with a means for the quantitative testing of the recently developed laws of atomic mechanics, and it is to-day furnishing about as exacting evidence for the orbital theory of electronic motions as the telescope furnished a century earlier for the orbital theory of

the motions of celestial bodies.

In considering the nature of any of this evidence it is important to bear in mind that in neither case do we directly see the orbits in the existence of which we are led to believe. For example, no one has ever seen the earth rotate upon its axis nor a planet revolve about the sun. The evidence for the reality of these motions is nevertheless much more trustworthy than ocular evidence in general can be, for sea-serpents and ghosts have repeatedly been "seen" without convincing the

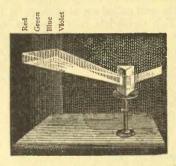


Fig. 1. White light decomposed by a prism. The simplest possible spectroscope.

world of their objective existence. We believe in astronomical orbits, not because we have seen them, but because by assuming them we are enabled to predict events such as eclipses which can be put to the test of very precise and very exacting experiments. If the observed results check accurately with the predictions we begin to have some confidence in the validity, or at least in the utility, of the assumptions upon which

the predictions rest.

We use precisely the same method for gaining confidence in our atomic theories. In both domains quantitative agreement is of course vastly more significant and convincing than mere qualitative explanations. Sunrise and sunset, for example, are in qualitative agreement with the notion of the rotation of the earth, but they are also explicable on a geocentric hypothesis, while the Foucault pendulum in the National Academy Building at Washington, rotating at just the predicted rate, is vastly more convincing evidence of the earth's rotation.

LAWS OF ATOMIC MECHANICS

But what, now, are these newly formulated laws of atomic mechanics? In the first instance they are assumed to embrace completely the laws of celestial mechanics, and in that statement I have introduced one of the most inspiring facts of science, viz.: Experimental science, at least, never takes anything back. It is an ever-expanding body of truth; even in theoretical science most new theories are merely extensions and expansions of old theories supplementing rather than replacing. Thus, to account for the fact that the earth does not fall into the sun nor the moon into the earth, in spite of the strong gravitational attraction which pulls them together, we assume that the earth rotates in an orbit about the sun and the moon about the earth, each with a speed just sufficient at the observed distance to enable the so-called centrifugal force due to the motion, to balance exactly the central attractive force. Precisely similarly we find in studying the atom that the electrons with their negative charges remain in the outer portions of the volume occupied by the atom in spite of the very powerful central force exerted by the positively charged nucleus which is tending to pull them into it. We therefore assume, quite as in astronomy and for exactly the same reason, that the electrons too are held out of the nucleus by the centrifugal forces due to their supposed orbital motion. We have as yet been able to imagine no other way in which their fall into the nucleus can be avoided unless we violate the directly observed and apparently wellestablished law that electrical charges of opposite sign attract each other.

But we are also obliged to introduce into atomic mechanics two new conditions which are altogether foreign to celestial mechanics, for, barring slight tidal influences, the planets have no means, so far as we know, of radiating away any appreciable portion of their energy. The electrons within atoms, on the other hand, are constantly doing so; or, to state the facts more completely, they are continually interchanging energy with ether waves, sometimes absorbing and sometimes emitting such waves, as is illustrated by the emission lines of Figure 2 or by the ab-

sorption lines which are seen upon close examination to appear in a solar spectrum

as shown in Figure 1.

Further, the general law governing this interchange has been worked out by the laborious experimenting of the physicists during the past twenty years, and constitutes a new and fundamental law of atomic mechanics. It was first seen somewhat dimly about 1900 by Max Planck of Berlin as a result of his endeavors to get a theoretical understanding of the experimentally established laws of the radiations emitted by black bodies, such, for example, as glowing charcoal. It was formulated much more sharply and simply by Einstein in 1905 with the aid of a radically new conception as to the nature of ether waves, a sort of corpuscular or "light-dart" conception, which imagined short wave-length light, at least, to consist of bundles of energy shooting through space like arrows and yet retaining, in some as yet uncomprehended way, all the vibratory or periodic properties which a hundred years of experimenting has definitely proved to inhere under all circumstances in light and all other forms of ether waves, and are especially clearly seen in wireless waves. This conception of Einstein's led him to an equation which was first experimentally shown in 1914 to predict correctly all of the facts of the emission of electrons from matter under the influence of light-waves—an equation, too, that has since been proven by numerous experiments in many laboratories to be of exceedingly general validity.

This equation states—and this is the fundamental point to be grasped before any further progress can be made in the understanding of stripped atoms, or indeed of any of the radiations produced by atoms—a point, too, which may be stated without any reference to whether the semi-corpuscular conception of localized energy in light-darts or light-quants from which Einstein got his equation is correct or incorrect—that the total energy available in ether waves for absorption by electrons is proportional to the frequency of the light that is being absorbed. This energy is equal to the expression $h\nu$, in which ν represents the frequency of the incident light. The constant h is merely the constant of proportionality between the frequency of

ether waves and their energy. It is named Planck's h. That there is any such proportionality or indeed that there is any relation at all between energy and frequency is one of the strange, new, but very important discoveries of the past two decades. Nobody understands why it is so. It is merely an experimental fact.*

This equation states further in its most general form that there is always a reciprocal relation between the energy of ether waves and the energy of the electron that absorbs or emits them. In other words, if the electron within the atom absorbs energy from ether waves the amount that it gets, as just stated, is $h\nu$, where ν is the frequency of the absorbed light. If, on the other hand, the electron within the atom loses energy through radiation, as when it produces one of the spectral lines shown in Figure 2, the frequency of the ether waves radiated can be computed by dividing the loss in energy by h, that is by writing $E_1 - E_2 = h\nu$, where E_1 is the energy contained in the atom before it radiates and E_2 the energy after the radiation. It was the assumption of this specialized form of the general law which constituted the corner-stone of the now famous Bohr theory of spectral lines. first formulated in 1013.

This assumption imposes an interesting condition upon electronic orbits that is wholly unknown to astronomical orbits. namely, the condition that a sudden change in the electronic orbit must take place whenever there is a loss in energy due to radiation; for, if the energy with which the electron is rotating before radiation is just sufficient to produce a balance between the centrifugal force and the electrical pull toward the nucleus, after the radiation of energy the electrical force must pull in the electron to an orbit of smaller radius before equilibrium can be again restored. Precisely the same thing would happen with the moon if there were any mechanism by which it could suddenly lose say half of its energy. In a word, Bohr's most fundamental assumption, made in 1913, in the development of the laws of atomic mechanics, was that when an atom radiates ether waves an elec-

*For the most simple and direct experimental proof of this relation see the article on "The Electron and the Light-Quant," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, January, 1925.

tron within it suddenly drops from an orbit of larger to one of smaller radius, and it is because of that drop that, by some unknown mechanism, it is enabled to send out ether waves, the frequency of which is given by

 $E_1 - E_2 = h \nu$.

The second important point in which atomic mechanics differs from celestial mechanics is found in the fact that, while the latter permits of as many orbits as you please around a central sun, atomic mechanics permits of only a very limited number of orbits (see Figure 4) the radii of which progress, in the simple Bohr theory, in the ratios of the squares of the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on. We do not attempt to understand why this is so. assumption is made merely because it fits the experimental facts shown in Figure 2. and predicts a mass of new facts, as will presently be shown. The physical meaning of this assumption is that the moment of momentum (mass times velocity, times radius of orbit) of the electron in its various possible orbits can only take on values that bear the ratios 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on. This means that moment of momentum is a thing which has a unitary or atomic property just as has the thing we call an electric charge. This is the most fundamental assumption of the so-called quantum theory—a theory which probably is destined to be rated as the most epochmaking advance that physics has made since the days of Copernicus and Galileo. At any rate, this assumption seems to be justified by its success in predicting a host of new facts, such as those that follow.

To sum up, then, atomic mechanics assumes the same laws as does celestial mechanics, but adds two limitations: (1) the foregoing limitation as to the number and kind of possible orbits; and (2) the limitation imposed by the necessity of providing for electronic jumps between the different possible orbits so as to take care of the possibility of radiation and of the particular kind of radiation that is observed (Figure 2.)

A NEW EXPERIMENTAL TECHNIC

Thus far I have attempted merely to give a very rough idea of the sort of assumed laws with the aid of which the modern physicist makes his predictions before he sets out upon an expedition with

his spectroscope to see whether his predictions fit accurately the facts or not. To contrast, now, somewhat more carefully the experimental procedure with that of the astronomer: instead of predicting, as does the latter, the exact instant at which an eclipse is to be expected, and then going upon an expedition to Africa to test it, the physicist predicts the precise kind of electronic jumps or drops between orbits that he may expect to take place in different atoms, and then sets up his spectroscope, catches in it the emitted radiations, and sees whether they have the predicted frequency. The precision with which these spectroscopic frequencies can be determined by the measurement of the position of a line in a spectrum is extraordinarily high, so that the tests can be made quite as sharply as can that of the time of an eclipse.

Mr. I. S. Bowen and myself, at the California Institute, have recently been going upon some expeditions of this sort, the results of which it is my main purpose here

to describe.

The success that has attended these expeditions has been due to the development of what we have called high-potential, high-vacuum, hot-spark spectroscopy. With the aid of this technic we were first able in 1920 to push several octaves farther into the ultra-violet region of the spectrum than preceding investigators had gone. More recently we have developed an entirely new means of counting the precise number of electrons which have been knocked off from any particular radiating atom by these highpotential, high-vacuum sparks. For the sake of simplicity I shall at first confine attention to radiations emitted by one particular atom, namely the atom of boron, familiar to every household because of the abundant use of boracic acid in connection with the baby's bath.

The atom of boron is fifth in the order of increasing atomic weights, hydrogen being the lightest, helium the next, lithium the next, beryllium the next, and boron the next. This means that the nucleus of the boron atom contains five free positive electrons, and that five negative electrons are held outside the nucleus, the whole number being just enough to make the boron atom electrically neutral. Of these

five outer electrons, two have been proved heretofore, and have again been proved in the present work, to be close to the nucleus. The remaining three are seven or eight times more remote from the nucleus, and being in the outer shell of the atom are called its valence electrons. For the sake of later comparisons it is useful to recall that lithium possesses one of these valence electrons, beryllium two, and oxygen, for example, are then completely similar electronic structures in that they all consist simply of a nucleus with two electrons in close-in orbits, but they differ in that, in going from lithium up to oxygen, the nuclei possess 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 positive electrons. This means in view of the two negatives in close-in orbits that the net number of unit positive changes pulling a distant



Fig. 2. The line spectrum of hydrogen. The line marked 6562.79 is at the red end of the spectrum, the line marked 3970.07 at the extreme violet end.



Fig. 3. The line marked 6562.79 when taken under high magnification and high resolution. It is seen to be a doublet.

boron three, carbon four, nitrogen five, oxygen six, and fluorine seven. When one more free positive electron is added to the nucleus, thus enabling the atom to hold ten negatives outside the nucleus, two in close-in orbits and eight in outer orbits, there results neon, an inert gas having no combining power at all, for eight electrons in an outer shell always constitute, we know not why, some sort of a closed system from which no valence forces emanate. Figure 5 is a hypothetical picture of the neon atom, with its two inmost electrons in very close-in orbits and its remaining eight electrons in outer orbits. Of these eight outer orbits, three alone would be possessed by the boron

Now, the interesting property of our hot sparks, which are very high potential discharges in the highest vacua between electrodes from a fraction of a millimetre up to one or two millimetres apart, is that such vacuum sparks possess an extraordinary power of shaking off electrons from atoms. We have recently very definitely proved that these vacuum sparks have the power of *stripping* a great many atoms completely of all their valence, or outer, electrons. These stripped atoms of lithium, beryllium, boron, carbon, nitrogen,

negative electron toward the centre would progress in the ratios 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 in going from lithium up to oxygen.

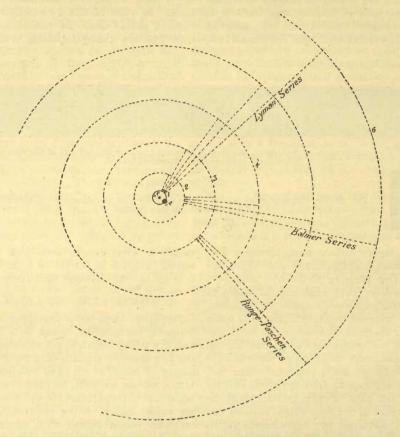
STRIPPING THE BORON ATOM

Applying these considerations to the stripped boron atom, when Mr. Bowen and the writer began to get evidence that our hot sparks were stripping some of the atoms of boron of all their valence electrons, we set to work to predict exactly what sort of frequencies (or wave-lengths) we might expect to be emitted by the stripped boron atoms as a single electron, in being drawn into this stripped atom, began to jump between the possible orbits that ought to exist about it. Thus, on the basis of our knowledge of the spectral lines emitted by hydrogen, we predicted at once that an electron in jumping from the fifth to the fourth of these possible orbits would produce a line of just nine times the frequency of the radiation produced when in the hydrogen atom an electron jumps from its fifth to its fourth orbit. We computed in this way that these stripped boron atoms ought to have a line of wave-length 4,500 angstroms; that is, a line in the blue region of the ordinary visible spectrum. No such line had ever been observed with

VOL. LXXIX .- 35

boron thus far, but no one had before orbits of our stripped boron atom. This

worked with light of the sort given off by predicted line fell at 2077.4 angstroms. our hot sparks, and which one could ex- We took another photograph with our pect would produce stripped boron atoms. spectroscope set so as to catch this line So we made our exposures, developed the on our plate if it existed. When we deplate, and found the predicted line at ex-veloped our plate we found a beautiful



4. Showing the series of electronic orbits 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., the radii of which bear the ratios 1, 4, 9, 16, etc., that are assumed, in the simple Bohr theory, to be possible for an electron rotating about a hydrogen nucleus. The series of spectral lines shown in Figure 2 (Balmer series) is supposed to be due to electron drops, or jumps, from orbits 3, 4, 5, etc., into orbit 2; the Lyman series (ultra-violet) to similar jumps into orbit 1; the Runge-Paschen series (ultra-red) to jumps into orbit 3.

actly the wave-length 4499.0, or within one part in 5,000 of the predicted spot. In other words, our predicted eclipse in the field of electronic orbits had occurred at exactly the right time. This line is shown in Figure 6.

We then went on another eclipse expedition. With the aid of the atomic laws just presented, we computed what

line without any others anywhere near it, a line which no man had ever seen before, at the wave-length 2077.79, i. e., within four parts in 20,000 of the predicted spot. This line is shown in Figure 7. Again our eclipse had come at precisely the right

We next computed the radiation that would be produced when the electron wave-length would be produced by a circling around the stripped boron atom jump from the fourth to the third of the fell from the third orbit to the second.

We obtained 678 angstroms. We looked up our table of boron lines in the extreme ultra-violet which we had published in January, 1924, and found that we had already recorded a strong boron line at wave-length 677 angstroms, which was in this case as close as the certainty of our prediction. But if this were indeed due to the stripped boron atom, some elements in the theory of electronic orbits which I have not here considered required that this line be, like line 6562.70 of hydrogen (Figure 3), a doublet; that is, a pair of lines very close together. It had not appeared so on our old plate, but the spectrograph had not been one which could have separated this pair, even if it existed; so we built a new spectrograph of higher resolving power, and took another photograph of this line and found that it was indeed a doublet, just as our orbit theory demanded, the two components of which had wave-lengths 677.01 and 677.16. This doublet is shown in Figure 8.

We then made another prediction on the basis of our orbit theory, namely, that there had to be another doublet whose two components had the same frequencyseparation as the components of the 677

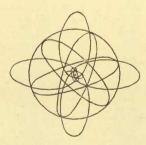


Fig. 5. The atom of neon, according to Bohr—a nucleus holding ten free positives, in some of the nuclei ten negatives binding twenty positives, in others twelve negatives binding twenty-two positives, thus leaving always ten free positives. Two of the orbits of the ten negative satellites are supposed to be close-in while the remaining eight are large outer orbits. Since neon is the first inert gas above helium, there appears to be room for but eight electrons in the outer shell of any light atom.

line; the wave-length of this new doublet being not accurately predictable, but about 750 angstroms. Our photograph at once brought it to light, too, and with precisely the predicted frequency-separation; the two new lines being found to have quite accurately the wave-lengths 758.47

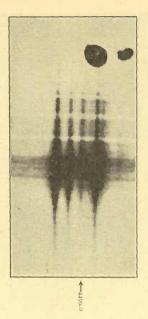


Fig. 6. The blue boron line at wave-length 4499.0 due to the jumping of an electron from the fifth to the fourth circular orbit in stripped boron;

and 758.68. This doublet is also shown in Figure 8.

One further final prediction of the radiations which ought to be produced by the stripped boron atom. Our orbit theory showed that there should be, at about 2,000 angstroms, another doublet of the same separation as the last two, and this ought theoretically to be the strongest line emitted by the boron atom at all. We looked up the literature of spectra and found that another observer had already published a boron doublet at about this point, but its frequency-separation as he gave it had not agreed with our predicted value. We went on another eclipse expedition. We obtained at once this beautiful strong doublet shown in Figure o, whose components had the wave-lengths 2066.48 and 2067.88, and the frequencydifference between these two lines agreed precisely with the predicted value.

We had now brought to light all of the lines which were to be expected from the stripped boron atom, and by checking all of these predictions by experiment we had proved with absolute certainty that in our hot sparks we were producing stripped

atoms of boron.

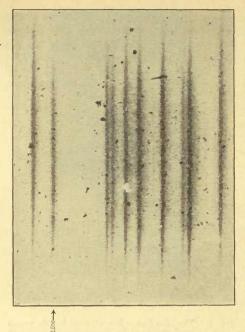


Fig. 7. The line of stripped boron due to the electronic jump from the fourth to the third circular orbit.

STRIPPED ATOMS OF A WHOLE SERIES OF ELEMENTS

By following a procedure altogether similar to the foregoing, we first predicted, and then found in the predicted spots, all of the important spectral lines due to stripped carbon; that is, carbon with its four outer electrons all removed. Then followed nitrogen, reduced to a nucleus and its two close-in electrons by the stripping of all the five external electrons from the outer shell. We got the lines corresponding to stripped oxygen only a couple of months ago, and thus definitely proved that we had stripped off every one of its six outer electrons. Fluorine has, thus far, resisted all our efforts to strip it of its seven outer electrons; and with neon, the inert gas next to fluorine, satisfied with its complete outer shell of eight, we have not yet attempted to work.

We have, however, turned our attention to the second row of atoms in the periodic table, namely, those which have two electrons in the inmost shell and

eight electrons in a second shell, and then still farther out a valence or outer shell possessing one electron in sodium, two in magnesium, three in aluminum, four in silicon, five in phosphorus, six in sulphur, and seven in chlorine, after which comes argon—an element which has completed its third shell of eight and has thus become an inert gas like helium and neon, completely satisfied with itself and unwilling to combine with anything.

With the use of the foregoing newly developed laws of atomic mechanics we have predicted the positions of all the important spectral lines due to all seven of these stripped atoms between neon and argon, and then in the spectra of our vacuum sparks have found all these lines in exactly

the predicted positions.

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES OF STRIPPED ATOMS

By thus stripping the outer coverings of electrons from an atom we put it in a

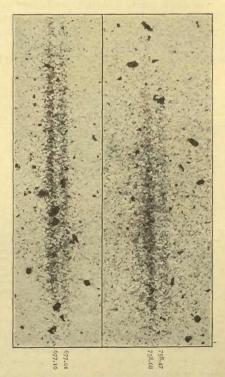


Fig. 8. Two extreme ultra-violet lines of stripped boron, both of which should be doublets of the same frequency-separation. These predictions are completely verified by these photographs.

very active condition—the physicist calls it, quite appropriately, an *excited* state. In the endeavor to get itself again properly clothed it attempts to seize electrons wherever and whenever it comes near them, and with entire disregard of whether these electrons already belong to other atoms or not.

To take a particular case: when the atom of nitrogen is stripped the most inert and self-satisfied of all of the common atoms instantly becomes extraordinarily active. Having now five entirely unsatisfied valences, it seizes with great avidity upon the electrons belonging to the surrounding oxygen, and the two atoms unite in a contest for one and the same electron. Nor is the nitrogen content, since it now has not one but five unsatisfied valences, to start a contest with a single neighboring atom for the possession of a coveted electron. On the contrary, it grabs electrons from two or three or four neighboring atoms at once. In other words, a whole series of nitrogen compounds is formed, such as NO, NO2, N2O3, N2O4, N₂O₅, etc.

Some of these compounds are unstable because, as fast as free or unattached electrons wander past, the contending oxygen and nitrogen atoms break away and run off, content with their newly found partners; that is, the unstable compounds decompose again into their original constituents. It is very easy to observe directly this decomposing process, for, when a little air is sucked out of a powerful arc into a closed bottle provided with a sensitive pressure-gauge, the gauge will show a continually changing pressure for some seconds or even minutes, thus showing that the number of molecules in the vessel is continually changing.

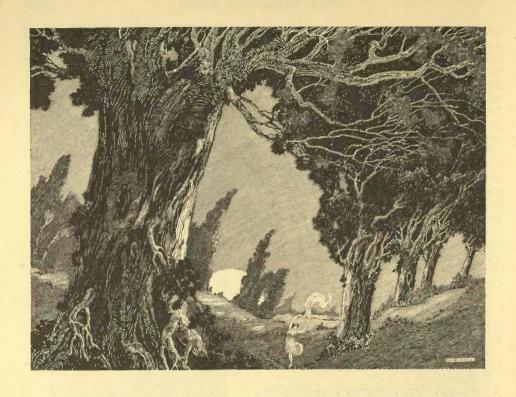
The fixation of nitrogen by the arc process, practised so extensively by Germany and Sweden during the Great War, is in essence, I think, nothing but the activation of nitrogen by this stripping or semi-stripping process, and the quick absorption of the nitrogen compounds in water, thus forming nitric acid.

But, whether or not these stripped atoms are going to be of much use in chemistry and other practical sciences, of this much we may be certain—that there



Fig. 9. The doublet that should be the most intense line of stripped boron. Its intensity and separation are found here precisely as predicted.

have been brought to light ways of going on eclipse expeditions in the study of the astronomy of the subatomic world, and that these new methods certainly reveal new possibilities for the reading of the conditions existing in the stars. Truly, we have entered upon a period of the alluring study of the astronomy of the atom, a period in which the spectroscope is the instrument with which the physicist is bringing to light wonders no less fascinating than those which the telescope has revealed in the study of the heavens.



From Italy: La Tramontana

BY DAVID CARTER

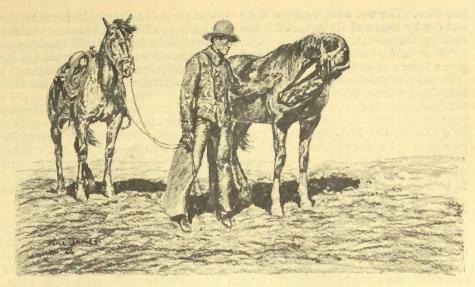
DECORATION BY GEORGE H. MITCHELL

Now are the horns of the wind raised high for blowing, Now march the maiden trees with lifted lyres; Now dance the waves, torn violet tunics showing White limbs no night of orgic vigil tires.

Now do the vine-strewn cliffs sway out the measure, Move swiftly down dark circles to the sea, And black birds beat aerial arcs for pleasure Because the storm will sing. And presently,

The sky's cold eyes will flutter disapproval, Faintly withdraw, afar off close their lids, And I shall stand alone, by their removal God's only watcher of the Nereids.

But, though this strange new nature rise and thunder, My senses shall fly home, my heart shall seek A tamer storm, a lesser cliff, where wonder Blows, in soft hair, across my mouth and cheek.



Clint was about to get on his horse and ride away, but he stopped, and felt of Smoky's hide once more.

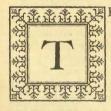
—Page 490.

Smoky-A One-Man Horse

At Work

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



HE fine, cool, and sunshiny days of fall was making a last stand, rains begin to come, and as time was a-crawling toward early winter, them rains got colder and then

turned to a wet snow. Mud was where dust had been, the hard-twist throw ropes had turned stiff as steel cables, saddles and saddle blankets was wet, heavy, and cold, and the shivering ponies met the feel of them with a hump and a buck.

The cowboys, all a-packing long, yellow slickers, was beginning to tally up on how much wages would be due 'em, as the end of the fall round-up drawed near, and as they waded through slush and mud from the chuck wagon to the rope corral, not many was caring. Wet socks, damp beds, two hours of shivering on night

guard, saddling ornery ponies in daytime and when a feller can't even get a footing, and then riding 'em a-wondering if them ponies will stand up as they beller and buck on the slick and muddy ground, all left a-hankering only for a warm dugout somewheres, where there's a stove, a chair to set on, and a few magazines to read as Mother Nature does her best to make the outside miserable.

The last of the beef herd had been turned over to another "wagon" of the Rocking-R and shipped and Jeff's (the cow foreman) main herd was from then on made up of cows with big weaner calves, and all stock that'd need feeding through the winter.

"A couple of weeks more now and we'll be seeing the gates of the home ranch," says Jeff one day, but it was a long three weeks before the stock was tended to and when the wagon was loaded for the last time. The wet snow had got flaky and dry by then and six inches of it was covering the ground.

"Now hold on a minute, Smoky, and give a feller a chance, won't you?"

It was Clint a-talking, and trying to hold Smoky down till he got his foot in the stirrup. The cowboy, being all bundled up, couldn't handle himself as he'd like to, the little horse was cold, crusted snow had to be rubbed off his back before the saddle could be put on and he was aching to put his head down and go to bucking so he could warm up.

Clint was only half ways in the saddle when that pony lit into it, but the cowboy didn't mind that, his blood was also a long ways from the boiling point and any excuse to get circulating good was welcome.

Around and around him Smoky went and all in one spot, all the fancy twists of a bucking pony was gone over and the rider met him all the way, and as Clint rode and fanned and laughed, he'd get fast glimpses of other riders and other horses a-tearing up the white land-scape and getting down to the earth underneath.

It was the last day of the round-up, all the work was done, the cook climbed on his seat, grabbed the lines the boys handed him, and letting out a war-whoop scared his already spooky team into a long lope towards the home ranch.

Eight long months had went by since Smoky was run in the corral at the horse camp. In that time he'd went from a green bronc, skipped over the first grade as a "circle horse" on to the "day herd" class and was fast getting up amongst the high eddicated cow horses. The reason for his fast learning that way was first due to the amount of brains he had, and afterwards the liking that'd got to grow in him for Clint, the cowboy who broke him.

There wasn't a rider on that range more fit to bring out qualities in such a horse as Smoky, and as had often been remarked, "Clint could take a raw bronc and in two months time make that pony spell cow." With that kind of a man to coach him, there was no limit as to how high the mouse colored horse would climb, and Clint all het up with his liking for the pony and wanting to make him the best

cow horse of the country had quit breaking horses, and when riders came to claim all the ponies he'd started breaking to use for round-up work, Clint saddled up Smoky and joined to round-up wagon. . . . No other man was going to ride that horse.

That's how come Clint and Smoky worked the Rocking R range together that summer. Smoky had been one of the twelve horses that was in Clint's string and there wasn't a horse more favored than Smoky had been, for Clint was going to take his time with that horse, he was going to make him one in a million.

The sight of the big gates was a mighty fine one to all as the outfit clattered in, specially with the sky a-threatening the way it was, the old cow horses had their ears pointed towards the big pole corrals, they knowed what the sight of them meant at that time of the year and none tried to break away as the wrangler run 'em in. They was turned out in a big pasture that night and the next day a couple of riders came, bunched 'em up, and took 'em through another gate leading out of the ranch.

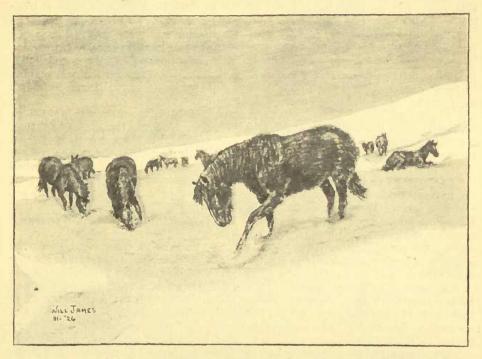
Clint had took it onto hisself to be one of them riders, he wanted to get another look at Smoky before letting him go to the winter range and find out for sure just what condition that range would be in. The outskirts of it was reached that noon and as Clint rode along back of the remuda he was more than satisfied to notice the tall feed that the six inches of snow couldn't hide, he noticed the breaks and the shelter they would give, then the thick growth of willows along the creek bottom which meant more shelter.

Clint stopped his horse and the two hundred ponies was left to scatter, his eyes run over the well-known backs for a last time, he wouldn't be seeing them again till spring round-up started and he watched 'em slowly graze away, many was in that bunch that he'd broke and named, and starting from the meanest fighting bronc of the rough string, and taking all the ponies on up to the best cow horse of the foreman's string there wasn't one that Clint didn't know and know mighty well as to tricks and good or bad points.

A big old sorrel with a kinked neck and by the name of Boar Hound caught his eye, and Clint remembered how that pony tried to commit suicide rather than be rode and how he'd now changed to wanting to commit murder instead and kill a few cowboys; then a smile spread over his face as he spotted a tall Roman

and scattered that dark cloud of memories from hell to breakfast, Smoky had showed himself from behind other horses and not over fifty feet from where Clint was setting on his horse.

The cowboy's face lit up with a smile at the sight of the pony, and getting down off his saddle he made tracks his way, but



Feed was aplenty and the little pawing that had to be done to reach it was like so much exercise and only kept his blood in good circulating order.—Page 490.

nosed gruller who'd never made a jump till a rope got under his tail, and who'd took a sudden liking to bucking from then on and made hisself a reputation at that which scattered over four counties.

Every horse Clint looked at brought to memory some kind of a story, and there was a variety of expressions which changed with every horse that came under his eye. A big shaggy black looked his way and snorted, and with the sight of him Clint remembered how that horse had reached ahead one time and kicked to pieces a cowboy that'd been unsaddling him.

His expression was mighty solemn at the thought of that, but it didn't last long. Like a ray of sunshine, something shot out he didn't have to go all the way, for soon as Smoky spotted him he left Pecos, his running pardner, behind, and nickering came to meet Clint.

"A feller would think to see you act that you're a sure enough sugar eater," Clint remarked as the little horse came up to him and stopped. He rubbed a hand on the pony's head and went on:

"Well, anyway, Smoky, I'm glad to see that you've got a mighty fine winter range to run on, with all the feed I see here and the shelter that's with it you hadn't ought to lose an ounce of fat." Clint felt for the pony's ribs and grinning resumed, "And if you ever get any fatter than you are now you'll be plum worthless."

Smoky followed Clint as he turned and

went to where he'd left his horse. "I wonder," says that cowboy, "if you've got the hunch that you won't be seeing me no more till next spring? . . . that's a long time ain't it? But never mind, old horse, I'm the first cowboy you're going to see when spring does break up."

Clint was about to get on his horse and ride away, but he stopped, and felt of

Smoky's hide once more.

"Well, so long, Smoky, take care of yourself and don't let anything drag you down."

Smoky watched him ride away and nickered once as the cowboy went over the point of a ridge and disappeared. He watched a long time even after that and till he was sure Clint was gone, and finally turning went to grazing back till he was by the side of Pecos again.

The winter came and hit the range with the average amount of snow, freeze-ups, and cold winds. The cayotes howled the hunger they felt, for there was no weak stock to speak of for them to feed off of, and outside of small varmints they could get once in a while, pickings was mighty poor. Horses and cattle was and stayed in fine shape and the stockman could hit his bed after the long day's ride knowing that he could go to sleep right off and not lay awake a-wondering what he could do to pull his stock through.

Smoky met all what the weather had to hand him, with a good layer of fat, a thick skin, and a long coat of hair. He lost a few ounces but he could of spared many pounds and felt as good, feed was aplenty and the little pawing that had to be done to reach it was like so much exercise and only kept his blood in good circulating

order.

The winter months wore on, the ponies drifted from ridge to ridge, from shelter to shelter and nothing much came to disturb the quiet of the land, nothing much excepting when a big shaggy black tried to throw in with Pecos, the same black that'd kicked the cowboy over the Great Divide. But his interfering and butting in was welcome though in a way, Smoky and Pecos had so much good energy going to waste that they'd been just aching for some excuse to use some of it for some good.

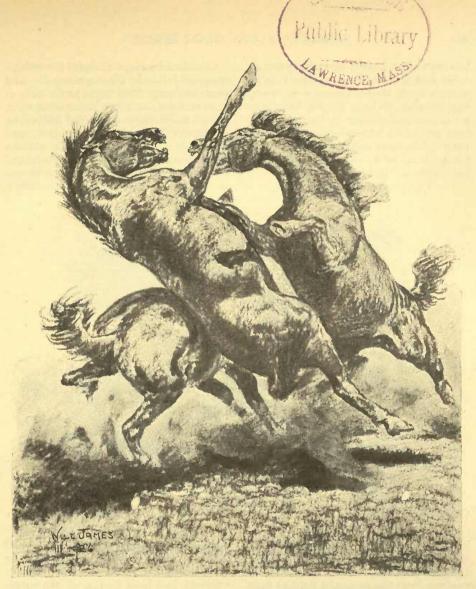
It came about that the big black had took a liking to Pecos, and at the same time a dislike for Smoky. Pecos was neutral for a while and wondered what the black was up to when he tried to chase Smoky away from him. Smoky wouldn't chase worth a damn but he was getting skinned up considerable a-trying to hold his ground. Things went on that way for a day or so and every once in a while the black made a dive for Smoky like he was going to tear him to pieces, his intentions was good, but Smoky sure was no invalid, and when the snow settled again where he'd held his ground the little horse hadn't give away one inch.

But the black was twice as old as Smoky, more up to the game of fighting, and heavier by a hundred pounds. All that begin to tell on the mouse colored hide, and there might of come a time when Smoky would of had to hightail it, only, as the scraps was repeated off and on, Pecos begin to notice and realize that that black was taking too much territory,

and he didn't like him nohow.

So, that's how come, that when the black put down his ears and made another grand tearing rush for Smoky that something struck him from the off side and upset him and his plans of attack all to hell, he found hisself jerked off his feet and rolled plum over the top of Smoky and he lit head first on the other side. When he picked himself up out of the snow his spirits was dampened some in wonder, and more so when he shook his head and was able to see and noticed that there was two mighty vicious looking ponies a-waiting for him to come again. He shook his head once more at that, and as Smoky and Pecos bowed their necks and came his way the black turned tail and started a looking for other company which would appreciate him more.

But wether it was orneriness or just plain thick headedness the black tried to butt in again the next day; maybe he just wasn't convinced, anyway, Pecos noticed him first and before the black could even get to Smoky. War was started right there, but Pecos was no match for the black and even though he wasn't for quitting, the worst of the battle was on his side. It was about when the crusted snow was flying the thickest that Smoky,



The black was jerked off his feet, rolled plum over, and he lit head first on the other side.—Page 400.

who'd been off a ways, noticed the commotion. He seen his pardner down on his knees and the black a-chewing away on him, and right about then the standing Smoky was transformed into a twelve-hundred-pound bombshell. The explosion came as he connected with the black and then black fur begin to fly and soar up above. . . . Somehow or other the black managed to gather enough of his scattered senses to know what had happened; them senses told him to act, and act quick, and he did. He tore himself away from the pressing, tearing mixture

of flying hoofs and sharp teeth and split the breeze making far apart tracks to where horseflesh wasn't so thick.

The next day he was seen with Boar Hound, the kinked necked sorrel, the Roman-nosed gruller, and a few more ornery ponies of the "rough string." A company bunch more fitting to his kind.

The days was getting longer and warmer, the snow begin packing and melting some, and pretty soon bare patches of ground showed in plain sight. Smoky and Pecos' hides begin a-itching and the

two was often busy a-scratching one another and starting from the neck to the withers along the backbone to the rump. Big bunches of long winter hair begin a-slipping and falling to the ground as they scratched, and came a time when as they rolled, more of that hair was left till finally patches of short slick satin like hair begin to show.

Then green and tender grass begin to

Clint had wintered at one of the outfit's camps and drawed his wages regular, and when the range land begin to get bare of snow and the watching out for weak stock was no more necessary he put his bed on one horse, his saddle on another, and headed for the home ranch. He was one of the first riders to reach that place, and when the horse round-up started he was one of the first to have his horse saddled.



Smoky and Pecos' hides begin a-itching and the two was often busy a-scratching one another.—Page 49r.

loom up and plentiful, and that finished the work of ridding the ponies' hides of all the long hair that was left, creeks was swelling from the waters of the fast melting snows, spring had come and the sunshine and warm winds that came with it was doing its work.

The round-up cook was once again scrubbing on the chuck box that was on the end of the long wagon, and the cowboys one by one begin a-drifting in from parts near and far anxious to be starting on the spring works again. Some came from the different cow camps of the Rocking R range, a few of the riders that'd been let go when work was done the fall before never showed up, but others rode in and after a few words with Jeff took the places of them that was missing.

topped off, and lined out to sashay in all of the ponies that could be found on the horse range.

Smoky had been feeding on the sunny side of a butte, and for no reason other than to be looking around he raised his head, only his ears and eyes showed as he looked over the top of that butte, but that was enough for him to see a rider coming his direction, and see him before that rider ever had a hunch any horses was around anywheres near.

Smoky snorted and hightailed it down the side of the butte to where Pecos and a few other ponies had also been feeding, and the way he acted left no doubt in their minds but what they should be on the move, they all was at full speed the minute he landed amongst 'em, and when the rider topped the butte where they'd been him by near a mile.

But the ponies wasn't wanting to get away near as much as might of been thought, it was only that Smoky had got spooked up at the sudden sight of the rider, and him and all the others feeling good as they did wasn't needing much excuse. The cowboy fogged down on 'em and a little to one side so as to turn 'em,

a few minutes before, they had the lead on bill far as running was concerned, and when the long wings of the pole corrals at the home ranch was reached the rider was right on the ponies' tails and on the job to keep 'em going straight ahead into the corral, then the big gate closed in on 'em.

> "Guess you don't know me no more," says Clint to Smoky as he stood afoot in the corral and watched the pony tear

around, then to hisself:



Slow and easy Clint raised a hand and held it to within a few inches of his nose, Smoky stretched his neck, sniffed at it, and snorted.—Page 495.

they turned easy enough even though the rider was a long ways behind, and making a big circle that rider finally had 'em headed towards the big corrals of the home ranch.

A big grin spread over the cowboy's features as the sun shined on the slick back of the mouse colored horse at the lead of the bunch, and even though there was a half a mile between him and that horse, that cowboy knowed daggone well it was him, for the sun never reflected on no other horse's hide as well as it did on Smoky's, and besides, there was no mistaking the good feeling action of that pony's.

"Told you I'd be the first to see you when spring broke up," says the cowboy as he held his horse down to a lope.

The twenty-five mile run from the time Smoky had been spotted kinda filled the

"Maybe he don't know it's me that's watching him."

Clint was right, the long winter months of freedom without seeing one human had kind of let him get back to his natural wild instinct, and the first sight of Clint had been of just a human, and it'd spooked him up till he'd have to calm down some before it'd come to him just who that human was.

The cowboy spoke to him as Smoky, wild eyed, snorted and hunted for a hole. but Clint kept a-speaking, and as the pony tore around and heard the voice, something gradually came to him that seemed far away and near forgot. He stopped a couple of times to look at the cowboy, and each time his getting away was less rushing, till, as the voice kept a-being heard, things got clearer and clearer in that pony's brain.



Old Tom didn't even get well set that time, Smoky bowed his head and went out from under him leaving him come down on the other side.—Page 498.

Smoky had stopped once more, and neck bowed, ears straight ahead, and eyes a-sparkling, faced acrost the corral to where the cowboy, still and standing, was talking to him.

"Daggone your little hide," says Clint, "are we going to have to get acquainted all over again? . . . come on over here and let me run my hand over that knowledge bump of yours, and maybe I can get your think tank to functioning right again."

Smoky didn't come, but he held his ground and listened to the talk. Clint

talked on and watched him till the horse lost some of his wild look and then slow and easy started walking his way. Something and away in the past seemed to hold Smoky as the cowboy slowly came nearer and nearer, his instinct was all for him a-leaving the spot he was holding but that something which stuck in his memory was the stronger and sort of kept him there.

Clint came on a few steps at a time, and then stopped, and talking the while, took his time till he was within a few feet of Smoky. A little flaw of any kind of spoilt things easy and sent the pony a-skeedaddling away from there in a hurry, but Clint knowed horses and specially Smoky too well to do anything of the kind. He knowed just what was going on between that pony's ears, and how to agree with all that mixed in there.

right then in that human's actions could wards Smoky was following the grinning cowboy all around the corral.

> The round-up wagons, all cleaned and loaded, was ready to pull out, the remuda was all accounted for and each string pointed out to each rider, and Jeff giving the whole outfit another look over



Many a cowboy had remarked it was worth the price of a good show to watch Smoky outdodge the critter. -Page 500.

Finally, Clint got to where by reaching out he could near of touched Smoky. Slow and easy the cowboy raised a hand and held it to within a foot of the pony's nose, Smoky looked at it and snorted, but pretty soon he stretched his neck and mighty careful took a sniff of the human paw, he snorted again and jerked his head away from it but it wasn't long when he took another sniff, then another and another, and each time the snort growed less to be heard, till at last, Smoky even allowed that paw to touch his nostrils, the fingers rubbed there easy for a spell and gradually went on a-rubbing along his nose along on up to between his eyes and

waved a hand, the pilot reined his horse into a bucking start, all took up his lead and through the big gates of the home ranch, wagons, riders, remuda, and all lined out, the spring round-up had started.

Smoky broke the record for learning that year, and when the fall round-up was over and the saddle was pulled off him for the last time before being turned out on the winter range, there was two little white spots of white hair showed on each side of his withers and about the size of a dollar, saddle marks they was, and like medals for the good work he'd done. There was a knowing spark in his eyes pretty soon between his ears to that for the critter too, for the little horse had knowledge bump. Five minutes after- got to savvy the cow near as well as the

old cow horses that'd been in the same

remuda that year.

There was only one thing that could of been held against the good record of that pony, and that was his bucking, he just had to have his little buck out every morning, and sometimes he bucked harder than other times, that all depended on Clint felt that the eyes of Old Tom was on Smoky the minute that cowboy rode him to the edge of the herd, and an uneasy feeling crawled up his backbone as he noticed that that Old Grizzly seemed to've lost his eyesight for anything else but his Smoky horse. Clint knowed Old Tom's failing for a good horse, and he'd



The next day Clint was busy bringing the weak stock closer to the ranch.—Page 502.

how cold the weather was, but Clint didn't seem to mind that at all, if anything he tried to perserve that bucking streak in the pony, and he was often heard to remark:

"A horse aint worth a damn unless that

shows up some."

But Clint had other reasons for keeping the "buck" in Smoky's backbone. . . . Old Tom Jarvis, owner of the Rocking R, had joined the wagon for a few days that summer and wanted to see his cowboys work his cattle for a spell. Him being an old cowman and from away back before cattle wore short horns made all the working of a herd all the more interesting and to be criticised one way or the other. He was present steady on the cutting grounds, and so was Smoky one day.

heard of how many a time that same failing had come near putting the cowman in jail for appropriating some horse he couldn't buy, of course them times was past, but the failing was still in the old man's chest, and *Smoky belonged to him*.

The cowboy had started Smoky to cutting out, a work where all the good points of a cow horse have a chance to show up, and Smoky sure wasn't hiding any. Old Tom's eyes was near popping out of his head as he watched the mouse colored gelding work, and finally, as Clint noticed all the interest, he figgered it a good idea to get out of the herd and hide Smoky somewheres before the old cowman came to him and suggested swapping horses, the cowboy was afraid he'd already showed too much of that horse,

and as he come out of the herd he made a circle and took his stand away on the opposite side from where Old Tom was

holding.

But Old Tom was owner of that outfit and he could be any place he wanted to on that range any time. A steer broke out, Old Tom took after him, circled him around the herd, and when he put him back in and brought his horse to a standstill, there was only a short distance between him and the horse he'd had his eye on.

Clint was scared and he cussed a little, he tried to keep Smoky down whenever a critter broke out that needed turning, and even tried to let a couple of 'em get away, but he couldn't do it without making it too plain to see, and besides, Smoky had ideas of his own about handling them

critters.

The cowboy was worried all the rest of the day and lost some sleep that night a-wondering how he was going to dodge Old Tom, he knowed the old cowman would be around with some proposition to swap him out of Smoky and that was one of the last things the cowboy would do, there wasn't a horse in the outfit or anywheres else he'd trade Smoky for.

It's took for granted on any real cow outfit that whenever a horse is swapped or borrowed out of a cowboy's string and handed to somebody else, that that cowboy is requested to quit or be fired, in other words it's an insult that makes any real cowboy want to scrap and then ask

for his wages.

Clint was a valuable man to the outfit, but with Old Tom, one cowboy more or less didn't matter, that is if that cowboy stood between him and a horse he wanted. He walked up to Clint the next day, and

not hesitating any he says:

"I'm going to try that mouse colored horse you was riding yesterday" and thinking it'd please Clint to hear, he went on, "and if I like him I'll trade you my brown horse Chico for him, he's the best horse I got at the home ranch."

But all that only made Clint get red in the face, and fire showed in his eyes

as he spoke.

"Hell, you can't ride Smoky."

"Why in hell can't I?" asks Old Tom also getting red in the face.

Vol. LXXIX.—36

"Cause you can't," answers Clint, "why you couldn't even put a saddle on him."

Clint was for quitting the outfit right there and hit for some other country, but the thought of leaving Smoky behind kinda put him to figgering another way out, if he could get Old Tom sort of peeved and let him handle Smoky while he was feeling that way, most likely that pony would do the rest.

"I'll show you wether I can saddle that horse or not," says Old Tom frothing at the mouth, "why I've handled and rode broncs that you couldn't get in the same corral with, and before you even was

born."

"Yep," says Clint grinning sarcastic, "that was too long ago, and you're too damned old now for that kind of a horse."

Old Tom glared at Clint for a second, and not finding no ready comeback done the next best thing and got busy. He went to his saddle, jerked his rope off it, and spitting fire, shook out a loop that could be heard a-whistling plum to the

other side of the corral.

Smoky was surprised into a dozen catfits as that same wicked loop settled over his head and drawed tight and sudden around his neck, he bellered and bucked through the remuda a-dragging Old Tom with him. The old cowman made a motion and two grinning cowboys went and

helped him.

Clint stood on the outside and watched the performance, he rolled cigarette after cigarette and tore 'em up fast as they was made, not a one was lit. He seen Smoky brought to a choking standstill and that cowboy felt like committing murder as he noticed the fear in that pony's eyes as he faced the strangers, but there Clint noticed something else and which he gradually recognized as fight, there was more fight than fear, and at the sight of that the cowboy took hope.

"Since when does a cowboy get help to rope and saddle his horse?" he hollered as Old Tom was sizing up Smoky. "Pretty soon you'll be wanting one of us to top

him off for you."

It worked just right, and Old Tom's answer was only a jerk on the rope that held Smoky. The old cowman knowed better than to handle a horse that way

and as a rule was always easy with 'em, but he was mad, mad clear through and rather than shoot himself a cowboy he was

taking it out on the horse.

And Smoky by that time was fast catching up with the spirit of all that went on, he was like a raw bronc that'd never seen a human or a saddle, and when he was finally brought up alongside the saddle, there was all about him to show he wasn't safe for anybody coming near. But Old Tom, even though it was a long time ago, had handled many mean horses, he knowed he was past handling 'em any more, but this time was different and he'd do his best to carry it through.

The two riders that'd been helping him was waved away, he'd show Clint and the rest of the young fellers that he could still do it. He then spread a loop and caught both of Smoky's threatening front feet. Smoky knowed better than to fight a rope and he stood still knowing he'd soon have another chance, rawhide hobbles was fastened on his front legs, a bridle put on his head, and then the saddle was reached for and put on his back and cinched to

stay.

"Better say your prayers before you climb up," says Clint, still prodding Old Tom, at the same time hoping that he would stop before he went too far, but there was no stopping him, he pulled up his chap' belt, set his hat down tight, and still mad enough to bite a nail in two, loosened the hobbles, grabbed a short holt on the reins and climbed on.

Smoky looked back at the stranger that was a-setting on him, and soon as a touch of the rein on his neck told him that all was set, things started a-happening from there. He bowed his head, made two jumps, and was just getting started good when he felt the saddle was empty, he made a few more jumps just for good measure, and then stopped.

Clint was grinning from ear to ear as he walked up to Smoky and put his hand

on his neck.

"Good work, old boy," he says, . . . and then turning to Old Tom, who was picking himself up, "want to try him again?"

"You bet your damn life I do," says

that old cowboy.

"All right," answers Clint, getting

peeved some more, "go ahead and break your fool neck, there's plenty of buffalo wallows around here we can bury you in."

Old Tom walked over and jerked the reins out of Clint's hands and started to get in the saddle again, but he didn't even get well in it that time, Smoky bowed his head and went out from under him leaving Old Tom come down on the other side.

It was as the old man was about to try Smoky once more when Jeff Nicks interfered and told his boss how he'd rather not have him try that horse any more.

"That horse bucks every time he's

rode," says Jeff.

Old Tom knowed he'd come to the end of his string but that didn't ease his feelings any, and he was looking for some way of letting some of them feelings out before they choked him, when he spots Clint astanding to one side and by Smoky.

"You're fired," he hollered, pointing a finger at him, "I'll get somebody to take the buck out of that horse, and the sooner you're off this range the better I'll like

it."

Clint just grinned at Old Tom, which made him all the madder, and about then Jeff spoke.

"I'm doing the hiring and firing on this outfit, Tom, and as long as I'm working

for you I'll keep on a-doing it."

Old Tom turned on him like a wild cat. "Fine," he hollered, "you can go too."

The old cowman had went as far as he could, and as he walked away to catch himself another saddle horse, he had a hunch that he'd also went further than he should, that hunch got stronger as he went on saddling, and as he gave the latigo a last yank, it all developed into plain common sense that he'd sure enough went too far.

But Old Tom wasn't for giving in, not right then anyway. He got on his horse and riding close enough so Jeff could hear,

savs:

"You and Clint can come to the ranch and I'll have your time ready for you," and then to another rider, "you handle the outfit till I send out another foreman."

A lot of orneriness was scattered to the winds as Old Tom covered the long fifty miles back to the ranch, and as he opened the big gate leading in, a brand new feeling had come over him, . . . he was for catching a fresh horse the next morning early and hightail it back to the wagon to sort of smooth things over best as he could.

He unsaddled and turned his horse loose, and was mighty surprised as he came up to the big ranch house to find both Jeff and Clint already there and waiting for him. Not a hint of the good resolutions he'd made showed as he walked up to 'em, and after some kind of a "howdy" Old Tom heard Jeff say:

"All the boys sent word in by me, that as long as you're making out my check you'd just as well make theirs out too. I'm sorry for that," went on Jeff, "and I tried to talk 'em out of it, but it's no use,

they're all for quitting if I go."

The old cowman never said a word as he led Teff and Clint in the big house, he walked to a big table in the centre of the living-room and there he turned on his two riders. A smile was on his face and

he says:

"By God, Jeff, I'm glad to hear that," then Old Tom still pleasant, but serious, went on, "for no man does his best work unless he's doing it with somebody he likes and has confidence in, yes," he repeated, "I'm glad to hear that, but the question is now, you're fired and free to go ain't you?" he asks.
"Yes," says Jeff, "soon as I get paid

"Well, how's chances of hiring you over again? I can't afford to let a fore-

man like you go, Jeff."

Jeff seemed to figger a while and then looked at Clint, and Old Tom guessing what was on his foreman's mind, went on, "and of course, being that I have no say in the hiring and firing of your riders, Clint wasn't fired at all and he can keep on riding for you."

Finally hands was shook all around, and as Jeff and Clint started back for the wagon the next morning Old Tom was on

hand to see 'em go.

"And don't worry about that daggone mouse colored horse of yours, Clint," he says as him and Jeff rode away, "I'll never want him:"

The riders reached the big gate leading out of the ranch, and there Jeff remarked as he got off his horse to open it:

"I guess Old Tom didn't have to say that he was sorry."

And Clint more than agreed.

The remuda was in the big corrals of the home ranch once more, and after a few "winter" horses was cut out, the rest was hazed towards the winter range, and let go. . . . Four long winter months went by, then one day the round-up cook begin to get busy cleaning the chuck box, meadow larks was a-tuning up on the high corral posts, and along with the bare patches of ground that could be seen, no better signs was needed that spring had

Clint was again the first to spot Smoky that spring and notice the amount of tallow that pony was packing, he was in fine shape for whatever work that'd be his to do that summer, and soon as him and the cowboy got through with their first "howdys" they both went to work like they never had before.

Smoky took up to where he'd left off the fall before and kept on accumulating science in ways of handling the critter till that critter would just roll up an eye at the sight of the mouse colored pony and never argue as to where he wanted to put

'er, she'd just go there.

Spring work went on, middle summer came, and some time after, the fall roundup was in full swing again. Thousands of cattle was handled, cut out, and culled. Big herds of fat steers was trailed into the shipping point and loaded in the cars, and when the weaning was done and the old stock was all brought in close to the cow camps, Jeff headed his wagon towards the home ranch once more. The work was over, the remuda was turned out and the riders that was kept on the pay-roll saddled their winter horses and scattered out for the outfit's different camps.

Winter came on and set in, then spring bloomed out green once again, and with it the cowbovs spread out on the range once more. Season after season followed one another without a ruffle that way, the same territory was covered at the same time of the year, the wagon rolled in at the same grounds and the rope corral stretched at the same spot, old riders disappeared and new ones took their place, like with the ponies, the old cow horses was replaced by younger ones and the work went on, season after season, year after year, the same outfit rambled out of the home ranch and combed the range like as if no changes was taking place.

Jeff, the cow boss, the round-up cook, Clint, and a couple more riders was all that was left of the old hands as the wagon pulled out one spring, the others'd cravings for new countries and went and throwed their soogans on some other out-

fit's wagons.

Five years had went by since that day when Clint, riding Smoky, had joined the wagon, five summers was put in when every time Smoky was saddled and rode Clint was the cowboy that done it, not another hand had touched Smoky's hide in that time, excepting when Old Tom had tried to appropriate the horse for his own string, and since that day there hadn't been any excuse for Clint to worry about anybody taking Smoky away from him. There wasn't a cowboy in the outfit who didn't more than want the horse, and if Clint ever failed to show up when the spring works started there'd most likely been some argument as to who should get him, but he'd always been the first to ride in at the home ranch at them times and none had the chance to lav claim on the horse.

In them long summers, and as Smoky was rode off and on, the little horse had got to know Clint as well as that cowboy knowed hisself, he knowed just when Clint was a little under the weather and not feeling good, at them times he'd go kinda easy with his bucking as the cowboy topped him off. The feel of Clint's hand was plain reading to him and he could tell by a light touch of it wether it meant "go get 'er," "easy now," "good work," and so on. The tone of his voice was also mighty easy to understand, he could tell a lot of things by it, specially when he was being got after for doing something he shouldn't of done, his eyes was wide open at them times, his neck bowed, and he'd snort sorta low, but when Clint would tell him what a fine horse he was, Smoky was some different, he'd just take it all in the same as he would warm sunshine in a cold fall day, and near close his eyes for the peace he was feeling at the sound of the cowboy's voice.

The way Smoky could understand the man who rode him through and around the big herds had a lot to do in making him the cow horse he'd turned out to be, his strong liking for the rider had made him take interest and for learning all about whatever he was rode out to do. There'd come a time when Smoky knowed the second Clint had a critter spotted to be cut out, and the pony's instinct near told him which one it was, till nary a feel of the rein was needed and the dodging critter was stepped on and headed for the "cut."

The same with roping and where Smoky could do near everything but throw the rope that caught the critter. There he shined as he did anywhere else under the saddle, he'd keep one ear back, watch out, and follow the loop leave Clint's hand and sail out to settle around a steer's horns, and the slack was no more than pulled when that pony would turn and go the other way, he knowed how to "lay" the critter, and none of the big ones ever got up, not while Smoky

was at the end of the rope.

Big herds of Mexico longhorned steers had been bought by the Rocking R and shipped up into that northern country, they got fat on that range and wilder than ever, and there's where Smoky showed he had something else besides the knowing how. Them longhorned critters are too fast for the average cow horse to catch up with in a short distance, but not with Smoky, he had the speed to go with what he knowed, and Clint would have time to whirl his rope only a few times when the little horse would climb up on the long legged steer and pack the cowboy to within roping distance.

Many a cowboy had remarked that it was worth the price of a good show to watch Smoky work, wether it was around, in or out of a herd, and many a rider had let a cow sneak past him just so he could see how neat that pony could outdodge a critter, and when after the last meal of the day and the cowboys stretched out to rest some, talk, or sing, none ever had any argument to put up and no betting was ever done against whatever Clint said Smoky could do or had done, they all knowed and admired the horse, and came a time as these cowboys came and went

that Smoky begin to be talked about in the cow camps of other cow outfits. One whole Northern State got to hear of him, and one cowboy wasn't at all surprised when hitting south one fall and close to the Mexican border to hear another cowboy talk of "Smoky of the Rocking R."

The owner of a neighbor outfit sent word by one of his "reps" one day that he'd give a hundred dollars for that horse. Smoky had been broke only two years then. Old Tom laughed at the offer, and Clint got peeved. The next year that offer was raised by the same party to two hundred, and Old Tom laughed again but Clint didn't know whether to get mad or scared this time. Anyway things went on as usual for a couple of years more, and then a big outfit from acrost the State line sent in an offer of a cool four hundred dollars for the mouse colored cow horse.

Good saddle horses could be bought by the carload for fifty dollars a head about that time, but there never was no set price on a good cow horse, and as a rule that kind can't be bought unless an outfit is selling out. The biggest price that was ever heard offered in that country for any cow horse had never went over two hundred, and when rumors spread around that four hundred had been offered for Smoky many figgered that whoever offered it had a lot of money to spend, but them who figgered that way had never seen Smoky work.

Old Tom came up to Clint that fall after the wagon had pulled in and showed him the letter offering the four hundred. Clint had heard about the offer and he just stargazed at the letter not reading, instead he was doing some tall wondering at what Old Tom was going to do about it. He was still stargazing and sort of waiting for the blow to fall, when he felt the old cowman's hand on his shoulder, and then heard him say:

"Well Clint, I'll tell you," . . . then Old Tom waited a while, maybe just to sort of aggravate the cowboy, but finally he went on, "if my cattle was starving, and I needed the money to buy feed to pull 'em through with, I might sacrifice Smoky for four hundred, but as things are now there's no money can buy that horse."

The cowboy smiled, took a long breath, and grabbed the paw the old man was holding for him to shake.

"But I'm hoping," resumed Old Tom, "that some day soon you'll get to hankering to drift to some other country and quit this outfit so I can get Smoky for myself, I'd fired you long ago, only I'd have to fire Jeff too, and somehow I'd rather get along without the horse till one of you highbinders quits."

Clint had kept a-smiling all the while the old man was speaking, then he gave his hand another shake and walked away. He knowed Old Tom had said that last just to hear how his voice sounded.

As usual, Smoky was turned out on the range along with the remuda for that winter. Clint had helped haze 'em to the breaks as he'd always done, and noticed as he stopped and let the ponies graze and scatter that the feed was mighty short and scarcer than he'd ever seen it. The whole summer had been mighty dry and the range short on grass, but this little scope of country that was the saddle horse range had always been good, and the ponies had always wintered there better than if they'd been in a warm stable and fed grain.

Clint thought some of taking Smoky back with him and keeping him up for a winter horse, but then he'd have to turn him out when spring works came on, and the cowboy didn't want to think of going out on spring round-up without his "top horse."

"No," he decided, "I'm going to let you run out this winter, but I'll be out to see how you're making it and don't lose too much tallow. You're getting to be too valuable a horse to take any chances of losing," he says to him as he scratched him back of the ear . . "but," he went on, "you're not half as valuable to the outfit as you are to me, old pony, even though Old Tom won't consider no price on you."

Clint was on his way back and had no more than got sight of the buildings of the ranch when Old White Winter hit him from behind and made him clap his gloved hands over his ears.

"By god," he whistled through his chattering teeth, "she's sure starting ferocious."

And she had . . . the first initiating blizzard of the season was more than just a snowstorm with a wind, it was a full grown blizzard drifting over the country, covering up the feed with packed snow, and freezing things up. It kept up for two days and nights, and as it cleared up, the thermometer went down. The next day Clint was busy bringing in the old stock closer to the ranch and where they could be watched, and as another blizzard hit the country again a few days later that cowboy was *kept* on the jump bringing under the sheds and next to the haystacks all the stock he'd hunted up.

Clint was in the saddle all day every day and sometimes away into the night. A month went by and in that time two feet of snow had accumulated on the range, more was threatening to come, and all the cowboys that was kept on the Rocking R pay-roll more than had their hands full. The ranch hands would roll up their eyes at every bunch of stock the riders brought in to be fed, for as they figgered they already had all they could handle, and if this kept up, Old Tom would have to hire more hay shovellers and buy more hay.

Clint had worried some about Smoky and figgered to hunt him up sometime, but as on account of the deep snow he couldn't get his horse out of a walk he never could make it, besides there was

always a bunch of cattle somewheres on the way and amongst 'em there'd be a

few that needed bringing in.

But with all them drawbacks, Clint finally reached Smoky's range late one day, the gray sky was getting darker and night was coming on as the cowboy topped a ridge and spotted a bunch of ponies, amongst the bunch was a long haired, shaggy looking, and lean mouse colored horse, and Clint could hardly believe his eyes or keep from choking as he rode closer and recognized his Smoky horse.

The cowboy was for catching the horse right there and bring him into the ranch, he wondered if Smoky could travel that far, but as the horse raised his head out of the hole in the snow where he'd been pawing for feed, and spotted the rider coming towards him, Clint was surprised to see so much strength and action. Smoky hadn't

recognized the cowboy, and before he'd took a second look, he'd hightailed it from there in a hurry.

Clint watched him and smiled as he seen that the horse wasn't in near as bad

a shape as he'd first thought.

"But I'm going to take you in just the same, you little son of a gun, for God knows what you'll be like in a few weeks from now if this weather keeps up."

He started on the trail Smoky and the other ponies had left, it was good and dark by then, but the trail in the deep snow was easy enough to follow. He wondered as he rode if he could get Smoky to stand long enough so as the horse would recognize him under all the disguise of his winter clothes, for at night specially he looked more like a bear than anything, then again, horses are spookier and harder to get near at that time, Clint had his doubts if he could catch him, and he figgered he'd most likely have to take the whole bunch along in order to get him to the ranch.

He was riding along on the trail and trying to get sight of the ponies, when to his left just a little ways and out of the snow came a faint beller, it sounded like a critter in trouble, and Clint stopped his horse, the beller came again, and he rode towards the sound. . . All curled up, shivering, and near covered with snow, a little bitty calf was found . . . couldn't been over two days old, figgered the cowboy, and he wondered how the poor little cuss could still be alive.

"Where's your mammy, Johnny?" says Clint as he got off his horse and

came near the calf.

But the words was no more out of his mouth when a dark shadow appeared and bellering tried to get to the cowboy with her horns before he could get on his horse. In making his getaway, Clint noticed tracks of more cattle, and following 'em a ways come acrost another cow and with another calf, only this second calf was older and more able to navigate.

"These two wall-eyed heifers must of been missed during last fall's round-up," Clint figgered, "and just as luck would have it they both have winter calves. . . . Well, Smoky," he says as he looked the direction the ponies had went, "I guess

that leaves you out, this time.'

It was near noon the next day when Clint showed up at the ranch packing a little calf on the front of his saddle. He found Jeff by the big sheds where the cattle was sheltered and fed, and told him:

"I had to leave this little feller's mammy out about ten miles, there's another cow and young calf with 'er, and maybe you better send a man out after 'em before this storm that's coming catches up with 'em. Me, I'm going to eat the whole hind leg off a beef and roll in between my soogans."

The storm Clint had spoke of came sure enough, and seemed like to want to clean the earth of all that drawed a breath, the snow piled up and up till, as the cowboy remarked, "the fence posts around the ranch are only sticking up about an inch, and soon won't be visible no more."

That storm would of meant the death of all the cattle that was on the range, and most of the horses too, but as the tail of it came, a high wind sprung up, the snow drifted and piled high in the coulees, and at the same time took the depth of it down considerable wherever that wind hit. When it all finally quit raging, there was many patches where the grass was buried only a few inches and them patches the wind had cleared was what saved the lives of the range stock that winter.

Clint had worried about Smoky as the stormy weather came on, he'd tried time and time again to get to him, but always some helpless critter made him branch off and finally turn back. "To-morrow,"

Clint kept a-saying, but the "Tomorrows" came and went and the cowboy always a-fretting hadn't got near Smoky's range.

The great liking Clint had for the mouse colored horse made him fret and worry more than was necessary, that liking made him imagine a lot that was nowheres near true, and many a time that cowboy rolled in his bunk, tired and wore out, and dreamed of seeing Smoky caught in a snow-bank, weak, starving, and wolves drawing near.

Smoky had sure enough lost considerable fat, and his strength was reduced some too, but he was nowheres weak, that is, not so weak that he couldn't get up easy once he layed down or be able to travel and rustle for his feed. The last big storm had took him down some more, but he was still able to plow through the snow-banks that'd gathered on the sides of the ridges and get on the other side where the feed was easier reached.

If it didn't snow too much more there was no danger for Smoky and the bunch he was with. Him and Pecos had got to know that range so well, they knowed where the best of shelter could be found when the winds was cold or the blizzard howled, and then again, they knowed of many ridges and where the snow was always the thinnest. They had a spot to fit in with or against whatever the weather had to hand out, and whether the next on the programme was to be sunshine or more snow they was still well able to enjoy or compete with either.

["Smoky-On Other Ranges" will appear in the June number.]

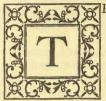


Landlocked

STELLA BEEHLER RUDDOCK

Author of "Taggin' Ship"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH



HEY were coaling ship. Two huge lighters, piled high with the glittering black mass, had been towed out the evening before and were moored on either side of the white

cruiser. It was mid-afternoon now, and the men had been working since sunrise. One lighter was empty, the other more The summer sun was than half finished. scorching. The men, stripped to the waist, streaming perspiration and grimy with coal dust, had lost the early morning zest and were plodding along in dogged silence. Coal dust lay thick over everything-on the usually spotless decks, on the ports, on men's faces—and outlined their eves like mascaro.

Lieutenant David Kent stood at the rail directing the men at work. A nicelooking youngster, you would say, in spite of the blue dungarees and the unflattering dust. Brown hair curled up close to his head by perspiration. Brown eyes alight with interest—a wide-awake, boyish face.

He was intent on the job below him. Some of the men were filling big canvas bags with coal, others were hoisting them on the deck; but the work was lagging.

"Poor devils," he thought, "I don't blame them this hot day; but we've got to get the coal on board."

Suddenly he ran down the gangway on to the lighter and grabbed up a shovel.

"Come on, boys!" he cried, starting to work. "Let's get this stuff on board before dark."

The effect was instantaneous. One of the men started singing a popular song. The ship's band awoke from its afternoon siesta and took up the tune. Soon the whole crew was singing and working away with a will.

as he started toward his room. work that, Kent," he said, "the way you pitched in and inspired those men. Keep it up."

David went to his room, whistling. He was hot and dirty and frightfully tired, but it took more than that to cloud his horizon.

He loved the navy, loved the nice shading of the mechanical and personal in the work on board ship; loved the camaraderie between the officers—and more than that, some restlessness in his blood, some inheritance of adventure and romance, was kept appeased. For although months and years went by with no break in the rather monotonous routine of one Atlantic port after another, still, there was always the possibility of foreign lands and action. Romance was ever before him.

There was a special reason for David's elation on that particular day. He had just received orders for Asiatic duty—his first foreign service, the duty he had been asking for ever since his graduation from the Naval Academy five years before.

There remained now the prospect of telling Lucille of his orders. She would demur, of course, at his urging such a hasty marriage, but he was sure he could win her over. There was no real reason for the long engagement that she seemed to feel was a necessity. They could have all that trip from New York to China as their honeymoon. Who could resist such plans!

David went down by train the next afternoon from the sweltering heat of New York to the McNairs' attractive Long Island home.

The adjective that would best describe Lucille McNair was "exquisite"-from the sudden glory of her tawny hair and the grace of her figure, to the minutest detail of dress and charm of manner. In all of The captain met the young lieutenant her twenty-two years her first love had

fect hostess in the perfect home.

Sudden ideas, hasty trips were torture to her. And yet she had become engaged view was particularly fine from that

been for orderliness and gracious sur- for a house. He listened to her plans and roundings. She was born to be the per- enthusiasms with sinking heart. Her father had bought a certain hill near his own estate and given it to Lucille. The



Her arguments left him without a word.—Page 506.

to marry a young officer in the navy with no tremor of misgiving. Perhaps she did not recognize her own need for a certain setting. David was extremely attractive, and the very aspects of the service that were to cause her so much unhappiness were in part responsible for the glamour that surrounded him.

When David found Lucille that summer afternoon she was studying designs

wooded slope, and, already in imagination, Lucille could see their home gracing its summit. To David's remark that most people in the navy found homes an encumbrance rather than a pleasure she retorted that they would not have to worry over the expense of having it stand idle and she would never be happy without a home of her very own.

All the while David's hand was in his

pocket nervously fingering the paper with his orders for foreign duty. He had not realized that he would have to break down real opposition to their going to China. His heart was so set on it, he had thought that after a little hesitation Lucille would be as eager as he. But even before he began to tell her, he had a sudden knowledge of failure.

In vain were all his flights in rhetoric about the charm of the Far East; in vain were his tenderest pleadings for the long honeymoon journey. Lucille sat with her hand clutching his written orders and her face the picture of despair.

"Oh, David," she said, "you never said anything about having to go away out there. It's too far. Isn't there some way you can get your orders changed?"

"Well," David admitted, reluctantly, "perhaps, with pull at the Navy Department. But I should hardly like to do that. Besides, dear, it won't seem far, we'll be together."

Lucille's eyes filled with tears. sorry, dearest, but I couldn't go. I'll wait for you and we'll be married when you come back."

"Three years!" David cried. "Lucille, you can't mean that. It's cruel, cruel, and for no real reason."

But Lucille had plenty of reasons. It was selfish of them to go so many thousands of miles away from her elderly parents, and the climate was terribly hard on women in China and the Philippines; besides, it was too dangerous. (1902 was not so long after the Boxer Rebellion for one who feared trouble.)

Her arguments left him without a word to say. And when she clung closely to him and whispered that she would shorten their engagement so they could be married in the early fall, if, only, he would have his orders changed, he promised that he would do his best—as his lips found

Through influence with some of his friends and a little judicious pull from her father, his orders were rescinded. Lucille, true to her word, shortened their engagement and they were married in October. Romance, he felt, was here at last. China and dreams could wait.

They honeymooned in the White Mountains, the flaming autumn woods

a background for mountain climbs, horseback rides, and love. It was not until they returned to New York that Lucille was initiated into navy ways. From the beginning she hated it. Its traditions and customs would not bend to her charm; she was expected to adapt herself to it. The unexpected irregular demands on David's time irritated her; she failed to see their necessity. And underneath it all was a latent jealousy of David's evident devotion to the life.

The ship was going to base at New York all that fall and early winter, but it seemed to Lucille too short a time to try housekeeping. So they lived at an hotel.

She had, however, one engrossing occupation. Their house on Long Island was nearing completion, and all her interests were centred there. She and David spent every week-end out at the McNairs' place so they could run over and inspect their

The actual day of moving was one that David long remembered. radiantly self-assured, was everywhere; directing the arranging of the furniture, hanging pictures, admiring effects. Somehow it troubled him; she was taking it all so seriously for a place that would really be used so little. A sudden vision of their stereotyped hotel rooms rose before him. That was where they would live threefourths of the time; but Lucille's heart would be here always.

"Lucille, dear," David suggested as he stopped to admire a beautiful tea-set of Sèvres china, "why don't you take this tea-set and some other things back to our rooms in New York? Other navy people do that way, and it makes the place a bit homelike."

Lucille came over to where David was standing and picked up one of the cups.

"They are lovely, aren't they? But, dearest, you've no idea how valuable they are. And besides, I couldn't have our beautiful things dragged all over the They would be broken and country. ruined. No, let's keep our things all together here, and this shall be our real home. See, this tea-set just needs to go on this teakwood stand, and the whole thing belongs right here by the corner of the fireplace. Things need their own particular setting, or they are lost."



"Things need their own particular setting."-Page 506.

David looked at her bright head shining against the dull browns of polished wood, her hands lingering lovingly among the pieces of beautiful china. This was her setting, he felt. The thought came to him that she was more lost in their impersonal city rooms than any piece of china possibly could be. But he stifled the thought. After all, others had learned to adapt themselves to the life. Lucille could, if she would.

That was the crux of the whole affair—if she would. In the first few months of

married life Lucille met many navy people, but she never grew to understand them or their attitude toward the life. They talked so much of home and would go to such pains to settle and make homelike some impossible little apartment, and then, at a moment's notice, they would pack up and be off to some other part of the world. At first, Lucille was sorry for each one who had to move, then she grew puzzled. Could it be that for all their talking they really did not mind moving on? Did they just complain out

of force of habit? Lucille shrugged her

shoulders and gave it up.

When David went on a cruise of four months to southern Cuba, Lucille had her first experience of being separated from him. It was mid-winter and too cold and lonely for her to stay out on Long Island. She visited her family in their city quarters. But it was hard for her to slip back into the old life, and there was nothing to keep her occupied. She felt restless—useless. In her loneliness and estrangement from her former friends she looked around for her navy acquaintances only to find that, with the sailing of the ships, they had vanished, silently and completely.

The spectre of their next separation shadowed their short months together. One day David's father-in-law asked David to come to see him in his downtown office. David liked Daniel McNair and admired his shrewd business ability. He went to see him, gladly, looking forward to an interesting talk; he came out troubled. McNair had offered him a position with the firm—a very flattering position. To David, it was only too palpably because he was his son-in-law. Finance, high finance, was far out of his line. He felt that he had neither the ability nor the desire for that kind of career.

He knew at once that Lucille was behind the plan. And, when he came home, the hardly veiled eagerness in his wife's eyes would have told him, if he had not

guessed already.

After dinner that night he told her of her father's offer and his reasons for refusing. He begged her to give up the idea of his resigning and her dislike of the navy. Their two years' shore duty was imminent, and he felt sure that she would grow accustomed to the life during that time together.

David was lucky in his shore station—at least, he felt it would please Lucille.

Newport was familiar to her, and the torpedo station was ideal duty. Their quarters were large and comfortable, and the officers there at that time were very congenial.

Lucille soon found herself in her element. On David's insistence, she had many of their possessions moved from their Long Island home, and started enthusiastically arranging her new house and planning entertainments. To David, watching eagerly for signs of contentment with her surroundings, the whole affair seemed a miracle.

His good spirits were unquenchable. "By Jove," he often thought those days, "all Lucille needed was to take her time and get used to things in her own way. Soon she'll be the best little wife of them

The only blot to mar those two happy years was that their child was still-born. Lucille was very ill, too, and the doctor feared a long convalescence. But she proved of fighting stock and, though her loss and disappointment were great, in three months she had taken her usual place in the life of the station.

David thought her wonderful.

When he went to sea again, to please Lucille he asked for duty on the Atlantic coast. But when the plans were formed for the big white fleet's cruise around the world the ship David was on was one of

those due to go.

David would not acknowledge even to himself the reason for the thrill and eagerness that stirred within him. His whole soul was wrapped up in the project. He had made arrangements for his wife to follow him from port to port. Her younger sister was to accompany her, and her eager planning for the trip covered any discrepancy of enthusiasm on Lucille's part.

One evening, about a month before the ships were to sail, David was sitting on the chaise-longue in their bedroom, poring over some circulars from steamship lines. Lucille was dressing, her mass of amber hair lay thick around her shoulders, a heavily embroidered black robe brought out her beauty vividly.

"David," Lucille said, suddenly, "I've

something to tell you."

David looked up from his papers. Then, as his eye noted the picture before him, he reached up his arms and pulled her toward him.

"What is it, my little queen, my beauty? Come give me a kiss. Lord, when I think how few I'll have this next year—"He finished the sentence with his face in her hair.

before him.

David. Listen, you can't go on this cruise. to do, every plan he had ever made, had

But Lucille struggled away and stood He was on his feet now, pacing back and forth, his thoughts tumbling on top of "That's what I want to talk about, one another. Everything he had wanted



David sat on the couch, his head in his hands.—Page 510.

I can't follow you, and I know you won't want to go when I tell you the reason. We are going to have a baby this fall."

David sat as though stunned. This cruise that his heart was so set on, all the arrangements for Lucille and her sister, all his dreams—shattered. By the good Lord, he couldn't give it up. Lucille would have care and companionship at home. There was really nothing that he could do to help. Besides, he couldn't get his orders changed at that late date.

always been changed to suit Lucille. Then there rose before him the vision of Lucille's pain-drawn face and tragic eyes when he had told her that all her suffering had been for naught and their child was dead. And now he wanted to leave her to face maybe a repetition of that fearful event with himself half the world away. What a cad he was!

"There's mighty little time to get my orders changed," he told Lucille, finally.

"But I'll do my best."

It seemed, however, that she had other inheritance from Daniel McNair's estate plans. She had never given up the idea of getting him out of the navy. Her seeming acquiescence was really only biding her time. She couldn't understand David's evident love of all things naval. To her, the fact that her father had money enough to help them in business and influence enough to help David resign, seemed to solve all their problems.

For an hour or more they talked. Lucille's specious arguments, her wellplanned unexpected attack took David

off his feet.

He held out for a while. He grew angry and raved back and forth. But, somehow, her attacks on the service, the years of constant belittling all that he had held most interesting, had tarnished its once bright surface. There seemed no answer to her contention that, if he really loved her, he would not want to stay in the navy, with its frequent separations and broken home life. Finally, Lucille threw herself on the bed in a passion of weeping. David sat on the couch, his head in his hands, stupidly gazing at the now meaningless steamship prospec-

The room had suddenly grown dark. Up through the open windows came the sounds of city life waking for the night. A cool breeze stirred the curtains—now just opaque squares of lesser dark. The white bed, though, gleamed in the shadows and the faint sound of sobs washed up with the rhythm of waves, and lay accusingly at David's feet.

Suddenly he knew that he was beaten. Quickly he walked across the room and, bending over Lucille's sobbing form, he gathered her awkwardly in his arms.

He tendered his resignation from the

navy the next day.

When this country finally succumbed to the inevitable and declared war on Germany, David Kent was forty-seven

years old.

He and Lucille were living in Rochester, N. Y. He had refused to go into his father-in-law's office; but it was mainly Lucille's money that had tided them over the first hard years. Even now, though he held a well paid, responsible position with an optical concern, it was Lucille's

that brought the luxuries.

David seemed happy or at least-content. He was proud of his young son, his work was interesting, and he loved his wife. Perhaps an old shipmate of his would have noticed the lack of sparkle in his eyes—that light of eager questing that at times had been wont to light up his whole face. But, then, he never saw any

of his old shipmates.

Lucille was fond of remarking to her friends that it was strange how he had dropped all contact with the navy. She had urged him time and again, when the ships were in New York, to run down and look up some of his friends. He always pleaded that he would rather go somewhere with her, or play off the match in golf, or his work kept him. To hear him talk, she would say, you would think he was the one who had wanted to leave the service.

And her friends would agree that it was strange, and agree that she had been right in urging him to resign. See what they had now compared to that unnatural life.

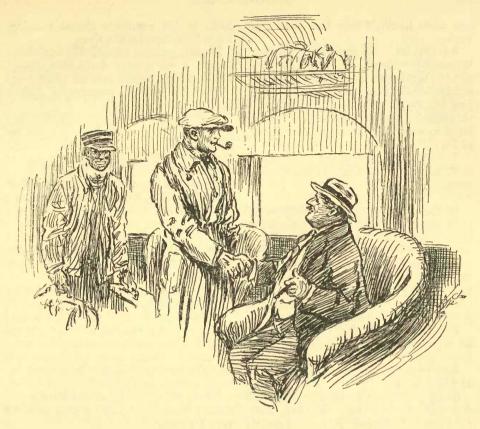
But when war came David could no longer ignore his connection with the navy. Within two months he had been called for active duty and sent to Norfolk.

The impossible housing conditions in the seaport towns kept Lucille and the boy in Rochester. Thus David found himself once more in a bachelors' mess, but not at sea.

It was all strangely different. The war had every one keyed up to fever pitch. His old friends were scattered. He saw scarcely any one whom he knew. seemed to David that it wasn't simply ten years since he had resigned but a lifetime. Those were his first reactions.

Gradually, however, the old habit of mind, the thrill of the work, and all the war-time activities began their magnetism. The war was the thing. Work was the thing. It seemed as though some healing hand had been laid on David's festering, long-concealed disappointment with life, and he was still.

He never looked ahead-few did during those frantic months. He wrote Lucille long letters full of his work, and Lucille, rushed with bandage-making and



"I've been far enough."-Page 512.

war engagements, saw nothing ominous in his enthusiasms.

Then all of a sudden it was over. David awoke the morning after the armistice with the old flat feeling upon him again. That morning it was the Rochester David who went to work.

It was months before he was discharged, but the charm was gone. He had a dream that haunted him: he was on the train going home, but, instead of the natural eagerness of home-coming, there was a great dread of approaching disaster that hung over him; he knew he would find Lucille and his boy dead. He would awake in the night drenched in cold sweat, and the feeling of fright would last far into the day. In vain did he try to reason with himself that in her letters Lucille seemed perfectly well. In due course the dream would come again and he would suffer just as keenly.

The doctor examined him and said he had worked too hard during the last two years, and that he would help him get his discharge as soon as possible.

"No use for a soft old man, eh, medico?" David had said and—laughed.

Two months later he had wired Lucille that he was starting for home. He boarded the Norfolk to Baltimore boat on the first leg of his journey. He put his bags in his stateroom and went on deck. All night, as the ship forged ahead through the calm black waters with her load of sleeping travellers, David stood by the rail and fought his fight.

He was nearing the half-century mark. The doctor had murmured something of over-strained heart and worn-out nerves. Youth had evidently passed somewhere back there in Rochester between his home and his office. Or stop! Maybe it had been lost that night so long

ago when Lucille's sobs had done their dock, in his eagerness almost running. work.

Romance! Adventure! Dreams! Where were they? At the thought of picking up the old threads again his soul sickened. He and Lucille might travel, ves, but in the minds of the Lucilles of this world, travelling from one fashionable hotel to another was not the adventuring of David's dream-

There's fascination in the steady throb of a ship's engine, magic in the smell of

the sea.

In the early morning the sleepy-eyed passengers were disgorged in a desultory trickle into the waiting city. waved off a half-hearted taxi-driver with an impatient hand and started walking down the broad river-front street. He was walking with eager determination, his hat pulled forward over shining eyes, a suspicion of jauntiness in his step.

He had not gone far, however, before he began to slow down and a perplexed

frown gathered between his eyes.

Romance beckons all along the docks

at Light Street.

Southampton, Cherbourg? War-ridden Europe-not that. Havana, Portau-Prince, Cristobal, Rio de Janeiro? Revolution, soldier of fortune—too old for that. San Francisco, Hawaii, Yokohama, Shanghai? Ancient lands, the lure of them. Long days at sea again! David drew in his breath, sharply.

A steamer was lying at the dock. David's ear caught the sound of stevedores starting to work. It was like fate that a ship was sailing that very day. He

Then he stopped abruptly.

He was running away! He was about to do a cowardly, despicable thing! Could all the sights and all the adventuring blot out the memory of such a

Lucille's lack of understanding and her selfishness could never be an excuse for his breach of faith. Better the chimera of dreams unfulfilled than the bright glare of an unforgettable act.

Slowly, like one in a dream, he picked up his suit-case, and, turning his back on the long line of beckoning signs, he started

up-town toward the station.

In the smoking-car he met Charles Van Lorn, a neighbor of his, who was going home after a year's Y. M. C. A. work overseas.

"Say, old man," he exclaimed, wringing David's hand, his face wreathed in smiles, "won't it be great to be home again! No more strange places, no more strange meals! Back in the same old place, same old crowd! Going away, I always say, is all right for those who like it; but getting back home is best of all."

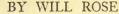
"But, after all," he added after a mo-ent's thought, "you haven't been so ment's thought,

very far away."

David smiled. He had been on a far journey, indeed. Not one that he could make into polite table talk, nor with which he could while away the tedious hours in a smoking-car. But he knew that he had had his great adventure. Out of his free will and opportunity he had chosen, and he was content. David turned to Charles Van Lorn- "I've started forward down the long, covered been far enough," was all that he said.



Small-Town Gastronomy



Author of "The Small-Town Banker Puts on Knickers" and "The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party"

DECORATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN



newspaper office a few days ago and laid a brief list of names on my desk. My name was at

the top.

"You are chairman of the programme for the open-air prayer-meeting on Blystone Field," he said. "The three Protestant churches of the town are winding up their union meetings of the summer with this affair. We will have a short service and then you should have something of an entertaining nature."

"And after that comes what?"

"The eats!" he shouted, in smiling con-

firmation of my suspicion.

On the following Wednesday evening three huge bonfires, made from the weather-worn shingles which Trume Hanson had removed from the roof of his Old American House, belched their smoke and glare into a cold, starlit sky. Hymns, a short prayer giving thanks for our town's tolerance, the recital of the Twenty-third Psalm, the wide semicircle of earnest and interested faces, the pioneer religion of the out-of-doors-I tell you it was all good for the spiritual growth of a man. It should have been enough. But then came the challenge of the material. "The eats!" A handful might have chosen to march with Jesus on a frosty night. But an army came out to sing for hot dogs.

Take a look at the size of the crowd, best conveyed to you by the statistics of the "eats" committee. I asked one of our fine women for them the following day. "Seven hundred sandwiches," she said. "We ordered five hundred doughnuts from the bakery, and they always give an over-count. There was none left." Consider also that the hour of this meal was not later than eight-thirty, following

Y pastor came into our country- the customary full suppers or dinners after the stores close at six o'clock. Surely, we small-town folks are a gastro-

nomic people.

All of our organizations must eat or they die. What shall I call this disease? Civic malnutrition? Those who feel responsible for our Bible classes, our Chamber of Commerce, our Izaak Walton League, our Fishermen's Association, our Dancing-Club, our many social organizations—all of them provide the well-loaded table. The horrifying part of it is that all of us belong to all of the organizations and must do all of this eating.

I know of only one organization in our town that does not use bait. It is a genuine literary society composed entirely of women. And possibly they are dieting. They are very handsome women. But even in this field there is another literary society which serves "perfectly wonderful collations," according to our society reporter. This society meets every week, whereas the starving students of literature, formerly mentioned, can make the

grade only twice per month.

One year, shortly after my arrival here, we reorganized the Chamber of Commerce, going out after one hundred and fifty members, and raising the membership fee all the way from two to five dollars. Things went well while we were still intoxicated with our ideals. I had volunteered to act as secretary for one year without pay-it was a case of two hundred dollars per year under constant criticism vs. psychic income with freedombut I soon ran up against a hopeless situation. About that time I began to notice how every other organization secured results through the community stomach, and I got wisdom in spite of my age. We rented a large ground-floor room on the

main street from a hotel-keeper who was not using it, raided the lunch-rooms, and set up a barrel of cider. A meeting, with an imported speaker from some near-by city, and a lunch, was held nearly every week during the late fall and winter. In other years when the Chamber of Commerce had secured a million-dollar concrete road from the State without the expenditure of a single red cent of local funds, or the location and construction of a three-hundred-thousand-dollar milk factory, citizens had been unable to find any commendable feature in our commercial work. Men had joined the chamber for many reasons, but not because they wanted to or seemed to approve of the work being done. How, I wondered, would we fare in securing members for this next year?

The day of the annual meeting arrived. That afternoon I circulated around town and asked seventeen new men to give me their applications for membership. my surprise, they did so gladly, and further authorized me to write their applications in my own language. You may be sure that I did. For every one of the seventeen I prepared a typewritten application, which included a few kind words for the chamber. I had so arranged the programme that evening that every man who took part seemed to do so spontaneously. Finally, the chairman of the membership committee was instructed to read every one of the applications, word for word. He was not done with a halfdozen of them before the crowd was getting the impression that everybody at last approved of the Chamber of Commerce, and that at least a hundred new men were pleading for admission. Truthfully, when the chairman had finished reading the applications, a dozen men, including one old grouch who had always damned the chamber from end to end, were on their feet asking to have their names added to the new list.

To prove my case more conclusively, I regret to say that the chamber dropped the eating programme and within a year the membership did not equal a corporal's

In small towns those who do not eat will not work. We should know that, but we find ourselves overlooking it in important plans. Ours is a combination re-

guard.



sort and farming town, located near the centre of the triangle formed by Cleveland, Buffalo, and Pittsburgh. It is the most accessible vacation country for the masses of population in these cities. Some of us recently conceived the idea of raising a substantial advertising fund by popular subscription to advertise our resort in this ready-made market. A dinner was given to a dozen of the more hardy and heady ones. Then the more timid were invited to a second dinner. Everybody was invited to a third dinner. Our plan went over with a bang. Donations were divided into twenty-four monthly payments. Then I began to plead for more dinners, for obvious reasons, I think. The committee did not agree with me. Eighteen months have passed, each month bringing more and more personal collection matters to the desk of the glorified and nonpaid executive secretary. And I am the glorified and non-paid secretary, as Gilbert and Sullivan have said. Now, our people are pretty honest and they live up to their signatures more than generally, but I will be agreeably surprised if we complete our collections with a shrinkage of not more than twenty per cent. Had we invested ten per cent in small-town gastronomy I am positive that we would have collected every dollar. Meanwhile, an excellent start toward a permanent policy of promotion will have been entirely dissipated for want of a little food.

Stomach customs in small towns are very interesting. I have noticed that at the social evenings of the Kitchen Bible Class—do you catch the name?—mixtures of hot dogs, buns, dill pickles, sweetpotato salad, limburger cheese, cider, coffee, pumpkin pie, and ice-cream make up a gastronomic conglomeration taken



without a wince or a wrinkled brow of inquiry. We have three doctors, but two

others have already retired.

But he is mistaken who thinks that anything goes, as I learned greatly to my consternation and humiliation shortly after coming here. Perhaps I appeared as a sane young man, though bright. Anyway, the class took an awful chance and named me to arrange for a social evening. The younger men of the church and the grown boys had not been coming out to these excellent affairs, and I sincerely wanted to intrigue them. Remembering the magnetism and solace of Lady Nicotine from my university days, and taking another cue from a very successful Dutch Arms Club, so-called, in a former city of my habitation, I changed the banquet procedure somewhat, adding a degree of gastronomic temperance, I think, but it seems that I also made a grave error in small-town customs. Instead of arranging a dry and jointless programme of hastily prepared talks by the justice of the peace and other acknowledged moralists, reminiscences and stories were scheduled. Moreover, a large table, filled with good things to eat, was set right out in the middle of the room when proceedings started. And on this table were cigarettes and cigars in pretty jars, and ash-trays. Most of the men, I knew, were smokers, and I presumed that each of them would grab a light and get chummy. But, as I remember, a young and reckless lawyer and myself were the only chaps with nerve and nerves during that entire evening. Everybody was interested in the many stories, and indulged in many laughs, and the affair had novelty if nothing else. But I have never been invited to take charge of a similar affair, although I have now tried

to live a model life for nine long years, especially on Sundays and when actually sheltered by the church building.

In passing, I wish to assign to Sinclair Lewis and his heirs forever one or two actual small-town customs for such use as he or they deem fitting to increase reputation and book sales.

In one small town, not my own, of course, I attended a home card-party one evening, at the close of which luncheon was served at the small tables. Some of the excellent menu was intended to be eaten with the fingers. The cake was especially delicious and its stickiness stuck. A finger-bowl was in order, surely, and the hostess was not entirely ill-advised. She did it on a wholesale scale. One of the pretty young helpers appeared with one genuine finger-bowl nearly filled with water. This was carried in one hand, and a hand-towel was clasped affectionately in the other. Each guest, to the number of about twenty-four, was invited by gesture to dip his fingers into the bowl, the same bowl, and to dry on the towel, the same towel. I have seen this rite repeated in numerous homes. It is a queer custom worthy of note without comment.

In another small town, again not my own, of course, I have been asked in homes, and also at church suppers, to retain my one fork so that I would have it handy for the pie. This custom also seems to be well established. It has been done to me in homes where I know there are plenty of forks. The only reason for it, so far as I can fathom, is to reduce the amount of dish-washing. However, who should worry about a little gravy flavor in his pie! Gravy is good, so is pie; therefore the two together should be twice

good.

For ages we have been taught that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. The church seems to have discovered a similar truth in the anatomy of women. Our church has a women's missionary society, which meets every Friday afternoon. Once every month a committee from the society prepares a supper. You are still permitted to partake of this supper, which generally consists of a roast with gravy, mashed potatoes, vegetables, buttered rolls, sauce, jelly, pickles, pie, and coffee, for twenty-five cents. Recently, however, the announcement was made that the committee would not refuse thirty-five cents if the diner thought he was getting his money's worth. I note that only a handful of loyal workers have any interest in missions more than once a month. The amount of money raised



must be rather indefinite. My wife works on one of these committees, and looks forward to the turn of her committee with about as much glee as she might anticipate a hard cold or a major operation. She returns home from the missionary

supper a complete wreck.

The oncoming generation may turn thumbs down on this sort of church work, I fear. A member of a committee last summer sent her younger sister, home on vacation from a school where she is an all-around champion athlete, as her substitute. Along toward the close of things, she wearily surveyed the receipts, amounting to six dollars and fifteen cents, and unburdened herself in no uncertain tone.

"Well, if this isn't the damnedest way to work for the Lord," she protested. And when a friend reproved her, she asked: "Don't you think the Lord has any sense

of humor?"

"The Lord may have," replied her home-town friend, "but I am afraid the chairman of the committee hasn't. I

think she overheard you."

Nevertheless, I have heard similar sentiments from other girls. It looks bad for missions if this is the only way to promote them. Frankly, my sympathies are with the swearing virgins.

The height of festivity in the small town seems to be associated with the odor of stewed chicken. In other years, I have been told, thousands of American homes

in many localities purchased salt mackerel by the barrel. Or, tenderloin, pork steak, and sausage were greatly favored in the hog-killing season, to be followed by months of hickory-smoked ham and bacon. But to-day it is chicken and biscuits, drowned in gravy. So much is this so that in our country-newspaper office we keep a chicken menu standing in type all of the time. Considering the number of family reunions, golden weddings, grange suppers, home receptions, and country banquets for numerous societies in the course of a year, this standing type saves countless hours of work for our machine girls. Pork and beef and lamb, you see, bring too much money in the market to be used for home diet. Fresh and salt fish is out of sight. Game, including rabbits, is restricted by law in this modern world, even on the owner's premises.

Meanwhile, we hear very little of clambakes. I remember only one in the last several years, and that was arranged by the Shrine for its own members. The old-fashioned donation supper also seems to be passing; the country church pays its minister in money, or it does without. Union Sunday-school picnics, county-

wide, are history.

But the barbecue is taking the country by storm. Some of these consist merely of roast-beef sandwiches, which are distributed free after being carried to the lot, while others reach huge proportions. We had several in our district this year which were attended by five to ten thousand. The whole ox is roasted out-of-doors, and everything is "just as advertised," including street dancing in the evening on the new concrete roads running through the respective towns.

You will regret to learn that newfangled cereals for the country breakfast, new diet lists for dinner and supper, machine foods of every kind and description, have killed off many of the wonderful dishes of your childhood. Buckwheat cakes, made from a batter which is started in the fall and kept going until woollen underwear comes off in the spring, are found only in the oldest homes. delicious dressing for such cakes, made by warming headcheese with a bit of vinegar in a spider, is only a memory. Link sausage to-day is made mostly of beef, and you must travel many miles to secure the

genuine article, which is made of pork but in culinary art, is always the same man. does not fry down to worms in the skillet. And where are those citron preserves, those green-tomato pickles, those scalloped potatoes and oysters, those cinnamon rolls, that home-made bread, that plum pudding, that home-smoked beef, that home-made and boiled ice-cream? All gone or nearly so. Mother's hand is now too old. Young wives do not recognize a pancake griddle in the home any quicker than they do a cuspidor. They eat with their husbands, not after them. Science is too rampant. Machinery has done its damnedest!

I miss the indigestion of my childhood. I say so frankly. In my present state of intelligence, I cannot allow my children to have the delicacies of my ignorant years, but my life is my own, and I would take a sly chance again if I could get within

reach of them.

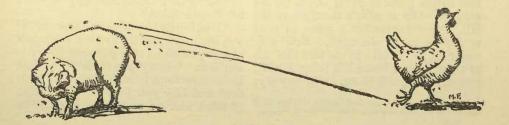
A few weeks ago, when several of us were camping back in the woods, I tried to track the old palate-teasers to their lair. In the crossroads store, where we secured our provisions, a hand-written card announced a lawn social at a rural church five miles distant. I reached camp almost out of breath and told the boys. Fixing up as best we could, we tramped those five long miles under a big red harvest moon, and were finally seated in anticipation of the one rare hour of our later lives. But it was not to be. They fixed the sandwiches out of a glass jar of bedevilled ham; they gave us pickles from Pittsburgh; the bread came from Cleveland; the icecream was "heathized"; and when the cake was passed I knew that the consolidation of American baking-plants had been completed.

Our locality has its highest of high priests, and I presume other towns have a like individual. This high priest of the table, a title and recognition won and held through long years of ringing the bell In our town he is a furniture-dealer, and never does a tap of work in the kitchen of his own home. But his belt is large, his face rotund. Into his roasts and his dishes he mixes many full measures of his own good nature and hearty appetite. At dancing-parties he alone can make the coffee exactly right. You squeal with delight when you taste his roasted ham. His rabbit comes out of the oven like baked pheasant. He stuffs his browned chickens with oysters.

The gastronomy of the small town! Indeed, is there any other classification of place on this old globe which has any such thing? Perhaps you think of New York, Paris, London. But these places have only elaborate menus. In the American small town I have seen three couples sit down to a three-course dinner, the main item of which was a ten-pound standing roast of prime Western beef. The wives ate like sparrows. The husbands passed their plates four times. But the hostess saved her platter and, odd as it may seem, considered herself the recipient of the highest compliment within reach of the

country woman. Last night I attended the annual banquet of the Venango River Fishermen's Association to collect the annual dues. To-night I go to an intercity Rotary dinner to pep up attendance at meetings. To-morrow evening we shall have a game supper at the church to increase the membership of the men's Bible class. The next date brings the complimentary dinner to our promotion-campaign subscribers to swing a dozen delinquents into My calendar then calls me to a chamber of commerce smoker and lunch so that a crowd may be on hand as a compliment to a Pittsburgh orator on civic matters. And so it goes.

It takes a strong stomach to keep a small town on the map.



The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

X

PHOTOGRAPHY



UMMONED to the annual Christmas covert-shooting at Lippinghall, Michael found there two practical politicians and one member of the Government.

In the mullion-windowed smokingroom where men retired, and women, too, sometimes, into chairs old, soft, leathery. the ball of talk was lightly tossed, and naught so devastating as Foggartism mentioned. But in odd minutes and halfhours Michael gained insight into political realities and respect for practical politicians. Even on this holiday they sat up late, got up early, wrote letters, examined petitions, dipped into Blue Books. They were robust, ate heartily, took their liquor like men, never seemed fatigued. They shaved clean, looked healthy, and shot badly with enjoyment. The member of the Government played golf instead, and Michael Fleur went round with him. learned the lesson: Have so much on your mind that you have practically nothing in it; no time to pet your schemes, fancies, feelings. Carry on, and be careful that you don't know to what end.

As for Foggartism, they didn't—à la Evening Sun—pooh-pooh it; they merely asked, as Michael had often asked himself: "Yes, but how are you going to work it? Your scheme might be very good if it didn't hit people's pockets. Any addition to the price of living is out of the question—the country's taxed up to the hilt. Your Foggartism's going to need money in every direction. You may swear till you're blue in the face that ten or twenty years hence it'll bring fivefold return, nobody will listen. You may say:

'Without it we're all going to the devil.' But we're accustomed to that-some people think we're there already, and they resent its being said. Others, especially manufacturers, believe what they want to. They can't bear any one who cries 'stinking fish,' whatever his object. Talk about reviving trade, and offer less taxation, or offer more wages and talk of a capital levy, and according to Party, we shall believe you've done the trickuntil we find you haven't. But you're talking less trade and more taxation in the present with a view to a better future. Great Scott! In politics you can shuffle the cards, but you mustn't add or subtract. People only react to immediate benefit or, as in the war, to imminent danger."

In short they were intelligent and com-

pletely fatalistic.

After these quiet talks Michael understood much better than before the profession of politics. He was greatly attracted by the member of the Government. His personality was modest, his manner pleasant, he had Departmental ideas, and was doing his best with his own job according to those ideas; if he had others he kept them to himself. seemed to admire Fleur, and he listened better than the other two. He said, too, some things they hadn't. "Of course, what we're able to do may be found so inadequate that there'll be a great journalistic outcry, and under cover of it we may bring in some sweeping measures that people will swallow before they know what they're in for."

"The Press," said Michael; "I don't

see them helping."

"Well! It's the only voice there is. If you could get real hold of the vociferous papers you might even put your Foggartism over. What you're really up against is the slow town growth of the last hundred and fifty years, an engrained state of mind which can only see England in

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The Silver Spoon" will be found on page 5 of the advertising section.

terms of industrialism and the carrying trade. And in the town-mind, of course, hope springs eternal. They don't like calamity talk. Some genuinely think we can go on indefinitely on the old lines, and get more and more prosperous into the bargain. Personally, I don't. It's possible that much of what old Foggart advocates may be adopted bit by bit—even child emigration—from sheer practical necessity; but it won't be called Foggartism. Inventor's luck! He'll get no credit for being the first to see it. And," added the Minister gloomily, "by the time it's adopted it'll probably be too late."

Receiving the same day a request for an interview from a Press syndicate whose representative would come down to suit his convenience, Michael made the appointment and prepared an elaborate exposition of his faith. The representative, however, turned out to be a camera, and a photograph entitled "The Member for Mid-Bucks expounding Foggartism to our Representative" became the only record of it. The camera was active. It took a family group in front of the porch: "Right to Left, Mr. Michael Mont, M.P., Lady Mont, Mrs. Michael Mont, Sir Lawrence Mont, Bt." It took Fleur: "Mrs. Michael Mont, with Kit and Dandie." It took the Jacobian wing. took the Minister, with his pipe, "enjoying a Christmas rest." It took a corner of the walled garden: "In the grounds." It then had lunch. After lunch it took the whole house party: "At Sir Lawrence Mont's, Lippinghall Manor, Bucks"; with the Minister on Lady Mont's right and the Minister's wife on Sir Lawrence's left. This photograph would have turned out better if the Dandie, inadvertently left out, had not made a sudden onslaught on the camera's legs. It took a photograph of Fleur alone: "Mrs. Michael Mont-a charming young Society hostess." It understood that Michael was making an interesting practical experiment—could it take Foggartism in action? Michael grinned and said: "Yes, if it would take a walk, too."

They departed for the coppice. The colony was in its normal state: Boddick, with two of the contractor's men cheering him on, was working at the construction of the incubator-house; Swain, smoking a

terms of industrialism and the carrying cigarette, was reading *The Daily Mail*; trade. And in the town-mind, of course, Bergfeld was sitting with his head in his hope springs eternal. They don't like hands, and Mrs. Bergfeld was washing up.

The camera took three photographs. Michael, who had noted that Bergfeld had begun shaking, suggested to the camera that it would miss its train. It at once took a final photograph of Michael in front of the hut, two cups of tea at the Manor, and its departure.

As Michael was going up-stairs that

night the butler came to him.

"The man Boddick's in the pantry, Mr. Michael; I'm afraid something's happened, sir."

"Oh!" said Michael blankly.

Where Michael had spent many happy hours, when he was young, was Boddick, his pale face running with sweat, and his dark eyes very alive.

"The German's gone, sir?"

"Gone?"

"Hanged hisself. The woman's in an awful state. I cut him down and sent Swain to the village."

"Good God! Hanged! But why?"
"He's been very funny these last three days, and that camera upset him properly. Will you come, sir?"

They set out with a lantern, Boddick

telling his tale.

"As soon as ever you was gone this afternoon he started to shake and carry on about having been made game of. I told 'im not to be a fool, and went out to get on with it. But when I came in to tea he was still shaking and talkin' about his honor and his savin's. Swain had got fed up and was jeerin' at him, and Mrs. Bergfeld was as white as a ghost in the corner. I told Swain to shut his head; and Fritz simmered down after a bit, and sat humped up as he does for hours together. Mrs. Bergfeld got our tea. I had some chores to finish, so I went out after. When I come in at seven they was at it again hammer and tongs, and Mrs. Bergfeld cryin' fit to bust her heart. 'Can't you see,' I said, 'how you're upsettin' your wife?' 'Henry Boddick,' he said, 'I've nothing against you, you've always been decent to me. But this Swain,' he said, 'is name is Swine!' And he took up the bread-knife. I got it away from him, and spoke to him calm. 'Ah!' he said; 'but you've no pride.' Swain was lookin' at him with that sort o' droop in his mouth he's got. 'Pride,' he says, 'you silly blighter, what call 'ave you to 'ave any pride?' Well, I see that while we was there he wasn't goin' to get any better, so I took Swain off for a glass at the pub. When we came back at ten o'clock Swain went straight to bed, and I went into the mess-room, where I found his wife alone. 'Has he gone to bed?' I said. 'No,' she said, 'he's gone out to cool his head. Oh, Henry Boddick,' she said, 'I don't know what to do with him!' We sat there a bit, she tellin' me about 'im brooding, and all that—nice woman she is, too—till suddenly she said: 'Henry Boddick,' she said, 'I'm frightened. Why don't he come?' We went out to look for him, and where d'you think he was, sir? You know that big tree we're just goin' to have down? There's a ladder against it, and the guidin' rope all fixed. He'd climbed up that ladder in the moonlight, put the rope round his neck and jumped off; and there he was, six feet from the ground, dead as a duck. I roused up Swain and we got him in, and—well, we 'ad a proper time! Poor woman, I'm sorry for her, sir, though really I think it's just as well he's gonehe couldn't get upsides with it anyhow. That camera-chap would have given something for a shot at what we saw there in the moonlight."

'Foggartism in action!' thought Michael bitterly. 'So endeth the First

Lesson!'

The hut looked lonely in the threading moonlight and the bitter wind. Inside Mrs. Bergfeld was kneeling beside the body placed on the deal table, with a handkerchief over its face. Michael put a hand on her shoulder. She gave him a wild look, bowed her head again, and her lips began moving. 'Prayer!' thought Michael. 'Catholic—of course!' He took Boddick aside. "Don't let her see Swain. I'll talk to him."

When the police and the doctor came in he buttonholed the hairdresser, whose shadowy face looked ghastly in the moon-

light. He seemed much upset.

"You'd better come down to the house

for the night, Swain."

"All right, sir. I never meant to hurt the poor beggar. But he did carry on so, and I've got my own trouble. I couldn't

stand 'im monopolizin' misfortune the way he does. When the inquest's over I'm off. If I can't get some sun soon I'll be as dead as 'im."

Michael was relieved. Boddick would

be left alone.

When at last he got back to the house with Swain, Fleur was asleep. He did not wake her to tell her the news, but lay a long time trying to get warm, and thinking of that great obstacle to all salvation—the human element. And, mingled with his visions of the woman beside, that still, cold body, were longings for the warmth of the young body close to him.

The photographs were providential. For three days no paper could be taken up which did not contain some allusion, illustrated, to "The Tragedy on a Bucking-hamshire Estate"; "German actor hangs himself"; "The Drama at Lippinghall"; "Tragic end of an experiment"; "Right to Left: Mr. Michael Mont, Member for Mid-Bucks; Bergfeld, the German actor who hanged himself; Mrs. Bergfeld."

The Evening Sun wrote more in sorrow

than in anger:

"The suicide of a German actor on Sir Lawrence Mont's estate at Lippinghall has in it a touch of the grotesquely moral. The unfortunate man seems to have been one of three 'out-of-works' selected by the young Member for Mid-Bucks, recently conspicuous for his speech on 'Foggartism,' for a practical experiment in that peculiar movement. Why he should have chosen a German to assist the English people to return to the land is not perhaps very clear; but, largely speaking, the incident illustrates the utter unsuitability of all amateur attempts to solve this problem, and the futility of pretending to deal with the unemployment crisis while we still tolerate among us numbers of aliens who take the bread out of the mouths of our own people."

The same issue contained a short leader entitled: "The Alien in our Midst." The inquest was well attended. It was common knowledge that three men and one woman lived in the hut, and sensational developments were expected. A good deal of disappointment was felt that the evidence disclosed nothing at all of a sex-

ual character.

Fleur, with the eleventh baronet, re-

turned to town after it was over. Michael remained for the funeral, in a Catholic cemetery some miles away. He walked with Henry Boddick behind Mrs. Bergfeld. A little sleet was drifting out of a sky the color of the gravestones, and against that whitish sky the yew-trees looked very stark. He had ordered a big wreath laid on the grave, and when he saw it thus offered up, he thought: 'First human beings, then rams, now flowers! Progress!'

Having arranged that Norah Curfew should take Mrs. Bergfeld as cook in Bethnal Green, he drove her up to London in the Manor car. During that long drive he experienced again feelings that he had not had since the war. Human hearts dressed up to the nines in circumstances, interests, manners, accents, race, and class, when stripped by grief, by love, by hate, by laughter were one and the same heart. But how seldom were they stripped! Life was a clothed affair! A good thing too, perhaps—the strain of nakedness was too considerable! was, in fact, infinitely relieved to see the face of Norah Curfew, and hear her cheerful words to Mrs. Bergfeld.

"Come in, my dear, and have some tea!" She was the sort who stripped to the heart without strain or shame.

Fleur was in the drawing-room when he got home, furred up to her cheeks, which were bright as if she had just come in from the cold.

"Been out, my child?"

"Yes. I-" She stopped, looked at him rather queerly, and said: "Well, have you finished with that business?"

"Yes, thank God. I've dropped the

poor creature on Norah Curfew.

Fleur smiled. "Ah! Yes, Norah Curfew! She lives for everybody but herself, doesn't she?"

"She does," said Michael rather sharp-

ly.
"The new woman. One's getting clean out of fashion."

Michael took her cheeks between his hands.

"What's the matter, Fleur?"

"Nothing." "There is."

"Well, one gets a bit fed up with being left out, as if one were fit for nothing but Kit, and looking appetizing."

Michael dropped his hands, hurt and puzzled. Certainly he had not consulted her about his "down and outs"; had felt sure it would only bore or make her laugh. No future in it. And had there been?

"Any time you like to go shares in any mortal thing, Fleur, you've only to say

so."

"Oh, I don't want to poke into your affairs! I've got my own. Have you had tea?"

"Do tell me what's the matter?"

"My dear boy, you've already asked me that, and I've already told younothing.'

"Won't you kiss me?"

"Of course. And there's Kit's bath-

would you like to go up?"

Each short stab went in a little farther. This was a spiritual crisis, and he did not know in the least how to handle it. Didn't she want him to admire her, to desire her? What did she want? Recognition that she was as interested as he in—in the state of the Country? Of course! Only—was

"Well," she said, "I want tea, anyway. Is the new woman dramatic?"

Jealousy? The notion was absurd. He said quietly:

"I don't quite follow you."

Fleur looked up at him with very clear

"Good God!" said Michael, and left the room.

He went up-stairs and sat down before "The White Monkey." In that strategic position he better perceived the core of his domestic moment. Fleur had to be firsthad to take precedence. No object in her collection must live a life of its own! He was appalled by the bitterness of that thought. No, no! It was only that she had a complex—a silver spoon, and it had become natural in her mouth. She resented his having interests in which she was not first; or, rather, perhaps, resented the fact that they were not her interests too. And that was to her credit when you came to think of it. She was vexed with herself for being egocentric. Poor child! 'I've got to mind my eye,' thought Michael, 'or I shall make some modernnovel mess of this in three parts.' And his mind strayed naturally to the science of dishing up symptoms as if they were

roots—ha! He remembered his nursery governess locking him in; he had dreaded being penned up ever since. The psychoanalysts would say that was due to the action of his governess. It wasn't-many small boys wouldn't have cared a hang; it was due to a nature that existed before that action. He took up the photograph of Fleur that stood on his desk. He loved the face, he would always love it. If she had limitations—well! So had he—lots! This was comedy, one mustn't make it into tragedy! Surely she had a sense of humor, too! Had she? Had she not? And Michael searched the face he held in his hands. . . .

But, as is usual with husbands, he had diagnosed without knowledge of all the

racts.

Fleur had been bored at Lippinghall, even collection of the Minister had tried her. She had concealed her boredom from Michael. But self-sacrifice takes its revenge. She reached home in a mood of definite antagonism to public affairs. Hoping to feel better if she bought a hat or two, she set out for Bond Street. At the corner of Burlington Street, a young man bared his head.

"Fleur!"

Wilfrid Desert! Very lean and very brown!

"You!"

"Yes. I'm just back. How's Michael?"

"Very well. Only he's in Parliament."
"Great Scott! And how are you?"

"As you see. Did you have a good time?"

"Yes. I'm only perching. The East has got me!"

"Are you coming to see us?"

"I think not. The burnt child, you know."

"Yes; you are brown!"

"Well, good-by, Fleur! You look just the same, only more so. I'll see Michael somewhere."

"Good-by!" She walked on without looking back, and then regretted not having found out whether Wilfrid had done

the same.

She had given Wilfrid up for—well, for Michael, who—who had forgotten it! Really she was too self-sacrificing!

At three o'clock a note was brought her:

"By hand, ma'am; answer waiting."
She opened an envelope, stamped
"Cosmopolis Hotel."

"MADAM,

"We apologize for troubling you, but are in some perplexity. Mr. Francis Wilmot, a young American gentleman, who has been staying in this hotel since early October, has, we are sorry to say, contracted pneumonia. The doctor reports unfavorably on his condition. In these circumstances we thought it right to examine his effects, in order that we might communicate with his friends; but the only indication we can find is a card of yours. I venture to ask if you can help us in the matter.

"Believe me to be, madam,
Your faithful servant,
(for the management)."

Fleur stared at an illegible signature, and her thoughts were bitter. Jon had dumped Francis on her as a herald of his happiness; her enemy had lifted him. Well, then, why didn't that Cat look after him herself? Oh, well, poor boy! Ill in a great hotel—without a soul!

"Call me a taxi, Coaker."

On her way to the hotel she felt slight excitement of the "ministering angel" order.

Giving her name at the bureau, she was taken up to Room 200. A chambermaid was there. The doctor, she said, had ordered a nurse, who had not yet come.

Francis Wilmot, very flushed, was lying back, propped up; his eyes were closed. "How long has he been ill like this?"

"I've noticed him looking queer, ma'am; but we didn't know how bad he was until to-day. I think he's just neglected it. The doctor says he's got to be packed. Poor gentleman, it's very sad. You see, he's hardly there!"

Francis Wilmot's lips were moving; he was evidently on the verge of delirium.

"Go and make some lemon tea in a jug as weak and hot as you can; quick!"

When the maid had gone, she went up and put her cool hand to his forehead.

"It's all right, Francis. Much pain?" Francis Wilmot's lips ceased to move; he looked up at her and his eyes seemed to burn.

"If you cure me," he said, "I'll hate you. I just want to get out, quick!"

She changed her hand on his forehead, whose heat seemed to scorch the skin of her palm. His lips resumed their almost soundless movement. The meaningless, meaningful whispering frightened her, but she stood her ground, constantly changing her hand, till the maid came back with the tea.

"The nurse has come, miss; she'll be up

in a minute."

"Pour out the tea. Now, Francis,

drink!"

His lips sucked, chattered, sucked. Fleur handed back the cup and stood away. His eyes had closed again.

"Oh, ma'am!" whispered the maid, "he is bad! Such a nice young gentle-

man, too."

"What was his temperature; do you

know?"

"I did hear the doctor say nearly 105. Here is the nurse, ma'am."

Fleur went to her in the doorway.

"It's not just ordinary, nurse—he wants to go. I think a love affair's gone wrong. Shall I stop and help you pack him?"

When the pneumonia jacket had been put on, she lingered, looking down at him. His eyelashes lay close and dark against his cheeks, long and innocent, like a little boy's.

Outside the door, the maid touched her

arm

"I found this letter, ma'am; ought I to show it to the doctor?"

Fleur read:

"MY POOR DEAR BOY,

"We were crazy yesterday. It isn't any good, you know. Well, I haven't got a breakable heart; nor have you really, though you may think so when you get this. Just go back to your sunshine and your darkies, and put me out of your thoughts. I couldn't stay the course. I couldn't possibly stand being poor. I must just go through it with my 'Congressman,' and travel the appointed road. What is the good of thinking we can play at children in the wood, when one of them is

Your miserable (at the moment)
MARJORIE."

"I mean this—I mean it. Don't come and see me any more and make it worse

for yourself. M."

"Exactly!" said Fleur: "I've told the nurse. Keep it, and give it him back if he gets well. If he doesn't, burn it. I shall come to-morrow." And, looking at the maid with a faint smile, she added: "I am not that lady!"

"Oh, no, ma'am—miss—no, I'm sure! Poor young gentleman! Isn't there noth-

ing to be done?"

"I don't know, I should think not...."
She had kept all these facts from Michael with a sudden retaliatory feeling. He couldn't have private—or was it pub-

lic life—all to himself!

After he had gone out with his "Good God!" she went to the window. Queer to have seen Wilfrid again! Her heart had not fluttered, but it tantalized her not to know whether she could attract him back. Out in the square it was as dark as when last she had seen him before he fled to the East—a face pressed to this window that she was touching with her fingers. "The burnt child!" No! She didn't want to reduce him to that state again; to copy Marjorie Ferrar, who had copied her. If, instead of going East, Wilfrid had chosen to have pneumonia like poor Francis! What would she have done? Let him die for want of her? And what ought she to do about Francis, having seen that letter? Tell Michael? No, he thought her frivolous and irresponsible. Well! She would show him! And that sister—who had married Jon? Ought she to be cabled to? But this would have a rapid crisis, the nurse had said, and to get over from America in time would be impossible! Fleur went back to the fire. What kind of girl was this wife of Jon's? Another in the new fashion—like Norah Curfew; or just one of those Americans out for her own way and the best of everything? But they would have the new fashion in America, too—even though it didn't come from Paris. Anne Forsyte! —Fleur gave a little shiver in front of the hot fire.

She went up-stairs, took off her hat, and scrutinized her image. Her face was colored and rounded; her eyes were clear, her brow unlined, her hair rather flattened. She fluffed it out and went

across into the nursery.

The eleventh baronet, asleep, was living his private life with a very determined expression on his face; at the foot of his cot lay the Dandie, with his chin pressed to the floor, and at the table the nurse was sewing. In front of her lay an illustrated paper with the photograph inscribed: "Mrs. Michael Mont, with Kit and Dandie."

"What do you think of it, nurse?"

"I think it's horrible, ma'am; it makes Kit look as if he hadn't any sense—giving

him a stare like that!"

Fleur took up the paper, her quick eyes had seen that it concealed another. There on the table was a second effigy of herself: "Mrs. Michael Mont, the pretty young London hostess, who, rumor says, will shortly be defendant in a Society lawsuit." And, above, yet another effigy inscribed: "Miss Marjorie Ferrar, the brilliant granddaughter of the Marquis of Shropshire, whose engagement to Sir Alexander MacGown, M. P., is announced."

Fleur dropped paper back on paper.

XI

SHADOWS

THE dinner, which Marjorie Ferrar had so suddenly recollected, was MacGown's, and when she reached the appointed restaurant he was waiting in the hall.

"Where are the others, Alec?"

"There are no others," said MacGown. Marjorie Ferrar reined back. "I can't dine with you alone in a place like this!" "I had the Ppynrryns, but they fell

through."

"Then I shall go to my club."

"For God's sake, no, Marjorie. We'll have a private room. Go and wait in

there while I arrange it."

With a shrug she passed into a little "lounge." A young woman, whose face seemed familiar, idled in, looked at her, and idled out again, the ormolu clock ticked, the walls of striped pale gray stared blankly in the brilliant light, and Marjorie Ferrar stared blankly back—she was still seeing Francis Wilmot's ecstatic face.

"Now!" said MacGown. "Up those

stairs, and third on the right. I'll follow in a minute."

She had acted in a play, she had passed an emotional hour, and she was hungry. At least she could dine before making the necessary scene. And while she drank the best champagne MacGown could buy, she talked and watched the burning eyes of her adorer. That red-brown visage, square, stiff-haired head, and powerful frame—what a contrast to the pale, slim face and form of Francis! This was a man, and when he liked, agreeable. With him she would have everything she wanted, except—what Francis could give her. And it was one or the other-not both, as she had thought it might be. She had once crossed the "striding edge" on Helvellyn, with a precipice on one side and a precipice on the other, and herself. doubting down which to fall, in the middle. She hadn't fallen, and—she supposed—she wouldn't now! One didn't, if one kept one's head!

Coffee was brought, and she sat smoking on the sofa. Her knowledge of private rooms taught her that she was now as alone with her betrothed as money could make them. How would he behave?

He threw his cigar away, and sat down by her side. This was the moment to rise and tell him that he was no longer her betrothed. His arm went round her, his lips sought her face. "Mind my dress; it's the only decent one I've got."

And, suddenly, not because she heard a noise, but because her senses were not absorbed like his, she perceived a figure in the open doorway. A woman's voice said: "Oh! I beg your pardon; I thought
-" Gone!

Marjorie Ferrar started up.

"Did you see that young woman?"
"Yes. Damn her!"

"She's shadowing me."

"What?"

"I don't know her, and yet I know her perfectly. She had a good look at me down-stairs, when I was waiting."

MacGown dashed to the door and flung it open. Nobody was there. He shut it,

and came back.

"By heaven! Those people, I'll-Well, that ends it! Marjorie, I shall send our engagement to the papers toMarjorie Ferrar, leaning her elbows on the mantelpiece, stared at her own face in the glass above it. "Not a moral about her!" What did it matter? If only she could decide to marry Francis out of hand, slide away from them all—debts, lawyers, Alec! And then the "You be damned" spirit in her blood revolted. The impudence of it! Shadowing her! No. She was not going to leave Miss Fleur triumphant—the little snob, and that old party with the chin!

MacGown raised her hand to his lips, and, somehow, the caress touched her.

"Oh! well," she said, "I suppose you'd better."

"Thank heaven!"

"Do you really think that to get me is a cause for gratitude?"

"I would go through fire to get you."
"And after? Well, as we're public property, let's go down and dance."

For an hour she danced. She would not let him take her home, and in her cab she cried. She wrote to Francis when she got in. She went out again to post it. The bitter stars, the bitter wind, the bitter night! At the little slurred thump of her letter dropping, she laughed. To have played at children! It was too funny! So that was done with! 'On with the dance!'

Extraordinary, the effect of a little paragraph in the papers! Credit, like new-struck oil, spurted sky-high. Her post contained, not bills for dresses, but solicitations to feed, frizz, fur, flower, feather, furbelow, and photograph her. London offered itself. To escape that cynical avalanche she borrowed a hundred pounds and flew to Paris. There, every night, she went to the theatre. She had her hair done in a new style, she ordered dresses, ate at places known to the few—living up to Michael's nickname for her, and her heart was heavy.

She returned after a week, and burnt the avalanche—fortunately all letters of congratulation contained the phrase "of course, you won't think of answering this." She didn't. The weather was mild; she rode in the Row; she prepared to hunt. On the eve of departure she received an anonymous communication.

"Francis Wilmot is very ill with pneumonia at the Cosmopolis. He is not expected to live."

Her heart flurried round within her breast and flumped, her knees felt weak, her hand holding the note shook, only her head stayed steady. The handwriting was "that little snob's." Had Francis caused that message to be sent? Was it his appeal? Poor boy! And must she go and see him if he were going to die? She so hated death. Did this mean that it was up to her to save him? What did it mean? But indecision was not her strong point. In ten minutes she was in a cab, in twenty at the hotel. Handing in her card, she said:

"You have a Mr. Wilmot here—a relative of mine. I've just heard of his serious illness. Can I go up and see the nurse?"

The management looked at the card, inquisitively at her face, touched a bell, and said:

"Certainly, madam. Here, you—take this lady up to Room—er—209."

Led by what poor Francis called a "bell-boy" into the lift, she walked behind his buttons along a pale gray river of corridor carpet, between pale gray walls, past cream-colored after cream-colored door in the bright electric light with her head a little down.

The "bell-boy" knocked, ruthless, on a

It was opened, and in the lobby of the suite stood Fleur.

XII

DEEPENING

However untypical, according to Soames, Francis Wilmot seemed to have the national passion for short cuts.

In two days from Fleur's first visit he had reached the crisis, hurrying toward it like a man to his bride. Yet the human will is so limited, compared with the instinct to live, that he failed to die. Fleur, summoned by telephone, went home cheered by the doctor's words: "He'll do now if we can coax a little strength into him." That, however, was the trouble. For three afternoons she watched his exhausted indifference seeming to increase. And she was haunted by cruel anxiety. On the fourth day she had been sitting for more than an hour when his eyes opened.

"Yes, Francis?"

"I'm going to quit all right, after all."

"Don't talk like that—it's not American. Of course you're not going to quit."

He smiled and shut his eyes. She made

up her mind then.

Next day he was about the same, more dead than alive. But her mind was at rest; her messenger had brought back word that Miss Ferrar would be in at four o'clock. She would have had the note by now, but would she come? How little one knew of other people, even when they were enemies!

He was drowsing, white and strengthless, when she heard the bell-boy's knock. Passing into the lobby she closed the door softly behind her, and opened the outer

door. So she had come!

If this meeting of two declared enemies had in it something dramatic, neither perceived it at the moment. It was just intensely unpleasant to them both. They stood for a moment looking at each other's chins. Then Fleur said:

"He's extremely weak. Will you sit down while I tell him you're here?"

Having seen her settled where Francis Wilmot put his clothes out to be valeted in days when he had worn them, Fleur passed back into the bedroom, and again closed the door.

"Francis," she said, "some one is wait-

ing to see you."

Francis Wilmot did not stir, but his eyes opened and cleared strangely. To Fleur they seemed suddenly the eyes she had known, as if all these days they had been "out," and some one had again put a match to them.

"You understand what I mean?"

The words came clear and feeble: "Yes; but if I wasn't good enough for her before, I surely am not now. Tell her I'm through with that fool business."

A lump rose in Fleur's throat.

"Thank her for coming!" said Francis Wilmot, and closed his eyes again.

Fleur went back into the lobby. Marjorie Ferrar was standing against the wall with an unlighted cigarette between her lips.

"He thanks you for coming; but he doesn't want to see you. I'm sorry I

brought you down."

Marjorie Ferrar took out the cigarette. Fleur could see her lips quivering. "Will he get well?"

"I don't know. I think so—now. He says he's 'through with that fool business.'"

Marjorie Ferrar's lips tightened. She opened the outer door, turned suddenly, and said:

"Will you make it up?"

"No," said Fleur.

There was a moment of complete stillness; then Marjorie Ferrar gave a little

laugh and slipped out.

Fleur went back. He was asleep. Next day he was stronger. Three days later Fleur ceased her visits; he was on the road to recover. She had become conscious, moreover, that she had a little lamb which wherever Mary went was sure to go. She was being shadowed! How amusing! And what a bore that she couldn't tell Michael, because she had not yet begun to tell him anything again.

On the day that she ceased her visits he came in while she was dressing for dinner with "a weekly" in his hand.

"Listen to this," he said:

"'When to God's fondouk the donkeys are taken—

Donkeys of Africa, Sicily, Spain— Then if by hazard the Deity waken, He shall not easily slumber again.

Where in the sweet of God's straw they have laid

Broken and dead of their burdens and sores, He, for a change, shall remember He made them— One of the best of His numerous chores—

Order from some one a sigh of repentance— Donkeys of Araby, Syria, Greece— Over the fondouk distemper the sentence: "For God's own forsaken—the stable of Peace."

"Who's that by?"

"It sounds like Wilfrid."

"It is by Wilfrid," said Michael, and did not look at her. "I met him at the Hotch-Potch."

"And how is he?"

"Very fit."

"Have you asked him here?"

"No. He's going East again soon."
Was he fishing? Did he know that she had seen him? And she said:

"I'm going down to father's, Michael. He's written twice."

Michael put her hand to his lips.

"All right, darling."

Fleur reddened; her strangled confidences seemed knotted in her throat.

She went next day with Kit and Dandie. The "little lamb" would hardly follow to "The Shelter."

Annette had gone with her mother to Cannes for a month, and Soames was alone with the English winter. He was paying little attention to it, for the "case" was in the list, and might be reached in a few weeks' time. Deprived of French influence, he was again wavering toward compromise. The announcement of Marjorie Ferrar's engagement to MacGown had materially changed the complexion of affairs. In the eyes of a British jury the character of a fast young lady, and the character of the same young lady publicly engaged to a Member of Parliament, with wealth and a handle to his name, would not be at all the same thing. They were now virtually dealing with Lady Mac-Gown; and nothing, Soames knew, was so fierce as a man about to be married. To libel his betrothed was like approaching a mad dog.

He looked very grave when Fleur told him of her "little lamb." It was precisely the retaliation he had feared; nor could he tell her that he had "told her so," because he hadn't. He had certainly urged her to come down to him, but delicacy had forbidden him to give her the reason. So far as he could tell through catechism, there had been nothing "suspect" in her movements since Lippinghall, except those visits to the Cosmopolis Hotel. But they were bad enough. Who was going to believe that she went to this sick young man out of pure kindness? Such a motive was not current in a court of law. He was staggered when she told him that Michael didn't know of them.

Why not?

"I didn't feel like telling him."

"Feel? Don't you see what a position you've put yourself in? Here you are, running to a young man's bedside without your husband's knowledge."

"Yes, darling; but he was terribly ill."
"I dare say," said Soames; "so are lots

of people."

"Besides, he was over head and ears in

love with her."

"D'you think he's going to admit that, even if we could call him?"

Fleur was silent, thinking of Francis Wilmot's face.

"Oh! I don't know," she said at last. "How horrid it all is!"

"Of course it's horrid," said Soames. "Have you had a quarrel with Michael?" "No, not a quarrel. Only, he doesn't

tell me things."

"What things?"

"How should I know, dear?"

Soames grunted. "Would he have minded your going?"

"Of course not. He'd have minded if I

hadn't. He likes that boy."

"Well, then," said Soames, "either you or he, or both, will have to tell a lie, and say that he did know. I shall go up and talk to him. Thank goodness we can prove the illness. If I catch anybody coming down here after you—!"

He went up the following afternoon. Parliament being in recess, he sought the Hotch-Potch Club. He did not like a place always connected in his mind with his dead cousin, that fellow young Jolyon, and said to Michael at once: "Can we go somewhere else?"

"Yes, sir; where would you like?"

"To your place, if you can put me up for the night. I want to have a talk with you."

Michael looked at him askance.

"Now," said Soames after dinner, "what's this about Fleur—she says you don't tell her things?"

Michael gazed into his glass of port. "Well, sir," he said, slowly, "I'd be only too glad to, of course, but I don't think they really interest her. She doesn't feel that public things matter."

"Public! I meant private."

"There aren't any private things. D'you mean that she thinks there are?" Soames dropped his scrutiny.

"I don't know—she said 'things.'"
"Well, you can put that out of your

head, and hers."

"M'm! Anyway, the result's been that she's been visiting that young American with pneumonia at the Cosmopolis Hotel without letting you know. It's a mercy she hasn't picked it up."

"Francis Wilmot?"

"Yes. He's out of the wood now. That's not the point. She's been shadowed."

"Good God!" said Michael.

"Exactly! This is what comes of not

talking to your wife. Wives are funny they don't like it."

Michael grinned.

"Put yourself in my place, sir. It's my profession now, to fuss about the state of the Country, and all that, and you know how it is—one gets keen. But to Fleur, it's all a stunt. I quite understand that; but, you see, the keener I get the more I'm afraid of boring her, and the less I feel I can talk to her about it. In a sort of way she's jealous."

Soames rubbed his chin. The state of the Country was a curious sort of corespondent. He himself was often worried by the state of the Country, but as a source of division between husband and wife it seemed to him cold-blooded; he had known other sources in his time!

"Well, you mustn't let it go on," he

said. "It's trivial."

Michael got up.

"Trivial! Well, sir, I don't know, but it seems to me very much the sort of thing that happened when the war came. Men had to leave their wives then."

"Wives put up with that," said Soames; "the country was in danger."

"Isn't it in danger now?"

With his inveterate distrust of words it seemed to Soames almost indecent for a young man to talk like that. Michael was a politician, of course; but politicians were there to keep the country quiet, not to go raising scares and talking through their hats.

"When you've lived a little longer," he said, "you'll know that there's always some thing to fuss about if you like to There's nothing in it really, the pound's going up. Besides, it doesn't matter what you tell Fleur, so long as you tell her something."

"She's intelligent, sir," said Michael. Soames was taken aback. He could not

deny the fact, and answered:

"Well, national affairs are too remote; you can't expect a woman to be interested in them."

"Quite a lot of women are."

"Bluestockings."

"No, sir; they nearly all wear 'nude."

"H'm! Those! As to interest in national affairs—put a tax on stockings and see what happens!"

Michael grinned.

"I'll suggest it, sir."

"If you expect," said Soames, "that people-women or not-are going to put themselves out of the way for any scheme like this—this Foggartism of yours, you'll be very much disappointed."

"So everybody tells me. It's just because I don't like cold water at home as well as abroad that I've given up worry-

ing Fleur."
"Well, if you take my advice, you'll take up something practical—the state of the traffic, or penny postage. Drop pessimism, people who talk at large like that never get trusted in this country. In any case you'll have to say you knew about her visits to that young man."

"Certainly, sir, wife and husband are one. But you don't really mean to let them make a circus of it in court?"

Soames was silent. He did not mean

them to; but what if they did?

"I can't tell," he said at last. fellow's a Scotchman. What did you go hitting him on the nose for?"

"He gave me a thick ear first. I know it was an excellent opportunity for turning the other cheek, but I didn't think of it in time."

"You must have called him something." "Only a dirty dog. As you know, he suggested a low motive for my speech."

Soames stared. In his opinion this young man was taking himself much too

"Your speech! You've got to get it out of your mind," he said, "that anything you can say or do will make any difference."

"Then what's the good of my being in

Parliament?"

"Well, you're in the same boat with everybody else. The country's like a tree: you can keep it in order, but you can't go taking it up by the roots to look at them."

Michael looked at him, impressed.

"In public matters," said Soames, "the thing is to keep a level head, and do no more than you're obliged."

"And what's to govern one's view of

necessity?"

"Common sense. One can't have everything."

And, rising, he began scrutinizing the Goya.

"Are you going to buy another Goya,

"No; if I buy any more pictures I shall go back to the English School."

"Patriotism?"

Soames gave him a sharp look.

"There's no patriotism," he said, "in fussing. And another thing you've got to remember is that foreigners like to hear that we've got troubles. It doesn't do to discuss our affairs out loud."

Michael took these savings to bed with him. He remembered, when he came out of the war, thinking: 'If there's another war nothing will induce me to go.' But now, if one were to come, he knew he would be going again. So "Old Forsyte" come to heel, and take up the state of the leave the Country to suck its silver spoon!

traffic? Was everything unreal? Surely not his love for Fleur? Anyway, he felt hungry for her lying there. And Wilfrid back, too! To risk his happiness with her for the sake of-what? Punch had taken a snap at him this week, grinning and groping at a surrounding fog. Old England, like old Forsyte, had no use for theories. Self-conscious national efforts were just pomposity. Pompous! He? The thought was terribly disturbing. He got out of bed and went to the window. Foggy! In fog all were shadows; and he the merest shadow of them all, an unpractical politician, taking things to heart! One! Two! Big Ben! How many hearts had he turned to water! How many thought he was just "fussing"! Was he? dreams spoiled with his measured reso-Was Foggartism a phlizz? Ought he to nance! Line up with the top-dressers, and

(To be continued.)

The Understudy

BY LEIGH MORTON Author of "Mrs. Denton Gets Off"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT E. JOHNSON



HY all this fuss about women?" Virginia Starr was wont to say, when she reached years of expression, "they can take care of themselves."

It was her theory—a life-long theory, so it seemed to her-that only men and animals needed to be cared for. It may have been instinct, and again it may have been developed by her own particular circumstances. At all events, having only a scandal for a mother, she had, from father, and the horses and dogs and livestock that went with him. He was a dear-Jack Starr was; to Virginia at times an old dear, at times a dear boy but from whichever angle she viewed him

her. The animals needed her, too, and she cherished them as humans.

Women were things apart—not human at all, in that they stirred in her no cherishing impulses. Virginia got on with her sex perfectly; she loved many of her friends, but not with the love that ran like warm red blood, tenderly, pityingly, surging through her heart. Not with the love that she felt for Jack when he scolded her, or kissed her good-night, absently, without looking up from his book, or when she watched him battling with a vicious horse. Nor with the love that clutched at her for the dogs when they earliest childhood, taken care of her gave her their adoring, selfless dog-smile, or when they dug up her flower-beds.

Virginia should have married young and had a family of boys; but she didn't; she stayed with her father. There were those who thought Jack Starr selfish he looked the same—simply in need of about her; many women who felt that he

Vol. LXXIX .- 38

should have married again, himself, and thus have discovered that the disillusioned past could bury its dead. there were others who knew that Jack Starr wasn't holding on to Virginia, or cramping her life, or anything. Virginia was doing exactly what she wanted to do. She had grown up normally with school and friends, and a range of freedom on a farm where fine stock was bred. Tack Starr had piles of money, as the saying His daughter had, in due time, come out, seen the world, and returned to him and the animals of her own volition.

Now, in her twenty-fifth year, she was still dancing at one ball or another; running up to town in winter, or speeding the five miles to the Hunt Club in summer. She was still, when she couldn't possibly stave them off, repulsing eligible offers, because she didn't love enough and was afraid of herself. No man had yet appealed to her in any definite particular. She knew that she could hold the rough faces of the dogs against her cheek and get much the same reaction that she got from the wistful, pleading kiss of a man. In each instance, she sorrowed, and longed, with a kind of ache, to protect. Well—that wasn't enough to marry on was it?

She had a perfect horror of failing as her mother had failed.

After her first proposal she had done something that took real courage. Jack Starr had never talked of his wife; in all Virginia's growing up, he had never referred to her for the sake of an example of any sort. Her leaving him had been a devastation, and then so much time had intervened before Virginia was old enough to understand, that the habit of silence had become too well formed to be broken. When Virginia, at the age of six, had excavated the whole story with two or three extraordinarily aimed blows, he had felt as if he had undergone a major operation without anæsthetic.

"Father, why haven't I a mother?" she had asked, on her return from a children's party, one night.

Jack had been some time in answering her. He rose and stood before the fire, his hands in his pockets. Virginia, in a white dress with a pink sash, sat on a cricket looking up at him.

"Jinny, you have a mother," Jack said, finally, with his teeth set on his pipestem, "but she doesn't live with us."

"Who does she live with?"

"Another man."

"Why?"

"She liked him better than she did me."

"And so she went away?"

"Yes-she just went right away." He hadn't looked at her until now. Vir-

ginia's upward gaze met his eyes, and she rose at once. Her arms went around his middle and she laid her head against him.

"Perhaps he was lonely," she said,

"You've got me, father."

Jack's hand pressed her close, but he otherwise never stirred.

"He had everything-a wife and kidshe just left them, too, and went away with your mother."

"Why?" Virginia wriggled her head from under his hand, and looked far up to his face.

His eyes stared out beyond her, through the window and into the winter dusk.

"They said—for love." His voice sounded very cold and yet-hurt.

Virginia shivered. But she didn't let go of him. She clung to him. For days she did everything she could think of for him.

And that was that—all of it. Whatever else she discovered about her mother. had never been from Jack. Various relatives had now and then enlightened her, as she grew older. Jack's memories were undeniably his own, for his married life had hardly exceeded two years. Virginia was just a year old when her beautiful. lawless mother—but twenty-one herself had left, without a backward glance, and had trusted to her chivalrous husband's divorcing her, even as her lover had trusted to the pride of his wife. The open wound of Jack Starr's disillusionment and pain was healed over before his daughter had reached the age of a confidante, but the scar never faded.

Virginia was eighteen when she received her first proposal. She had played at love with the freedom of her period and set, and had enjoyed it. To face it seriously, however, made it look to her, of a sudden, out of perspective. She and her father had shared all troublous times until now, but it was a long, desperate week before she could bring herself to force this upon

to approach it lightly. She had taken lips that she finally faltered: him for a hard ride, knowing that they horse than anywhere else in the world, and yet she found, when the moment one tell?" came, that she couldn't just fling off: "Good lord, Jinny!" said "How the deuce do you know when—" led, "good lord—already?"

him. In the end she would have wished It was with white cheeks and trembling

"Father-I'm too miserable to livewere both more completely at ease on a I don't know whether I'm in love or notoh, do you mind my asking? How can

"Good lord, Jinny!" said Jack, start-



"Father, why haven't I a mother?"-Page 530.

He turned in his saddle and looked at

her, aghast.

"I don't know, father—I mean—well, that's just what I do mean. I don't know—"

Their horses walked with muffled, thudding steps in the soft wood road. Branches of red and gold maple leaves hung low, to be grasped and thrust aside for passing—the sun sifted through, slid-

ing down the west.

"Better not marry him if you can possibly live without him, Jinny," her father said at last. "Mistakes—well, a mistake

of that kind-"

"Yes," acquiesced Virginia.

"You know you're playing with lives—human lives—when you play that game," Jack said. "I call the stakes high—some don't—but——"

She reached her hand toward him and

he took it hard.

"Think you see, dear?" he asked, with a troubled smile. "Be sure you feel pretty special—"

"Yes," she nodded, "that's it—pretty

special—I'll go by that."

It sounded indefinite, but there formed instantly for Virginia one of those weird, inward, definite pictures—indescribable, but fixed. In a flash she knew just exactly the standard of special.

Five or six years passed and she had

attained it for no man.

Then one June she left home to visit a sporting community on Long Island, where, within two days of her arrival, she stepped into the trap laid for her by a most ironic Fate. It was obviously *her* Fate, for the bait was ingeniously contrived by one who knew her—an appeal to the vulnerable spot in her nature.

As an easy lure for the victim, a game of polo at the club had been chosen. Virginia and her hostess decided to take it in, quite as if they were free agents. Presently they stood on the broad piazza overlooking the field, and while they discussed the best probable viewpoint, Fate sent Virginia a glimpse of the bait.

He was a tall, slim man, with dark hair, and a smile about his lips that seemed to go no farther. In company with others, he walked toward her, and the forced, set quality of his smile arrested her attention. Even when he added to it, as he

bowed to Mrs. Hendricks, he looked no more mirthful than before, though one could see, as it were, that his intentions were good.

"Poor little David Lane!" said Marion Hendricks, drawing two chairs together. "Why don't we sit right here, Jinny?"

Virginia regarded her with a little

laugh.

"You never have two consecutive thoughts, do you, dear?" she said. "Who's poor little David Lane? The man with the sad smile?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hendricks, settling herself and inattentive. "It's so pathetic! The girl he was going to marry

died."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Virginia, softly. "When?"

"Last month. They would have been married next week."

"He's playing to-day?"

"Oh, yes. He goes hard into everything. No one can misunderstand."

"I should think not," Virginia mused, slowly. "He's trying to distract himself, of course."

David Lane played brilliant polo that afternoon. He was in the thickest of offense and defense entirely recklessly. Virginia's heart stood still more than once as she watched his riding, for it seemed to her terribly apparent that he didn't care in the least what happened to him.

His pony slipped, finally, on a violent turn and came down with a crash. How he escaped the crowding, galloping hoofs everywhere upon him was a miracle. But he was on his feet almost at once, though evidently dazed. The grandstand had had a thrill of horror, and wild conjecture sprang to its lips. David Lane was half-supported from the field, a substitute went in, and the game continued. Then the initiated gave him nothing worse than a wrenched shoulder or collar-bone, and the latter supposition was presently confirmed.

Virginia drew a long, harrowed breath; her heart beat unevenly throughout the afternoon. Again and again she bit her lip and cringed as the picture of his spili

returned to her mind.

Marion Hendricks, on the other hand, appeared to follow the game quite unmoved by the near-tragedy, and it was

"Oh, good heavens, now we're one man short for dinner!"

"David Lane?— Was he coming?"

"Ves- What a bore!"

"Can't he still come?only a collar-bone," suggested Virginia with the casual cold-blooded-

ness of the hunting coun-"I'll call him

up the minute we get home, and see," Marion responded.

A slow drizzle was falling now; the clouds hung low and ominous and the June air turned suddenly autumnal as twilight descended with autumnal rapidity.

Mrs. Hendricks chattered as she drove the car hurriedly, but Virginia barely listened. It had shocked her—the sight of that man, so careless of destruction. But she didn't refer to it. She knew

that she had a faculty for conjuring dramatic situations. It was an irresistible luxury of the imagination that she had indulged in always. The dreary wetness of speeding motor fitted her mood, and she rather gave herself up to wondering about the girl who had died and sympathy for

only as they climbed into the motor that the man who mourned her. Her question, she exclaimed, with dismay and irritation: as they turned into the drive, came quite irrelevantly to Marion Hendricks:

> "Does David Lane live down here?" "No, he's staying at the club just for

the polo. His family live in Honolulu, and he's in business in New York." "Oh!" said the girl, pityingly. "He is alone, isn't he? -Marion," she went on, as they entered the house. "make him come to dinner to-night-I hate to have him left at the

She laughed a little at herself, and Marion laughed as she went to the telephone.

club."

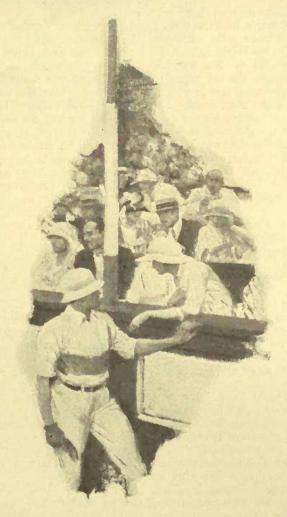
Virginia stood and listened.

Yes-he was coming, if they didn't mind cutting up his food!-Oh, he was quite all right-

"David's a game one!" Marion cried, as she rang off.

The rain came on in a heavy, sullen downpour.

Virginia was aware of it depressing her spirit as she dressed for dinner, and, before leaving her room, she turned out the lights, and stood by the dark window, listening to the coming night and the comfort of the it and to the rustle of the trees as they shook it off. There was something gentle and sad in the atmosphere that made her ache with a restless, intangible desire.



He did not look mirthful even when he bowed to Mrs. Hendricks.-Page 532.

"What's the matter?—What is it I want?" she asked, and answered herself a moment later. "It's that man—and his brave attempt at a smile—I want to help him—I want awfully—to help him—"

The bait had done its tempting work; she had walked straight into the trap.

It was a wrench to leave the dark window and descend in the bright light to the great bright room below. She watched the door covertly until the tall figure of David Lane appeared, his arm in a black sling across his white shirt front. She noted that a pallor beneath his tan gave to his face a strange grayness, and that his eyes were dull. But she had no chance to speak her sympathy, for, after presenting him, her host, Jeff Hendricks, instantly monopolized him.

"So you're all smashed up, Dave. How

much went?"

Lane laughed and pointed to his neck. "And cut your head, too."

"Yes—a little—nothing much."

"Jove, I'm sorry! What did you come for, old man? Marion didn't mean to

drag you here."

"That's all right—I wanted to come." He smiled his forced smile. "It was lucky Jumbo wasn't hurt, wasn't it? I'm going to let Jim ride him Saturday. He's one pony shy."

Virginia turned away and joined an-

other group.

"Poor little David Lane," she was thinking whimsically, and then of why that phrase suited him so well when he was six feet tall and all of twenty-eight

years of sophisticated manhood.

Across the dinner table she watched him from time to time. The girls on either side of him, amid much laughter, vied with one another in the preparation of his food, making bitter comment upon his lack of appetite. He maintained that he was feasting on their wit and drinking the laughter from their lips.

"It won't do you half as much good as this," one of them provoked him, holding

up a golden glass of champagne. "Won't it?" said Lane.

He eyed the glass a moment and reached slowly toward it. Then slowly he drained it to the last drop. The girl at his side laughed again, rather uncertainly. As he looked up, Virginia, watching, met his eyes. They were lifeless and sinister in the second before they focussed upon hers. And then a dull red crept into his face and he turned and plunged into gay banalities. Virginia shivered, unexpectedly.

"'Aye,'" she quoted to herself, "'but

the wine is mouldy.""

Musicians were already tuning up as the party returned to the big rooms. Fox-trotting was inevitably to hold genial sway. Virginia was quickly surrounded and suffered herself to dance violently for half an hour. Always her eyes kept watch of the tall man who stood about, with his arm in a sling, looking on. At first she feared he would leave since he was out of the fun on account of his injury, but, as time passed and he seemed content to remain, she gave herself up to playing the game, until she deemed it diplomatic to make the move she was living for.

When the time came, she freed herself on some trivial pretext and happened to run across David Lane. He was standing

alone, looking tired to death.

"You're not dancing, of course, are you, Mr. Lane?" she said. "Why don't we go and sit out somewhere? I've had enough of it, myself."

He roused himself and smiled down at

ner.

"Really? Are you sure?" he asked, politely. "It's awfully good of you.

Where shall we go?"

"Let's try the library," she answered, and led the way to a room that seemed remote and was pleasantly gathered into one circle of light from a tall lamp and the fire.

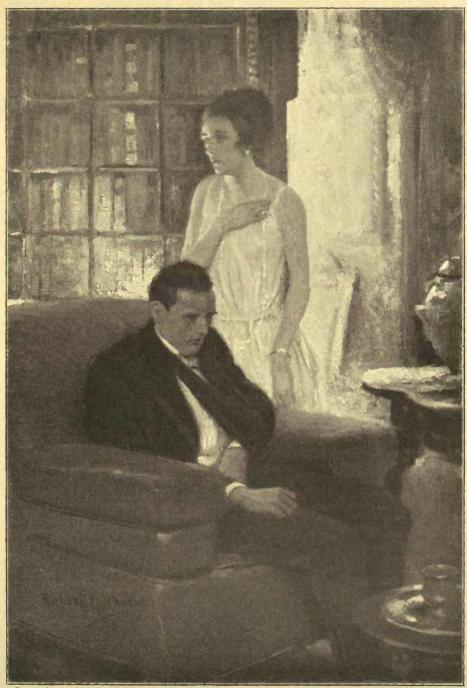
"This is the best room in the house, day or night," Virginia said, over her shoulder. She wandered to the fire and then turned back to him. "I'm going to sit down and have a peaceful smoke. Is there any place where you can be comfortable with your broken bones?"

He laughed a little.

"Any place that's soft would be good enough for me to-night. I wish I were in a hay-loft!"

She laughed appreciatively.

"Don't mind me the least bit. I don't care what you do. Cuddle up somewhere,



From a drawing by Robert E. Johnson.

[&]quot;Oh, why did you come?" she cried, with tender exasperation. "You ought to be in bed1"—Page 536.

Mr. Lane, and I'll be good company and

not say a word."

"That listens great!" Lane said. "But I don't expect ever to lie down again. I expect to have to sit up for the rest of my life. Did you ever have a polo-field hit you in the neck, Miss Starr? Then you know how I feel!"

His spirit appealed to her.

"You are a game one!" she nodded, smiling. "Marion told me you were."

"I'm not," he retorted, with a sudden

change of tone.

He turned, abruptly, to a big leather chair and sank into it. But in that moment he had regained his flippancy.

"Solid comfort!" he said, grimacing his dissatisfaction to the girl, who apparently watched him with only sympathetic amusement. "If you weren't here, I'd think I was in hell taking my punishment!" He closed his eyes and lines of pain were on his forehead. "Don't any one jostle me," he added, with a kind of dying humor, "or I shall begin to cry!"

Virginia rose swiftly and stood over him, her hands clenched nervously.

"Oh, why did you come?" she cried, with tender exasperation. "You ought to be in bed! Why did you come?"

David Lane opened his eyes, and stared up at her. The whole expression of him

went rigid.

"That," he said, "I shan't tell you."
Their eyes clung together. Virginia looked down into depths.

"You don't need to-tell me," she said,

and moved away to the fire.

She felt him close behind her and waited, consciously, to gauge the tone of his voice. It reached her so hoarse as to be without quality.

"What do you mean? What do you

know?"

She turned and he was there before her. She lifted one hand to his well shoulder and, as if in sudden weakness, bent her head against her upstretched arm.

"I saw the game this afternoon—and I've been thinking about you ever since, David Lane," she said, and for a few sec-

onds they stood in stillness.

Virginia, swept with compassion for him, thought nothing of herself. Nor was Lane thinking of her. The hand on his shoulder, the slight weight she leaned upon him, meant nothing. He removed her gently but quite mechanically, and he stepped back to the chair he had left and sat down on the edge of it.

sat down on the edge of it.
"Don't judge me," he said, numbly.
"I never have been a quitter—but now—

I don't know what I am."

"I know," Virginia told him, from where she stood. "You've been under a long strain—and you've been too much alone."

The words appeared to reach his brain slowly. His eyes returned to hers with a

vague look of defense.

"I could bear it better that way at first," he said, and repeated. "But now—it's got to me—I have to keep among people—acting, all the time."

"Yes," said the girl, "because—"

He watched her come toward him, and then he felt her arm slip round his shoulders. From above him he heard her finish the sentence she had begun.

"Because--now-you're afraid to be

alone."

She held him lightly against her, as simply as if it were her right. She went on speaking as naturally as if she had known him always.

"You mustn't mind my knowing,

David," she said.

He sat stiffly within the circle of her arm. Her heart stabbed her suddenly with consciousness of his attitude and of what she had done. But as she moved to withdraw, he caught at her hand and held it there. Presently she spoke again.

"I think—it seems, as if there always should be one person to whom we might take our sorrows—we naturally don't take them to the crowd, because we're sports—but being a sport lays the way open to a horrible loneliness, sometimes. A crowd can be the loneliest place in the world. And yet—one so seldom finds the individual."

Neither was aware of the pause that followed. Virginia just stood and waited.

Finally:

"I guess you're right," he assented, "I haven't had any one—any of my own people, here. There hasn't been any individual—" A tenseness gathered in his voice. "It has been horrible—I'm sick with it. It's become so horrible that—" He rose suddenly and faced her, and the

hand he had never released, he gripped tighter. "You're right about that, too—I am afraid—afraid as hell, that sometime—left alone—my nerve will go back on me—Thank God, you've come, Virginia Starr."

She closed her other hand on his.

"Don't go back to the club to-night. Stay here. They can surely put you up," she said, earnestly.

He stared at her blankly for a second,

and then his face relaxed.

"What would you think of me—if I stayed?" he said, oddly; and then on rather a grim note, "no—I'll take the dare."

He saw Virginia's eyes and parted lips ineffably tender and understanding. With a little jerk he withdrew his hand and started away from her, only to stop again and speak without looking back.

"I'm more afraid to *stay*, now, than to go— You know—a light—where there's been no light—sympathy like this——"

"You'll get used to it, David," her

voice came to him, softly.

She didn't move; she waited; but he left her.

She found that, all things considered, she was pretty well unnerved herself. There was no sleep upon her pillow that night. Watching the clouds break and the dawn grow fresh and fair, she felt a strange nearness and communion with that other girl who had loved David Lane.

"You don't misunderstand, do you?" she seemed to be urging. "I'm only trying to help, and in no way to take your place. There is no place in his heart for any one but you. You've seen him; you know; he is in sad need of help."

The first rays of the sun shot forth at that, crowning a new day. The glory of

it thrilled the girl fantastically.

"You do want me to help, don't you! Perhaps you even chose, yourself, that I should be the one to help. I love your trust. I shall do my uttermost."

And then a brisk northwest wind came, adding to the inspiration of the day and of the mood. After bath and breakfast Virginia forgot that she had only slept an hour or two. She greeted Marion Hendrick's suggestion of golf with enthusiasm, though upon arriving at the club, a lazier form of diversion seemed suddenly to appeal.

"I'd rather drive about in the little car, really," she said ingenuously. "Perhaps I can and Mr. Lane, and make him go with me."

And since there were plenty of golfers

in sight, Marion agreed carelessly.

So Virginia escaped and ran round the corner of the piazza by the smoking-room, where, from a window, she was confronted by David Lane, himself, gazing idly forth, with a cigarette in his hand. He smiled a surprised welcome and met her at the door.

"Well!" she exclaimed, from the threshold. "Good morning, and how are you?"

"Oh, I'm—" he began bravely, and then honestly, though with his die-hard humor, "I'm feeling very far from fit." She laughed as she looked him over.

"If I were to paint your attractive smile to-day," she said, "I should paint it a pale pea-green."

"You've a fine eye for color," he ap-

plauded. "Come in."

"No, come out," she cried, "I've got the car, and Marion's playing golf."

David gave her a wan glance.

"Don't you like it pretty well here, by the fire?" he ventured. "And the chairs are—fairly soft—and you don't have to bother to blow your horn or anything."

He never failed to amuse her.

"But I can't stay in here," she protested. "Come back to the Hendricks', where we won't be disturbed."

"No," he countered, with whimsical resignation. "Fate hasn't prescribed for me a rest-cure. I'm to go jouncing over all the roughest roads on Long Island. Come along—the writing's on the wall!"

Virginia turned reluctant, but he had his way, and they drove off rather silently into the gorgeous weather. Watching him and noting the same lifelessness that had marked his expression in the early part of the previous evening, Virginia felt a troubled inadequacy. Naturally enough he hadn't told her that, after the unforeseen solace of her sympathy, he had returned to his lonely quarters and in reaction had known the deepest depression of all, nor that the knowledge that she would be there in the morning had seemed to him to be all that kept him fighting through the night.

He was game, for all he denied it.

There was a gameness that hurt in his characteristic streak of humor. As they drove on, he taunted Virginia.

"You're "You're cheating," he said. picking the good roads—very slyly, of

course, but I'm on to you!"

But when they stopped the car in a sylvan dell, sheltered from the wind, and with a southern exposure, he admitted that she had planned well. abruptly, he slipped down in his seat, took off his hat, and, as if he had reached the limit of his strength, collapsed with his head on her shoulder. In fact, his actual words were:

"Believe me, Virginia, I wouldn't do this if I could help it, but I can't!"

"That's all right, David," she returned,

smiling, "I owe it to you."

"No," he said haltingly. "What I mean is-is life to be nothing but one ghastly reminiscence after another?-You see—I've never spoken of this—I'm feeling my way-I don't know how much one's meant to endure-nor how much one can endure—and I haven't wanted to ask— Perhaps I can talk it out to you because I don't know you."

"Tell me everything or nothing," Virginia said. "Perhaps just to know there's some one you can tell will be enough."

"No-I want you to hear it." His voice sounded curiously drained of emo-"It all happened out there-in Honolulu, last summer—I had just three months—just three months of life worth living. She came into my life and taught me love and what life might be—lifted me up to where I looked down on humanity and pitied it- Showed me the perfect peace and glory of having found the one the one, other— I lost myself—in—her—greatness—," said David Lane, slowly and with many pauses.

Virginia listened with a growing confusion. She wanted to blink her mind's eve and clear its vision to see the picture that had been there for a day. For this was no lovely girl on the threshold of life,

that he was painting.

"Was she-your age, David?" she asked impulsively, and was thankful that the question sounded decently tactful.

"Oh, no—she was—older—ever so much older—I don't know-it didn't matter— What are ten years or fifteen— would have happened to her future, if

when you think alike, and everything you learn just adds to the number of ideas that-meet-and you know that the two of you are—perfect harmony."

"Yes, dear," Virginia murmured, al-

most apologetically.

"She stooped so far to me-and I needed her so-she would have made something of me, Virginia- But-but she said I'd given her back her life and joy— I—I did that much for her—"

He paused, leaving the girl's imagination again hanging in the air. So she'd already lived a life—this woman—?

"You mean-what, David?"

"Oh-ves- She was a widow, you see— He'd only been dead a year or so, but she had been awfully unhappy with him. They'd lived in southern California always, and she came to Honolulu afterward-alone-to get quite away, you see- Strange-I loved her first when she thought she was done with men forever— But—I loved her so much—"

To break another pause, Virginia said: "It was like a beautiful, healing—balm

or something."

That line didn't come out quite as well as the first one, but she said it gently, for his sake. She didn't like this woman he raved about, somehow! Instinctively she was—repelled—rather—

"Tell me what she looked like, David?" "She looked like a Spanish womanwith eyes that were a dark gray-blue— She loved to dress in black and she carried big, gay fans. Oh, she looked like-herself, Virginia. She was complete-no blurred lines-but always more to be known-more to be desired-"

"David, what a picture! You've done her wonderfully." Virginia forced her praise to cover still further doubts. "But she wasn't foreign, was she? Where did she get this—exotic—personality? And what was her name?"

"She wasn't exotic—she was just unique; with the finest, clearest American mind in the world. Her name was Mary Lathrop before her marriage. To me, her

name was Mary Hollingsworth."

It was all to the credit of Virginia's healthy nerves that their leap was internal. For the rest of her life she wondered, as event succeeded event, what

instead, a start and a cry had betrayed her at mention of that name-Mary Hollingsworth-her renegade mother, who had spoiled the life of Tack Starr by deserting him; spoiled the life—undoubtedly since she was unhappy-of Richard Hollingsworth, by living with him, and was now spoiling the life of young David Lane by—as Virginia scornfully put it—dying on him!

After a space of blank shock, her first definite reaction had been a sickening sense of revolt, and that had been followed by a surge of pity, a savage protecting impulse, for the man, that was primitive and utterly characteristic.

"Oh, she's made a fool of you, David." cried her heart. "She can't have been what you thought her. Why, to prove it—she never told you of father and her scandalous divorce! Oh, David, she wasn't good- Her life was just one

long, selfish havoc!"

How she managed to sustain their tête-à-tête morning was never clear in her memory. She seemed to be clutching her mind, to hold it steady, with actual physical hands. But when it was over she knew that she had aroused in him no suspicions and that the crisis was passed.

In the blackness of another sleepless night Virginia's charming fantasy mocked at her. Angrily and contemptuously she now denied all possibility of having been in communion with the spirit of the dead. Her ironic Fate it was who had chosen that she should once more be the understudy of Mary Hollingsworth, but much time elapsed before even her sane mind could admit it with the grace of humor.

To-night she prayed to God alone that it be given to her to make good her

mother's final wantonness.

With something like a poison, Mary Hollingsworth had infected the lives of

the men whom she had victimized. Tack Starr had never again been himself; David Lane, too, appeared bewitched. Virginia set her whole will against the spell in his sick mind. She made him her mission; she worked with no thought of reward.

Perhaps the most satirical feature of the treatment was that it brought him for long periods under the roof of Tack Starr. But Virginia had told her father only that there had been a tragedy, and the unconfidential friendship that developed between the two men never once endangered the secret of their unsuspected bond.

Two years of unremitting care brought David Lane back to normal, and he realized devoutly to whom it was due. Under an October sky, and the maples that drooped heavy golden branches, he told Virginia, as they walked their horses, that he was well again, and that he loved

"It isn't the love you deserve, dear," he said. "It's been through the war, you know-but it's all yours-it couldn't be any one else's- And at least, dearest, I can take care of you, always."

Virginia laughed with a little catch of

emotion.

"Oh, women don't need to be taken care of, David," she said. "You do the loving and I'll do the care-taking—which amounts to the same thing," she ended obscurely.

To Jack Starr she said, that night: "Father, I feel pretty special for David

Lane."

And Jack, with his hands on her shoul-

ders, answered:

"He's got the very best, Jinny, my girl— I hope he knows he was playing in the devil's own luck when he lost that other woman-whoever she was."



Coddling Criminals

BY CHARLES C. NOTT, JR.

Judge of the Court of General Sessions, New York City; Author of "The Juror's Part in Crime"



CRIME is not necessarily a sin, nor is a sin necessarily a crime—none of the seven deadly sins denounced by the church are crimes. The law, therefore, is not an

institution calling upon the sinner to repent, for it has no concern with sin, as such, but only with crime. A crime is an act which is adjudged by lawful authority to be so deleterious to the public good as to require it not only to be prohibited but to require the punishment of those who disobey the prohibition, to the end that, an example having been made, the prohibition will be obeyed. It follows that when the law fixes varying punishments for various crimes, it does not look to see whether the one crime is more sinful than the other, but only endeavors to determine which involves the greater danger to the public good. Thus I have tried cases of petit larceny when the act was more sinful and showed greater moral depravity upon the defendant's part than was evinced on the part of the defendant in many a homicide case. But as the law is not concerned with sin, it does not say that a greater sinner shall be more severely punished for petit larceny than a lesser sinner for murder; but, on the contrary, says that as the unlawful taking of human life involves more danger to the public safety than petit larceny, so the murderer shall be more severely punished than the petty thief, irrespective of the amount of sin involved in their respective acts.

In considering the matter of the punishment of crime and the treatment of the convict, this underlying distinction must be kept in mind if the punishment of crime is to be worked out along lines to make it effective to accomplish its intended end. During the last fifteen or twenty years, in the State of New York,

at least, a large, influential, well-meaning. and extremely vociferous body of people and organizations have been doing all in their power to ignore and to compel the authorities to ignore the fundamental difference between reformation of the sinner and punishment as a deterrent to crime. Of course, the result has been, on the one hand, to diminish the force and effect of punishment as a deterrent to crime; while, on the other, the increase in the amount of reformation effected over that obtained by the old system has been negligible. The so-called "coddling" system in the New York State prisons has had at least a twelve-year swing, and if its reformatory effects amounted to anything substantial, the proportion of second offenders serving now would be substantially less than it was fifteen years ago. But it is nothing of the sort—it has. so far as I have been able to ascertain. substantially increased. In 1915, the year after Thomas Mott Osborne became Warden of Sing Sing Prison, the proportion of inmates previously convicted of felony imprisoned in State's prisons was thirty-nine per cent; in the year 1924 it was forty-four per cent-both according to the official report of the Superintendent of State's Prisons for those respective years.

The reasons for both of these results are not far to seek. Taking the second one first, a prison is and necessarily must be a most unfavorable place to effect a reformation of the individual. Reformation is a work requiring individual effort of a high order of spiritual quality upon the individual sought to be reformed; it requires a favorable environment and associations, and long-continued watchfulness and care. None of these conditions is or can be found in a prison. I am extremely sceptical of the possibility of the spiritual reformation of a body of men en masse, but the inmates of a State's prison are a body—a large body of menand individual work upon them can, from the nature of the case, be but short-lived and haphazard. Each convict is continuously surrounded by other convicts, so the environment is neither uplifting nor stimulating to reformation—and those people who think that the furnishing of baseball games, movies, theatrical shows, banquets, and flowers is in itself reformation of sin or effects reformation of sin, are quite capable of thinking that it would effect the reformation of indigestion.

But still more unfortunate is the effect upon the efficacy of punishment as a deterrent which has been produced by treating it as an attempt solely to rehabilitate the individual. While certain flagrant abuses have been remedied in the administration of our New York State prisons, vet many who have had a clear idea of the function of the criminal law had prophesied years ago that carrying the softening of prison discipline to foolish lengths not only would accomplish little in the way of reformation, but would end in increasing crime—and their prophecies have been and are being fulfilled. When young first offenders, before me for sentence, plead to be sent to Sing Sing and not to the Elmira Reformatory, as happens almost weekly, I know that they are not seeking reformation there, but rather a "soft snap" in comparison with the military discipline of the reformatory.

In a recent number of the prison magazine printed at Sing Sing, I observed that during the baseball season just ended the local nine had played over one hundred games with outside visiting nines, viewed by the prison inmates from a concrete grand stand; that during the theatrical season there had been a theatrical performance nearly every Friday evening by various companies, many presenting the best shows running in New York, to see which the unconvicted citizen has to pay five or six dollars a seat; and the movies while away the tedium of almost all of the other nights of the week. The hours of work are much shorter than those of the ordinary working man; and until very recently, if the fastidious palate of any prisoner were offended by the prison fare, he was allowed, if possessed of the price, to buy special food for himself and have it specially cooked and privately served. In the prison at Great Meadow the inmates go forth at a gentlemanly hour in the morning (compared with the ordinary farm-hand) to labor unguarded on the farm until an hour not too late unduly to fatigue them, when they return each to a large and commodious cell with a shower in it, where they refresh themselves for the evening meal and the evening entertainment. A few have strolled off and never returned, but the management should not feel mortified over its failure to please—there are always, everywhere, some hypercritical individuals who are never satisfied.

In addition to all this, the terms of imprisonment are enormously and unreasonably cut down by "commutation for good conduct" and by "compensation for efficient and willing service," and, in addition, by paroles from the Parole Board, which, as in the recent notorious Brindell case, may be granted to prisoners whose conduct has been notoriously bad. When the Indeterminate Sentence Law was enacted, its framers probably had in mind the picture of an ideal body of men sitting in careful examination of each case coming before it and endeavoring to determine from the prisoner's record while in custody, and from the nature of his crime and the presence or absence of mitigating or aggravating circumstances, whether he should be discharged on the expiration of the minimum of his sentence, or kept for the maximum, or at just what intermediate point he should be liberated. So much superior to the judgment of the trial judge was the knowledge and insight of this ideal body to be, that the judge was not allowed to fix the minimum of the sentence at more than one-half of the possible maximum in order to make sure that the board should have plenty of elbowroom in which to work out its patient and astute conclusions. As not infrequently happens, however, the practical working out of this law differs slightly from the picture in the mind of its framers. What has happened is that, the prisons being overcrowded, every prisoner has been liberated almost as a matter of course on his minimum, without regard to the nature or gravity of the offense committed, and as the sentencing judge has been forbidden to make the minimum more than half of what he might have imposed, the practical effect has been to cut in half the sentence of any first offender, no matter how heinous the offense. In addition, time for "compensation for efficient and willing service" is now deducted from the minimum of the sentence. The "flat sentence" of a second offender is cut down by both "commutation" and "compensation."

All of the foregoing is only a brief and partial indication of the many ways in which it has been sought during the last twenty years to soften the quality and lessen the quantity of prison discipline, until now a discharged convict knows that if he should subsequently be sentenced, he will retire from the world for a sufficient season to enable him to get the alcohol and venereal disease out of his system, will work minimum hours, get a maximum of recreation and entertainment, and may, if his soul rises above the frivolities of prison life, also acquire an education or learn a trade.

A good concrete example of this attempt to exalt the welfare of the individual convict and to destroy the force of punishment as a deterrent is found in the recently proposed legislation to grant wages to prisoners, payable to their families. Such a law would undoubtedly be a great benefit to the unfortunate families involved in the calamity of a conviction—and would incidentally relieve the sentencing judge of much worry and nervous strain. But the legislature might as well make the following proclamation:

Whereas, Citizens of this State who have formerly contemplated the commission of murder, robbery, burglary, and divers other crimes, have been disturbed in their minds by the possibility that such action on their part might involve their families in financial difficulties, and have even in some instances been prevented from the commission of such crimes by

such possibility; and,

Whereas, The Legislature of this State, being desirous of remedying a condition causing such unnatural anxiety, has determined to relieve it; it is now proclaimed that no one contemplating the commission of a crime shall hereafter burden his mind with fears for the welfare of his family nor allow such fears to prevent him

from concentrating his mind upon the crime contemplated; and to this end, it is now enacted that the families of all so-called victims of crime shall be taxed to support the families of those who have victimized them, during the period of the withdrawal of the latter's usual means of support.

No one now believes that prisoners should be treated with cruelty or brutality, nor that they should be kept in unsanitary surroundings which might undermine their health—such as the notorious old cell block at Sing Sing. But if the State confines its prisoners in sanitary prisons, segregates the first offenders from the "second-timers," affords opportunity education and self-improvement, teaches a useful trade and helps discharged convicts to obtain employment, it has discharged its duties to them, and not only is under no obligation to make their term of imprisonment easy and agreeable, but should carefully refrain from doing so, substituting a strict and firm discipline for the recreational methods now in vogue. Obtaining work for convicts upon discharge is one of the most beneficent means of promoting their welfare and preventing a relapse into crime, and if the time, labor, and money expended by the sentimentalists had been concentrated upon that effort, they might have accomplished good instead of harm.

The English administration of the criminal law before conviction is frequently contrasted favorably with our own, and we might well consider if their system of administering their prisons without cruelty but with an unvarying and inexorable discipline, starting out with a short period of solitary confinement, is not the common-sense method of making crime

unpopular.

One of the most frequent phrases of attack upon the idea of punishment as a deterrent is the dogmatic statement that it is a failure as a deterrent because it does not deter, and this statement is usually bolstered up by that other one to the effect that in the eighteenth century there were forty hanging offenses, and yet crime was more prevalent then than now. In reply to this it may be freely conceded that a law that is not enforced and pun-

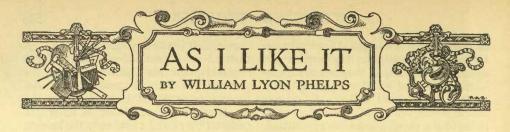
ishment that is not imposed is never a deterrent—any more than vaccination is a deterrent to smallpox if it is not administered. To test whether or not punishment is a deterrent, one must find out how it would work if it were *certain* to be inflicted if a given crime were committed.

The readers of this article need indulge in no far-away or fanciful speculations as to how the minds of criminals would react if they knew in advance that punishment would follow a contemplated crime. Undoubtedly a large proportion of such readers are themselves criminals and liable to many years in some Federal penitentiary if punished for their every violation of the Volstead Act. But the enforcement of the Volstead Act is a farce. Let each such reader, therefore, ask himself whether he would break that law tomorrow if he positively and certainly knew that he would spend a year in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary if he broke it. Whatever answer the reader makes to this question will be the same answer that the burglar, the robber, the forger, or the thief would make to the analogous question put to him. As to the saying anent punishment in the eighteenth century, it is a perfect example of the post hoc ergo propter hoc argument and consequently entirely illogical, but is a standby of a certain class of mind and has accomplished much harm. In the eighteenth century there was no police force as we know the word now-only "the watch" that circulated slowly and with great publicity through certain city streets at night, and the sheriffs and their men to serve warrants: there was absolutely no detective force, no finger-prints, Bertillon measurements or rogues' galleries; no telegraphs, telephones, or any means of com-

munication between places rapid enough to head off a criminal-in short, if the criminal made his "getaway" from the scene of the crime, he was safe. Under those circumstances the law made the consequences so appalling in case the criminal were caught that only the boldest would have dared commit crime if arrest had been even probable. One has only to read Defoe's "Chronicle of Moll Flanders" to realize the terror with which even the boldest spirits went forth with their lives in their hands to commit crime in that age. The real question is. "Would there have been more crime or less crime in that age if the penalty had been less severe?"-not whether there was more crime then than now-and no student of those times can be in doubt as to the an-

Crime is not less in the twentieth than in the eighteenth century because punishment has been diminished; but punishment has been diminished because crime is less. No one is in favor of making punishment more severe than is necessary to accomplish its end. As, therefore, the human race has gradually emerged from the virtual barbarism of those old days, its progress and the progress of civilization have resulted in a lessening of crime —and naturally punishment also has been relaxed. But when it is so relaxed as to become no punishment at all and is so frequently escaped as to warrant the assumption it will be escaped altogether, then there can be no wonder that it fails to act as a deterrent. Such is the condition existing in the United States to-day, and such it is certain to continue until the day arrives when punishment is restored to its true function as a deterrent, and is made reasonably certain in its infliction.





F I had a billion dollars, I should found an American college in Athens. I do not mean a university, or an institution for special research. I mean an undergraduate liberal college, with a four years course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. I would make the study of Greek and Latin compulsory for all four years, and have other courses, English, Science, History, Political Economy, etc., elective. The term would last from October to June. A special ship would bring the students from America to the Piraeus in September, and those who wished to spend the summer in the United States could return on her in June.

This college would have certain peculiar advantages. Greek and Latin, which are the best foundation for culture and for any active career to-day, would be studied in the best possible environment; no man would receive a B.A. who could not read Greek and Latin at sight and with ease; thus for the rest of his life every alumnus would have at command Greek drama, philosophy, poetry, and history.

Mr. E. Nelson Fell, who was educated at Eton and received a sound training in the classics, maintains that in his long experience as the manager of a large business enterprise in Russia (see his charming book, "Russian and Nomad") nothing in his youth helped him so much as Greek and Latin and the general discipline and traditions of Eton. He points out that Greek and Latin literature forms a complete and closed subject and thus makes a true foundation for modern life and culture. Science is shifting, history depends largely on the bias of the men who write it, etc., but the story of Greek and Roman political, social, and artistic life is complete and permanent, which no new discoveries can hurt or change.

Another advantage of the Athenian college would be the elimination of the infinite number of extra-curriculum activities which vitiate the intellectual climate

of the institutions of learning in the United States. There would be no Big Three or Conference or Coast Championships; many other extra-curriculum affairs, eagerly engaged in by students naturally ambitious for social rather than intellectual distinction, would be absent.

On the other hand, in a country where the Olympic games first flourished, there would be every opportunity for athletic sports on land and water: golf, tennis, baseball, football, rowing, sailing, swimming, and every form of track athletics.

There would, I think, be no difficulty about securing a high-grade faculty; some of the professors would be permanent, and as for the others, there are any number of leading professors in America who would be glad to spend one year teaching American students in Athens.

I am not opposed to intercollegiate athletics in America, for the same reason that I am not opposed to the New England winter climate; and much good comes out of both. But I think there is room for one American college (not vocational, professional, or graduate school) where the major interest of the majority of students would be the acquisition of sound culture, in an environment peculiarly favorable.

It would seem that there could hardly' be anything that promised more tranquillity and less eccentricity than a journey from New Haven to Philadelphia. Yet on the day of the February blizzard, when I took the Colonial Express at New Haven, I enjoyed several unusual experiences. First of all, my travelling-bag unaccountably missed the train, so, like a runaway bride, I had nothing except the clothes I sat in. The train was nearly three hours late in reaching Philadelphia; accoutred as I was, I leaped into a taxi and urged the driver to make the extreme legal margin of speed. On a dark and narrow side street, the car broke down

while I was still a mile from my destination. I dismounted and, like Apollyon, straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, so that the next car would either have to stop or be the cause of my death. It stopped with protests of brake and voice. I explained my predicament and said that I must reach the Metropolitan Opera House in five minutes, where I was to deliver a lecture. I was requested to get in, and I think in that last mad mile we hit the ground only twice, but we drew up before the doors of the temple of art, and within the specified time. I hesitated whether or not to offer this Good Samaritan an honorarium, but I did, and it seemed acceptable. Then he asked me to wait an instant, while he could write for me his telephone number. "Is it possible that he is an owner or driver of public vehicles?" thought I, but on receiving the mystic symbol, he said reverently: "Any time you want any real good liquor, call me up."

I marched upon the stage, clad in the grey habiliments of daylight, looking as if the hounds of Spring were on Winter's traces. I informed the audience that my evening clothes were in the New Haven railway station, and I also informed them of my perilous journey, and of the stranger who took me in, and of his professional occupation. At the end of the lecture, as is our custom in Philadelphia, ushers distributed cards through the audience, on which those who were so disposed might ask questions about books, which I in turn answered from the platform. Seven of them asked, "What was that telephone number?" Now, whatever faults that lecture may have had, it was certainly

The next day (Friday) was a busy day for me, and yet filled with harmony. In the morning I settled the coal strike. At least, when I came down to breakfast in the Bellevue-Stratford it was not settled, and before lunch it was. I leave that fact to speak for itself. In the afternoon I heard a glorious concert by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, Leonora Overture No. 3 (the trumpet solo always reminding me of the Hamburg-American Line), and two pieces by Bach. I reached New York in time to hear "Lohengrin" in the evening.

not dry.

Exactly forty years ago I heard in the same New York Opera House "Lohengrin" for the first time. I was then accompanied by my friend Frank W. Hubbard, who later became in one and the same year my brother-in-law and a Presidential elector, probably the youngest Presidential elector in history. "Lohengrin" is my favorite opera, and I have only one fault to find with its construction: Why, in the second act, is the King so inefficient? Why does he allow the bridal procession to be so rudely interrupted? If he were a King who knew his job, he would simply summon his guards, point to Ortrud and Telramund, and say: "Take these swine out and have them killed."

I am the perfect Wagnerite, and this season I am enjoying the Wagner cycle at the Metropolitan more than at any time since the retirement of the De Reszkés. I do not believe there is to-day available a better cast anywhere than appeared in "Die Walküre," for Herr Laubenthal is the best of the tenors, Herr Bohnen and Herr Schorr are satisfactory as bass and baritone, and Larsen-Todsen, Easton, and Branzell are admirable singers. In fact, I do not think I have ever heard the thankless rôle of Fricka sung so magnificently as Madame Branzell sang it.

But I wish at the Metropolitan that Wagner's explicit directions might be followed. Fricka should drive her team; Fafner should kill Fasolt on the stage; the scenery should *move* in the first act of "Parsifal"; Lohengrin should really appear in the distance and gradually draw nearer. Years ago every one of these things took place on this same stage.

Here is a historical fact illustrating the depreciation of the dollar. In the spring of 1887, when I was a senior at Yale, my classmate (now Judge) John Henry Kirkham, of New Britain, and I financed an expedition to New York. We left New Haven at midnight on the boat; we had a good breakfast in New York for thirty-five cents; a good dinner for forty cents. In the afternoon we went to the Metropolitan Opera House, and got seats in the gallery for fifty cents, hearing Goldmark's opera "Merlin" sung by Lilli Lehmann, Max Alvary, and others. We obtained a

good supper for thirty cents, and in the evening got seats for fifty cents at the Casino, where we heard a performance of that delectable "Erminie" with Francis Wilson, God bless him! Then we took the midnight boat back to New Haven. Today there are no boats, no seats for fifty cents, and no good meals for thirty. The entire expedition, transportation both ways, three meals, grand opera and operetta, and incidental expenses, cost us in round numbers about \$2.61 apiece. I ought to add that Kirkham was an editor of The Yale Daily News, so we dead-headed the steamboat.

At last—at last, I have heard Strauss's glorious tone-poem, "Tod und Verklärung," played by the New York Symphony Orchestra in Brooklyn, and conducted by Otto Klemperer, who measures eight feet from tip to tip. This time also they changed the programme at the last moment; but they substituted Strauss's masterpiece for something else. O Richard, O mon roi, l'univers t'abandonne, mais moi, jamais!

In addition to other good plays I have mentioned, let no one miss seeing "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "The Wisdom Tooth." The first is a sparkling comedy by Lonsdale, recommended to me by the editor of Scribner's Magazine. The acting of Ina Claire and Roland Young is impeccably artistic, as fine as the stone tracery around the tomb of Edward II in Gloucester Cathedral.

Marc Connolly has written a magnificent play-"The Wisdom Tooth." In contrast to the imbecility and garbage, which are the chief ingredients of many theatrical offerings in the big town, this drama is a combination of true realism and soaring idealism. Imagine a countrified grandfather and grandmother appearing on the New York stage and, instead of being coarsely burlesqued, here represented as in many cases they really are—the salt of the earth. They stand out, the incarnation of nobility, wisdom, and common sense—what a contrast to our sophisticated and impotent lizards! As Turgenev said of Bazarov's mother, "Such women are not common nowadays. God knows whether we ought to rejoice!" But they are more common than some imagine them to be—some whose entire knowledge of life is confined to a small part of a small and citified island.

Many a man has been saved from sin or folly or both by remembering at a critical moment his dead parents; but in "The Wisdom Tooth" the white-collared clerk is saved by remembering his dead boyhood. The play advances with a light yet sure step along the narrow isthmus that divides the marsh of sentimentality from the mire of melodrama. We are on the verge of both but we never fall in. There is only one other playwright who might have written "The Wisdom Tooth"—his name is J. M. Barrie.

Before seeing this play, I recommend you to read Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" and Basil King's novel, "The High Forfeit."

"The Wisdom Tooth" is a far better play than "The Dybbuk"—more original, more profound, more interesting. I am quite aware that "The Dybbuk" was written by a Russian and "The Wisdom Tooth" by a mere American.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" has come back to town, "tasting of . . . Provençal song and sunburnt mirth." How men will look three hundred years from now I do not know; but they will go to the theatre and they will see "Cyrano."

No matter how many old plays appear in modern dress, I suppose the opera must forever belong to costume drama. Imagine Wotan in Norfolk jacket and knick-

Percy F. Bicknell, of Malden, Mass., writes on good English:

The worldwide vogue of your department makes it an effective medium for starting, if not carrying through, many needed reforms; and as you are a teacher of English perhaps this department of yours can most appropriately and intelligently occupy itself with the correction of abuses in the speaking and writing of that language—a worthy undertaking already entered upon by you.

Why not protest against the increasing misuse of consistently in the sense of constantly, always, invariably? It needs no argument to prove that such indiscriminate substitutions tend to weaken and impoverish a language. Some of our older writers, who in their earlier works were impeccable,

have of late allowed not a few of these objectionable neologisms to invade their pages. Evil communications corrupt good man-

ners, in literature as in conduct.

Another unpleasing modernism is the use of the present indicative in such a sentence as "You look as if you are glad of it." Twenty years ago, or perhaps even ten years ago, would not the customary form have been "You look as if you were glad of it"? A somewhat similar illogical usage, but much older and long since sanctioned by the best writers, is the employment of as though in the sense of as if. For example: "It is now balmy April, but he shivers as though it were chill November."

Finally (for the present at least), it may be a waste of space and of printer's ink to try to resuscitate the moribund shall and should, but reiterated outcry will perhaps retard somewhat their final extinction. To one graduated from a New England college about forty years ago and on bowing terms with good writers of a still earlier period it is passing strange that so many otherwise intelligent persons can see no difference between the unscrupulously determined "I will be elected" and the confidently expectant "I shall be elected."

An excellent thing to remember is this the expression "I would like" is always wrong. Say, "I should like" every time, and there is one error you will avoid.

By the way, I am not a teacher of English, but a teacher of English literature.

Frank W. Clancy, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "intrigued" and "intriguing." I agree with him. Miss Beatrice Ash, of Havana, Cuba, nominates persons who sprinkle their conversations with French. But unfortunately there are times when one is almost forced to borrow, n'est-ce pas? Reverend Allen Jacobs, rector of St. John's Church, Logan, Utah, writes:

Your page is the only place in America's magazines where stored-up mental powder may explode without injury and at the same time the cause of good English be strengthened. "Cinema" and "Cinematograph" the English people offend in this more than we. But where on earth did that soft "c" get its justification?—I mean any kind of a 'c"; because, as you know, the Greek origin is "kinema." And what a clumsy word it is, with its compounds.

"Recalcitrant"-Do five persons out of ten know it when they see it? I have had to look it up more than once. And our newspaper men are guilty—those whose training is said to include above all the saving of space. Why not "refractory," "obstinate," or even "stubborn"?

Speaking of newspaper terms, why is a "physician" always "summoned"? Give him the title of "physician" if better than the popular one of "doctor"; but why not save a little space and add a little variety by using the good old word "call"?

Included among phrases in general use, I have always thought of "behind" as preferable to "back of"; and I have never been friendly to "this much" and "that much." Many good writers and speakers use "as though" instead of "as if"; yet the latter is much simpler, and I think better.

There is a point in our pronunciation which I have never yet seen explained, and which may have an interesting history connected with it. That is, in relation to the emphasized "r" or, as it has been termed, the inverted "r." It seems to flourish especially in the Middle West; possibly everywhere west of Albany-or shall we say Buffalo? As a native New Englander, and therefore perhaps imbued with the sound of the smooth or disappearing "r" where it ends a word or precedes a consonant-I have never yet become accustomed, at least never yet reconciled, to the bur-r-r sound. Is there some connection here historically with Scotch and German settlers in the Western States? I have heard high-school and college young people in the West pronounce words such as "form" and "corn" in such a way that to my ears the effect was exactly that of "forum" and "koran"! . . .

The chief value of the word "recalcitrant" is to determine whether or not a man is drunk. If he can frame to pronounce it

right, he is still sober.

As for the disagreeable dog-letter, Mr. Jacobs's comment gives me an excuse for a poem I wrote on Booth Tarkington's play, and which I contributed to "The Conning Tower," where I had the pleasure of seeing it hoisted to the top of the col-

Tark! Tark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, And country cousins rise:
The Middle West girls can roll their R's,

And the Eastern girls their I's.

Speaking of F. P. A., he has just published a volume called "F. P. A.'s Conning Tower Verse," being selections from the verse contributed by outsiders to

The Evening Mail, The Tribune, and The World. The book gains in value by containing nothing of mine, and loses by having nothing of his; but it is a book well worth buying. I particularly enjoyed the poem by my friend the Reverend John

When the Easterner laughs at the Westerner for saying Carrds and Dinnerr, let him repent when he himself says "I

had no idear of it."

Contributions to the earth-shaking question of the cow's ears come from Miss Grace Swan, of Myers Falls, Wash., who says: "It would be unreasonable to suppose that a cow's ears would be placed where they would be pinched every time she used lier horns. Nature is accused of many mistakes, but I never heard of such a bawly one as this would be."

G. W. Gardiner, of New York, also gives a scientific reason for the location of the

Logic is all I have to go upon in deciding whether a cow wears her horns before or behind her ears, observation having failed me.

In the great system of evolution it is quite possible that the first cows were unadorned with horns, although they probably had ears. Thus the first horns were, like as not, soft and useless little things, and could easily have been worn behind the ears or in them.

But with horn development, and the use of the head as a battering ram, it is conceivable that horns quickly came into their own, and the more soft and tender ears moved back until they took up a safe and permanent position back of and slightly below the horns. I believe you will find them there to-day.

How wonderful is logic!

J. C. Meem, of Brooklyn, N. Y., contributes the following:

Will you not kindly explain to your Albany editor, Bachelor of Cowology, that it is not a Mooley but a Muley cow that has no horns? The name is derived from the resemblance of a hornless cow's ears to those of a mule, and not to the soft-voiced Moo with which she laments the loss of her horns; or, in other words, it is not the cow's moosic that gives the name but her ear for music.

It is interesting to observe that Vermont is the only State in the Union where the population of cows exceeds the population of human beings, just as Florida is the only State where there are more

automobiles than persons.

James Melvin Lee, director of the department of journalism, New York University, furnishes me with two good newspaper headlines to add to those I printed in the March SCRIBNER'S. One was over a story about a workman who had been buried in a cave-in:

TON OF SOIL FALLS ON SON OF TOIL

The other describes a man by the name of Ivory who was on trial in an English court; the evidence told against him and the headline in the newspaper was:

IVORY'S HOPES SINK

Mrs. Frederic R. Kellogg, of Morristown, N. J., read the "Faerie Queene" at the age of seventeen, when she was a freshman at Bryn Mawr. She wishes to know if any female of my acquaintance has ever finished Carlyle's "French Revolution," or Boswell's "Life of Johnson." In reply to this solemn inquiry I have not heard of many females finishing either one of these two books, though I have heard of a good many who have been finished by them. Charles Hopkins Clark, the editor of the Hartford Courant, recently wrote in The North American Review an article on Samuel Johnson that will make the idolaters of Ursa Major furiously to think, as the French do not

Miss Lillian Partos, of New York City, also comes into the Faerie Queene Club. In fact, she takes two chairs because, although only in the sixteenth year of her age, she has read the poem twice.

Mrs. Addison E. Herrick, of Bethel, Me., read the "Faerie Queene" through at the age of sixteen. She has often wondered why she did it, but now knows that her unconscious self then foresaw the Faerie Queene Club.

Miss Margaret Belle Merrill, director of the Co-operative Bureau for Women Teachers, New York, read the "Faerie Queene" in her eleventh year.

The State of Alabama suddenly leads all the States in the Union in membership. I have received from Augustus H. Mason, dean of Howard College, Birmingham, Ala., the following list of students, all of whom have read the entire "Faerie Queene": Lizzie Lee Allsup, Birmingham; Elna Almgren, Birmingham; Ruby Deane Doyle, Birmingham; Bess Finney, Albertville; Mary John Finney, La Fayette; Nioma Lee, Cropwell; Sue Sargent, Mobile; Louise Short, Huntsville; Millard Hearn, Wadley; Luther E. Little, Alanton; John Denham Tucker, Jr., Birmingham.

Further contributors to the George Herbert Organ Fund and members of the Bemerton Club are G. W. Humphreys, of Cohoes, N. Y.; Charles E. Moore, of White Plains, and the Reverend Jesse Halsey, of Cincinnati.

Wilmarth S. Lewis, of Farmington, Conn., American novelist, writes linguistically as follows:

When you have established "vidience," do turn your attention to "ocularium." "The vidience rocked the ocularium with applause."

Another word-builder, Horace Walpole, wrote to Wm. Mason in 1783: "I have in mind, should you approve it, to call designers of gardens, gardenists, to distinguish them from gardeners or landscapists. I wish you would coin a term for the art itself." Mason failed to do so and all we have is "landscape gardening"—surely a poor thing.

With reference to the vexed question of professional voice control, I have an interesting letter from Edward Dickinson, professor of the history and criticism of music at Oberlin:

Nevertheless I have often wondered how actors and singers keep themselves in hand as they do. I have never wondered at this more than I did a few nights ago when I heard Roland Hayes deliver that heart breaking unaccompanied song, "The Crucifixion," which he often puts at the end of his programs. Roland Hayes, as I happen to know, is a devout Christian as well as a profoundly poetic nature. I doubt if there was a dry eye in the hall, but in his voice there was not the slightest suggestion of wavering. How he could sing it in the way he did without breaking down is more than I can understand, except as I suppose that his indescribably pathetic effects in dynam-

ics and timbre were calculated at every instant, and his will power was concentrated upon them. This is no disparagement, but just the reverse.

Mr. van Loon's "Tolerance" is a noble, useful, badly written book. He chose a great subject, took exactly the right attitude toward it, and then wrote as though he were talking to a night school of immigrants. I can see no reason for not treating so dignified a theme with dignity. He cannot write like John Morley any more than I can; but why— Anyhow, I am glad he wrote the book, for it is needed now more than almost any other treatise, and it is probably more needed in America than in any other country. He has the chief qualification for his task—for if he wrote with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not charity, his book would be worthless. I am not an agnostic, or a socialist, or a revolutionist, or an anarchist: but I have sufficient faith in God and in the United States to believe that neither can be seriously injured by free thought and free expression. There is no reason why the strongest religious and political convictions should not be accompanied by clear-eyed tolerance. Tolerance is the mark of the truly civilized and cultivated, mature mind. Those who are habitually intolerant can never learn, never develop; but a hospitable mind is ever growing. I am opposed to the suppression of free speech, and for two good reasons. It is unchristian and inexpedient. Suppression by force, whether it takes the form of deportation, imprisonment, or direct mob action, is unchristian. But it is also inexpedient. If history has proved anything, it has proved that every attempt to suppress free speech and free writing has strengthened the victims, and has increased the number of their adherents. The behavior of many American organizations and at times of our own governmental officials has been bovish. Intolerance is the mark of a childish mind; when one has become a man one should put away childish things. It is not accidental that England is more tolerant than America, and that the American city is more tolerant than the village. An increase in learning and wisdom is usually accompanied by an increase in tolerance. Two of our best judges are shining examples of tolerance-Learned Hand and

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Of the "prize" novels that I have read, I award first place to "Wild Geese," by Martha Ostenso. This is a fine work of art, and finest in its power of characterization. The *paterfamilias*, who not infrequently becomes the domestic tyrant, has seldom been more accurately portraved.

Two well-written "thrillers" are "Beau Geste," by Percival Christopher Wren, and "The House of Crimson Shadows," by H. DeVere Stacpoole. These would make you immune to the railway journey from Jacksonville to New Orleans, and I

know of no higher tribute.

No one is satisfied with an anthology not even the editor. But if you want to own the best anthology of American poetry that I have seen, buy Richard Le Gallienne's "Book of American Verse." His remarks, in the preface, on Longfellow show that his head is clear.

In addition to being a sceptic on the merits of "An American Tragedy," I also dissent from what seems to be the general critical opinion concerning Ford's novel, "No More Parades." It seems to me written in an intolerably self-conscious and artificial style. Mr. Ford's style is not only vicious; it is viscous. Over all great art, says Lorado Taft, there is an air of serenity.

To all parents and teachers, I especially recommend two small books—"Men, Women and Colleges," by Professor Le Baron R. Briggs of Harvard, and "The Religion of Undergraduates," by the Reverend Cyril Harris. Both books are written with candor and earnestness. Religious people like me will wince when they read Harris's book, but we cannot deny the facts on which it is founded.

An hour of undiluted diversion may well be spent in reading Robert Benchley's "Pluck and Luck," which is intended to be funny and succeeds in the attempt.

Two of our youngest novelists, R. B. Barrett and Katharine Brush, have produced respectively "The Enemy's Gates" and "Glitter," both books dealing with flashy youth. Now Mr. Fitzgerald can do this properly, because he is a literary artist; whereas these two novels betray not only immaturity in years but imma-

turity in style. I should not mention them at all if I did not think they were worth reading, and if I did not think both authors showed potentiality. I have lived with undergraduates for forty-three years, and I have a higher opinion of their ability and character than I find in smart stories about them.

Only the other day, a student, who could not possibly be called either a prig or a grind, rebuked me quite justly. I was teaching Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral," and I remarked that a man could throw away his youth and ruin his health just as truly in the pursuit of learning and science as in dissipation. The only difference is, said I, ironically, that when he wastes his health in study we call him a fool; and when he wastes it in riotous living we say he is a good fellow. One of the undergraduates immediately took issue with me, saying that no matter what surface-opinion might be, the average student did admire the man who gave himself to serious study and did despise the man who indulged in vice. I think he is right, and I shall omit my comment when I teach that poem again.

The best four books that I have read on the Christian religion recently are "The Everlasting Man," by Chesterton; "According to Saint John," by Lord Charnwood; "The Christ of the New Testament," by Paul Elmer More, and "The Reasonableness of Christianity," by Douglas Clyde Macintosh, which book

won a six-thousand-dollar prize.

I am glad that I was soundly trained in my youth in philosophy and metaphysics, for it has helped me many times, and never more than in reading this fine work by Professor Macintosh. If one wishes to know the true "Modernist" position, one cannot do better than read this book, which is able, fair-minded, reverent, scholarly, and devout. And yet I think in one respect the author is in error. I am anxious not to misrepresent him, a thing easy to do in the discussion of any philosophical treatise; but if I understand him correctly, he says that the Christian religion does not depend for its truth on any historical basis. That is, if Jesus had never lived at all, if the whole Gospel story were a myth, Christianity would still be just as true. I do not think so. So far as the ethical teaching of Jesus is concerned, he is of course right. The ethical teaching of Jesus is simply that unselfishness is better than selfishness; if we should discover that the whole New Testament were a fairy tale, this ethical teaching would still stand. If Euclid had never lived, it would still be true that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Truth is truth, no matter who first said it, or even if it were never said at all.

But is the ethical teaching all that there is to the Christian religion? For wise men have taught the same thing over and

over again.

Suppose you received affectionate letters from some one, assuring you not only of steadfast love but of some great gift to come, and the letters were subsequently proved to be forgeries? Suppose an uncle left you a fortune in a will, and the will turned out to be fraudulent?

Not for a moment do I think that the Christian religion is important for what we may materially derive from it. It is important, however, because it professes to be a revelation from God in the person of His Son. Now if there is no Son, not only does the foundation of the Christian religion vanish, but we may well despair of God—this revelation being to Christians the most authentic means of communication.

Professor Macintosh is quite properly and honestly eager to believe nothing unscientific. But, like all philosophers, he has to make an unverifiable assumption. In his book, what he calls "moral optimism" is the true (and scientific) basis of religion. But not only is this an unverified and unverifiable assumption, it is denied by many of our most able and candid writers. It would never have been accepted by Schopenhauer, or by Thomas Hardy, George Santayana, Joseph Conrad, and many other first-rate minds. To these men an ethical view of the universe is impossible.

No, I here stand with the practical, common-sensible Lord Charnwood, whose researches bring him to the belief in the divinity of Christ; and with the scholar, Paul Elmer More, who says that without the Incarnation, there is no voice to man out of the eternal silence.

If I did not believe in the historicity of Jesus, I should not change my habit of life; but no one would ever see me worshipping in a Christian church again.

It is only fair to say that Professor Macintosh is seeking, more for the benefit of others than of himself, a scientific foundation for the Christian religion; he is a loyal and active and valuable member of an evangelical Christian church.

The average man is more interested in the prize ring than in the ring of the Nibelungen.

More women are eager to reduce physically than to expand spiritually.

I have sometimes been accused of disliking some of our sex-novelists because they are not gentlemen. How strange when it is clear that they are all writers of breeding.

I saw one of them the other day sending a tiny parcel by the American Railway Express, and I wondered why he did not send it through the post; then I reflected that he was probably expressing his

personality.

My advice to young authors. Don't imitate H. L. Mencken. Remember, even his broadest humor, his most violent denunciations, and his most diverting meditations on life invariably are founded on some actual knowledge. Better imitate his learning before you imitate his manner. Otherwise, David in Saul's armor will more closely resemble "what the man will wear" than you will resemble H. L. M. I am sure that Mencken's antagonists do not cause him so much embarrassment as his disciples. Now that a chorus of adulation salutes Theodore Dreiser, Mencken seems to be hedging.



THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



PIRITUALLY speaking, there is a bit of Spanish territory in New York, the land that is bounded by the walls of the Hispanic Museum, in the northwestern part of the city. I do not know of an institution quite like it anywhere else in the world. Dedicated to the genius of a nation, it illustrates the subject in so many of its manifestations that amid its paintings and other treasures one seems to be literally on the soil that gave them birth, to breathe the very airs that energized their creation. appeal of the museum is, in a word, an appeal of the Spanish soul. It is made, as I have just indicated, through many objects, but in none more eloquently than in works of pictorial art. These are not only numerous, but have an extraordinary range. The collection begins with a great array of Primitives and then passes rapidly to the traditions of El Greco, Zurburan, Velasquez, and Goya. Nor are the moderns forgotten. Fortuny, Domingo, Rico, and Madrazo are present, and there are abundant specimens of such later men as Zuloaga and Sorolla. The themes of these artists are, generally, characters from Spanish history or scenes and types from Spanish life. The Primitives, of course, dealt with religious subjects, but their devotional fervor gives place in the modern school to a more realistic preoccupation. It is curious to note this, by the way, in the case of a man like Velasquez. His powers, one would say, ought naturally to have carried him to the heights of the spirit. As a matter of fact, they did nothing of the sort. His Christ on the Cross is an impressive picture so far as it goes, but it is in no wise an inspired production, and in none of his religious designs does he transcend the level on which he struck his gait in the early bodegones. The point is apposite on the present occasion. There have been moments of spiritual ecstasy in Spanish painting. El Greco knew some of them, so did Zurburan, and they were vouchsafed in a measure to

Murillo. Nevertheless it might be said of a typical Spanish artist, as Gautier said of himself, that he is a man for whom the visible world exists. The saying especially applies to the modern Spaniard whose last works have been installed in the Hispanic Museum. I mean Joaquin Sorolla.

푸 푸 푸

HE was fortunate in the fate that attended him through the years immediately preceding his death in 1923. In his prime, and painting at his best, he was permitted to complete his magnum opus, a set of fourteen large pictures reflecting as in a mirror some of the most characteristic phases of Spanish life. The commission was given to him when he was in the United States in 1910, and he gave himself up to his task for about five years. His studio was in Madrid, and he did much of the work there, but its essentials were established on the spot. He sketched and painted in the various Spanish provinces, seeking to make living transcripts of actualities. The result is what I can only describe as a tangible enlargement of that territory indicated above as embodied in the Hispanic Museum. A spacious room was erected to receive his canvases, and they have been affixed to the walls with nothing but a simple framework to divide attention. They are not in the strict meaning of the term mural paintings, conceived as an architectural unit and bound together by decorative convention. If, in broad intention, Sorolla harked back to any precedent it was not to that of Veronese but to that of Ghirlandajo, the maker of mural picture-books. Nay, he discarded even the Florentine's tendency to pay some slight tribute to architectural environment. He practised instead a perfectly free nationalism, giving a composition the requisite balance and order but keeping it in essence a vision of the thing

What realism this implies will be readi-

ly understood by those who recall the started for him he would tackle any obpanic Museum in 1909. It will be remembered that his pictures then took Americans by storm. They did so because the figures in them leaped to the eye in a blaze of sunshine. His studies were marvellous in the interpretation of movement. They were, perhaps, a shade too marvellous. I have always remembered with amusement what happened when I went with Boldini to the Sorolla exhibition at the Georges Petit Gallery in Paris. As

big exhibition of his works at the His- ject that came to hand, some studio property against the wall or a person casually entering the room. In other words, he profited by incessant practice and developed thereby his prodigious facility. It was a case of the dexterous magic of Fortuny come again. Only, Sorolla's dexterity was governed by a mood totally different from that of the brilliant painter who came before him. That Fortuny was a not unworthy disciple of Velasquez is shown by his superb



Andalucia. From the painting by Sorolla at the Hispanic Museum.

we progressed from picture to picture Boldini seemed suddenly to get into the grip of some hidden excitement and for a time hesitated about telling me just what was the matter! At last he could stand it no longer. "This man must work with a camera," he said; "they look like so many snapshots." I don't believe Sorolla ever in his life used a camera, but the episode I have cited points with some justice to the nature of those impressions through which he was first made known

A little better light is thrown on his art by some information given me by a fellow-countryman of his who was often in his studio. From this it appears that Sorolla was very much in love with his craft, uneasy and at a loss unless he had a brush in his hand and was using it. When he took it up in the morning, if there did not happen to be some problem already

Spanish Lady in the Metropolitan Museum, but more often he emulated what was flashing in Goya and gave to his subjects an essentially glittering character. In his remarkable work, to which I paid tribute at some length in these pages several months ago, the air of nature is challenged by the air of the studio. That was where Sorolla parted company with Fortuny and in the process contributed heavily to the renovation of modern Spanish art.

I can feel as though it were yesterday the stir that he was making in Madrid when I first visited that city, years ago. All the younger artists swore by him. He was going to "dish" the old Fortuny sleight-of-hand, and they were with him to the last stroke of his campaign. I was a little dubious about it when I saw the first picture my friends cited. It was called, I think, Another Marguerite, a large picture of a poor prisoner in a third-

VOL. LXXIX .-- 40

her guards. I recollect it as savoring more

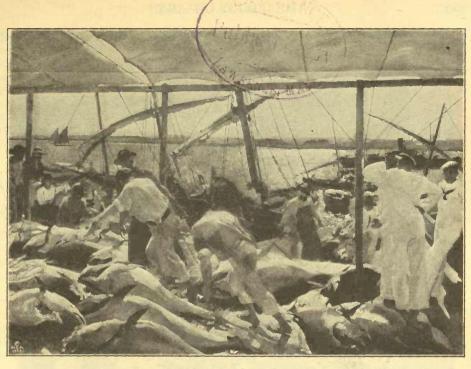
class railway carriage, accompanied by fisherman with his nets that he depicted against a sunlit white wall. Memory of of the Paris Salon than anything else, and the picture stays because it marked so I was not surprised to hear that after his happy a fusion of life and art, the fact so



Navarra. From the painting by Sorolla at the Hispanic Museum.

training at home he had had some experience in France. But I saw shortly afterward another painting of his which better explained the enthusiasm in the studios of Madrid. In Paris, it seems, he had been touched by the luminous art of Bastien-Lepage, and in this picture to which I refer you could see how it had stimulated him. He was beginning to paint in terms of light and air, and I can see now the old vividly recorded, the technique so broad, so flowing, so exhilaratingly clever.

Sorolla was emphatically the clever painter when his work was introduced here, in 1909, but he was more than that when he made the pictures now in the big room at the Hispanic Museum. These panels were to be his testament, his monument; and he painted them with a certain seriousness, using care in composition and



Ayamonte.

From the painting by Sorolla at the Hispanic Museum.

pursuing great thoroughness in his workmanship. The old facility is there, but it is tempered by a graver ambition and has more weight. You have no thought of the snapshot as you watch his Spanish people going about their business or pleasure in their divers provinces. The fishermen of Ayamonte haul the great tunny ashore, shaded by canvas from the light blazing down upon the blue waters beyond. In one picture you come upon a group of Sevillian penitents, and in another you observe the dance as it is danced in that city, or in still others you come in contact with the denizens of the bull-ring. The peasants of Castile fill one of the longest of the panels, a tremendous hurly-burly of racy figures and picturesque costumes, set against a background of bare plain and ancient walls.

Once, in the panel devoted to Navarra, you think that you are looking on at something like historical reconstruction. The costumes are of the Old World, and the men assembled under their antique banner seem to have stepped out of the Middle Ages. But they are really modern men,

re-enacting at Roncal, as they do every June, an old Navarrese ceremony. rolla got this, as he got everything for his paintings, out of the present. The fishermen and cattle-herders, the peasants with their pigs or fruits, the dancers of Aragon, or the Basque of Guipuzcoa at his favorite game, are all the people of to-day, carrying on in a fine integrity and this is one of the fascinations of the series—the customs and manners of virtually changeless Spain. They are admirably painted. Sorolla had got thoroughly into his stride by the time he made these pictures, and, as I have said, his great talent was steadied by his opportunity. The scenes are delightfully composed. The artist's draftsmanship is uniformly sinewy and efficient. His color is powerful without being violent, and it is saturated in warm light. He rendered a service to Spain when he organized this exposition of her human traits, and he rendered a service to Spanish art when he left in these canvases a standard of workmanship upholding the dignity of his school in a foreign land.

HAVE thought of that standard in Montmartre sophistication and studied I looking at more than one recent expose—receives, to be sure, too much of hibition. In the March number of SCRIB-the flattery of imitation, but there is NER'S I spoke of the Carnegie Interna- plenty of work in the Spanish section to



Aragon. From the painting by Sorolla at the Hispanic Museum.

tional and the Spanish section therein. As I write, the foreign pictures from that show have been brought from Pittsburgh them I am inclined to reiterate the comment that true ability is manifesting it-

show that the wholesome example of Sorolla's breadth and sincerity is not being neglected. Delightful proof of this to New York, and musing again upon was offered in February when one member of the younger Spanish group, Don Lopez Mezquita, had a large exhibition of his self in the school to which Sorolla gave so own at the Reinhardt Gallery. He afmuch impetus. The least ingratiating firmed himself an accomplished painter, factor in Zuloaga's art—his tincture of charmingly polished in portraiture and

singularly fluent and engaging in the treatment of picturesque types and subjects drawn from Spanish life. He well maintains the principle on which the vitality of modern Spanish art has been renewed, the principle of veracity and freedom.

7 7 7

APROPOS of Spanish art, I cannot forbear reverting in this place to a portrait of Velasquez painted by himself which turned up at the Duveen Gallery in mid-winter. There are several self-portraits by the master. One of the most famous is that serene painting which hangs in the Capitoline Museum at Rome. He is believed to have painted himself also in the man with the great hat



Rosario and Maria. From the painting by Lopez Mezquita shown at the Reinhardt Gallery.



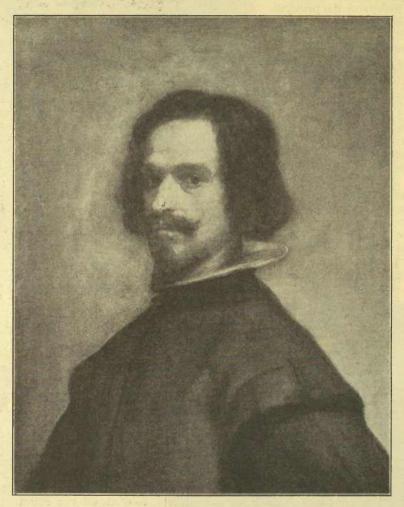
The Guitarist, Andres de Segovia.

From the portrait by Lopez Mezquita shown at the Reinhardt Gallery.

who figures in the right-hand corner of The Surrender of Breda. There is an authentic portrait in the museum at Valencia, and, of course, there is the famous figure in Las Meninas. The new portrait is one which Doctor August L. Mayer found in the Hanover Museum in 1917, catalogued as representing Velasquez but attributed to the brush of a Flemish painter. About a hundred years ago, by the way, it seems to have masqueraded as a portrait of Van Dyck, though the golilla alone, to say nothing of the features, should have made that hypothesis impossible. On comparison of it with photographs of the known portraits Doctor Mayer's identification of the Duveen painting seems to me absolutely conclusive and a deeply interesting contribution to the subject. Velasquez is a man of great dignity in the Capitoline

portrait. He is equally sympathetic, in THE sale room has its interesting epi-other moods, at Valencia and in the two T sodes. A month or two ago, writing ferred. But, while he is distinctly less en-

great compositions to which I have re- in this place on the eve of the dispersal of the Billings collection at the American



Velasquez. From the portrait by himself shown at the Duveen Gallery.

dearing in the new portrait, I feel very much in that presentment the Velasquez of the studio, unawed by Philip, undistracted by any courtly responsibilities, but just the sober craftsman, alone with himself and his art. The master has never seemed to me more humanly his own man than in this remarkable portrait, so happily recovered after hundreds of years.

Art Galleries, I wondered how this amateur's Barbizon pictures would fare. The school had been not precisely under a cloud but certainly in the enjoyment of no such popularity as had followed it in the United States in earlier decades. I heard a good deal of gossip as to the chances of the Billings sale. Every one seemed doubtful. For my own part, the occasion seemed to me to be a test of

American connoisseurship, one to show whether our collectors were swaved by fashion or were faithful to works of lasting beauty. They rose perfectly to the situation. The thirty-one pictures in the collection brought a total of \$401,300; fully half of them were in the Barbizon group, and it was this group that brought out the major figures. One old English picture, it is true, a landscape by Crome, fetched \$47,000, but it was the sole challenge given to the French paintings. These came magnificently into the foreground. Mr. James Elverson paid \$50,500 for Les Baigneuses des Iles, by Corot. Another Corot, La Charette de Gres, brought \$27,000, and his Cavalier dans la Campagne rose to \$30,000. In fact, it was a great evening for Corot, all of his works selling for good prices. And Rousseau was in as good form, his Bosquet d'Arbres fetching \$25,000. Throughout the list, which included also Diaz, Dupré, Daubigny, and Troyon, the prestige of the school was whole-heartedly maintained. The dealers were, of course, represented, but whether they bought for themselves or clients is beside the point. All that matters is that Barbizon has not lost its

There was another auction episode inviting comment when the Leverhulme pictures were sold at the Anderson Galleries. They made a decidedly mixed company, but I am not concerned in this instance with the character of the collection as a whole or with the sum that it brought. I am interested rather in one of the painters represented, the late Albert Moore. Five of this Englishman's works were sold, one of them, the White Hydrangea, for \$1,300, two for \$1,000 each, one for \$850, and one for \$350. They did pretty well, though they might have done better. I was grateful for the mere fact that they were sold here. I have no recollection of Moore's appearing hitherto in an American auction room. and I like to believe that with this introduction his art may become better known here and receive the appreciation it deserves. It was, for me, the most engaging thing about the Leverhulme affair. Without unduly emphasizing the circumstance, I may note that Moore has a sentimental claim upon Americans, for he stood by



Cherry Blossom.

From the painting by Albert Moore in the Leverhulme sale.

Whistler in the great quarrel with Ruskin, have been the source of his charm for cordially testifying in his behalf. Whist- Whistler. His passion for pure beauty

ler dedicated to him those biting pages in which he summed up "the fin mot and spirit" of the famous trial. Our American master valued Moore's support, and he valued it the more because he had a high opinion of his friend's work.

That work was exactly calculated to win Whistler's regard, it was so daintily decorative. so exquisite in feeling, so fastidious and so delicate in style. Moore, who was born in 1841 and died in 1803, was trained by an exacting father in a habit of fine draftsmanship. He entered the schools of the Royal Academy but never adopted the routine of that institution. Early in life he took to designing wallpaper and the like and subsequently had some experience as a mural painter, but the productions that won him his repute were such pictures as those in the Leverhulme collection. panels in which figures are portraved

into beautiful situations." That must a rare bargain.



White Hydrangea. From the painting by Albert Moore in the

was exactly in harmony with the American's ideal. He has been compared with Leighton, especially, in the treatment of drapery, but as a matter of fact it is just in his drapery that he is infinitely Leighton's superior. The celebrated president of the Royal Academy was the victim of an incurable mannerism. The rippling folds of his classical draperies soon become cloying. It was not so with Moore. He had greater breadth in his draperies. He had style. He knew how to make a beautiful arabesque out of several figures, but he was most enchanting when he put one alone into a panel, set in a graceful attitude. with flowers in the background. The Cherry Blossom of the Leverhulme collection gave in perfection the measure of his art. It showed him for the discreet, delightful colorist that he was. it illustrated his ideal of form, and

just as so many charming embodiments it fully disclosed the pure, original, and of form and color. A subject for him, as lovely note that he struck in modern Sidney Colvin has said, was "merely a British art. This picture sold for \$850. mechanism for getting beautiful people Its purchaser obtained, in my opinion,





AN ITALIAN PEASANT. From the water-color by Fortuny.

-See "The Field of Art," page 665.

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The End of an Epoch

THE PASSING OF THE APOSTLES OF LIBERALISM IN THE UNITED STATES

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Editor of the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette; Author of "A Certain Rich Man," "Woodrow Wilson," "Calvin Coolidge," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. RICHWAGEN



N December, 1918, Theodore Roosevelt, propped up in his bed at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City, convalescing from a painful illness, was sitting with a

writing-board in his lap. He was working out a programme for the campaign of 1920, when he expected to be the Republican candidate for President. Every kind of advice was coming to him. This variety of opinion was reflected in the editorials he was writing for the Kansas City Star. In those editorials it was obvious that he was feeling his way toward a platform for the party which he expected to lead. The secretive President and the cautious and ever-faithful Colonel House had been working for several years upon a charter for a league of nations. But Theodore Roosevelt in his sick-room had heard nothing of the league or its covenant. There was evidence in his editorials and his letters and his talks to personal friends that he was eager to get back to the old issues—back to Armageddon. He seemed to feel that unless Wilson made some colossal blunder in negotiating the peace treaty, Republican leadership should assume that the war was over and ask the people to forget it. Colonel Roosevelt's mind was eagerly considering a new ad- American history had closed. venture into social and industrial justice.

Proposals like old-age pensions, a minimum wage, the restriction of child labor, and a stout army and navy were occupying his thought. He was thinking in terms

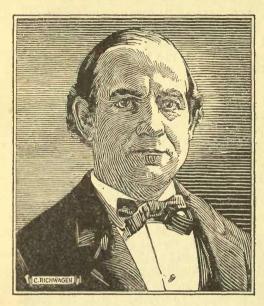
of 1910.

Suddenly death summoned him. After that summons no one of importance in all America thought in terms of 1010. Six weeks later Woodrow Wilson, on his way home from Europe with the covenant of the League of Nations, injected a new issue into American politics. Seven months later Wilson was stricken. He had risen splendidly to world-power as the liberal leader of Christendom, because of his advocacy of the progressive side of the issues of 1910. For nearly four years he lay broken and impotent while a new battle raged about him. Then he made exit. A year after Wilson went, Senator Robert La Follette was called. Finally Bryan, who had lagged useless upon the stage. Whereupon the American withdrew. people began to realize that the national liberal leaders were gone-men who had been leading liberalism one after the other and never in the same camp, but always fighting the same foe. One after another the prompter that calls men from the stage had cleared it of all those who might possibly turn back the minds and hearts of the people to old issues and old causes. The scene changed. A great epoch in

That epoch was the era of Populism.

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when William Jennings Bryan, as the Democratic presidential candidate, led what he was pleased to call in his book describing that campaign "The First Battle." But that first battle was the culmination of many skirmishes and several local campaigns. Discontent had been in the air for two decades before 1806. Largely the discontent was eco-



William Jennings Bryan.

nomic, but somewhat political. And to understand the basis of this discontent, it is necessary to review quickly the social and economic history of America during the three decades following the Civil War. Probably the movement of population that settled the Mississippi basin from 1865 to 1895 carried more immigrants farther in three decades—farther in actual geographical distance and farther in the scale of external civilization—than any other movement of man on the globe. More than twenty-five million people crossed the Alleghany Mountains in those decades, which of itself was a notable feat. But more than half of these people had pushed into a wilderness west of the Mississippi River, put it under the plough, and established there comfortable homes. They began growing crops, organizing

As a national cause it burst forth in 1896 local governments, building cities, establishing ten States, laving half a hundred thousand miles of railroad and telegraph and telephone lines, and founding a commerce which handled more goods than the commerce of the Mediterranean. course they developed a strong provincial civic consciousness. They were Westerners and proud of it, these emigrants into the Mississippi basin and the moun-

tain States. Their achievement was indeed unprecedented. In another age it would have been hailed as miraculous. But the marvel was easily at-They were able to do their tained. wonders-virtually eliminating time as they conquered the wildernesswith one potent weapon which no other race or generation had used; indeed, which no other generation could have found. That weapon was billions of borrowed money. Steam, quickening industry for a century before, had rolled up undreamed-of savings and profits and increments of various sorts. These resources put into the hands of the desert-builders an Aladdin's lamp. With capital from the industrial East and from Europe the emigrants had but to wish and their visions solidified into reality. So they rubbed the lamp. And lo! a brand-new, vain, bright, and ugly civilization appeared upon the prairies and in the foot-hills of the mountains. It appeared before their proud, as-

tounded eyes. They reached for the gaudy bauble to take it, and found in the mid-nineties that it was there, most substantially there, but that it belonged to some one else. Pay-day had come on the twenty-year bonds and mortgages and other most substantial evidences of obligation.

Now, of course, in various sections of the West and to a degree in certain parts of the East and also in the South under the cruel conditions of a punitive political peace, this pay-day had been coming here and there, now and then, at odd and infelicitous times. It had caused sporadic trouble. This trouble had manifested itself in local political uprisings. The Grange revolt of the seventies in Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and the Missouri Val-

ley was one of these disturbances. The

Knights of Labor in industry was another. Then along came a party trying to unite the farmer and the industrial worker. It lasted a biennium or two in the western Mississippi basin. Its adherents were known as the Greenbackers. General James B. Weaver, of Iowa, was one of their conspicuous leaders, and for a time General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, espoused the Greenback

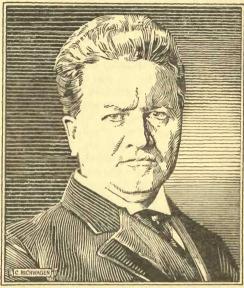
cause. Their particular and acute grievance was that the currency had been contracted by the demonetization of silver by the act of 1873, and they contended that the debtor had to work harder to pay his debt with a few dollars in circulation than he would have to work to pay with many dollars in circulation. It was the grievance of the debtor against the creditor-the pay-day complaint.

But something may be said for this debtor. He had put his hard work into the business of building the Western civilization. He had some unearned increment, but individually not much. His labor could not be juggled and multiplied by chicane. But capitalists hired bookkeepers and quickly made millions; or made millions by rising values of real estate, and did not share the profits from the rising values with those who made the values—the emigrants settling the adjoining farms and towns. And, incidentally, many of the creditors were

amiable brigands; men who had pirated their way into vast enterprises and reaped where they had not sown. These financial pirates were not owners of the capital that went into the West. They were manipulators, bankers, agents, speculators, without conscience and yet often They overbuilt not without vision. railroads and stole the investors blind. They profited by fraudulent contracts. They swindled the users of the railroads by giving secret rebates to favored shippers. Man had never done exactly what men were doing in this enterprise of building a shiny new civilization upon borrowed capital, and the old moralities would not fit the new verities. So a creditors' riot of greed and rapacity in spending the borrowed capital was followed by a season of envy and sus- could stand by the ballot-box and see the

picion among the debtors when pay-day

When the Greenbackers had finally disappeared, the Farmers' Alliance arose. It seems to have started in the South among the cotton-farmers. But quickly it spread to the West, among the corn, cattle, and wheat growers. In the elections of 1888 and 1890 and 1892 the Farmers' Alliance created a rising furor.



Robert M. La Follette.

The Populist party was formed. The demand for an inflated currency which had attracted the Grangers and Greenbackers was recognized by the Populists, but to that demand were added others. The Populists would regulate railroad rates, control stock and bond issues of publicservice corporations, and would compensate labor for the accidents of industry. The political programme of the Populists was as revolutionary as their economic platform. To consider that programme intelligently we must, at least, glance at the political background from which it came. It was affected by the debtor and creditor relation as the economic background was. The voter voted an open ballot. A corruption of the ballot-box was possible, because the purchaser of a vote

open ballot deposited in the box. Thus a working man's ballot might go with his job, if the superintendent stood by the ballot-box and watched the workman vote, or perhaps handed the workman his ballot. Nominations were made in convention. Delegates to conventions were elected by mob caucuses, and money furnished the sinews of organization. The prizes of politics were the administrative county offices-sheriff, prosecuting attorney, and United States senators. United States senators were elected by members of the legislature. So, in county or district conventions, money often packed local conventions, and a trading slate in the convention was made in the interests of some candidate for United States senator. Congressmen were nominated in similar conventions. Money might control any convention, and often controlled many conventions. Naturally when a legislature assembled, no matter which party controlled the legislature, the members of that legislature without much personal corruption looked at issues from the creditor's side, not from the debtor's. Laws often were passed favoring the creditor.

The debtor could get little relief, even if he deserved it. Not that legislators were picked because of their bias, but because the system of nominations and elections produced naturally the kind of men in office who were innately property-minded. So the Populists, in revolt against the creditor's government, took the debtor's side, promising a revolutionary change in the machinery of politics. The Populists demanded the secret, or, as it was called, the Australian, ballot. They asked for a corrupt-practices act. They called for the abolition of the convention and caucus system and the establishment of the primary. They insisted upon the direct election of United States senators, and they urged the establishment of a system by which the people could directly initiate laws and vote on laws and refer laws to the people which legislatures had passed. Of course the Populist demands in that day seemed revolutionary, and, of course, they were denounced as socialistic, and instinctively opposed by the respectable forces of society as dangerous to the established order. And surely they were. Only experience has shown how dangerous. They abolished the established order completely, and ushered in a new order.

But that is looking ahead in the story. When the Populists first organized in 1892, their strength was localized in the West and South. There were the debtors. There the Farmers' Alliance had waxed strong overnight. In the West, while the South was in the throes of reconstruction, the Greenbackers had followed the Grangers. But in the elections of 1800, and for the two following bienniums, Populists, under various local aliases, filled state houses with governors, all over the West and South, crowded legislatures with embattled farmers, and sent a score or two wild-eved revolutionists to Congress-three or four to the United States Senate. The wave of discontent had risen higher than it had risen under the Granger movement, or under the Greenbackers. But even then it was not alarming. Populism was the butt of the newspaper paragrapher's jokes, the joy of the cartoonist. Populist whiskers were the motive of many a ribald song and story. The wild-eyed Populist added

gaiety to a dull day.

Now the dull day had its causes also. It is puzzling to look back at those causes and to consider how exactly parallel they ran to the rise of Populism. It was in the early nineties that the flood of immigration across the Alleghanies began to slow Suddenly railroad expansion down. The railroads had caught up ceased. with the population. Suddenly, also, city building ceased. Housing had caught up with the population. No more free land or cheap land was available. The settlement of the West-the greatest migration of man-was over. In the East came a violent industrial shock. Forges cooled. Furnaces slowed down. Mills slackened their pace. Banks began to fail all over the land, and in 1893 came panic and paralysis of business. The boom was spent, the great trek ended. The West had no more security to offer. The farms were mortgaged to the limit. Towns on the prairies had borrowed all they could. Pay-day had come everywhere in America. The Eastern industrial worker, out of a job, and the Westerner and Southerner, facing an enormous debt at a high rate of interest, a rate which each had offered to pay in the glad free abandon of an era of expansion, in that hour of reckoning had a common cause. Hard times was the binder that joined the farmer and the industrial worker. Populism no longer was sectional.

Bryan nationalized Populism, respectabilized it, turned the jibes of the humorists to denunciations from the editorial writers—and all in the twinkling of an eye. After the Populists in the Republican party, defeated in their struggle for a platform pledge for the free coinage of silver, had bolted the Republican National Convention in June, 1896, the Democratic convention met a few weeks later. Grover Cleveland was President. He had offended the Populists by resisting the effort to debase the currency with freesilver coinage, and had offended labor by sending the federal troops to Chicago to quell disturbances in a railroad strike without waiting for the governor's req-The Democratic party was uisition. divided. In the skirmish for control of the Democratic National Convention President Cleveland's friends lost. But his enemies were without leadership. Altgeld, the governor of Illinois, was too radical. Tillman, the Populist from South Carolina, was too bitter. Bland, the free-silver champion, lacked magnetism. The victorious majority in the Democratic National Convention was a milling herd. It had come bursting through all the inhibiting machinery of politics of the day, a mob of indignant But even in a Democratic convention it was a rampant Populism that had come raging to that convention and captured it. Then entered William Jennings Bryan, in his late adolescence barely thirty-six, a handsome youth with flashing eyes, who had served a term in Congress, and had lectured under the auspices of the Bimetallic League over the South and West. He was a delegate from Nebraska. The chairman of the Committee on Resolutions put the debate upon the floor of the convention in the hands of this young man. Rage had choked some of the speakers in the debate, and others' voices were drowned by the jeers of the mob. Tillman, Altgeld, David Bennett Hill, and Jones, of Arkansas, all tried to talk to the resolution committing the party to free silver—which meant a cheaper dollar for the debtor—and all had failed to stir the crowd.

The young Nebraskan closed the debate. He stood six feet tall, with a heavy poll of black hair atop of that. He was graced with a lithe, supple body, and a soft penetrating golden voice. It easily filled every corner of the vast conventionhall. His voice was impassioned but never raucous. It was clear but never shrill—a beautiful organ, ingratiating, soothing, convincing. He knew his lines. He had spoken his speech many times before. And, with the "delivery" of a college orator, he put his message into the hearts of the throng. It was a short address, not more than twenty minutes long, and its climax was: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon this cross of gold."

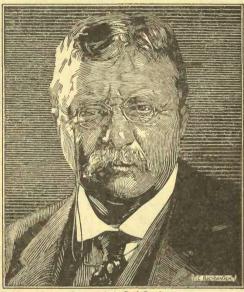
The joyous tumult that arose to greet the new young leader in the convention raged for twenty years in America.

In the campaign that followed, wherein Bryan, the Democratic presidential nominee, went up and down the land with all the authority of his exalted position, attacking the encroachments of capital in our national life, it is hard to regain the picture of the wrath that followed in his wake. In the minds of his adversaries he had committed treason in questioning the right of wealth to rule. But so strong is the party mind that literally millions of his partisans who had followed the conservatism of Grover Cleveland just as blindly as they followed Bryan's radicalism accepted the heretical dictum of Bryan without question. God needs fools. Their stale and moribund partisanship, times without end, has made dead leverage upon which He has lifted the world to heights which they could not see, could not desire, and never would attain. To those sheep-like Democratic partisans who followed Bryan were added the Populists who really believed what Bryan was preaching. Then added to the rural Populists were the industrial voters, such a section of the workers as were free under election laws to vote

without espionage. They heard Bryan tacular and disturbing, but not really eagerly and voted for him unquestion-

ingly.

To the business world which had controlled politics for a generation the candidacy of Bryan created a national menace. Money poured into the campaign against him with frenzied prodigality. But money probably had less to do with his defeat than any other element in it.



After a photograph copyright by Pach Brothers.

Theodore Roosevelt.

The Democratic party had espoused the Populism of the hour. But in the Republican party, by reason of its faithful advocacy of a protective tariff, liberal pensions for Civil War veterans, railroad expansion, and the national banking law in the past, and its unequivocal declaration for the maintenance of the gold standard in the platform of the day, were the ultrarespectables, the guardians of the established order, the socially and financially elect. Thus a conservative force was amalgamated, ranging from the prosperous farmer of the West, the home-owning mill-worker of the East, and embracing the pensioned soldier of the Civil War upward in the social scale to the actual capitalist, large or small. This static social force afforded a bulwark against Bryanism which made the use of money spec-

necessary.

The turmoil which rose in 1806 raged unabated for four years after the nomination of Bryan for his renomination in 1900 by the Democratic party. In that turmoil the respectable Republican party guarded by a plug-hat phalanx was a great rock in a weary land. Then came a prophet who smote even the rock, and the

waters of liberalism gushed forth. He was Theodore Roosevelt, by the accident of President McKinley's death President of the United States.

Pay-day had passed. Debts were paid, outlawed, or renewed. Prosperity was abroad. The actual Populist party was wiped out. Bryanism had absorbed it. The conservatives had left the Democratic party. It was definitely a liberal party, opposed by a definitely conservative party in the year 1901, when Roosevelt came to power. But with a prescience of protective instinct the stock market of Wall Street went up to the panic line the day that McKinley died. Wall Street was panic-stricken, not by what Roosevelt had said, but by what he was. He had assailed Bryan and Bryanism more savagely than any other Republican leader. He was not tainted with the free-silver virus. Cheap money he abhorred. But he was free. He had all but openly bolted James G. Blaine, the Republican

presidential candidate in the campaign of 1884. He had circulated a round robin against the alleged corruption of the army Commissary Department in the Spanish-American War. He had defied but not broken with the Republican boss of his State while he was governor. He had scorned the Republican national machine and openly jeered at many of its leaders. He had temperament and courage and could dramatize himself more dashingly even than Bryan. Moreover, Roosevelt was clearly a popular, rather than an organization, hero. So Wall Street trembled, as well it might.

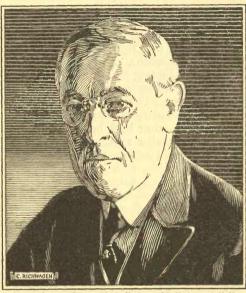
During the three years in which he served as President, filling McKinley's place, Roosevelt carried out McKinley's work, but in the Rooseveltian manner. He kept McKinley's Cabinet, but Roosecolor to the administration of McKinley's advisers, but, most insinuating of all, made them his friends. For with his dash and his independence and his courage he had charm. It was plain when he was elected in 1004 that Theodore Roosevelt would be President in his own name and in his own right. It also was obvious that he had broken with the high-hatted phalanx

which had guarded and gilded the Republican ark of the covenant. He split his party in twain, and Bryan had riven the Democracy. Populism, driven from the skin, was in the blood of the American people. Two leaders of majority groups in the two major parties were assailing each other with unflagging energy, while they both moved the country to a common goal. President Roosevelt formulated the "Roosevelt policies." The "Roosevelt policies" caught the country. Bryan's star began to descend.

For eight years Theodore Roosevelt was the dominant leader of liberalism in America and one of the liberal leaders of his time. His vogue was tremendous. The common man knew Roosevelt all over the earth. He was the headline prince of the world. While he reigned, liberalism, which had been illicit, covert, and shunned under Populism, even under Bryanism, grew vigorously, acquired prestige. The secret ballot and the

primary became universal, and the initiative and referendum captured nearly half the States and city governments of the land. The direct election of United States senators was achieved immediately after the beginning of Roosevelt's decline; yet it was from the impulse of his day. Railroads were regulated, food manufac-Trust methods were turers controlled. assailed and changed. The air was vocal with caterwauling, challenges, dissent, recrimination, hullabaloo. Roosevelt rode the wave of trouble, a gallant and appealing figure, and literally, in less than a decade, all that the Sanhedrin of business and politics had feared that Bryan would bring, Roosevelt had delivered. He had "scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts; had put down the mighty from their seats and had filled the hun-

velt directed their energies. He gave gry." The powers of conservatism tried to create a panic. Democracy laughed. Prosperity was solid. And what was more important, the division of the profits of industry was becoming more and more equitable. The laborer was getting a fair wage, the farmer a decent return. The small-business man felt that he had a friend at court. The economic and social order of the eighties and nineties had dis-



After a photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. Woodrow Wilson.

appeared with the political revolution which had armed the common man with power. A vast flood of self-respect came to the manual worker, and because Roosevelt hammered at what he called "malefactors of great wealth" (and he had other and more vitriolic names for plutocrats). the owners of "aggrandized wealth" (another choice Rooseveltian phrase) began to cringe. Money pulled a forelock when it approached government!

Presidential messages bristled militantly with fulminations against "the idle rich." Public addresses inveighed against "the great sinister forces of aggrandized capital." The presidential conversations were festively decorated with gorgeous phrases indicating his mischievous delight in making men squirm who laid up treasure on earth where moth

and rust corrupt. No wonder the prop- Follette group and following. Senator erty-minded centurions of another day said: "This man is mad!" But he was from Harvard. He was descended from a Family. He was born in New York City. If Bryan had given to his Populism a certain caste of respectability when he was nominated by one of the major political parties, Roosevelt, a Republican, a New Yorker, a man whose father had passed in his day for a plutocrat, a President of the United States, talking a lingo more terrible than the Populists had used because he was more erudite than they—this man gave a high and righteous tone to the forces of discontent. So it came to pass that a man hinting that the lark was on the wing, "the snail on the thorn, God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," became a suspected criminal or at least an accessory to crime both before and after the fact. Smaller replicas of Roosevelt began to crowd into the Senate, into governors' mansions, into legislatures, into court-houses and town councils. the welkin rang with their outcries! The press echoed the chorus. The literature of the period took color from the times. The poor, hunted, rich man had no hidingplace. He worked in the pillory and slept in the stocks.

When Theodore Roosevelt retired from the White House the Pharaohs thought the seven lean years were over. President Taft very gently, apparently absentmindedly, and surely most amiably, began turning back the clock to McKinley's time. When all at once there burst forth a terrible whooping and squalling on the left. A storm of protest fell upon the land. The Rooseveltians, with their leader in Africa, were sufficient unto the day, and when their hero returned the lightning began to flash, and the cyclone was descended. Roosevelt, who had made Taft, had breathed the breath of life into him, turned upon his handiwork and slew him politically. In the Taft administration, Congress, the governors, the legislatures, and the courts were still in the hands of Populists of one sort or another. their work went on.

In the latter days of the reign of Roosevelt, toward the end of the first decade of the new century, somewhat beyond the Rooseveltian domain, appeared the La

Robert M. La Follette was the antithesis of Roosevelt in many important ways. Where Roosevelt was robust, enthusiastic, ruthlessly rollicking, but rarely personally bitter, La Follette was dogged. deadly implacable, uncompromising, and wicked in his hatreds, which were generally well placed. La Follette was indefatigable where Roosevelt was vigorous. Roosevelt was content with general results. La Follette loved details. Roosevelt would take half a loaf where La Follette preferred hunger and a cause unsatisfied. Roosevelt had social relations with his political adversaries. La Follette had no time for soirées of any kind, and Roosevelt loved them. So they suspected each other, and each worked in his own way.

In 1912 Theodore Roosevelt reached his climax as an American leader. During his ten years in power he had overshadowed Bryan by realizing Bryan's visions; "stealing his clothes," Bryan called it. But Roosevelt did not wear Bryan's clothes, if he did steal them. The Roosevelt policies were realizable ideals. He took the natural resources of the country from local exploiters and put them in the hands of government departments. He built the Panama Canal. He intervened for peace in the Russo-Japanese war. He put the makers of food under government inspection. He regulated the railroads, corrected many evils of the great corporations. By administration and by legislation he created new standards in the relations between Capital and Labor. He gave vigor to the civilservice rules, and secured additional legislation. He created a public opinion which held ten years after he left office, and forced through the administrations of President Taft and President Wilson such a sheaf of measures inspired by a modern attitude toward capital and society as in effect revolutionized the American ideal. Men hooted, when Roosevelt was new to the White House, that he had discovered the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments. That is exactly what he was called to do; to furnish a new conscience that would reconstruct a menacing plutocracy into a modern democracy.

His contest for the presidency in 1912

proved that he had a majority of the Republican party with him. He had split his party as Bryan had divided his. But Roosevelt's opponents held the organization. Bryan's friends controlled the organization. In the convention which renominated President Taft, Roosevelt captured the country, but the army escaped him. When he sought to occupy the land four years later, Roosevelt had no sinews of war. He was left naked to his enemies, who overcame him, bound him, and humiliated him. In 1916 Roosevelt, bound to the Republican chariot, was paraded across the land a prisoner of war. The great progressive States of the middle and far West deserted Roosevelt's leadership.

Woodrow Wilson, whose election in 1012 came through the accident of Republican division, won by his own right in 1016. And he won by convincing the liberals, who had followed Roosevelt for nearly a decade and a half, that Wilson was the authentic liberal leader. It was States which had been adopting the primary, the initiative and referendum, prohibition, woman suffrage, the Roosevelt policies of "social and industrial justice," the States, indeed, which had been furnishing all the little Roosevelts for the Senate, the governors' mansions, and the court-houses, which followed Wilson in 1016. They turned from Roosevelt sadly, and, of course, would have returned, but they turned rather definitely in that midyear of the second decade of the century.

But, unfortunately, the leadership which Roosevelt held for nearly a decade and a half as a liberal leader of his country was never to return to him. His followers dispersed. During the four last years of his life he attracted another group. This group he led by advocating a fleeting issue and highly personal—President Wilson's obvious shortcomings. But Roosevelt was not at his best in those days. The best Roosevelt was robustly, even hilariously, constructive. As a critic he carped without the gaiety. The joyous resilience was gone that once revealed the eternal youth in him. So far as his epoch was affected, he passed with the battle of Armageddon in 1912—a sturdy, dashing figure with the vitality of a bull, the spirit

of a fawn, more curiosity than a monkey, and the prescience of an Olympian god. He had that most unusual combination in man, personal charm and loyalty. His apparent vanity was subdued by a gorgeous sense of humor, which gave him perspective on himself. No one ever said such keen things about him as he said himself; and no one enjoyed more than he the meanest quip of his enemies. He was an aristocratic democrat, with sense of no inferiority in the presence of kings, nor of superiority among servants. His faith in people and love for them was like Walt Whitman's. Yet he had a mischievous sense of Machiavellian intrigue. He was an amateur in a dozen branches of science. but an artist in politics—an artist because his craft was based on faith and hope and love. He appealed to a different stratum of society from that which Bryan addressed. Roosevelt convinced the upper middle class of the righteousness of the democratic ideal as it was being reconstructed under the programme of the Populists. He interpreted that ideal in realizable terms. His contribution to his times was an intelligent conscience.

Woodrow Wilson was the last major prophet of American liberalism in the Populist cycle. He was never an agitator for the Populism of the day as Bryan was. Yet Wilson's predestined job was somewhat like Bryan's. As Bryan used the stolid partisanship of his party to give power to liberalism, Wilson turned the hunger of the Democratic party for spoils into a constructive force that would enact into laws the programme which Bryan and Roosevelt had championed. This lively Democratic hunger gave Wilson's leadership a leverage in Congress powerful enough to lift into achievement the Populist pledges for a federal reserve act, the banking act, the establishment of the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission, the Panama tolls treaty, the law providing for an eight-hour day, and the seamen's act, which was really La Follette's measure. And more important than these measures, President Wilson made over the Supreme Court into a liberal body. The Bryan peace treaties which bind us to arbitrate before making war on a score of nations are important. chiefly because they are significant of the

Wilsonian peace programme that was to follow. Wilson came into the presidency with less than three years of political experience. He brought to the White House the exact methods and cold manners of the cloistered academy where he had spent his mature life. But also he brought an iron will, quite personal and not of the cloister. His Machiavellian moments were not mischievous as were Roosevelt's; Wilson's machinations were deadly. His charm was reserved for his friends. For his enemies he was generous only in profuse evidence of his scorn. He won what he won, and it was much in the liberal battle, by the sheer force of his intellect illuminating the righteousness of his position. He completed the work of others-reaped where they sowed; harvested the last crops which Bryan planted and Roosevelt watered. For himself, he projected issues that others should realize. But those peculiarly Wilsonian policies which gather around world peace find him back where General James B. Weaver was—a pioneer of another epoch. With Wilson's entrance into the World War came sunset for the liberal day.

It was a lively day, and probably a great one-that thirty years' rise and climax of Populism. For the American people it came as a marvellous revealing flash. They saw that the enormous civilization which they had erected following the war between the States was a blatant. ugly, wicked thing, crassly unjust to the humble folk, which was bad enough, but that it was worse in the proud depravity of the rulers. They swaggered in their injustices. They boasted of their corruption. They made a virtue of oppression and a joke of cruel antisocial ideals. "All the traffic will bear," "the public be damned," "the conventional crime" of bribery, these and other contemporary phrases reveal the soul of the ruling classes. The clash that came at pay-day in the nineties was, of course, disgusting. Standing upon each side of the ledger, men came with rather dirty hands. But the creditor had more reason to be decent than the debtor. The creditor had in-

volved only his money in the controversy: the debtor's life and his children's future were staked. "The widows and orphans" behind whom militant capital hid were mostly mythical. From the pay-day wrangle Populism developed into the old. old contest between the haves and havenots. The haves maintained that the conflict was a levelling-down process. Time proved that it was really a levelling up. When the struggle closed with the Great War, the haves surely had no less. but the have-nots were vastly improved in social and economic status. Their homes were filled with undreamed-of comforts and luxuries. They drove cars. Their children crowded the high schools and colleges. The whole family packed the motion-picture houses. And instead of being class conscious and dangerous, the property sense has made the American proletariat contented and conservative for the moment.

Of course the political struggle of the last quarter of a century, led by Bryan, Roosevelt, La Follette, and Wilson, has not accomplished all this equitable distribution of wealth so evident in our American civilization to-day. The change in the status of the manual worker has been as wide as Christendom. Mass production has helped. The genius of the Christian philosophy manifest in the age has been responsible for much of the change. Indeed, this spirit—this widening of the sense of duty in the heart of man, this practical application of the Golden Rule to the common affairs of men-has brought the "more abundant life" toward which the Nazarene philosopher looked, and for which he made his great sacrifice. It is all—this broadening of the sense of obligation in man, this approximation of brotherhood, which was the spirit of the Populism of Bryan, of Roosevelt, of La Follette, and of Wilson, this admission of more and more men to the neighborly circle, all this softening of hard relations between men, all this striving for peace among men of good-will, is a part of "the way and the truth and the life."

What the Weather Does to Us

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

Author of "West of the Pacific," etc.



O one doubts the importance of climate. If we know that a region is tropical, arctic, or desert, we also know much about its vegetation, products, occupations, and mode

of life. We can even make accurate pictures of the habits and temperament of the people. But is there any definite law as to the relation between climate and history? Can the right kind of people build up an equally high civilization no matter what their climate? "Of course not," says the average reader. "Can the scattered people of deserts make progress as rapidly as the dense population of fertile, well-watered prairies? How can tropical people be energetic when they are always being pulled down by malaria and dysentery? And why should you expect progress in a climate too cold for crops and with practically no resources except the seal, polar bear, and reindeer? The idea that people in diverse geographical environments can make progress with equal rapidity or even maintain the same grade of civilization is ridiculous."

But suppose the tropical diseases were subdued, and were no more dangerous than those of other regions. Let the same kind of competent people and the same kind of high civilization be introduced all over the world. Assume also that the people of tropical countries, deserts, polar regions, and other supposedly undesirable areas are as well equipped as the rest of the world in respect to transportation, communication, and public service. Give them the best of schools, churches, and banks. Let them have electric lights, water supplies, movies, policemen, doctors, dances, bridge parties, automobiles, and a hundred other modern conveniences. Would the same type of civilization continue to prevail indefinitely everywhere? Or would some of the people go

O one doubts the im- backward, some stand still, and others

make progress?

One of the answers to these questions lies in people's occupations. The people in all climates cannot possibly do the same work. Whether our supposed heirs of the whole world be Scotchmen, Yankees, Californians, or New Zealanders, they are practically certain to raise rice in Burmah, wheat in southern Russia, camels in the Arabian desert, corn in Illinois, and reindeer in the far north of Canada. Why? Simply because those things pay. It is foolish to plant wheat in warm wet riceland, on a frozen tundra, or in an unirrigated desert. By the same token woollen factories will not develop in Java, where there is no wool worth mentioning, and where nobody wants woollen clothing. Who would establish a huge ice plant in Nova Zembla or a great factory for making cotton machinery in Samoa, or even in Utah? We want our ice where the air is warm, and our cotton machinery where the climate permits cotton to grow or where there are lots of people to be clothed. Perhaps mankind will some day establish the world's greatest manufacturing centre in the driest, hottest part of Arabia, where there is no water, no coal, no vegetation, and little pleasure in life because of the heat, wind, and dust. All sorts of other strange things may also happen. Perhaps we shall acquire a sixth sense—telepathy—so that we can sit at home and merely open our minds to take in all the wisdom of the world. But such things have not happened yet, and are not likely to happen for a long time. As people are now constituted, the mere fact that the climate differs from one part of the world to another is bound to cause differences in the industries by which people get a living. This in turn inevitably leads to differences in the density of population, in the amount of surplus wealth which can be stored up, and in the development of transportation, commerce, sanitation,

public service, education, religion, recreation, and a host of other matters. Unless mankind becomes utterly remodelled, such differences are a necessary consequence of climatic differences, even if all parts of the world were inhabited by people of the same race, culture, and ability.

The differences engendered by the effect of climate on occupations are enormously increased by migration and natural selection. Suppose again that the people in all parts of the world are temporarily alike, not only in race and culture, but in the proportion of different kinds of people. Let each have the same percentage of stupid hod-carriers, patient clerks, cunning criminals, ardent reformers, hard-headed business men, adventurous pioneers, sleek politicians, and eager scientists. How long would the proportions remain the same? Not a single year, one might almost say; and certainly not a generation. Is the keen business man going to remain where the only occupation is herding camels, and where there are no towns? Is the scientist going to spend all his life peering into a microscope in western China where thick desert dust sifts over his work for weeks and weeks every year? Will the inventor be content to live where only by the most constant care can he prevent his hands and face from being bathed in perspiration, and his drawings from being smudged continually by damp fingers, while he himself feels an almost constant sense of lassitude? And how about the reformer: will his zeal be satisfied if he changes the lives of a few scanty dwellers in the pasturelands of Tibet, or will he be impelled to work among the dense masses who under any type of civilization are almost certain to cover the plains of India?

Mankind is so constituted that certain kinds of people go to certain places, because they have initiative, knowledge, or foresight. Others stay where they are, because they lack the energy, the knowledge, the incentive, or the wherewithal to go elsewhere. This has always been the case. It is true among the beasts. Does not the Bible say: "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together?" Does not the wild goose fly to far islands, while the rhinoceros stays close to his muddy river? Will not this

same tendency to divide men into groups according to their tastes, abilities, and temperaments continue to work more and more potently? Civilization increases the tendency. It makes it easier to go from place to place, to gain information about remote regions, to lay up money for transportation and as an aid in getting a start in a new place. All these conditions and many others join with our social fluidity in sorting people out at a tremendous rate. The boy with a genius for painting may never get a chance under the conditions of civilization that now prevail in Central India. He was born a rope-maker, and a rope-maker he must die, in the place where he was born. A similar boy born in the same place, but in the high type of civilization which we are supposing to be established there, will soon be found out. He may be taken to a big city for education, he may paint pictures in the Himalayas, he may go to China, France, or New Zealand to be fêted, and he may settle in a colony of artists at Santa Barbara. If all lands were highly civilized, the wonderful climate and fine scenery might cause an almost incredible concentration of artists on a delightful coast like that of California. Painters would come from every land under heaven. On the other hand, if every one could move freely, how many artists would remain long in far northeastern Siberia where snow drifts high against the windows seven or eight months each year, and a painter may freeze his fingers and forever ruin his future while making the simplest sketch outof-doors? No matter how high civilization may rise, or how competent the people of northern Siberia may be, is it probable that many landscape-painters will ever choose that region as a home? On the contrary, the tendency will be to weed them out with great rapidity. But as civilization becomes more universal, will not places like the coast of southern California tend more and more to become centres where the artist children of artist parents are born in greater and greater proportions? These illustrations are indeed extreme, but they emphasize a negtion. Practically everywhere, and always,

intensity. And among the factors that cause selection, one of the most powerful is climate.

But occupations, migration, and natural selection are not the only means whereby climate causes the people of one part of the world to differ from those of another. A factor of scarcely less magnitude is the degree of energy imparted by different atmospheric conditions. I shall dwell on this more fully than on the other factors because it is more disputed.

Suppose as before that the whole world is inhabited by the same sort of people, and that all have the same degree of civilization and of innate ability. Suppose that tropical diseases such as malaria and dysentery are eliminated. Would people's achievements then differ notably because of climate? This question has long been in debate because we cannot find the answer directly through either experiments or statistics. The trouble is that even when people of the same race live in different climates, we have no assurance that the various groups have been selected in the same way. If especially healthy and vigorous people are selected for a poor climate, and especially weak ones for a good climate, the poor climate will make the better showing. Nevertheless, by one means or another we have now reached a point where it is fairly certain that the ability of European races. and probably of all races, differs according to the climate in which they live. This seems to be true even if specific diseases, backward natives, isolation, and other cultural conditions cease to be handicaps. It appears reasonable enough to the layman, but is sometimes vigorously denied by able specialists in anthropology, history, economics, and other lines of investigation.

Let us see what actually happens to people who live all the time in one place, but are subjected to different atmospheric conditions from day to day or season to So many investigations have season. now been made that we can speak with considerable certainty. The investigations have been based on deaths, illnesses, amount of work, accuracy and reliability of work, moral behavior, physiological functions, and mental reactions. Some of the studies have been statistical and

ods of the laboratory. Some have compared the human conditions with the air out-of-doors, and others with the air indoors.

In spite of the inevitable differences of detail which arise in every scientific investigation, the final results of these varied lines of investigations harmonize ad-They are well illustrated in mirably. charts prepared by Messrs. Houghten, Yagloglou, and Miller in the Research Laboratory of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers and the United States Bureau of Mines at Pittsburgh. The charts are based on experiments in two rooms where any desired temperature and humidity can be obtained. The people who are the objects of experimentation enter a room whose temperature and humidity they do not know. They express their feelings as to whether the room is too warm, too cool, too moist, or too dry. They also pass from one room to another where the atmospheric conditions are very slightly different and express opinions as to which is more comfortable. The human body is so sensitive that differences of no more than 1° F. in temperature or of 5 or 10 per cent in relative humidity can easily be felt. This is especially true when the atmosphere approaches the most comfortable conditions.

The central feature of the charts is the so-called "comfort zone," in the midst of which lies the "comfort line." The zone indicates the general range of conditions under which people feel comfortable, while the line shows the conditions of most perfect comfort—the optimum. Of course the position of the zone and line vary according to how much clothing people wear, how active they are, and according to their age, sex, health, and personal idiosyncrasies. Nevertheless. among healthy people who are normally dressed and are sitting still, the variations in the position of the comfort line are surprisingly slight. Let us consider the case of such persons when they have been quiet long enough so that they do not feel the effect of previous exertions. In perfectly still air the average person of European race, as measured at Pittsburgh, feels most comfortable at a temperature of 64° F. if the air is saturated with moisture. others have used the experimental meth- If the air is only 80 per cent saturated he

feels best at a temperature of 66°; when the moisture is reduced to 50 per cent the most comfortable temperature is 601/2°. Such conditions are like those of an ideal day in May or early June. If the air is still drier the most comfortable temperature is of course higher. With a relative humidity of 20 per cent, which is very low for most parts of the United States, the comfort line lies at a temperature a trifle above 72°. Thus on a windless day the optimum for persons in a state of complete inactivity ranges from a temperature of 64°, when the rain is falling and the air is saturated with moisture, up to 72°, when the air is as dry as that of the desert.

But this is not the whole story. If the air is moving, the most comfortable temperature is higher than if it is at rest. for people's skins are cooled by evaporation. This is shown by Messrs. Yagloglou and Miller in another very clever chart. From this we learn that if the temperature of the air is 76°, for example, and the relative humidity 45 per cent, a movement of 340 feet per minute, which means a gentle drift of the air, will produce just the right sensation. In other words, it will cause the air to feel as it would if there were no movement and the temperature were approximately 70°, instead of 76°, the relative humidity remaining at about 45 per cent as before. At a temperature of 80°, however, and a relative humidity of 50 per cent, the air must move several times as fast as in the preceding example, in order to produce the greatest feeling of comfort. Of course the amount of clothing makes a difference. The unclothed body experiences about twice as great a cooling effect from moving air as does the normally clothed body. But normal clothing is heavier in winter than in summer, so that allowance must be made for this. Again, any sort of work or exercise, even if it be no more than writing a letter, has some effect, however slight, in lowering the comfort line. When people are engaged in the most active kind of exercise such as playing football, or shovelling coal, the comfort line sinks far below the normal level.

Two essential points should be cited in connection with the comfort charts. The first is that they represent an experimental method whereby we can determine with great exactness just what conditions of atmospheric temperature, humidity, and movement are most comfortable for any given type of dress and occupation. The second is that the results obtained by this method agree with those obtained through observations of physiological reactions and through statistical studies of work and health.

The relation between the comfort charts and physiological processes may be judged from the following definition of comfort: "Comfort is a condition where the various physiological functions of the body are carried on with the greatest degree of efficiency and with the least strain, so that the individual is not conscious of their existence." If this definition is correct, we ought to find that physiological processes, such as those which manifest themselves in the rate of breathing, the pulse-rate, and the temperature of the body, function most perfectly under the conditions which give rise to the greatest degree of comfort. Numerous experiments at the Pittsburgh Laboratory already referred to, as well as by the New York State Ventilation Commission, the British Industrial Fatigue Research Board, and a number of other organizations and individuals, show that this is the case. For example, the New York State Ventilation Commission found very distinct evidence that when the temperature is much above 70° any kind of physical exertion raises the pulse-rate, the rate of breathing, and the internal temperature of the body much more rapidly than is the case with similar exertion at lower temperatures. The return to normal is also relatively slow at high temperatures, and the feeling of fatigue is correspondingly increased. On the other hand, at temperatures below the comfort zone the body has to exert itself more to keep warm than at higher temperatures and hence is under a certain strain. Thus the comfort zone embraces the combinations of temperature, humidity, and wind movement which not only give the greatest feeling of comfort, but which also impose a minimum strain upon the physiological processes whereby the body is prevented from becoming either too warm or too cool.

The second essential point in respect to the comfort charts is their close agreement

with my own studies of factory work, deaths, and diseases. Those studies, as described in "Civilization and Climate," "World Power and Evolution." and elsewhere, show that people in factories from Connecticut to Pittsburgh and Florida work best when the outside temperature averages from about 60° to 66° F. They also show that the death-rate, as determined from millions of deaths, is lowest when the outside temperature for day and night together averages 64° with a relative humidity of 70 or 80 per cent. An average outside temperature of 64° and a relative humidity of 70 or 80 per cent mean that at night, as a rule, the temperature falls to perhaps 60° or 55° and the relative humidity approaches 100 per cent so that dew falls. By day, on the other hand, the temperature usually rises to 70° or 75°, and the relative humidity may fall to 50 per cent or thereabout. In other words, the conditions most favorable for daily work among thousands of factory workers, and which are also best for health as indicated by records covering many years, many cities, and many countries, fall precisely in the comfort zone determined by exact experimentation. Thus the evidence of our senses, the evidence derived from our physiological reactions, and the practical test of daily work and daily health all

This by no means gives a complete picture of what the air does to us. Important modifications are introduced by at least three other conditions; namely, the effect of dust or some other factor which causes dry air to be harmful, the variability of the weather, and the seemingly different optima for physical and mental activity. So far as the mere feeling of comfort is concerned, no experiments, so far as I am aware, indicate any clear difference between the effect of moist and dry air which have the same cooling power although differing in temperature. For example, persons normally dressed find that a temperature of 76° with a relative humidity of 10 per cent feels the same as a temperature of 65° with a relative humidity of 90 per cent. Nevertheless, the studies of the New York Ventilation Commission as set forth in Professor C. E. A. Winslow's admirable little book "Fresh Air and Ventilation" show that

the higher temperature is less favorable. On the other hand, thousands of hospital cases and millions of deaths, as set forth in part in "World Power and Evolution," have led me to believe that dryness as well as high temperature is unhealthful. Extreme moisture is likewise very harmful at high temperatures, as almost every one recognizes. In other words, there is a distinct optimum or zone of most favorable conditions for moisture as well as temperature. Extensive but as yet unpublished studies of work in factories made by the Committee on the Atmosphere and Man of the National Research Council point to a similar conclusion.

Not only do dry regions as a rule show higher death-rates than moister regions of similar character, but in any given region the dry months at practically every season are less healthful than wet months at the same season. In the large cities of the United States from 1900 to 1915 the eight moister Januaries averaged more healthful than the eight drier Ianuaries: the same was true of February, and so on in every month of the year. Again, the dry cities of the world generally have high death-rates. Denver, for example, has almost the highest death-rate among the large cities in the northern parts of the United States; Madrid on its high dry plateau has a very high death-rate in proportion to its temperature, and so does Johannesburg in the cool highlands of South Africa. Mexico City, where the temperature at all seasons comes nearer to the ideal than in almost any other part of the world, has one of the highest deathrates. The rate is higher in the dry season than in the wet rainy season, although there is not enough difference in temperature to have any appreciable effect. A similar contrast prevails in India. Although the season of the monsoon rains is very damp, sticky, and disagreeable, and comes when the sun is highest, the death-rate falls markedly, especially in the northern parts of India, where the winters are very dry. Cairo in Egypt, in spite of long years of British rule, has one of the highest death-rates in the whole world. Yet it is probably the driest of all great cities.

The evidence as to the harm done by dryness is so overwhelming that it can scarcely be questioned. But why should

dry climates be considered health resorts, and why should people actually recover their health there? The answer seems to be that outdoor life is everywhere much more healthful than indoor life. When tubercular patients go to dry climates, the dryness almost invariably makes it possible to live out-of-doors far more than formerly. Moreover, in dry climates people get plenty of sunshine. But outdoor air and exercise and plenty of sunshine work just as well in New England as in Colorado or California, as is proved by several homes for tuberculous children. The youngsters play out-of-doors in the lightest clothing at all seasons. Barefooted and clad only in thin union suits which do not cover either arms or legs, they frisk about in the snow with the thermometer far below freezing. They return home sound and hearty, and able for a long time to withstand our iniquitous indoor mode of life with its vitiated dusty air and its lack of sunshine. Dry climates make it easy to live out-of-doors, but the

dryness itself is not helpful.

Why, then, have the experimenters as vet found no evidence of any measurable difference between the effects of dry air and moist? Part of the answer lies in the fact that even the extensive experiments on school-children conducted by the New York State Ventilation Commission lasted only a few hours at a time, whereas dry weather may last day after day and dry climates last centuries. Moreover, the difference between the dry schoolrooms and the moist was very slight, and the investigators did not test the possible effect of greater variability of temperature in the dry rooms than in the moist. Other important factors may possibly be found in the dustiness of ordinary dry air, or in its electrical condition, although as to this we are not yet certain. It is clear, however, that under natural conditions dry air is much more dusty than moist air, and has a different electrical condition. In climates like those of Madrid. Mexico City, and Cairo every little breeze fills the air with dust, and often the dust is foul with microbes. But regardless of the cause, the fact is clear: the dry regions and dry seasons thus far investigated have higher death-rates than regions and seasons of the same sort which are not dry.

Coming now to variability, we find ourselves faced by a problem which the experimenters have as yet scarcely touched. But, fortunately, there is abundant statistical evidence based on thousands of hospital cases, millions of deaths, and the daily work of thousands of factory hands. This shows that variations of temperature from one day to another produce a marked effect upon health and activity. A drop of temperature at all seasons and under practically all conditions is stimulating and healthful. The low temperature which follows such a drop in winter is by no means healthful. The change is what gives the stimulus. This is reasonable. A cold douche gives a pleasant and stimulating reaction even in winter, but let cold water pour over a person for fifteen minutes and he may get a chill that will end his days. On the other hand, a rise of temperature is generally, although not always, accompanied by a high deathrate and poor work. This is readily understandable in summer, but in winter the reasons are not so clear. The secret apparently lies partly in the fact that the advent of a warm day is systematically the signal for heating our houses and factories too much. It takes time to adjust our fires and our stokers to the new conditions. Here again we may for the present dismiss the problem of causes, and concentrate on the facts. The outstanding fact is that changes of weather have a pronounced and easily measured relation to health and activity.

The net effect of changes of temperature in both directions has not been studied so much as has the effect of individual changes in only one direction. Nevertheless, a study of all the deaths for sixteen years in all the large cities of the United States for which data are available shows that the stormier Januaries, Februaries, and so forth were systematically more healthful than were the same months when less stormy. Only in the autumn, when people's health is best, does the degree of storminess make no appreciable difference in the northern United States. Of course a region or a month may be too stormy as well as not stormy enough, just as it may be too hot as well as too cool, too dry as well as too moist. Thus storminess joins temperature and humidity as one of the three main elements in determining

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WHAT THE WEATHER DOES TO US

how people's health and activity vary from day to day and season to season. It does not appear to be quite so important as humidity, while humidity is not so important as temperature, but all three are of the same general order of magnitude.

The last point to be considered is mental activity. Does the weather have any effect on that? In general it seems clear that when the physiological functions of the body are operating most smoothly, the mind also is at its best. Nevertheless. tests made by Lehmann and Pedersen on school-children in Denmark and my own study of the marks of nearly 2.000 students at West Point and Annapolis suggest that the greatest mental activity occurs at temperatures averaging about 40° for day and night together. This means that frost occurs at night, but the days are not cold. Of course the people whose minds were investigated were subjected to low temperatures only when outof-doors or when their windows were open at night. Moreover, the temperatures were such that the houses were not hot. dry, and stuffy, as they become when the outside temperature is lower. facts and my own personal observations suggest that an average temperature of about 40° F. is not low enough to do much injury to people who are well clothed and live in good houses, but yet is low enough to provide the maximum through variations of temperature. Such variations arise not only when people go out-of-doors, but when the windows are open. In colder weather people go outof-doors less than in the kind we are now discussing, and they also are far more likely to keep their windows shut all the time, even at night in many cases. The exact facts as to mental activity and the weather, however, are so doubtful that we shall not lay much stress on them.

Thus far we have been dealing with people of European origin. How far do our conclusions apply to other races? The scanty data on this point suggest that the same general principles apply universally, although the optimum temperature for tropical races may be higher than for Europeans. Thus in Connecticut and Pennsylvania the best work in factories is done when the outdoor temperature for day and night together averages about 60°,

but Cuban cigarmakers at Tampa, Fla., do the best work at temperatures of 65° or more. The optimum for Finns, Swedes. Sicilians, and Japanese, to judge from the death-rate, seems to be nearly the same as for central Europeans and Americans. The optimum for negroes, so far as has yet been determined from mortality data in the United States, appears to be a mean temperature of 68° and a relative humidity of over 80 per cent. These data and others suggest that among tropical races the optimum temperature is somewhat higher than among Europeans. They also suggest that the differences between the optima are not nearly so great as between the actual climates in which the two types developed. It seems doubtful whether the optimum for any race is higher than about 70° F. with a relative humidity of perhaps 80 per cent, which would mean a temperature of about 80° when the humidity falls to 20 per cent, but perhaps these figures should be raised several degrees for unclothed savages. This, however, makes little difference so far as the interpretation of history is concerned, for the races which have been most important seem to differ very little in their relation to the atmosphere.

Here then is how the matter stands. We are now quite certain that among Europeans the most comfortable and healthful outdoor temperature and the one most conducive to active physical work averages from about 62° to 72° when night and day are taken together. It is higher when the weather is windy or dry, lower when the weather is quiet or damp. But even when two different types of atmospheric conditions feel the same so far as their cooling power is concerned, the damper cooler air is more healthful than that which is warmer, drier, and perhaps dustier. Similar although not such abundant evidence indicates that frequent variations from day to day are distinctly more healthful than uniformity. Such variability arises mainly from ordinary storms. Thus storms rank with temperature and humidity as potent factors in determining people's health and energy. there is some evidence, although as yet by no means conclusive, that mental activity is greatest at a temperature considera-

bly lower than physical activity.

Smoky—A One-Man Horse

On Other Ranges

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



EEKS had passed since Smoky had raised his head out of the hollow in the snow and spotted the rider, who'd been Clint, coming onto him, and then one day here

comes another rider. Smoky had been the first to spot that other rider, and as was natural, him and the rest of the bunch made tracks away from there and till the

rider couldn't be seen no more.

A mile or so on the bunch went to pawing snow and grazing again, night was coming on, a wind was raising, and pretty soon light flakes of snow begin to come. Then, when night was well on, and as the wind got stronger and the snow heavier, the rider showed up again, right in the middle of the bunch this time and before Smoky or any of the others could see him.

The ponies scattered like a bunch of quail at the sight of him and so close, but they soon got together again, and on a high lope went along with the storm.

The rider followed on after 'em, and as mile after mile of snow-covered country was left behind the ponies realized there was no dodging him. Heavy drifts was lunged into and hit on a high run as they tried to leave him behind, and then as they'd cross creek bottoms a mile or so wide, and where the snow was from two to three feet deep, the run begin to tell on 'em, they finally slowed down to a trot, and as the rider wasn't pressing 'em any, there came a time when going at a walk seemed plenty fast. They was getting tired.

The night wore on with 'em a-travelling that way, the heavy wind pushed 'em on and their long hair was matted with snow, but though tired, and hard as the deep snow was to buck through, it all seemed

better to drift on that way than stand still in such as the storm had turned out to be. They drifted on, not minding the rider much no more. . . . Then after a while it begin to get light, slow and gradual, the newday come, and the rider, finding a thick patch of willows, let the ponies drift in the shelter, he tried to look on the back trail as he let 'em drift, and he grinned as the thick stinging snow blurred his view.

"That old blizzard will sure do the work of covering up my trail," he remarked as he looked for a sheltered spot

amongst the willows.

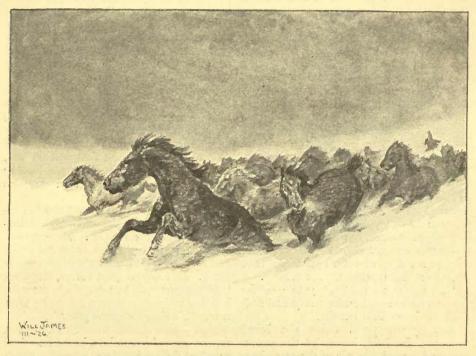
He soon found the sheltered spot and where the wind was more heard than felt, and getting off his tired horse begin tamping himself a place where he could move around a little and not have the snow up to his waist. He tied his horse up where he'd be within easy reach, and soon had a fire started out of dead willow twigs. Rice and "jerky" was cooked in a small lard bucket, and et out of the same, when that was gone, a few handfuls of snow was melted in the same bucket and coffee was made, then a cigarette was rolled, a few puffs drawed out of it, and the man, curled up by the fire, was soon asleep.

All of him, from the toe of his gunny sack covered boots to the dark face which showed under the wore out black hat, pointed out as the man being a half-breed of Mexican and other blood that's darker and noticing the cheap, wore out saddle, the ragged saddle blanket on a horse that should of had some chance to feed instead of being tied up, showed that he was a half-breed from the *bad* side, not caring,

and with no pride.

He slept, feeling sure that no rider would be on his trail in this kind of weather, for the trail he'd made was wiped out and covered over near as soon as he made it, and as for the horses he'd stole, he knowed they wouldn't be facing this storm and trying to go back, they'd be more for staying in shelter instead and try to find something to eat.

Seventeen head of Rocking R saddle stock, counting Smoky, was half a mile or so further down the creek bottom from where the half-breed was sleeping. They The breed woke up, looked around and grinned, then got up and shook himself. The fire was started again, another bait was cooked and consumed, and after all was gathered, he mounted his horse and went to looking for the ponies he'd left to graze down the creek bottom. He run onto 'em a couple of miles further and



Heavy drifts was lunged into and hit on a high run as they tried to leave the rider behind.—Page 578.

hugged the thick willows for the shelter they'd give, and feed off the small green branches, the rye grass, and everything they could reach which they could chew on. Smoky and Pecos, side by side, rustled on through the deep snow, sometimes ahead and sometimes behind the other horses, all a-nosing around or pawing for whatever little feed could be found, but many cattle had been there ahead of 'em and when darkness came on they showed near as drawed as they'd been that morning.

The snowing had let up some during the day, but as night drawed near the wind got stronger, the snow was drifting, and there'd be another night of travel when no trail would be left to show. where he'd figgered they'd be, and as dark settled over the snow-covered range, he fell in behind 'em and started 'em on the way.

An hour or so of travelling, and then Smoky, who was in the lead, found himself between the wings of a corral, a corral that was made of willows and well hid. The breed had built it for his purpose, and signs showed that it'd been used many a time before. Long willow poles made the gate, and after he run the ponies in, and put up the poles, he went after his rope on his saddle.

Many a brand had been changed in that corral, and on both horse and cow, other times he'd used it just to change horses, and that's what he wanted just now, a fresh horse. He wasn't changing for the sake of the tired horse he'd been riding, it was just that he didn't want to take chances of having a tired horse under him in case somebody jumped him.

His loop was made, and through the dark he was trying to see just what horse to put his rope on, the white background helped him considerable in making out the shapes of the ponies, and there was one shape he was looking out for before he let his loop sail, the shape of a mouse colored blaze faced horse which he'd noticed and watched all along. Pretty soon, and furthest away from him, he got a glimpse of Smoky's head, he recognized the white streak on his forehead, and his rope sailed.

Smoky snorted and ducked, the rope just grazed his ears and went on to settle over another horse's head. In the dark, the breed couldn't follow his rope, and he didn't know but what he'd caught Smoky till he pulled on the rope and brought the horse to him. He cussed considerable as he seen he'd caught another horse than the one he wanted, but as he noticed that this horse was good size and strong-looking, he let it go at that, and didn't take time to make another try for Smoky.

"I'll get you next time, you—" he says as he looked Smoky's way and sad-

dled the horse he'd caught.

Letting the poles down the breed mounted the fresh horse, let the ponies out, and turned 'em out of the creek bottom onto a long bench. The strong winds had blowed most all the snow off there, and excepting for a few low places where it had piled deep, travelling was made easy. He kept the ponies on a trot most of the night, and sometimes where the snow wasn't too deep he'd crowd 'em into a lope.

Steady, the gait was kept up, and finally, after the breed seen that the ponies was too tired and weak to travel much more, he begin to looking for a place where he could hide 'em, and where they could rustle feed during the day that was soon to come. On the other end of the ridge he was following, he knowed of a place, and taking down his rope, he snapped it at the tired ponies and kept 'em on the move till that place was reached. There, another stop was made.

The storm had dwindled down and wore out till nothing was left but the high wind, it kept the snow drifting, which would keep on covering tracks and make travelling easier. But the breed didn't need the storm to help him no more, for, as he figgered, the country ahead and where he was headed was all open, he expected no riders would be found on the way at that time of the year, and as he'd been on that route many a time before with stolen stock, he knowed just how far it was between each good hiding and stopping place, both for himself and stock.

There was corrals on the way, some built by him, and others built by more of his kind. Sometime he would change the iron on the ponies he'd just stole, but as the hair was too long for anybody to be able to read the brand that was on 'em, that could wait a while till he got further away and he could travel in daytime more.

He was pleased with everything in general as he left the ponies and started hunting a shelter for himself. He grinned, satisfied, as he melted snow for his coffee and figgered on the price the ponies would bring. He knowed good horses, and even though they was in poor shape now he knowed what they'd turn out to be after a month's time on green grass.

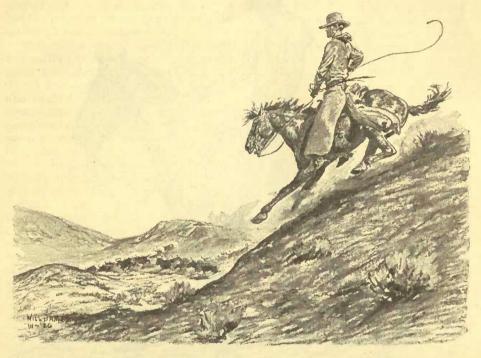
And then there was Smoky, that mouse colored horse, he'd heard how four hundred dollars had been offered for that pony, and allowed that some other cowman to the south would be glad to give at least half that price for him, once it was showed what a cow horse he really

was.

A few hundred miles to the south was the breed's hang-out, a place in a low country, and where the snow hardly stayed. Once there he could take it easy, let the ponies fatten up, and after the brand was well "blotched" so nobody would recognize the original, he'd sell 'em one at a time for a good price or ship 'em out to some horse dealer. In the meantime he had nothing to worry about, the storm had took his trail off the face of the earth, there was a good seventy miles between him and where he'd started with the horses, and near a hundred miles to the Rocking R home ranch.

A long month had passed since Clint had rode out to get Smoky and came back with a calf instead. Every day since, that cowboy had been for going after Smoky again, but the deep snow and storms had more than kept him breaking trails for snow-bound cattle that was weak and needed bringing in, he couldn't find no

no horse-thief would steal horses packing as well-known a brand as the Rocking R, unless he was a daggone fool, or a daggone good one. Anyway, as worried as Clint was, he felt some relieved in not finding the bunch Smoky had been with, for if he'd found them and no Smoky that'd been proof enough that the pony had



And even though cattle is what the wagons was out for there was more eyes out for Smoky, and cattle was only brought in as second best.—Page 583.

time and hadn't been able to frame no excuse so as he could hit out for Smoky's range. Then one morning he got up with a hunch, he tried to keep it down, but every morning it got stronger till finally Clint just had to saddle up the best horse he had and hit out for where Smoky had been wintering.

The last big storm had let up a few days before, and many fresh tracks covered the horse range. Clint trailed and trailed, he found and went through many bunches of ponies, but no Smoky. Even the bunch that pony was running with when last seen had seemed to evaporate into thin air, and there Clint wondered. He wondered if somebody'd stole him and the bunch, but he put that off, figgering that

went and died somewheres. The other ponies he'd seen that day still looked good and strong, and that was proof enough that Smoky must be the same.

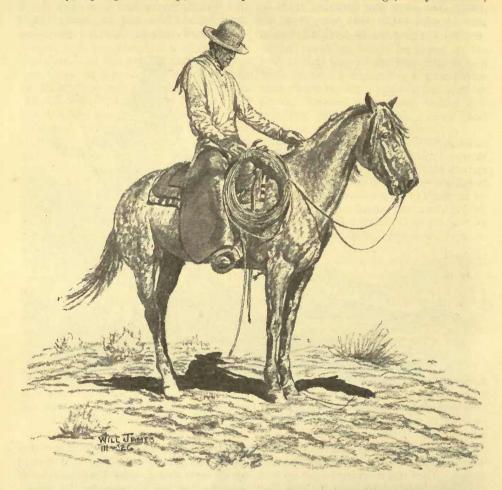
"Most likely him and his bunch just drifted with that last storm and went back to their home range," Clint thought as he headed his horse back for the ranch, but the hunch that was still with him didn't seem to agree with that thought none at all.

Two weeks later found the cowboy on the horse range once more, and making a bigger circle, but Smoky and his bunch still kept being amongst the missing. He told Old Tom about it as he got back to the ranch that night, but the old man didn't seem worried, he waved a hand as Clint said how he'd finally got to believe running down every bunch of stock that the whole bunch had been stole.

"Don't worry," he says, "we'll find him and all the rest during horse round-up." Finally, spring broke up, the deep

horses, a-hoping to get sight of the mouse colored gelding.

He rode for a week and seen every horse that was on that range, strays and all,



Clint kept a-comparing whatever horse he'd be riding with Smoky, and finds that pony a mighty poor excuse as compared with the mouse colored horse.—Page 584.

drifts started to melting and the creeks begin to raise, then after a while, and when the "hospital stuff" had been turned out on the range a couple of weeks, riders begin stringing out toward the horse range and gathering the remuda Clint lined out by himself and hit for the country where Smoky had been raised. breaking him, and from there he rode, every morning with a fresh horse and

and finally after he'd combed the whole country where Smoky had run as a colt, he rode back to the ranch, feeling disappointed but a-hoping that the other riders had found him.

The remuda was in the big corrals, when he got there, all of it, excepting for the seventeen head which couldn't be He reached the camp where he'd started found nowheres. Smoky was one of the seventeen.

There was a few more days riding, and

then of a sudden Old Tom decided Clint had been right, the horses was sure enough stolen. . . . His big car hit only the high spots as the old man headed for town, jack-rabbits was passed by and left behind the same as if they'd been tied, and when he hit the main street he was doing seventy. He put on his brakes and passed the sheriff's office by half a block, but he left his car there, and hoofed on a high run all the way back.

That official was notified of the theft, and notified to notify other officials of the State and other States around, and Old Tom stuck close to see that that was done and mighty quick. A thousand dollars reward was offered for the thief, and the same reward for the return of the horses, naming one mouse colored saddle-horse

as special.

The spring round-up went by, summer, and then the fall round-up and the close of the season's work. Nothing of Smoky, nor any of the ponies he'd run with, or the horse-thief was heard of, it seemed like one and all had left the earth for good, and if what all Old Tom often wished on the thief could of come through, that hombre would of sure found himself in a mighty hot place.

Clint rode on for the Rocking R through that summer and fall, and always as he rode, he kept an eye on the country around and hoping that sometimes he'd run acrost his one horse, Smoky. He didn't want to think that the horse had been stolen, and he kept a-saying to himself as he rode: "He's just strayed away somewheres." . . . There wasn't a draw, coulee, or creek bottom passed by without the whole of it was looked into, and never before was the Rocking R country looked into so well. Every rider, on down to the wrangler, kept his eyes peeled for the mouse colored horse, and even though cattle is what the wagons was out for there was more eyes out for Smoky, and cattle was only brought in as second best.

It wasn't till fall round-up was near over that Clint begin losing all hope of ever seeing Smoky again in *that* country, and as them hopes left him, there came a hankering for him to move, maybe it was just to be moving and riding on some other range for a change, but back of it all, and if Clint had stopped to figger some, he'd found that his hankering to move wasn't only for seeing new territory, there was a faint hope away deep, that some day, somewheres, he'd find Smoky.



A rope had settled around his neck once, he'd fought till it broke, and run on a-dragging it.-Page 586.

For that pony had got tangled up in the cowboy's heartstrings a heap more than that cowboy wanted to let on, even to himself. He couldn't get away from how he missed him, he'd thought of him when on day herd and how the horse had seemed to understand every word he'd said; on the cutting grounds, he'd kept acomparing whatever horse he'd be riding with Smoky and finds that pony, no matter how good he was, a mighty poor excuse of a cow horse as compared with the mouse colored pony that was missing.

But all them good points of Smoky's was nothing as compared to the rest of what that horse really had been as a horse, and there's where Smoky had got under Clint's hide, as a horse, one in a

hundred thousand.

The last of the wagons had trailed in to the home ranch, and the next day, the remuda was hazed out to the winter range. . . . Clint wasn't along that fall to see the ponies turned loose, instead he was in the big bunk house at the home ranch, and busy stuffing his saddle into a gunny sack. A railroad map was spread on the floor which the cowboy had been studying.

Jeff opened the door of the bunk house and took in at a glance what all Clint was up to, he noticed the railroad map laying

by his foot and smiled.

"I figgered you would," he says, "now that Smoky is not with the outfit no more."

The first of winter had come and hit the high mountains of the southern country. Big, dark clouds had drifted in, drenched the ranges down to bedrock with a cold rain, and hung on for days. Then the rain had gradually turned to a wet snow, kept a-falling steady, and without a break, till it seemed like the country itself was shivering under the spell.

Finally, and after many long days, the dark clouds begin to get lighter and lighter and started lifting and drifting on, . . . then one evening, the sun got a chance to peek through and smile at the country again, it went down a-smiling that way and after it disappeared over the blue ridge a new moon took its place for a spell, and like as to promise that the sun would smile again the next day.

And it did, it came up bright and real fitting to that Arizona country, the air was clear as spring water in a granite pool, and as still. The whole world seemed dozing and just contented to take on all the warmth and life the sun was giving. A mountain lion was stretched out on a boulder, warm and comfortable, where the day before he'd been in his den all curled up and shivering, then a few deer come out of their shelter, hair on end and still wet through, but as they reached the sunny side of the mountain it wasn't long when it dried again, and laid smooth.

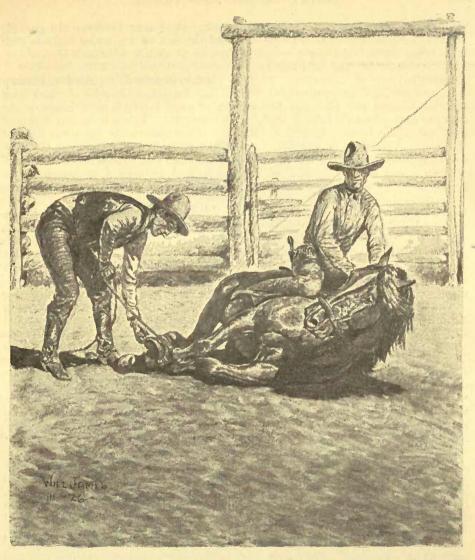
Further down the mountain and more on the foot-hills, a little chipmunk stuck his head out of his winter quarters and blinked at the sun, he blinked at it for quite a spell like not believing, and pretty soon came out to make sure. He stood up, rolled in the warm dirt, and in more ways than one made up for the long days he'd holed away. Other chipmunks came out, and then he went visiting, more seeds was gathered as he went from bush to bush and even though he already had a mighty big supply stored away he worked on as though he was afraid of running short long before spring come.

He was at his busiest, and tearing a pine cone apart for the nuts he'd find inside, when he hears something a tearing through the brush and coming his way. Away he went and high-tailed it towards his hole, and he'd no more than got there when he gets a glimpse of what looked like a mountain of a horse and running for all he was worth. . . . A long rope

was dragging from his neck.

The chipmunk went down as far in his hole as he could, stood still and listened a minute, and then storing away the nuts he'd gathered, stuck his head out once more, he chirped considerable as he looked around to see if anything more out of the ordinary or dangerous-looking was in sight, and he'd just had time to blink at the scenery a couple of times, when he gets a glimpse of another horse, . . . this one packing a man, and at the same speed went right on the trail the other had left.

The chipmunk never wondered what this running was all about, he just chirped and ducked out of sight, but it wasn't long when he stuck his head out again and



And while the breed was getting as much of the saddle under him as he could, the cowboy took off the foot ropes .-- Page 589.

gradually showed all of himself. He stood up on a rock close to his hole, and looking around from there, he could see two objects out towards the flat, moving fast, and seeming like one trying to catch up with the other. He watched 'em, till a raise finally took 'em out of sight, then he watching, he went to visiting again and to gathering more nuts.

of the raise, the two objects went on. How glad that one object in the lead would of been to've changed places with the chipmunk and like him been able to crawl down a hole and hide for a spell. For hours and hours through the night he'd been trailed, his hoofs had sunk deep watched some more and in other direcinto the mud every step he'd took, but tions and seeing nothing that'd need acrost foot-hills and 'dobe flats he'd went on, always the human close behind.

Twice that human'd disappeared and Out on the flat, and on the other side he'd took hope, but soon he'd show up again, and mounted on a fresh horse would chase him some more. A rope had settled around his neck once, and he'd fought till it broke, and he'd run on a-

dragging it.

He was getting tired, mighty tired, and beginning to feel with each step he took that the country was in cahoots with the man and trying to hold him back. His feet went ankle deep in the soft, rainsoaked ground, and pulling out and placing 'em ahead steady, on and on, was getting to be more and more of an effort.

Once again the man disappeared, only to show up with another fresh horse, the man's relay string had been well placed and as the horse he'd been chasing was getting tired and easier right along to turn the way he wanted him, he could near see how the end of the chase was

going to be.

The sun was getting well up in the sky when skirting along the foot-hills and going through a thick bunch of cedars, the tired horse noticed dead cedars piled up in a way that made a fence. Any other time he'd whirled at the sight and went some other way, but his vision wasn't very clear no more, nor was his brain working very good, he'd went on his nerves and kept on long after his muscles had hollered "quit" and he'd got to the point where he was running because something away back in his mind kept a-telling him that he should, really not knowing why. He was past caring where he went, and even if the rider behind had stopped and quit, he'd kept on running just the same and till he'd dropped.

He followed the cedar fence hardly realizing it was there. Then from the other side of him appeared another fence, it gradually pinched in on him as he went, till finally both fences led up to a gate and into a corral hid in the thick trees. There he stopped, realizing, somehow, that he couldn't go no further and, legs wide apart, breathing hard, sweat a-dripping from every part of him, he stood

still.

The half-breed closed the pole gate, and turned, looking at the horse.

"Now, you damned ornery mouse colored hunk of meanness, I guess I got you."

But Smoky, eyes half closed and not

seeing, head near touching the ground, and the rest of him trying hard to stay up, never seemed to hear.

Many months had passed and many things happened since Smoky had been hazed away from his home range on the Rocking R. There'd been long nights of travelling when many miles was covered and very little feed was got on the way. Them long, weary miles of travel had accumulated till near a thousand of 'em separated him from the country where he'd been born and raised.

Many strange looking hills and flats he'd crossed as he was kept on the go with Pecos and the rest of the bunch, and when he'd come to the desert it'd been a great relief, the deep snow had gradually been left behind by then, and the bare sagebrush flats had took the place of the snow-covered prairie. Many bunches of wild ponies had been seen on the way and once in a while a little bunch of cattle was passed by. The country had kept achanging, from rolling prairie it went to low hills, low hills to mountains, and on the other side more low hills and then sage-brush, the sage-brush had stayed in the landscape from then on and only added some yuccas as the southern country was reached, then Spanish dagger, barrel cactus, and catclaw.

Finally a wide river in a deep canyon of many colors had been reached and swimmed acrost, a few days more travel. and then it seemed like Smoky and the bunch had got there, anyway there'd been no more travelling. The next day, the half-breed had corraled all the ponies, and with a running iron blotched the Rocking R brand over with like a Wagon what looked The original Wheel. was disfiggered combrand and then the horses was plete, shoved up on a high knoll while the new brand healed. The knoll was a high flat mesa, with rimrocks all around and where it could be got up on only in one place, that place had then been closed with a rope and a blanket stretched over There was good feed up there, and enough snow and rain water in a natural

All would of been well for Smoky, and

reservoir to last many days.

the long trip with the bucking of snow, hard travelling, and all with the changes of the country would of been took in as it come, but along with that trip, there'd growed something between that pony's along behind all the way. He'd boiled

grow till murder showed in his eye, and the little fear that was still with him was all that'd kept him from doing damage to the dark complected human that'd trailed



Smoky's interest was all for shedding the saddle right then and all that carried the breed's smell.—Page 500.

ears which had got to chafe. It was a hate, a hate with poison and all for the breed that'd kept him and the others on the move.

Smoky was born with a natural fear and hate of the human, he'd carried it always, excepting when Clint, that one man, was around, but hating humans had never bothered him, not till the dark face of the breed had showed itself over the skyline.

With him in sight, that hate had got to

over to himself, stayed in the lead, and far away from the breed as he could.

The breed had throwed a rope at him one day, and missed. Smoky had never been missed that way before, and from that once he'd learned that by ducking at the right time there was such a thing as dodging a rope. The next day the breed had throwed his rope at him again, and Smoky, watching, had ducked at the right time and once more the loop had

missed. The breed begin cussing as he spread another loop and tried to place it around Smoky's neck, but his cussing didn't do him any good, and the loop had fell short a foot from the dodging pony's head.

Smoky would of enjoyed all that, if he hadn't meant it so much, and what's more the breed had got ferocious, which all made things more serious for the horse. He'd hated the sound of that breed's voice as that hombre, fighting his head, and cussing for all he was worth, had coiled up his rope once more and made ready for another try.

And in that third throw the breed had fooled Smoky. He'd swung his rope like as to throw it, but the loop had never left his hands. Smoky had dodged and dodged thinking sure that the rope had come, but it never had, and finally when he'd quit dodging, it did come, and with the speed of a "blue racer" had circled

around his neck.

Smoky had fought like a trapped grizzly as the rope had drawed up, and the breed had to take a few turns around a corral post to hold him.

"I'll fix you now, you-"

Cussing a blue streak, the breed had broke a limb off the willows that hung over the corral, and coming towards Smoky had been for showing that horse who was boss. He'd went to work, and tried to break the limb over the fighting pony's head. Orneriness had stuck up in the breed's gizzard, and anything would be done, even killing the horse right there would of been hunkydory so long as he could ease his feelings some.

He'd pounded and pounded till the limb begin to break, and as he'd noticed it give that way he was going to keep on till it did break, but there again, luck had been against him. The rope that'd held Smoky went and separated at the honda

and set the horse free.

The breed had raved on some more at seeing his victim getting away, and throwed the club after him as the pony staggered back amongst the other ponies, and then somehow realizing that then was no time to fool with ornery horses, the breed had caught another horse.

"I'll tend to you some more," he hol-

lered at Smoky, and getting on the other horse he'd let the bunch out and started

'em on the trail.

Two hundred miles of that trail was covered, and in the time it took to cover that distance, Smoky had fed on hate for the breed till that hate growed to a disease. Killing the breed would be all that could cure it. Every blow that human had pounded on his head that day, a couple of weeks past, had left a scar, a scar that healed on the surface, but which went to his heart instead, spread there,

and stayed raw.

Then one day, on the edge of a big desert flat and amongst the junipers, the breed spotted a high, strong corral. A log cabin with smoke coming out of the chimney was off to one side a ways, and standing in the door was a man, the first man the breed had seen since starting out with the stolen horses, but he felt safe. five hundred miles had been covered, the brands on the horses had all been "picked," and besides, as he figgered, it'd be a good place to stop a while and recuperate, and as he seen the place was a cow camp, he thought maybe he could get the cowboy to help him some with that mouse colored horse he was still wanting to "tend" to and packing a grudge against.

The cowboy wasn't much for the breed the minute that hombre rode up, but as company was scarce, he kinda stood him, and even agreed to help him with the

horse.

Smoky watched the two walk in the corral the next day, and knowed something was up. His ears laid back at the sight of the breed and hate showed from every part of him, he was ready to fight, and if anything he was glad of the chance.

But Smoky had no chance, too many ropes settled on him at once, and the first thing he knowed, he was flat on his side and tied down before he could use either

hoof or teeth.

The horse was no more than down and helpless, when the breed, seeing his victim within reach and where he couldn't get away, begin to get rid of what'd been on his chest for so long, and when Smoky, even though tied down, reached over and near pulled the shirt off of him with his teeth was when the breed figgered he had

an excuse to beat that horse to a pulp even though the horse had no chance.

The cowboy, not understanding the breed's tactics for a spell, stood off a ways, and watched. There was all about

cowboy grinned to himself as he helped the breed put the saddle on Smoky. Once he'd got a little too close to that pony's head while helping that way, and that horse come within an inch of getting the horse to show that he'd been right in his arm, the cowboy overlooked it, and to his first dislike for the dark faced hombre, himself, remarked: "The poor devil had



That pony had been harder to get near than any of the wild ones he was with.—Page 590.

at first he was for interfering and shove the club the breed was using right down his throat, then as he noticed how the pony would like to do the damaging instead, he thought of a better way and walked up.

"Listen, feller," he says to the breed, "what's the use of beating a horse up that way, why don't you give him a chance and try to do it while you're setting

"Maybe you think I can't do it," says that hombre, bleary eyed, and mad clear

sure got a reason to be mean, and I guess he's at the point where he figgers no human is his friend any more."

The cowboy was right, anything on two legs, wether it was the breed or any other human, had sure enough got to be Smoky's enemy, a crechure to scatter into dust and put out of the way whenever a chance showed up.

The saddle was cinched on, and while the breed was getting as much of the seat under him as he could, the cowboy took off the foot ropes, and soon as the last coil was pulled away, he made long steps The scheme had worked fine, . . . the for the highest part of the corral and

where he could watch everything to his heart's content.

The cowboy had no more than reached the top hole of the corral when a sudden commotion, which sounded like a landslide, made him turn. Smoky had come up, and at last given a chance had more than started to make use of it. It was his turn to do some pounding, and he done it with the saddle that was on his back and which went with every crooked and hard hitting jump he made.

The breed had rode many hard horses and he was a good rider, but he soon found that Smoky was a harder horse to set than any he'd ever rode before, and as good a rider as he was there was many a twist brought in that he couldn't keep track of, they kept a-coming too fast, and it wasn't long when he begin to feel that setting in that saddle on such a horse was no place for him. The saddle horn and cantle was taking turns and hitting him from all sides, till he didn't know which way he was setting. Pretty soon he lost both stirrups, and once as he was a-hanging over to one side, one of them stirrups came up and hit him between the eyes. That finished him—he hit the ground like a ton of lead.

The cowboy, up on top of the corral, had laughed and enjoyed the performance all the way through, and when the breed dug his nose in the dust of the corral he laughed all the more, he'd never been more agreeable to seeing a man get "busted" in his life.

The breed layed in a heap, never moving, and then the cowboy finally getting serious, was for getting him out of there before the horse spotted him, and reduced him into thin air. Somehow, he wasn't caring to see a human get tore apart and right before his eyes that way even if that human did deserve killing, but Smoky's interest was all for shedding the saddle right then and all that carried the breed's smell, finally it begin to slip, higher and higher on his wethers it went till the high point was reached, and then it started going down. When it reached the ground the hackamore had come off with it, and before Smoky, slick and clean, straightened up again, the breed had picked himself up and, without the help of the cowboy, sneaked out of the corral.

The next few minutes was used by that cowboy in telling the breed to get another horse saddled and hit the trail while the hitting was good, and helping him getting his horses together, boosted him out of camp. But the breed wasn't through with Smoky, he was going to "tend to him" again, some other time.

Months had went by before that other time come, and it'd been away late in the next fall before that hombre ever put his hands on Smoky again. In that time, the other ponies, which all had seemed inclined to behave, had been sold. Smoky had been kept in the corral, treated with a club regular, and fed "post hay," till, as the breed figgered, he'd break that pony's spirit, or break his neck, but he was going to make him behave some way, so as he'd be worth the price he'd be asking for him.

Then one night a high March wind had sprung up, rattled the corral gate, and finally worked it open. Smoky hadn't been long in seeing the opening, and when a few days later the breed, hunting for the horse, spotted him, the mouse colored gelding had took up with the wild bunch, and only a glimpse of him did he get.

Every once in a while that whole summer, the breed had tried cutting Smoky out of the wild bunch and run him in, but that pony had been harder to get near than any of the wild ones he was with. He knowed what was on the programme for him if that breed ever caught him again, the steady beatings he'd got from him had made his hate grow for the human till a striking rattlesnake looked like a friend in comparing.

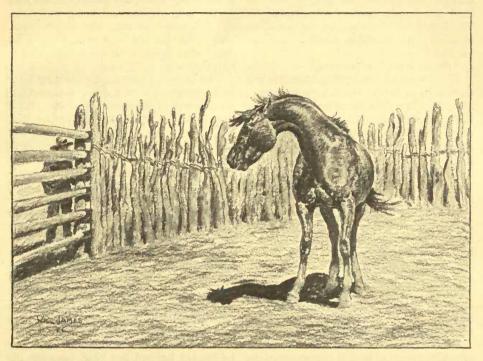
But the breed hadn't been for quitting, he couldn't stand to have anything get the best of him, not even an ornery pony, and as Smoky enjoyed his wild freedom them summer months, the breed had kept a-studying which circle Smoky and the wild ones would take whenever they was being chased, and getting a good lay of the land be finally figgered a plan

land he finally figgered a plan.

And, that's how come, when he started out after Smoky again in the fall he knowed just where to place a relay string of ponies. At the other end was a trap corral and well hid. . . . Then the breed spotted the horse late one afternoon, and

fell in behind him and the other wild ones he was with. It had been a long chase, the wild ones had dropped out of the run one by one and branched to one side, but Smoky and the rest of the strongest had kept on right along on the trail where the

or he didn't seem to care. The little hay that was throwed out to him wasn't noticed, and hardly did he drink, only if by chance he happened to mope around the corral and find himself standing in the stream that was running in one side of it.



The breed would often watch him through the corral poles and wonder if it wouldn't be best to just place a forty-five slug between that pony's ears instead of fooling with him.—Page 592.

breed had stationed his fresh relay horses. Finally, and as the breed kept a-coming in on 'em with fresh horses, the strongest of the mustangs kept a-branching out, but Smoky had kept on straight ahead, till, leg weary and staggering, he'd found himself in the wings of the trap corral, and then inside, past being able to see the grinning half-breed who'd closed the gate on him.

A few days went by when Smoky seemed in a trance, he remembered some of being led and jerked all the way back to the breed's hangout, of being saddled the next day and jerked around some more, and then rode out and with spur and quirt, made to trot around. He didn't realize the breed had set on him

There was everything about the horse to indicate that in a few more days he'd be laying down, never to get up no more, his trail seemed fast coming to an end, and the heart that was left in him had shrunk till nary a beat of it could be felt. The breed kept a-riding him out, thinking he at last and for sure had the horse right where he wanted him.

"I'll make a good horse out of you, you scrub," he'd say as he'd beat him over the head with his quirt and at the same time cut him with the spur. Smoky had seemed to feel neither the quirt nor the spur, he didn't flinch nor even bat an eye as both would come down on him and leave the marks. There seemed to be no sign of hopes or life left in the horse and the abuse went on till, finally, and one

day the breed happened to cut the horse a little deeper and in a more sensitive place.

That cut had stirred the pony's shrunk up heart, and a faint spark had showed in his eyes for a second. The next day Smoky even snorted a little as the breed walked into the corral, and he tried to buck some as he climbed into the saddle. The breed was surprised at the new show of spirit, and remarked as he took down his quirt.

"Î'll take that out of you."

From that day on Smoky's heart begin to expand towards natural size once more.

... But it wasn't the same kind of heart that had once been his, that first one had died, and this one had took root from abuse, growed from rough treatment to full size and with hankerings in it only for finding and destroying all that wasn't to his liking, and there was nothing to his liking no more.

The breed he hated more than anything in the world, but Smoky, with that new heart of his, wasn't for showing them feelings much, he'd got wise in ways of how and when to do his fighting, and where it'd do most good, he'd wait for a chance. In the meantime he'd got to eating every stem of what little hay the breed would hand him, he'd have to live to carry out

them new ambitions of his.

But somehow, a hint of Smoky's new ambitions must of leaked out, anyway the breed had a hunch that it wouldn't be well for him to come too close to that pony's teeth and hoofs, he'd often watch him through the corral poles and wonder, he'd sometimes wonder if it wouldn't be best to just place a forty-five slug between that pony's ears instead of fooling with him, but the hopes of still being able to sell the horse for a good price would always keep him from drawing his gun.

"A good long ride'll fix you," says the breed one morning as he drug his saddle near the corral chute. "And I've got a hell of a long one ahead for you to-day."

Smoky was prodded into the chute with a long pole, and saddled where he couldn't move, then the breed climbed in the saddle, opened the chute gate and started the horse out on a long run.

Ten miles of country was covered which Smoky didn't see, his instinct made him dodge badger holes and jump washouts, and his eyes and ears was steady back and on the human he was packing, if he could only reach with his teeth and get

him down.

The breed's spurs kept a-gouging him, and along with the quirt a-pounding, Smoky was kept into a high lope. With that kind of tattoo being played on him the pony gradually begin to warm up and getting peeved, it wouldn't be long, if that gait was kept up, when he'd be reaching the boiling point, and then get desperate.

A steep bank was reached by the edge of a creek, and there Smoky sorta hesitated a second. His ears and eyes was pointed ahead for that second and looking for a place where the going down wouldn't be so sudden, when the breed, always looking for some reason to deal the horse misery, put the steel and laid the quirt to him at once. That took Smoky by surprise, and the flame that'd been smoldering in his heart loomed up into a active volcano all at once.

Down over the bank he went, and when he landed he had his head between his front legs and went to bucking from there. By some miracle the breed stuck him for half a dozen jumps, then he made a circle in the air and landed on all fours at the

foot of the bank.

A shadow on the ground and right by him made the breed reach for his gun near as quick as he landed, it was the shadow of the horse and too close, his gun was out of the holster and he turned to use it, but he was just the splinter of a second too late, and the six-shooter was buried in the ground as Smoky, like a big cougar, pounced on him.

["Smoky-Gone Bad," will appear in the July number.]

Earthquake Days in Santa Barbara

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching

But now at last their chance has come, The Earthquake beats his throbbing drum, -The Lyric West.



N California the Earthquake is not an event. it is an institution. But the poets and authors of the Golden State have not vet interpreted it to the world as they have

other California institutions and attributes. John Muir seems to have come nearest to a sympathetic treatment of the theme. His earthquake experience was in

the Yosemite.

"We had a glorious storm of the kind called earthquake. . . . It is delightful to be trotted and dumpled on our mother's mountain knee. I hope we will be blessed with some more. The first shock of the morning at 2.30 o'clock was the most sublime storm I ever experienced. Though I never had enjoyed a storm of this sort, the thrilling motion could not be mistaken, and I ran out of my cabin, both glad and frightened, shouting, 'A noble earthquake!' feeling sure I was going to learn something. . . . earthquakes have made me immensely rich. I have long been aware of the life and gentle tenderness of the rocks, and, instead of walking upon them as unfeeling surfaces, began to regard them as a transparent sky. Now they have spoken with audible voices and pulsed with common motion. . . . ''

Whether Muir's impressions would have been so idealistic had he viewed the earthquake amid the shaking walls of his own home to the music of broken crockery and furniture may well be doubted; for though John was what he himself described as a Godful man, he had a frugal Scotch instinct and took excellent care of his possessions. At all events it is safe to rocked by the Santa Barbara shake would almost no damage in an earthquake,

voice their emotions in the precise words that Muir used to describe his.

An earthquake story begins with the weather. Whoever has loitered along the sunny coast of southern California must at some time have seen an old Californian cock his eye toward the sky and remark solemnly: Good earthquake weather! Those who study the earth's crust and its movements have never been able to trace any relation between earthquakes and the Nevertheless, the earthquake at Santa Barbara on the 20th of last June fell in with the tradition of old California. For three days before the disaster the weather had been unusually warm and close, and for some days following it was extraordinary. The week included two thunder-showers, a hot wind from the desert, and a water-spout along the shore —an unprecedented record. Whether or not the earthquake and the weather have any connection, it is a fact that the weather misbehaved during the week of the Santa Barbara shock.

The effects of the earth vibration at Santa Barbara on the 20th of June varied widely in different parts of the city and neighborhood. A number of buildings were destroyed. Others were slightly damaged, losing chimneys or suffering other small injuries. Still others received no appreciable injury. These differences were due to a number of causes. Wellbuilt houses on solid foundations suffered little. On the other hand, similar buildings on deep alluvial soil were badly injured. For example, the Lincoln School and the Wilson School, in different parts of the city, were identical in design and, so far as could be ascertained, precisely similar in construction. But one was much more seriously damaged than the say that few persons whose houses were other. A house upon solid rock receives

Vol. LXXIX.-43

for the vibrations of the earth in solid rock are rapid but of very small amplitude. When these vibrations pass from the solid rock to loose soil they become slower but are greatly magnified, and even a well-built house upon such soil is likely to suffer severe damage unless there is a solid foundation for the whole structure upon which it can move as a unit.

The injuries to houses varied also with the quality of the construction. Wellbuilt houses with roofs and walls firmly put together naturally suffered less than houses carelessly built or constructed with inferior materials. Adobe is very brittle, and adobe houses were badly broken. Concrete in which a poor quality of sand was used proved a very dangerous building material. Still another circumstance which affected the degree of injury was the nearness of the structure to the fault and the contour of the underlying material. A situation on the brow of a hill has long been known to be dangerous, since the earthquake wave, when it emerges at the brow of the hill, acts not vertically but laterally or diagonally. All of these causes contributed to the effect which any particular building would undergo through the earthquake shock and would naturally, to a large extent, fix the kind of experience which the people in the buildings would undergo.

My personal experience of the earthquake was in a well-built wooden house, on a good foundation, which suffered little damage. The first and most severe shock came about 6.45 A. M. I was occupying a sleeping-porch which looked out on the ocean and the mountains. I had just been wakened by the morning light, and was deliberating whether to pull the shades and have another nap when I heard the ominous roar of the oncoming earth movement. From a limited experience in Japan I was familiar with this feature of an earthquake, and the dwellers in Santa Barbara had reason, during the next few weeks, to become thoroughly acquainted with it. This roar could be heard two or three seconds in advance of most of the heavier shakes, but it was loudest and most terrifying as a forerunner of the first great movement of the earth. The noise has been often described.

The roar which preceded the first shock private houses, both small and great, suf-

was that of a grinding, crushing process. not a comforting sound to hear. I had barely time to realize that a sharp earthquake was at hand when the shaking began. The vibrations seemed to come from the north, and for half a minute or such a matter the house rocked and jumped. One felt as if he were on the back of a bucking horse, with no control of the horse. The house seemed uninjured, although, like Muir in the Yosemite. I could scarcely understand why anything remained standing.

The members of my household made haste to clothe themselves in slippers and wrappers, and to reach the garden at the back of the house before the next shake. which came in about five minutes. While not so violent as the first shock, the impression made upon one in the open was more terrifying than that in a well-built house. The plainly visible motion of the wave in the ground gave a sense of utter helplessness. These waves appeared to be about twenty-five feet long, and one could see them as they crossed the lawn or travelled down a hedge. Trees bent over as the wave came up and returned to an upright position after the wave had passed. The whole effect upon the face of nature was uncanny. The earth seemed to shudder in distress.

During the first fifteen minutes there were seven of these shocks of diminishing intensity. Thereafter, during the day, tremors of greater or less strength kept coming, but none comparable to those of the first fifteen minutes. A hundred and ten such vibrations were recorded the first day from Santa Barbara on the Pasadena

seismograph.

While the earthquake of June 29 was not reckoned by seismologists as one of the first magnitude, nevertheless the city of Santa Barbara suffered a great disaster. The business section of the city, built upon rather deep soil, suffered most. The main street was one mass of débris from fallen buildings or from buildings that had been partially destroyed. Had the disaster come at a later hour, there would have been considerable loss of life. As it was, some fourteen persons were killed. Not only business houses, but hotels, churchesincluding the Old Mission—schools, and

fered damage varying from total destruction to the loss of chimneys or the cracking of plaster. In half a minute of time a prosperous community in one of the most charming places of the world, and living in a peaceful sense of security, found itself confronted with an overwhelming disaster.

The behavior of the people of the community under these trying circumstances was such as to hearten one's faith in the resourcefulness and courage of the American people. Within two hours the streets were patrolled by ex-service men, appointed by the city authorities. Registration of men for service had been opened in the Plaza and active work begun for the rescue of any who might be caught in the ruins, for the clearing up of débris, and for the restoration of business. Effective patrol prevented any looting. This patrol was taken over on the second day by five hundred Marines, landed from a warship, in whose hands the policing of the city was admirably and effectively carried out. The members of the community, rich and poor, rallied to the common work of succor and of restoration in the most admirable spirit. Santa Barbara has maintained for some years an active Community Arts Association which has done much to knit the community together. The fruits of its work were evident in the community spirit in the face of this dis-

There were not wanting notable instances of individual bravery and presence of mind. The electric-light switches were shut off and the gas mains were closed by men who not only thought quickly but who carried out these duties at grave risk. In the ruins of one of the largest buildings there was heard, an hour after the disaster, the cries of a woman, deep down beneath the mass of débris. This mass was being shaken at frequent intervals by fresh shocks, and threatened to overwhelm any one who approached it. A plain, every-day American with an acetylene torch, a chisel, and a hammer worked his way slowly down through the tangled ruins, and, at the end of six hours, after cutting away the concrete block which held the poor woman a prisoner, succeeded in bringing her safely to the doctor who was waiting to minister to her needs. She completely re-

covered, notwithstanding her frightful experience.

It was clear from the beginning that emergency aid would be needed beyond that which the community itself could at once furnish. Hospitals had to be rebuilt. Emergency schoolhouses to shelter children in the autumn term must be got ready. Families whose houses were destroyed or seriously injured must be assisted. The charitable institutions, such as the Associated Charities, must be housed in order to serve the community.

To deal with these public causes, to collect such emergency funds as could be obtained, and to disburse them, a committee of citizens was appointed by the Common Council, and through this committee was carried out such public emergency rehabilitation as could be effected through funds secured partly by outside aid and partly by subscriptions in the city of Santa Barbara itself.

No appeal was made to the nation at large, though Santa Barbara would have welcomed it. There was a feeling in California that the State itself ought to care for such a disaster as had fallen upon one of her cities. An appeal was therefore made through a state-wide organization for \$1,100,000 for emergency purposes for which cash was needed. Some weeks elapsed before this appeal could be laid before the people of the State. The story had, by that time, grown cold and the response was slower than had been hoped for. In the end some \$600,000 was raised throughout the State, and this sum, with approximately \$260,000 collected in Santa Barbara itself, constituted the relief fund. With it the more immediate emergency needs were met—personal and family relief, restoration of public charitable buildings, such as those of the hospitals, of the Associated Charities, and of emergency structures to enable the public schools to receive their pupils in the autumn. Some 300 families were assisted in the rehabilitation of their homes. This work was admirably carried out by a unit of the National Red Cross detailed for this purpose. Part of the relief fund was used to obtain expert advice in planning the restored city, in testing materials, and in inaugurating a sound building code.

Public-spirited citizens co-operated in a

common effort to make the new Santa Barbara a city built upon sound principles of construction and one that should be beautiful in the fitness and grace of its architecture. These splendid purposes are on the way to accomplishment. A charming new Santa Barbara will replace the city that the earthquake shook so rudely. To this task its people are addressing themselves patiently and bravely. The great, busy world has forgot it.

The aid given to Santa Barbara, and for which its citizens are most grateful, sufficed only for the most urgent emergency needs. It did not include the churches, some of which were entirely destroyed and some, among them the famous Mission, sadly injured. It did not include the public library, which was badly shattered. It was characteristic of the spirit of the community that within two weeks the library was in full operation in a large stable, kindly loaned by the owner for that purpose, and fortunately provided with a strong loft, built, in the days before automobiles, to hold many tons of alfalfa, and therefore able to carry many books. And books make a heavy load, even though many of them are classified as light literature. This library in a stable was a most cheerful spot throughout the earthquake days. The horse-stalls made excellent alcoves, and under a spreading oak-tree was the outdoor reading-room that was a joy to readers. No one thing did more to hearten the community than to see the library carry on in a stable, with readers coming and going notwithstanding the recurring shakes.

Throughout historic time the world has been more quick to respond to the aid of the community visited by an earthquake than to any other form of disaster. In the year 224 B. C. a terrible earthquake occurred on the Island of Rhodes. The entire Greek and Roman world united in the effort to minister to the stricken island. Enormous amounts in money and supplies were sent to the sufferers, accompanied by messages of sympathy that even to this day stir the heart. To commemorate it a beautiful monument was erected in the market-place at Syracuse showing Rhodes crowning Sicily in her act of sympathy. For the world of our day the American Red Cross stands fully organized, alert and ready for such emergencies. That we should maintain such an agency is one of the finest evidences of a growth of human sympathy that knits together all mankind in works of mercy.

The popular notion of an earthquake pictures it as a momentary cataclysm. The actual earthquake experience of a community is quite different. The earthquake begins with a sharp shock followed by others, generally in diminishing strength. In the first fifteen minutes of the Santa Barbara earthquake there were seven strong shocks, of which the first was far the strongest and of longest duration. Throughout the first day other shockssome fairly sharp but mainly small tremors-continued. The second day the number greatly diminished; on Wednesday there were still fewer; and on Thursday Mother Earth was so peaceful that there was a general feeling the affair was over. But at half past eight on Friday there came what was locally described as a "humdinger," another at ten-thirty, a third at one in the afternoon. This day tried the morale of the town more sorely than any other. Persons who had business elsewhere found Saturday a good day to go and attend to it. From this date the vibrations diminished both in number and in intensity. By September 15 there had been recorded on the Pasadena seismograph 285 records from Santa Barbara shakes. Of these, some 40 were designated as strong. These shakes still continue at intervals six months after the disaster. It is the common history of this kind of an earthquake. In the Messina earthquake of 1908 the shocks continued for over a year. Light tremors followed the San Francisco earthquake for six months or more. When a great section of the earth's crust has slipped, even by a small amount, it requires a long time for the mass to settle into its final position. In the process these minor shakings are inevitable. To really appreciate an earthquake season one needs to live some months with it. This is what the community as a whole must do. In the end it accepts the earthquake as a part of the order of nature.

Two questions were in the mouth of every visitor to the scene of the Santa Barbara disaster. What caused the earthquake? and Why are there more earthquakes on the borders of the Pacific Ocean than along the shores of the Atlantic?

The first of these can be answered with reasonable certainty. Upon the second there is not entire agreement among the students of the physics of the earth's crust.

The earthquake was long regarded as a visitation of divine wrath. We know now that these movements of the earth's crust. commonly called earthquakes, are among the most usual and natural of all the phenomena of our globe. They occur in every part of the world. Between ten and twenty thousand such movements in the earth's crust are recorded annually on the seismographs scattered over the earth's surface. Nothing is more in accordance with the process of nature than these earth movements.

Those who studied geography fifty years ago were taught that the earth's crust is a thin, solid shell enclosing a highly heated liquid interior. Many a child as he eyed this thin shell, as pictured in the geography of that day, walked gingerly for a time lest he break through into the molten interior!

The researches of the last fifty years have completely changed these conceptions. We know now that the earth behaves under the differential attraction of the sun and moon with the rigidity of steel, and that while the interior is, no doubt, quite hot, the enormous pressure keeps it solid and rigid. This heat is evidenced by hot springs and volcanic lava, but these originate at very shallow depths, probably not over five or ten miles. They are like pricks in the skin of a man's body.

The study of the physics of the earth indicates that about 40 per cent of its mass is made up of iron. Oxygen, silicon, magnesium, and nickel are the next most common materials. These five substances constitute about 95 per cent of the whole mass of our globe. If one could make a section from the circumference to the centre of the earth, he would probably find some such condition as the following, as described by Doctor Washington, of the Geophysical Laboratory.

At the centre a huge sphere of metallic iron or nickel-iron extending more than

border particles of stone are scattered through the metal, and these increase in quantity as one goes toward the surface, until the material becomes finally stone. sprinkled with relatively small masses of metal. At a depth of perhaps one thousand miles from the surface the iron almost disappears and the material becomes wholly stone. These gradually pass into lighter layers of rock near the top. The beds of limestone, sandstone, shale, coal, and disintegrated rock in the form of soil which compose the surface are so thin that their mass is negligible when compared with that of the earth as a whole. The metals constitute a minute fraction of the surface.

On this light shell of surface rock and soil we live. As the heat slowly escapes from the interior the surface shell will contract, and strains necessarily occur in the surface which result in cracks, called by the geologists faults. How deep these faults go we do not know. The smaller ones may not be more than a mile in depth, the longer ones are probably to be measured in tens of miles. These lines of fracture in the earth's surface, known as faults, split up various sections of the surface into irregular blocks. The rocks in which the faults occur are firmer and more highly elastic than they are at the surface.

An earthquake is simply an elastic shock which originates in a slip along some fault where the rocks have been held by friction, under increasing strain, until they yield and send vibrations sometimes far along the surface, sometimes through the globe. This last would be impossible if the interior of the earth were liquid. The transmission of these earthquake vibrations is itself one of the proofs of the solidity of the earth. The only message we ever get from the depths of the earth are those that the earthquake vibrations carry.

The Santa Barbara earthquake of June 20 was the result of a slip along some of the faults which characterize the rocky foundations of the mountains, the coastal plain, and the submarine slope of that region. The exact location of the faults along which the slip occurred must be a matter of further study by the geologists. But the phenomenon itself was entirely half-way to the surface. Near its outer characteristic of the earth movements

which have been usual in this region for an indefinite period. The preliminary examinations made by Professor Bailey Willis indicate that in the Santa Barbara earthquake an area some twenty miles long and perhaps half as wide was involved in the slipping. The southern boundary of this area probably lay along a fault in the Santa Barbara channel and the northern boundary somewhere near the foot-hills of the coast range. The vibrations caused by the slipping of this great mass, of course, affected a much larger area. The city of Santa Barbara had the misfortune to stand almost over the centre of disturbance.

As to the other question, why one region of the earth's surface is more subject to earth movements than another, the scientific men are not entirely agreed.

The faults that characterize certain regions are clearly the results of excessive pressure exerted at some time in the past and still being exerted to some degree. That earthquakes are the result of pressure exerted along the surfaces of these deep cracks or faults is equally clear. What causes this pressure is still a matter of theory concerning which the best informed seismologists differ, but of its action there can be no doubt. Just why this strain is more pronounced along the Pacific than the Atlantic coast is also not entirely clear. The geodesists are inclined to regard the enormous deposits on the ocean beds due to erosion as an important factor. There is considerable evidence to the effect that the temperature underneath the Pacific is higher than beneath the Atlantic, and crystallization of the rocks more rapid. It is possible that the pressure in one region may become less and in another may increase. Scotland, for example, contains many geologic faults, but they seem to have been inactive during historic time. The pressure that produced the straining planes along the California coast must have been far greater in some remote period than at the present day, but it is still exerted upon the irregular blocks into which the coast range and the adjacent ocean bottom have been split. At intervals, under this pressure, a slipping occurs, vibrations are sent out into adjacent masses, and an earthquake of is the best earthquake insurance.

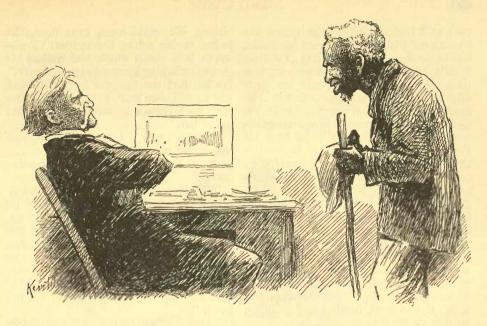
greater or less intensity is experienced. The slipping relieves the strain for the time.

The earthquakes of the California region are all of this character. There are, of course, other regions where volcanic activity may give rise to earth movements, and, as the seismologists affirm. "one kind of earthquake may pull the

trigger for another."

The Santa Barbara earthquake, like that of San Francisco and of other earth movements that have occurred in California in historic time, all tell the same story. So long as this pressure is exerted against the rock masses of the coast range, the coastal plane, and the adjacent ocean bed, it must be relieved from time to time by slips along the straining surfaces. When such slips occur, there will be transmitted to the surface vibrations of greater or less intensity. Protection to human habitations against such shocks lies in a proper choice of location, in a foundation as nearly as possible on solid rock, and in a structure strongly built and well tied together but having some elasticity.

The earthquake, as it is known in California, is one of the very small risks against which protection can generally be had by foresight in the construction of one's house. Careful scientific study of the whole region and of the origin and action of these earth movements offers a method by which the earthquake will eventually be robbed of most of its terrors. The earthquake as it exists along the Pacific belongs to those minor risks of life, scarcely comparable in danger to the lightning strokes of summer storms. Against this risk the prudent dweller in this region will provide by building a good honest house and then forget there is any earthquake hazard. Once in a lifetime he may have the experience of such an adventure as San Francisco and Santa Barbara have experienced, but he will regard it as one of the small risks incident to life in this world, and will bless his good fortune in dwelling in a land where the lightning seldom strikes and the tornado does not twist. Beyond these simple precautions a serene philosophy of life and the capacity to enjoy the charm and the beauty of our Pacific coast region



"Ef'n she is a black gal, it's good luck."-Page 600.

Next Case

BY THOMAS RIPLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE

BACK and forth, back and forth, Colonel Tobias Peckworth paced the narrow confines of his shabby office. From window to door and from door to window he trod, not swerving from his course by a hair's breadth. His slender fingers, interlaced at his back, gripped nervously; his gaunt figure hung forward as if laboring under a load which seemed to grow with every step, and his square jaw worked grimly. Once he had stopped in his tracks to look at the photograph of a charming young woman on his littered desk, and he had spoken sharply, harshly:

"Confound it, Nellie! if it hadn't abeen for you—" He caught himself and said no more, for if there was one person in the world to whom Colonel Peckworth was a slave, that person was his beautiful and talented daughter. Being a widower, he had lavished all upon her. He had sent her to college and afterward raked and scraped for the wherewithal to make

her life one of pleasure and comfort. Perhaps he would have taken the hundred dollars from Jim Russell anyhow, he told himself over and over in his misery. "Confound that nigger!" he mouthed. "Here he comes like a fool and pays the whole bill when I told him as plain as day that the retainah fee was twenty-five dollars and the balance was to come if I got him free of that chicken stealing chawge!" He parted his mustache and spat vigorously at the spittoon. The colonel's talking to himself was as much a habit as his drinking.

"Durn his skin, why don't he come on!" He had faced many a reverse in life, but never before had he brought himself to disgrace. And here he stood so near the brink of disaster that his head swam with the very dizziness of the drop which confronted him. Of course it was bad enough to be poverty-stricken, with naught but a greenish-black Prince Albert

coat as a remnant of his dignity, on the bitter. He could hear, even now, the fretted cuffs of which he wore his pride. but to be shorn of his standing in a community was a calamity beyond recuperation. He knew that he would lose Russell's case to-morrow and then he would be revealed as a common cheat and swindler. disbarred and disgraced. What would become of Nellie? Mentally he beat his shallow bosom and cried out in anguish the illness of his heart. Outwardly he paced the floor with head down, mumbling and spitting furiously at the cuspidor, but inwardly he continued to etch the black picture of himself deeper and deeper into his consciousness. It was in the midst of this that he heard a familiar shuffling of feet along the corridor outside his office and he flopped down into his chair. Immediately he was Colonel Tobias Peckworth, attorney-at-law, and when Jim entered, bowing and grinning, he was all dignity.

"Mawnin', kunnel."

The colonel merely nodded, parted his mustache, and aimed a mouthful of tobacco juice at the spittoon.

"You're late," he drawled. "Yassah, 'specks I is a little."

Colonel Tobias was reaching for a law book. He got down the Georgia criminal code and thumbed the pages thoughtfully. In a moment he found what he wanted and read it over to himself. Then he looked at Jim.

"The Gawgia law on burglary is from ten to twenty years in prison-" He eyed his client shrewdly. "Of course if we enter a plea of guilty there is a chance of reducing the term considerably."

Jim displayed his ivories in a broad "Yassah, kunnel, dat's a fack. grin. You all done tole me 'bout dat when I fust come heah. But ef'n de poleeces ain't found no chickens 'bout me and ain't nobody kotch me in dat white gen'man's chicken house, den howcum I pleads guilty?"

Colonel Peckworth's Adam's apple took a hop up his slender throat as he swallowed hard. He saw that argument was useless and that Iim intended to have his trial out and expected freedom. He felt like taking his gun and chasing the black rascal out. But he knew better than to do this because his end would be even more

judges saying among themselves: "Peckworth is a cheap crook and makes his money swindling ignorant nigger clients!" He brushed the thought from his mind and turned once more to the case. There may be a chance of winning, one could never tell.

"Suppose you tell me again, Jim, just where you were on the night they accuse you of entering Mr. Smith's chicken

house."

"It's lack disheah, kunnel. I was asettin' by de fiah at home when de poleeces jes' walks in and says, cum on, ole nigger, us got de evidence what say you all stole de chickens. An' I says, lawzy, cap'n, white folks, I ain't stole no chickens! An' de poleeces dey say, dassal right, ole nigger, us got de evidence. An' wiff dat dey scotch me off to de jail house."

"I see, and you deny stealing the chick-

"Course I do, kunnel. Ef'n de white gen'mans kotch me in de chicken house

den I wont need no lawyah!"

"It would seem not, Jim, but the law doesn't say that a man must be caught in the act of a crime to be guilty. The State has four witnesses to testify to seeing you leave the chicken house. Mr. Smith saw you and says he shot at you. Two of Mr. Smith's neighbors will substantiate his testimony, and the Smith cook, a woman named Stella Bleeker, says she is positive about you."

"Dunno disheah Stella gal, kunnel. Ain't nevah knowd sech a pusson."

"But she said she knew you." Jim scratched his head, then:

"Is she a yaller gal, or is she black,

kunnel?"

"I didn't see her myself, Jim. I only know what the grand jury indictment chawges. Her name is on the true bill."

"Well, kunnel, ef'n she's a yaller gal it's bad luck, but ef'n she is a black gal, it's good luck. Dassal I got to say 'bout dat Stella pusson."

"Well, Jim, the cawds are suttinly

stacked against you."

"Yassah, de dice is sho' loaded!"

"Our only chance is to prove an ali-

Jim was baffled.

"Which was dat us gonnah prove, kunnel?"

"An alibi."

"Yassah, us can prove dat 'oman's a liah, but I don't know 'bout de white gen'mens."

"No, no, Jim, you misunderstand me.

ever began to dread the end. Wanting to be alone to battle the thing out with himself, he dismissed the negro with instructions for him to be on hand at the opening of court on the following morning. And when Jim had left he donned his hat, took up his cane, and strode from I mean we must prove that you were his office. On the street below he threw



Cicero.

where you were not. We must place you somewhere else at the time of the crime. Is that plain?"

"Yassah, I see de pint. Us got to make ole Jim Russell skace 'round dat chicken yahd 'bout de time dem chickens hopped off de roost. Yassah, I sees!"

"That's exactly right! Do you reckon that we could locate some witnesses to testify as to your whereabouts on the night of the crime?"

Tim shook his head.

"I recken us'll have to crap out on de alibiah pawt of de chickens, kunnel, kase de ain't nobody, as I reckleck, what knows more 'bout where ole Jim was dat night 'cept Jim hisself."

This left Colonel Peckworth at his wits' end. He was sure now that he saw nothback his head and trod as one of power

and importance.

Under the pressure of calamity a man will seek his friends and if he has no friends he will turn to the next best substitute. Colonel Peckworth was friendless, hopeless, undone. His day had been bitter and his hopes were sorely tried, and it seemed as though the moments had been turned into thorns, each to prick in a new spot. Crushed by the burden of adversity, he returned now to his substitute.

Down on the streets he directed his steps toward a side street where the buildings were old and shabby, and where pedestrians were fewer. He at length stopped in front of a barber shop, one of the cheaper sort. For a second he hesitated at the door, ran his hand into his ing but utter failure and he more than trousers pocket and felt of his change. Satisfied, he entered the place. He seated himself on the shoe-shine stand and winked guardedly at a certain gingercake colored boy who came over quite promptly and whisked a shine rag over the colonel's shoes. He kept an eye on the lawyer, for he expected an order.

"Fetch me a quart, Cicero, a quart, and make it fast. I'll be at the office by the time you get there. shoes." Now, shine my

"Yassah, kunnel, yassah! I fotch it so quick de spawks'll fly out'n my heels!"

And Cicero meant it, for had not Colonel Peckworth once saved him from a chain-gang sentence? He used his whiskbroom vigorously on the lawyer's greenish coat as he followed him to the door and accepted the dime with a great bow.

"Yassah, kunnel, I hops dat licker

Colonel Perkworth returned straight to his office and had hardly arrived before the industrious Cicero was there with the bulky package. When the negro was gone he lifted the bottle to the light and studied its clear contents. Then he shook it to observe the "bead" and at length drew the cork and sniffed.

"Ah," he breathed, "smells like very good corn!" Then from a cabinet on the wall he took a glass and poured himself a goodly portion. To this he added a splash of water from the hydrant and then he swallowed the liquor in a gulp.

"Ah, very good corn, indeed!" he approved, smacking his lips. "Goes down quite easy, quite easy!" He then hid the bottle in his desk, settled himself in his chair, and drew some law books to him. "Now, we will see to this Russell case!"

Life was not so bad, after all.

Dawn found the colonel, his head buried in his arms, huddled against his desk. He awoke with the old dread hanging over him and looked around as if dazed. He saw the half-filled bottle of whiskey and reached for it with the fear that it might escape. Quickly he poured himself a drink, and, not taking time to add the water, swallowed it. Then, it came to him that this was the day of the Russell trial, and he decided to go to his room, wash, shave, and don a clean collar. So, taking care to conceal his bottle, he left his office.

At nine o'clock the long benches in the great Superior Court room were filled to their capacity with witnesses, spectators, and men summoned for jury service. The gallery above, set aside for negroes, was packed with rows of black and brown faces with, somewhere among them, a Jim Russell in whose being hung the fate of a thin little lawyer who sat alone at a table down behind the railing which en-

closed the bar of justice.

And all around Colonel Peckworth the space inside the railing was astir with the business of the law. The prosecuting attorney, a towering, masterful man, who gripped a tremendous bundle of documents as though he held the evil forces of the world by the nape of the neck ready to shake them at his will, entered the enclosure and took his place at the prosecution table. Almost immediately he began a whispered conversation with a group of officials who assembled around him. Over in a corner, near the judge's bench, the gray-haired clerk of the court was working his fingers through a stack of papers and thumbing great books. Large-stomached deputies moved from place to place around the room keeping the crowd in order and dispatching the business of the court.

In the midst of all of this Colonel Peckworth sat hunched down in a chair which was pulled up before a table set aside for the use of defense attorneys and their clients. The colonel had gone home, shaved, and attired himself in fresh linen. and had then returned to his office, where he proceeded to dispose of the remaining half quart of Cicero's corn. Outwardly he appeared the most forlorn creature in the entire court-room; one would have thought he was on trial for murder. As a matter of fact Colonel Peckworth wasn't the least bothered and little he cared for all that was going on around him. The worries of a century were bedded down, for the time being, under the exhilarating influence of Cicero's white lightning. The colonel was vaguely aware of the fact that he had a case in Superior Court of the State versus Jim Russell, and he knew that he was going to lose it. But, in the colonel's own language, he didn't give a damn. He also knew that he was going to be branded as a cheap swindler

when everything came to the final show-down, and he didn't give a damn for that either. He tried to look at the open pages of a law book he had placed on the table there in front of him, but he found that this was impossible because the lines ran together and then zigzagged across the page. He also discovered that he was holding the book upside down, and he tossed it aside with a dry chuckle. He let his eyes travel over the audience; he sought the black faces in the gallery and there seemed to be a million more faces than were really there, and he took his eyes away.

Then his attention was drawn to the court, for the judge, an austere man, with silvery hair and a waving mustache, had taken his seat. The court was being called to order. Colonel Peckworth could hear, and understand, everything that was being said; it was his sight that troubled him. He found it hard to pick out the looming figure of the prosecuting attorney, who had arisen from his place at the table; it made him dizzy to see the deputies moving from one place to another, and he rubbed his eyes when he looked at the judge, because he appeared to hop from one spot to another.

He ceased to look and hung his head and closed his eyes because it was much easier to listen. He heard the jurymen called—heard them sworn. He listened to the familiar names of witnesses, and his lips moved as he repeated to himself the oath which the prosecuting attorney used in swearing them. After this he heard the clerk call out the name of Tim Russell and he ventured to lift his head and stare in the direction of the audience. In a moment he saw a figure swaying down the aisle of the room, saw him stagger into the enclosure and fall over toward the defense table. Then he beheld a black face close to his and he knew the man must be his client.

When the negro was seated the prosecuting attorney arose from his seat and the colonel's eyes went out of focus. He shut them just as the opposing counsel asked him if he were ready for trial. Somehow he managed to answer that he was. He even attempted to look over toward where the prosecuting attorney was, but everything was a blur and he

closed his eyes quickly. He found himself wondering if Cicero's liquor was making him blind, but laughed if off because he well remembered that he had drunk much of it the afternoon before and he wasn't blind in the morning when he woke up. He made an effort to figure up how many drinks he had taken, but lost the count and quit. He made up his mind that he would keep his eyes shut and do nothing but think—think—think! He must try and straighten himself up because the trial would soon end and he would want to make a speech to the jury—he liked to orate. Jury—jury—jury—

Oh, yes! he got the connection. The clerk was calling the names of the jurymen on his case and the prosecuting attorney had accepted the first man. It was up to him to strike, or accept the juror. He accepted him because he could not open his eyes to look and he proceeded to take the other eleven as fast as they were called.

After a bit he heard the name of a witness called. The witness then reached the stand and testified to seeing a man leave Mr. Smith's chicken house with a sack over his shoulder.

Yes, he could identify the man. Was the man in court?

Yes, he was in court, he was the negro sitting over near Colonel Peckworth. Yes, the witness was positive of the man because the night was bright with the moon. Colonel Peckworth listened to the testimony with bowed head and closed eyes. He heard the prosecuting attorney ask him if he had any questions to put to the witness, and he shook his head.

"No questions."

After this there were three other witnesses, one of them a negro woman, and all were positive in their identification of Jim Russell. The State announced its case closed. Colonel Peckworth realized it was his move—that he must do something.

He found his voice.

"Take the shtand, Jim," he said, still not daring to open his eyes. There followed a shuffling of feet as the black boy made his way to the witness stand. Deep silence followed. It seemed an age to Colonel Peckworth before any word was spoken. The judge was talking:

"Well, what have you to say about the

chawge?"

court-room. Colonel Peckworth grew to wondering what was the matter with his client—why didn't the damn fool speak out? Was he just sitting up there like a dunce? He decided to open his eyes and take a look. And he did. When he opened his eyes the law book came under his vision first and he discovered that the printed lines stood out in perfect order instead of a jumbled mass of type. Reassured, he lifted his eyes and fixed them on the prosecuting attorney and found that he had no trouble in seeing. He next sought the judge, who was no longer dancing from one spot to another, but was sitting quite straight and stern in his high-backed chair. He knew now that his sight was all right, and he turned his eyes to the witness chair. It was then that he blinked, closed his eyes, rubbed the lids, and opened them again. Was he dreaming? Was he so thoroughly drunk that he was seeing things? That negro up there in the witness chair was not the Jim Russell, his client, accused of stealing Mr. Smith's chickens. He started to rise and found his feet hard to control-found that he would have to pull up and steady himself on something. So he did and stood there swaying and clinging to the back of a chair.

"Mistakesh — mistakesh —" he stopped because his tongue was badly twisted and he couldn't seem to handle it as he should. He made another attempt to get his voice and sound his words

right:

"If pleash hish honah-hic-hish honah—if pleash the cowt—" he stopped because the whole court-room was a-titter. It struck the colonel in his touchiest spot —his dignity, his self-respect, and his Accordingly he drew back his shoulders and threw out his chest and glared menacingly around the room. At the same time the deputies rapped for order and everybody shut up. Colonel Peckworth felt that he had crushed them with his air of aloofness—he became enlarged in his own estimation. He felt more powerful, fully capable of going along with what he intended to say, and when things were once again quiet he turned to the judge.

"Ash I was 'bout to shay, his honah—

Another prolonged silence fell over the urt-room. Colonel Peckworth grew to ondering what was the matter with his ent—why didn't the damn fool speak t? Was he just sitting up there like dunce? He decided to open his eyes hic—thish is wrong defendant—mistakesh! That nigger ain't Jim Rushel, suh!" He managed to get it all said without a halt. He bowed gracefully as he did and his tousled hair fell over his forehead. He smiled his broadest.

The judge eyed him doubtfully. Then he fixed his piercing orbs on the prosecuting attorney, who was hiding his mouth behind his hand. The judge refused to crack a smile, and by the time his eyes got around to the defendant they were like beams of searching lights.

"What's this! What's this!"

Peckworth nodded vigorously and attempted to pull a lock of hair from in front of his eyes.

"'S'right, hish honah-hic-'sright,

suh! Wrong defendant!"

The judge paid no heed to the lawyer. He was still looking hard at the negro.

"What's your name?"
"Name's Jim Russell, suh."

The judge wheeled on the colonel.

"What do you mean, Mister Peckworth? You had better not trifle with this court. I'll have you in jail for contempt before you can bat your eye. Explain yourself!"

"If pleash—hic—hish honah. Name may be Rushel, but he's not defendant

thish case, suh!"

The judge glared the harder at the

"It strikes me, Mister Peckworth, that

you've been drinking!"

A snicker rippled over the court-room, and in a second it broke out into a laugh. Deputies rapped and banged for order and got it. The judge went on:

"Drinking rather heavily, and I am tempted to fine you for contempt of this court. But before I do it I'll investigate this thing!" He turned to the negro on the stand: "See here, Jim, do you know that lawyer?"

"Nawsuh, jedge, I doesn't knows him."
"And you don't know anything about

this chicken-stealing charge?"

"Nawsuh, jedge. Dunno nuthin' 'bout no chickens nowhere, no time, nohow. Don't know nuthin' 'bout nuthin'!"

"Well, what in the name of goodness are you doing coming down here and getting tried for chicken-stealing?"

"De white folks jes' calls out Jim Rus-

sell and somebody says to me, nigger, you bettah git down dar, dey's fixin' to try you all, and I jes' comes 'long, jedge. Dassal I knows 'bout it.''

Then the judge turned to the clerk:

"Sound out the Russell case again and was first called out?"

"So, your name's Jim Russell?" the judge demanded.

"Yassah."

"What's the matter with you? Why didn't you come down when your name was first called out?"



He stood there swaying and clinging to the back of a chair.—Page 604.

see if there's another Jim Russell in this court-room. I'll get at the bottom of this business in a minute!"

The clerk obeyed, and as he called Jim's name a voice from above answered:

"Yassah!"

"Your name Jim Russell?" the clerk asked.

"Yassah!"

"Well, come down here!"

In a little while Colonel Peckworth's client was before the bar of justice.

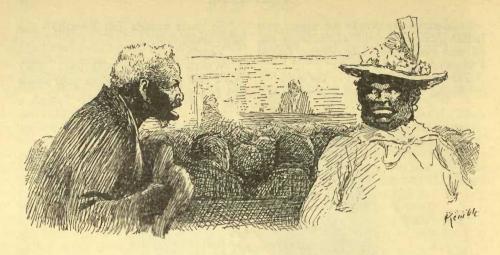
Jim was fidgeting nervously with his hat, but he had an answer:

"Dat other nigger comes down, suh, and I says to myself, dat maybe de white gen'mans done change dey minds 'bout who stole de chickens, so I jes' waits."

"And you sat up there all the time and let this other nigger be tried?"

"Yassah, jedge, I don't bother wif nobody else's business."

The judge rested back in his chair and for a brief spell considered the case. In a



"Dat 'oman was de blackest 'oman I evah knowed!"

moment his decision was made. He leaned forward and spoke:

"Under the circumstances I am compelled to order a mistrial, but I also order that an official investigation of this case be made to ascertain its authenticity. Let the next case be called."

A few hours later, in the secrecy of his office, Colonel Tobias Peckworth was consuming the final drop in a new bottle of Cicero's corn when there came a timid tap at his door. He called out for the visitor to enter and in walked Jim.

"Is I free, kunnel? Do I have to go

back to de jail house?"

"You are free and you don't have to go back to the jail house. But listen to me,

Jim, and you answer me the truth. Didn't you and that nigger frame up that business?"

"Nawsuh, kunnel, dat's de fust time I evah laid my eyes on dat other Jim Russell nigger. So he'p me Gawd, I tole de jedge de truf 'bout howcum it. Dat other Russell nigger jes' flung hisself down dar to git tried and I lets him go 'long. But lemme ax you all something, kunnel. Howcum I didn't tell you de truf 'bout dat 'oman? Didn't I say dat ef she was yaller it was bad luck, an' dat if she was black it was good luck? Well, kunnel, I recken you saw dat 'oman was de blackest 'oman I evah knowed! Yassah, kunnel, I fotch dat pint licker right now!"

Tradition

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"The Age of Poetry is dead!"
Our solemn pedants still repeat,
For so Ionia's schoolmen said
With Homer chanting down the street.

The Land of Gog and Magog

EXPLORING THE LOST MAYA CIVILIZATION AND THEIR WILD DESCENDANTS

BY OLIVER LA FARGE II

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"Beyond these hills lyeth the land of Gog and Magog"



QUIS it was who first explored the steppes beyond the Urals. There were, he said, yet further hills to westward: "Beyond these hills lyeth

the land of Gog and Magog—" and of Prester John, and golden-walled Citaia. These hills, deserts, and more hills, later generations crossed, till the giants, Priest John, and China's golden walls disappeared into the sea like bits of mist before a land breeze. Then men took up the search for El Dorado. Thus it has ever been; some find their country, others find, what may be even better, another range of hills.

We, Frans Blom, archæologist and old hand in Mexico, and myself, relatively a greenhorn, were sent down as the First Tulane University Expedition to Middle America. The chief cities of the Maya Old Empire, remnants of a high civilization that flourished from about 100 B.C. until, in the sixth century of our era, city after city was abruptly abandoned in favor of the newer Yucatan country, have been explored in some detail. The New Empire in Yucatan is being investigated at the present time by Doctor Spinden's expedition, on the east coast, and by the Carnegie Institute at the city of Chichen Itza. Their hieroglyphic inscriptions have yielded up dates even to the day. Their astronomical observations have been checked with ours-proving exact to the decimal. But in between these known spots lie vast untouched areas. Our purpose was to fill in some of these blanks by a cross-country trip of six months from the southern part of Vera

Cruz to Huehuetenango, in Guatemala, and at the same time to make a study of some of the little-known tribes of Indians. Our results have been published in brief in the newspapers; our report is now in preparation. There remain some things that will never appear in a scientist's report, little pictures, rather disconnected, that yet should be described. All Mexico is full of wonder and beauty; one must select with care. To us the highlands of Chiapas were without equal, a country of legends come true.

This article will tell something of Bachajon Town, Tonina Ranch, the haciendas of San José and El Real, stations on our way to verify the merest rumors of the temple of Agua Escondida. San Cristóbal las Casas, the heart of the highlands, unknown save by repute to all lowlanders, was our goal from the start. On our way to it, at the Indian villages of Tenango and Cancuc, the strange town of Tenejapa, and the enchanted uplands, were moments of wonder and joy. These are they, insufficiently told, utterly unscientific.

It was early in June that our trail led out of the jungle to the thick second growth on the northern edge of the Bachajon country. Innumerable thorny bushes closed across the Camino Real—the King's Highway—so that one rode always with machete drawn, to hack a path. Our horses scrambled up steep, gravelly slopes, then down again, but for a week now it was more up than down. The sun had weight, like the pressure of a hand. From time to time the Indians who guided us would whoop wildly. Far away would be heard answering calls; that was the Bachajon telegraph service. Then

there would be another hill, and Lazaro, our own Indian, of the Yocotan tribe in Tabasco, would call to the animals: "Get along, children! A-ya-hee!" The packhorses would be stumbling and sliding, the gravel rolling out beneath our clumsy boots, sunlight and brambles, and the smell of one's sweated horse.

The trail made around the hillside, then up another gravel river. At the top we cut through a thicket. The horses swung around a great tree out past a clump of acaval, into an open park of great, widespreading pines and rolling valleys green with tall, live grass. There was blue sky between the trees, long vistas, and a breeze to make the needles sigh. We turned the horses loose a moment, while we took seisin of the beginning of the highlands.

Bachajon Town received us without interest. It was hardly a gay place.

The maestro—the government official in charge of the Indians—lived with his wife in a two-room hut with the mud jail semi-detached on one end. One room was his, the other was for such hardy travellers as cared to spend the night in the capital of the Bachajon.

Our quarters were good enough; no chairs or other furniture, but a floor thickly carpeted with fresh pine-tips, cool and sweet to lie on. We were well at ease there, save that we lacked tobacco, and even that lack was soon repaired by a gift of black-papered cigarettes. That was all right for us, but our good Lazaro moaned for the long cigars of his people. Could we not, we asked, buy tobacco for him here? The maestro sent for the chief; the chief said, briefly, no.

Rain began, torrential, in silver sheets running down from the overhanging straw roof, to surround the hard dirt floor with a small lake. Our late guides huddled together under a corner by the jail, to chatter. Two young men bound for Tila rode up to the house. Their rubber ponchos gleamed like black obsidian; when they moved little rivulets fell from the folds. This rain had stopped their travelling. There was a moment of liveliness, with rustling ponchos, swinging of heavy-stirruped saddles, greetings, and shiny-wet horses trotting off, faintly steaming, to graze with ours.

The food was good enough, and we had

sprawling rest against packs and saddles on the porch. A dropping fire of talk about the Bachajon:

"They have tobacco," said the maestro.
"What savages!" from Lazaro the In-

"They will not give me anything, scarcely pay their taxes."

"Some day they may kill you," remarked the taller traveller.

"They are bad," said the other to us,

"muy brava gente, Señores."

Then they were off. Speaking in turns. they recited the old tales, with incident and detail. They told of long feuds, smouldering for years, and sudden murders of whole families; stories told at length, with drama and emphasis. One forgot the little group over by the jail, till a laugh or the drift of smoke from their fire reminded. Then for a moment one heard the guttural, whining speech, saw the little gray-clad figures, the sheathless, bright machetes piled to one side. The story went on, the brown men faded out again. There was a rancher who beat up an Indian. The Indian promised to kill him. He laughed at it.

The chief was over talking to the group by the jail, giving them a head of tobacco.

Lazaro swore softly.

The rancher went on as usual, for a year and two months. The Bachajon had moved away. Then one day he was found face down in the river, with a knife in his back.

"What savages!" said Lazaro.

An Indian came over to borrow a match; the rain had put out their fire. He looked at Lazaro and Lazaro at him. He trotted back with his match.

There was an uprising planned in 1915. A prophet told them to worship a tiger and be strong. They sent word to the other tribes. Great preparations were made, they had a whole cave full of firearms, and old spears used in the rebellion of 1868 were dragged out of hiding.

The man came over to us again. The talk stopped. In bad Spanish he explained: "There is almost no tobacco in town. What the chief brought us was all we could get. We have each unrolled a leaf from our cigars, so here is enough for your man." He handed the wad to Lazaro.

Pineda came down and hung the fifteen ringleaders from the oak-tree by the church. That stopped the uprising.

Thus the Bachajon.

At Tonina-Stone Houses-in Ocosingo valley, two days beyond Bachajon, the Old People terraced the end of a long ridge to provide place for a city dominating the plain. Cracked walls of shattered temples, half-erased inscriptions, broken statues of dead gods, emerged from a tangle of second growth to the swinging of machetes and high-pitched Indian whoops as the bigger trees went crashing down the sides of pyramids. We lodged at San Antonio Tonina, the ranch of good Don Aureo Cruz. A pair of straw-thatched, two-room buildings faced each other across a bridle-path broadened momentarily into a farmyard lively with ducks, chickens, pigs, and puppies. Pine-needles covered the floor of the main room, given over to us. Their Saint's Day had been celebrated recently, the room was gay with paper flowers. Over the shrine a red-and-blue-paper band proclaimed: "Viva San Antonio!" Under the shrine a brown hen laid her daily egg. We ate of the best-small, yellow, hot tortillas, black beans, chicken, venison, or great platters of small, fresh cookies, hot from our hostess's baking. Our waitress was the eldest daughter, with black, soft eyes and a hidden smile, barefooted, shortskirted, with her mass of dark hair down her back held only by a silver pin.

After supper we would stretch out before the door, arranging beds of pine-tips. The ocote fire was lighted between the houses, enough to make a hint of shadow, to pick out a feature or a movement of a hand, but not to make wakeful bright-Then was slow talk, dropping, rising again, reminiscent, wide. One spoke of the United States, of customs of the Indians, of the Old People and the Conquest; one heard of how the troops came through, sacking the ranches; word passed of crops, of corn and sugar-cane; we were told how a score of ranchers, looking across the front sights of smoking rifles, saw, after a long day, the fighting men of Bachajon turn and flee down the valley.

Our horses and Don Aureo's, and the two cows, came slowly in between the houses, to the edge of the fire's reflection. There was a chewing of cuds, faint cropping of grass, quiet shadows and gleam of light on glossy skins. From the rafters inside a hen clucked sleepily. Through the door of the house opposite, in the kitchen, we could see the faint glow of a dying fire on dull mud walls. There was a smell of live-stock, pine, and cooling night.

We rode up to the great white hacienda of San José Reforma through sweeping curtains of gray rain and wind. It was a sombre thing, that house, a single row of nine high, empty rooms, two hundred feet from end to end, surrounded by a wide brick porch with peristyle of white columns, twenty-one on a side. The middle room was the chapel, at one end was the office, over the door at the other end was a sign, "El Recreo" ("The Restingplace"); behind it the grandparents of the present house sleep forever.

Along one side was planted a garden of thick-growing, dark trees, full of shadow and sluice of rain. On the other side was an enclosure, a bleak kitchen building, then away across a meadow and a brook to the straw-thatched village of the Indians and a big shed for drying coffee. From there our host came, as the rain let

up at dusk.

The stopping of the rain had released on the hacienda a cloud of venomous gnats, scarcely visible, stinging relentlessly. Against them the doors of the dining-room were shut tight before the single candle was lit. By that poor flame, over beans and eggs and fried bananas, we became acquainted with our host. He was an old man, stooped, gray, unsure of hand, and gloomy as his house.

He plied us in a detached way for news of the world outside, nodding to all, commenting little and pessimistically, eating tortillas dipped in coffee, lifting each piece hurriedly to his mouth lest his mustache

rob a drop of flavor.

The Carranzistas had ruined the country, he said. They killed five hundred of his cattle. It was the custom of the family to bury their dead under the floor; the young man was sitting over Aunt Rosa now. Mexico was going to the dogs.

We had heard that he once gambled



Tonina Ranch, a place of royal hospitality and rustic peace.

away three great haciendas as big as this at San Cristóbal, and in one night at play lost all of this, and won it back again. Looking at his sagged figure now, that was hard to believe. But then, in San Cristóbal, who knows what may happen?

At El Real the maps fade out into blanks; few of them even reach that far. Beyond is virgin jungle, with one path trickling through to far-distant mahogany camps. East and north the long-haired Lacandone wander in the forest, men shy as animals, and mighty archers.

We looked for more colonnaded gloom, and found a well-planned group of white buildings with red roofs and vine-covered porches. We looked for a despondent host, and found eager hospitality of the old style, a glass of well-aged berry wine, good cheer, laughter, comfort, and—no gnats. More than all that, we were greeted in good English. Don Enrique Bulnes was educated in the United States, he knew London intimately, and had travelled on the Continent.

He was the old type, still preserved, though the overturnings and wars that followed the fall of Diaz had stripped him of his once great riches. He was blond, hawk-nosed, with a droop of golden mustache touched with gray. His wife was

more what one expected, dark, delicate, reminiscent of the literary idea of Southern ladies after the Civil War, every inch an aristocrat, and just a little faded.

In the evening two men came in with a mandolin and guitar, to give us a little of Chiapas' music. Good music it was, too, the expression of a naturally musical people who are both sensitive and beautyloving. It was Spanish in its dash and rhythm, yet not Spanish; the ocote fire burning in front of the porch, the trackless hills, the old Indian strain, were in it, too.

Two Indian girls were brought in. They wore white, short-sleeved, widenecked blouses embroidered in blue, short red skirts gaily striped, their black hair hanging in two braids. The musicians played a zapatea, a lively tune, not loud, and a little wistful. Without a word the girls began to dance, their bare feet silent, in and out, forward, back, to the side, facing each other, with a step a little more intricate than waltzing. Their brown arms hung limp, their dark Mongolian faces framed in the heavy smooth hair were solemn. They danced for about five minutes, then, still without a word, turned together and went out.

We left the open grazing land and pines for a narrow trail walled in by rank

growth and the filtered green glow that passes for light in the jungle. On the third day Blom rode ahead with the guide. Lazaro and I took the animals in slow and painful progress. The trail was all broken limestone and mud; rain showers made the trees as wet as sponges. Over and again the horses fell or lost their packs. The bay mare went lame. By afternoon we were resigned to camping on a trail that could not be followed at night. Two leagues more, we figured, and the sun was already getting low. Then we rode into a clearing that dazzled with its full yellow sunlight. There was an old tent there, and a band of muleteers who told us that our party was right on ahead.

Ten minutes later, on the left of the road, the ground rose abruptly in a slope that was almost a wall. Two horses were tied there. Coming to the slope, squared stone blocks showing beneath the splotches of moss and fern gave evidence of the work of the Old People. We scrambled up a breathless fifteen feet to a level table, grown with huge mahoganytrees, cross-roped and fenced with swing-

ing vines, and thick with low growths of jungle palm and tree-ferns. Blom called to us from beyond. Perhaps a hundred feet through the bush, and there, suddenly, was a stone-faced, stepped slope, sixty feet high, so steep that one craned one's neck to see, on top, five little black windows peeping out from the eaves of a perfectly preserved temple.

Blom shouted: "Go around to the front."

Another scramble over a terraced wing connecting with a flanking mound brought us to where, under a green mist of little palms, vines, creepers, and moss, we could make out the great,

grass that hung like a thatch, trees growing on the roof itself, and a veil of Spanish moss, one could still trace the broad eaves and the lines of the roof.

Up the staircase, then, with saddles,

side in claim of our discovery. The sidedoors led into two rooms big enough just to permit of comfortably swinging a hammock; behind the centre door was a sanctuary, with a niche whence long ago the idol had disappeared. The plaster dust on the floors was dry as the desert, the stones and the mortar between were white, the corbel-vaulted ceilings went up into black shadow that turned to a creamy reflection when, at night, our candles burned around the walls. Just at nightfall an exodus of bats, a seepage of wood-smoke, and the doorways and little windows glowing with soft light announced to the forest that Agua Escondida was man's again.

The next day the five muleteers came over to clear for us. Having provisions enough only for one day's stay, we could not attempt to cut down any of the great mahogany-trees, but contented ourselves with clearing the small growth and swinging vines between. By evening we had a fair view of a great plaza of many levels leading to the main terrace, with its three connected, white-faced mounds and the



Girl weaving at Tenango-drawn by stealth.

broad staircase in a steep, majestic rise to great staircase up the centre one to the the five wide doors of the temple. Under temple. For the temple itself, imagine a gambrel-roofed New England farmhouse of unusually perfect proportions, built in white stone with walls three feet thick. Along the ridge were the remnants of a stone roof-comb. In the front the five packs, and equipment, to stow them in- doors gave on the stairway; behind, five little loopholes looked out from under the into a complete darkness far below, as widely hanging eaves. Place this on a steep, shining pyramid, sixty feet above the main terrace, surround it with seventyfoot-high giant trees, wrap it in the peace of the forest. This was the consummation of rumors and stories and long searching.

On our second morning in the temple we rose long before dawn to prepare for breaking camp. The candle-light through the doors fell on the narrow edge of the platform, then, beyond that, was blackness more than night, the blackness of a locked room. The fall of a leaf, and once the distant mewing of a jaguar hinted at the vastness of the space around us. Quiet, quiet, it was, with a faint changing from night-color to dark blue of the opening above us, framed in a silhouette of the tip-top leaves of the giant trees. Still slowly the blue and the silhouettes became



Sco Boxlotomo Ins

The highroad—San Bartolome Indians off on a spree.

more certain, with little specks of blue and in return they wanted us to tell the lower down, seen between leaves, and the boles of the great trees faintly white, uncertain, going down until they faded out

though the world had no bottom. With a little more light the trunks were plainer, a great vine swinging between two of them broke the up-and-down lines, the background was not so frighteningly deep. Then, without warning, the topmost leaves were spotted with bright gold, the sky was clear and blue, and up above the jungle it was full day.

We came tired into Tenango, behind the second of the ramparts defending San Cristóbal, too late at night to see the town, interested only in bed.

At dawn, to our surprise, we woke shivering. Crisp and cold, the air of the new day reminded us of the altitude we had gained. Mist, pale blue to westward, pink-and-silver in the east, still lay over

the country.

Before the sun was well up, the village fathers came to greet us. They wore a white cotton tunic, V-necked, shortsleeved, reaching to their knees, and belted at the waist with a red sash, the ends of which hung down in front. Their short breeches were covered by the tunic. The rest of their brown legs was bare to their sandalled feet. A local variant of the Mexican sombrero completed the outfit. These chiefs wore little black chinbeards and faint mustaches, the products of some forty years of endeavor in that line. Their hair half covered their ears, was banged in front, and came low over the neck behind. Each one carried a silver-headed cane with red tassels, a badge of authority from the government.

The maestro told us that he had explained to them our wish to see their village, and especially the pottery for which it was famous; now we must treat with them direct.

They sat in a row before the house, not a very prepossessing lot. The head man spoke broken Spanish. He explained that they had already heard of us from other Indians, that they had a present of chickens and eggs for us, they would show us the village,

Tata Presidente—the Father President in Mexico about their need of more land. The head man then set out with us and

the maestro, the rest of the elders trailing behind.

The lack of land of which they had complained gave Tenango a form unique among the Tzeltal tribes. Its hundred fields. A few men, sauntering about

and eighty houses were neatly ordered in streets, each with its land carefully fenced off. In the yards corn was planted and the streets were shaded by useful trees, oranges, gourds, and bananas. In the corner of many yards grew a broadleaved shrub related to tobacco, the green leaf of which, chewed with lime, has a pleasant, bitter taste and relieves fatigue. They carried this, prepared, in a small gourd and offered it as our forebears would offer snuff, and with much the same grand manner.

The houses themselves were large, with steeply pitched roofs, wall and roof a pleasant golden brown. They were roomy, well-aired buildings, uncomfortable only on account of the smoke, which was allowed to seep through the thatch as best it might, thereby keeping out vermin, and giving an effect from the outside of the thatch being clapped down over a giant clambake.

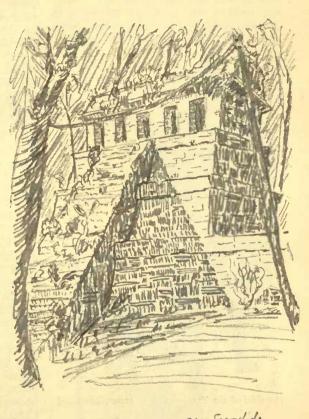
The whole village was fenced in; then around it, as close as the farms of Europe, were the fields, neatly laid out and better cultivated than any we had seen. In the centre was the plaza, a four-acre field around the maestro's house, with the usual

bones of a big church in one corner, reminder of old Spanish days when an Indian did as he was told and jumped to do it.

Tenango lay in the east end of a gently sloping valley whose sides went up to steep limestone cliffs. Westward it fell away for some leagues, then joined another that carried the eye upward into a welter of hills and shadows, ending suddenly at the ruled line of a great palisade, blocked across the whole West. It was a view of greenness and fertility, off into rich, distant blue. In the middle distance, placed with an emphasis that would have been called overdramatic in

an artist, was a rectangle of deep red cliffs. dark and glowing, centering and giving shape to the whole picture.

It being Sunday, no one was in the



The temple of Agua Escondida in the jungle.

town, joined our procession. Able-looking, long-snouted pigs routed in the street. Dogs wandered about or barked from the yards. Occasionally a naked baby would gape from a doorway. Of women there was no sign, save the occasional glimpse of a skirt and brown foot whisking indoors out of sight of strangers. They wore short blue skirts and long white cotton smocks, with the seams picked out in fine red stitching.

Our hasty survey was soon finished. We saw weaving and were told the manner of making and painting the big, three-handled water-jars that are traded

all the way down to the lowlands. We bought one charming piece, covered with little black animals that might be running deer, or rabbits, or perhaps horses, or then, again, a cat-fight. When we



The chief of the Tenejapeños, an accomplished and dignified rascal.

asked what they were, the patient woman explained that they were "to make it pretty," which was, after all, sufficient.

We came into the main highway between San Cristóbal and the lowlands just before Cancuc. There we met the first sample of people from behind the ramparts, a score of men of Tenejapa going down to Tabasco to carry back sugar. They were wilder and shaggier than anything heretofore, clad in rough brown-and-white blankets, powerfully built, very dark, yet pink-cheeked, with thick hair low over their eyes and quite covering their ears. A few wore straight-brimmed straw hats with close-fitting crowns decked with ribbons. Some wore sashes whose

ends were gorgeously embroidered in red, blue, and yellow silk. The blankets, coming usually just above their knees, covered shorts as gaudy as the sashes. They were the usual leather sandals.

Their women followed them, equally pink-cheeked, with their babies swung on their backs. The plainness of their knee-length blue skirts was made up for by the mass of red and gold flower designs, heavily embroidered around the neck and shoulders of their white blouses. Their dark hair was braided with broad red woollen ribbons, then done up in a kind of turban on top of their heads. Men and women walked with tall staves in their hands, gliding along at a pace that would have kept one of us on the run.

The road went on along a moorland, to where Cancuc nestled on the side of a hill. From the stone-walled terraces on which its houses clamber, one has an admirable view, but day and night the wind howls through the town, and it is never really warm. Cancuc is famous as the heart of one of the great uprisings, and, more recently, for a two years' civil war, family against family; a long series of machete killings ended only when the survivors of one side fled to the bush. To our surprise, the old church was still in use in this turbulent place, towering over the lower rows of houses, opposite a neat, colonnaded Cabildo across the plaza. Every day toward sunset all the women of the town go in to pray.

The shock-headed men were dressed much like the Tenangeros, save that, being in a colder district, the trousers were replaced entirely by a breech-clout. The seams of their kirtles were cross-stitched with red and yellow. Many of them carried a brown-and-white blanket, woven by the Chamula near San Cristóbal, and hats were the exception. The women dressed like those of Tenango, with less decoration, shorter skirts, and their hair done in a knot over their foreheads.

Along one side of the plaza was a long shelter, like a wagon-shed, thatched with leaves and straw, and divided roughly into stalls. Here, toward nightfall, travellers began to come in and camp. There was a row of little fires, crouched figures, piles of meagre goods, and the smell of cooking. Two Tenejapeños were drinking posole, cornmeal and water, squatting above a tiny flame. Next to them was a party of Chamulas in white woollen tunics, with Egyptian-looking white headwraps that hung down over the backs of their necks. Richer and more industrious than most Indians, they had brought down blankets for trade, packed on two mules. A large family of Mexicans, men, women, and children, was making quantities of cheerful noise around a big, leaping fire, leaning on their saddles and household goods. Two peddlers discussed business in mixed Spanish and Tzeltal while a chicken boiled.

The road led through wild gorges and tall pines. Fit frame for the shaggy men we met before Cancuc, we wondered what surprise of savagery Tenejapa held in store for us. The sun had sunk behind a line of cliffs before we came to a white guest-house beside a fork in the roads. A Mexican there told us that along the right fork, through a slit in the cliffs, lay Tenejapa, less than a league away.

The right-hand road circled a green dell broken with rocks, like a field in New England. Where the cliffs ended, two green hills made a V-shaped pass. Beyond we could see a wide, enclosing circle of precipices, over a mile across. The animals picked up as the evening air began to grow sharp. We went over the pass at a good rate, stared at by a group of Indians lolling at the top, then down across a little meadow, locked in by small hillocks, around one of these, sharp left, at a full trot, to find ourselves swinging down a cobbled street, between two rows of white cottages with shingled roofs, white-walled gardens, and roses in profusion. There were shops, already candle-lighted, scarcely bigger than their own doors. There were casement windows, painted blue, or little balconies nicely carved out of wood. Many doors were cheerfully painted with a free choice of color and faintly cubist design. Around, outside, lay the houses of a thousand blanket-clad Indians.

The street ran along the side of a towering, lean block of a stone church, grim

as infant damnation, and out into the plaza, with the Town Hall at one end. The plaza was about an acre in size, with the town fountain in the middle, and planted with a pleasant scattering of trees. The Town Hall was a long, one-story white building with a deep veranda, resting-place for both Mexicans and Indians. The doors were painted with a



The mayor of Cancuc. He fought his way to office.

dash that made up in pure joy of life for what was lacking in color harmony.

Truly this was not any place, or time, but rather we were in a remote country where everything went the most delightful way, and the pleasant things of all the centuries were preserved.

We climbed out of the cliff-lined basin on the far side, for our last day to San Cristóbal. On top was rolling country, green and pretty, rising slowly, with a good road. The weather was like our October, clear and crisp. The animals stepped forth briskly. For about two hours we went on this way, steadily gaining altitude.

We came out into a wide, open moor, richly green with a small, close-cropped herb sprinkled with tiny, pale yellow flowers. On all sides was the moor to the horizon, where it broke off under a gray scud of clouds, with here and there a windtwisted tree. The trail had turned in color from gray-white to raw sienna and burnt orange; it crossed the moor like a snake that glowed on the deep-green carpet, carrying one's eve to the centre of the horizon line, where a low, round hill rose under the hurrying clouds, and on it, immensely tall, a row of twenty-odd huge gray crosses, sagging slightly one toward another. Thirty feet or more in height, the Chamula Indians set them there in memory of their dead.

A little beyond we came to the first Chamula village. The pyramid roofs were very neatly thatched, half-a-dozen houses close together, surrounded by their block of gardens, all fenced into a compact rectangle of corn, fruit-trees, gardentruck, and houses. Outside the fence sheep and some horses were grazing, watched over by a woman seated among them, her black woollen dress with a red tassel on the breast and deep-red sash strongly distinct from anything we had seen.

Riding on, we travelled in the Arcadia of old Greece, a wild, rough, lovely shepherd country. The road led through a succession of fertile dales, each with its cold, gravelly brook and sprinkling of yellow flowers and gently sloping ridges, their tops shaded by live-oak and pine. Here and there, through the trees, we could see the pointed roofs and rising smoke of other farm-clusters. Each dale had its flock of sheep, or a few cattle or horses, with a shepherd in black tunic over a white, short-sleeved, knee-length kirtle, with a broad hat or head bound in the flowing white kerchief, barelegged, sandalled, leaning on a long staff.

Shortly after noon our road came into

the main highway for the trade of all that side of the highlands going in to San Cristóbal. The highroad was a good fifteen yards broad, often more, a great, beaten way, winding along the sides of the steep hills. Now we came into traffic of all kinds, with bullock-cart, horse, mule, and afoot. Mexican dandies jingled past, with silver-mounted saddles, big hats, and silk shirts. There were long trains of Chamulas, with pack-mules. We passed men of Sinancatan in creamy-white wool with a fine red stripe, clean-limbed fellows, near relatives of the Chamulas. Tenejapeños trotted by with incredible burdens on their backs, sliding along at their swift, bent-kneed pace.

We scarcely believed in the first Huisteños we saw: for trousers they caught up the long tail of their ragged white shirts in front, tucked under their sashes. On their heads they had tied miniature straw hats the size of a saucer, cocked ridiculously, with many ribbons, like a parody of British sailors. These they wore because their patron, San Martin, in their own church wore a hat like that. Their blue-skirted women went with them with sailor-hatted babies nodding over their shoulders. Some men of Amatenango passed us with a mule. Men and beast were piled to twice their height with round-bellied red water-jars. All along the road here were white farmhouses, each with a walled garden and a vast

plenty of roses.

Swinging around the last corner of the hill we saw our valley spread out for us like a banquet, scarcely five miles across. mountain-locked, ringed with streams and meadows. In the centre was a white, red-roofed town, perhaps two thousand houses, and the domes of its many churches. We could see the massed green of camphor-trees in the plaza, and rising from them the walls and red roof of the cathedral. Below us the road turned to a cobbled street, the houses, drawing together, became a town. For a while we looked, then, with Indian and Mexican, rode down at last into San Cristóbal las Casas.

Andromeda and Perseus

BY AMORY HARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD



I was a most curious coincidence that I should have seen all four of them before, and yet it is a coincidence which occurs with frequence and regularity, for upon

each occasion when I have found myself upon a sea voyage I have discovered, by the first evening, at least one person whom I have met or seen previously. In this instance they proved more interesting

than usual, that was all.

The first evening in the saloon revealed the four familiar faces, the following morning on deck placed them in my recollection. Recourse to the passenger-list gave them names instead of their being merely, as heretofore, "The Tall Woman and The Little Man," "The Big Man and The Little Woman."

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Watts Dr. and Mrs. Albert Sydney

What's in a name? Which was which, I could not tell. I only knew that The Big Man was the husband of The Little Woman and The Tall Woman was the wife of The Little Man. This annoyed me. I must not, however, get ahead of

my tale.

Two years before I had been drifting home from the opera alone. Just ahead of me The Tall Woman and The Little Man were walking. It was bitterly cold. At the corner of an apartment hotel where the wind sucked round the pavement like a demon possessed of demons, a small boy was crying. He had the usual bundle of newspapers, proving him to be one of those business men who sell you battle, murder, and sudden death for pennies. Approaching this forlorn figure, The Tall Woman paused, The Little Man took her by the elbow and "warped" her by successfully; but I knew by the backward

look in her eye that his victory was to be purely temporary. Accordingly I approached the weeping urchin and proceeded to engage him in a business transaction, for I knew very well that I had only to remain with him a moment to be privileged to look upon The Tall Woman's face. Being a congenital bachelor I have spent, nevertheless, considerable time studying the various diversities of type in those persons who have, for countless ages, erroneously been termed "the fair sex." For my part, I have always found them as unfair as the deuce; but that, of course, is entirely beside the point of this narration. Enough to say that I was almost immediately rewarded for my pains by looking upon a most lovely countenance, so that in this instance a few pennies bought me not only news of battle, murder, and sudden death, but an impression of a very beautiful woman as well.

Our small, half-frozen, street-corner friend was holding his hand against his ear in a most piteous fashion, presenting a picture of woe so pathetic that The Little Man at once became cautious. The Tall Woman held out a silver coin, and when the change was to be made she waved it away and bent down.

"Nothing the matter with him!" said The Little Man irritably. "Just the usual dodge—mother dying, grandma, too, I shouldn't wonder. Wouldn't give him a cent—encourages dishonesty. Come

along."

The Tall Woman looked up a moment as though returning with difficulty from some far bourne where he was not.

"Just a moment, please," she said gently, and then, looking into my face, she began speaking to me, quietly, as if to say: "You, of course, have seen the conditions as they really are."

"Don't you think he cries like a child

with earache?" she asked me.

"Is that it?" I inquired of the small

figure before us.

"Yus," he averred, and wiped his eyes with the back of his mittens. My sainted mother! what is there about mittens that makes such a gesture more than even my galvanized heart can bear? By this time I did not care if the owner of those mittens was the biggest Swindle in town, I was for him!

The Tall Woman removed her gloves and pushed back a stray lock that covered a portion of a thoroughly grimy little ear.

"Do for heaven's sake come! We shall all freeze to death fussing over this wretched little impostor!" This from The Little Man edging out of the wind.

"Does it hurt when I put my fingers here?" she asked the grimy one, pressing gently below the lobe.

He nodded, breaking out afresh. To

me she said then:

"May I ask you to do something for him? The child undoubtedly has a bad earache, and it is swelling in such a way that I know very well it might easily become mastoiditis. I would do it myself, but you see I must—must be going," she said at last, and the sound of her voice made me shiver.

As she disappeared with a backward glance and a grave inclination of the head to me, I felt that she had thanked me in the only way she dared, and I muttered to myself (a habit which grows upon all congenital bachelors, I am told): "And show thy mercy upon all prisoners and captives." Andromeda!

"Now for you!" I said cheerfully to the red mittens. "Come along and tell

me the whole thing."

"It's just my ear," he said between stifling his sobs, "and of course I ain't sold 'em. And I has to sell 'em before I kin go home."

Same old tale.

"Never mind your papers. Bought and paid for on the spot. Chuck 'em over the fence. What about this 'listen-in' apparatus—very bad?"

He gulped out a very good imitation

of a groan.

"Oooh! I'll say it is!"
"Pretty cold, are you?"

"Oh, not so bad—only around the edges."

We had now walked about a block and a half.

"If I take you to a hospital will you let them take a crack at your ear?"

He recoiled, and, considering my inexcusable misuse of the English language, on the whole I did not blame him.

"I mean," I said hastily, "will you let them look at it to see if it is in need of

something to—to stop the pain."

His face brightened. But he said cautiously: "My folks ain't much on hospitals. I'm skeered of 'em." I hailed a passing taxi.

"Rot! Might frighten a baby, but a chap of your age! Never heard of such a thing." I got into the cab. "Coming?"

"Ye ain't kidnappin' me?" he asked as we rolled along, with such a dreary smile that I began to see that he rather hoped I was. We arrived shortly at the hospital, which, as I happened to have contributed recently to its support, knew me by name and was kind accordingly.

"I'll wait, if you don't mind," I said. And while the examination was going on I thought of that lovely face which I had seen in such an unexpected fashion.

And it was a mastoid, and they did operate successfully, and before the chapter ended I knew a great deal more about the chap with the red mittens.

I often wished that I might tell her that she was right; and The Little Man

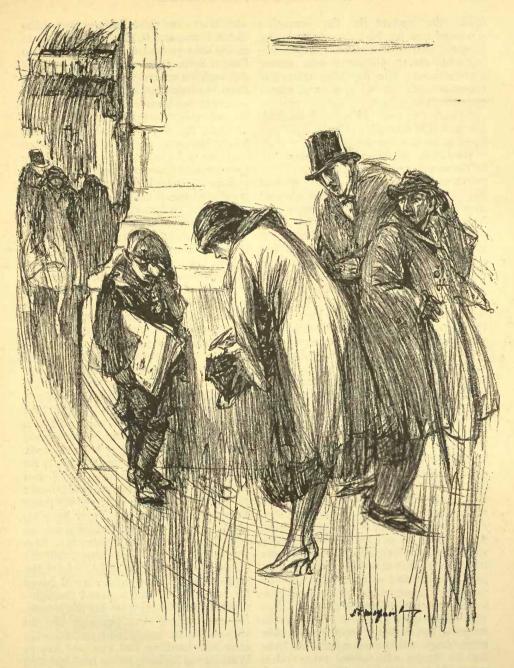
that HE was wrong!

And then to run into them on the old S. S. Kobe on the way from Yokohama to Vancouver over the northern route!

It was too delightfully strange.

The Big Man and The Little Woman were a more recent recollection. It was one of those times when things happen so swiftly that afterward one recalls the whole episode with a sense of unreality. An old man had been crossing the street at Washington Square, myself and two other men were just behind him. A motor came round the corner, skidded, we shouted at him; it made him turn and look around, stand still, instead of rushing to safety. In an instant the thing was crashing into him; we saw his old face with the eyes wide, not an inch from the pavement. The eyes remained open.

The Big Man wrenched the car door



From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

"Nothing the matter with him!" said The Little Man irritably. "Just the usual dodge—mother dying, grandma, too . . ."—Page 617.

open; the woman in the limousine screamed and lay back crouching in the corner. There followed the usual crowding and staring, an officer took names and numbers; The Big Man lifted the crumpled form in his arms and stared down at it.

"Don't flag out, old fellow," he said, his face stiff with pity, "we'll have you

right in an hour or two!"

He kicked open the door of the car.

There was another scream.

"O my God! Not in here! I can't bear it. Can't you get an ambulance? You know how these things affect me!

You shan't bring him in here!"

The Big Man looked up at her and a curious look came over his face-it was as if he said: "You there? I don't remember ever having seen you before. How do you happen to be sitting in my car?"

He stepped inside with his burden and closed the door, giving the directions to

the chauffeur through the tube.

As they drove off I saw his profile clear against the pane of glass beyond. It was just like the engraving of Perseus that hung in my nursery when I was a childthe eyes with that deep hunger and haunted look, the lips set, yet with a vague tenderness upon them.

I knew him the moment he walked across the deck of the Kobe. The look

was still there.

Now the curious thing about an ocean voyage is that by the time you have been a day or two at sea you know more about your fellow passengers' ancestors than they do themselves, and by the time you have been out thirteen days of chill, gray weather and as many nights of icv dark, you know more about their personal character and individual habits than you really care to know. During the course of the voyage it seemed to me that every single cabin passenger must have sat for hours with every other cabin passenger; most of them had found their own level, and inseparable groups had formed; card groups, cocktail groups, coffee and cigar groups; one became accustomed to seeing the same faces together. The only two exceptions to this rule were Doctor Sydney and Mrs. Watts;

Mr. Watts and Mrs. Sydney were insatiable bridge-fiends, the moving powers of the card group. I attached myself to Doctor Sydney and Mrs. Watts, whom I privately refused to call by lesser names than "Andromeda" and "Perseus." They never, to my knowledge, spoke one word to each other during the whole voyage, until the last day of it, and I might talk to the one or to the other, but never to both at the same time, for while they spent many hours walking the deck for exercise, I never knew them to stop and speak, or, indeed, to take any notice of one another beyond the grave inclination of the head which was her "good morning" to us all, and his courtly, rather formal

bow of acknowledgment.

I do not suppose I ever met a woman who interested me more than Andromeda. or for whom I had a more profound admiration. She was of course immensely interested in the second chapter of our newsboy friend. She remembered the incident at once, and bathed me in a gracious nimbus forthwith for having been her missionary in that affair of the street corner. Whenever we talked for any length of time, Mr. Watts would pop his head out with regularity and aver that he did not see how she could help being cold on deck. Mrs. Sydney would drag him, not unwillingly, back to cards, and we would resume the thread, I, for one, wondering how in the world this woman, who in every exchange of thought proved herself to be built on wide and deeply human lines, could ever have attached herself to the absolutely limited and singularly commonplace Mr. Ellsworth Watts. By the same relativity of thought I was never able to solve the riddle of how Perseus, with whom I talked for many hours, had acquired the lightminded Mrs. Sydney for his life's mate. He remembered very perfectly the old man whom he had lifted into his motor after his chauffeur had run into him in Washington Square, for he had operated upon him within the hour of the accident, doing one of those infinitely delicate things that are the daily wonder of brainsurgery; the old man was alive and in better circumstances than before this surgeon had been flung into his ken. Doctor Sydney's deep regard for the miracle

of human life, combined with a consciousness that his own skill was given him as a trust, placed him, in my estimation, on a very high plane. The whole quiet strength of his face made me think of him as an immortal. It was, at the very least, a face which, centuries ago, might have led men on to victory out of what had been a forlorn hope, or, failing that, the face of one who had "gone down scornful before many spears." His talk was always of others, never of himself, save in relation to the more important human history of others. A kind of steady power radiated from him in such a way that he swept vast mental horizons into my consciousness, until I became aware of latent courage in myself, disused emotions and capabilities of the nobler sort, which sometimes made me smile at myself a little satirically. This Perseus might be equal to delivering many Andromedas from their rocks-not I, alas!

Coming upon him suddenly one morning somewhere near the Aleutians, I heard him muttering to himself, and as I joined him he strode on around the deck with a

deprecating smile.

"Poetry!" he said. "Never suspect me

of it, would you?"

"Composing it?" I asked, awestruck.
"Lord, no. Just groping for what I used to know. Queer how things survive. Do you know this:

""When you and I have played the little hour, Have watched the tall subaltern, Life, to Death Yield up his sword; and, turning, draw the breath, The first deep breath, of freedom;

When the flower

Of Recompense has fluttered to our feet As to an actor's, and, the curtain down, We turn to face each other all alone, Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,

How shall be told the tale? Clasped hands, pressed lips, and so clasped hands

No words, but as the proud wind fills the sail My soul to yours shall reach:
Then one quick moan;
And then our infinite Alone.'"

I nodded. "Yes. Sir Gilbert Parker, I

think."

"The only poem of his that I know well enough even to attempt to say. I'm afraid I haven't it exactly, at that," he said. Soon afterward I joined Andromeda, who laid down her book as I approached.

"Come and talk to me!" she called

graciously.

We watched Perseus striding past, his perfect co-ordination between brain and body keeping him with ease upon his course in spite of the oily swell that was turning the old *Kobe* in a nasty roll and pitch.

I told her of my name for him, and I added: "The only belittling thing I can find about him is his choice of a mate."

"You mean that, having chosen Mrs. Sydney, Doctor Sydney loses something

in your estimation?"

"I can't help feeling that such a choice must represent something wanting in

him."

She looked straight into my eyes, then for a moment she seemed unable to discuss the subject further. But I saw her make the effort, and she said gently: "Your reaction is very masculine, andhasty, if I may say so. I have never spoken one word to your Perseus beyond 'good morning' and 'good night,' as you have seen me speak it yourself. I have no way of knowing the facts, therefore. I can only tell you that very few people with large natures have the good fortune to stumble at the right time upon one who would be the perfect complement of that nature—and during the lack of that, many other emotions arrive which may easily be confused with love. The greater the nature, the more apt it is to feel tenderly toward some one weaker than itself; I do not mean pity, I mean a far more subtle thing. That impulse to protect, to serve; that deep urge to supply another's lack out of one's own wealth of spirit; that response to dependence—I know so well how it can lead one to spend what will never be repaid—perhaps not even

"Now with me, Perseus's choice of a mate moves me unspeakably—so much that I avoid him. I feel that I know too much of what he sometimes thinks."

Her voice, which was always so low, was lower still, and I felt that to change the subject was the least I could do for her. Idiot that I was! My original remark applied, of course, only too well to her, as well as to Doctor Sydney.

"What have we here?" I asked, indi-

cating the volume.

She took it up, and, opening it obviously at random, she began reading as if from the page:

"'There are long hours when I am sick to death Of so much purchase and debate with Life, Laying the little coins down, one by one, that

buy me breath And weariness and sleep at set of sun. Oh, for one hour of elemental strife Towards one who dared be crucified for me: One crimson-flowered Gethsemane For faith disdained by an unthinking world; One moment at some brink, at which to pause and choose

Which of the silver-pieces, Life or Death, to use, With all stakes bartered for the instant's vision Of one white Christ saved from a world's derision!""

"That poem was never written by Alfred, Lord Tennyson," I remarked.

"No. I fear it lacks the beautiful phraseology. But it was written in some one's very heart's blood."

"Yes, I think it was."

And I felt a sort of unseen presence pass, bringing with it a chill silence. It seemed to touch us and withdraw, as a thief might mark the doorway of a house which he intends to rob.

Andromeda was looking straight before

her into the mist.

"Did you feel that?" I asked, in what I feared she might think an irrelevance. "I not only felt it, but I see it," she

said.

She nodded toward a fragment of fog which parted slowly and revealed an immense pallid phantom, noiselessly drifting by, a frozen majesty.

"Icebergs!" I exclaimed.

"The most beautiful one I have ever seen, and the nearest," she added.

I picked up her volume of Tennyson. "That poem-which I shall not find in this volume—was it written for you?"

"For me? A poem written for me?

I'm afraid not."

"It would not be as strange as all that." And immediately upon her smile of pleasure at my words, came that crash, which now, in the obscure and lengthy annals of maritime catastrophes, is a matter of history.

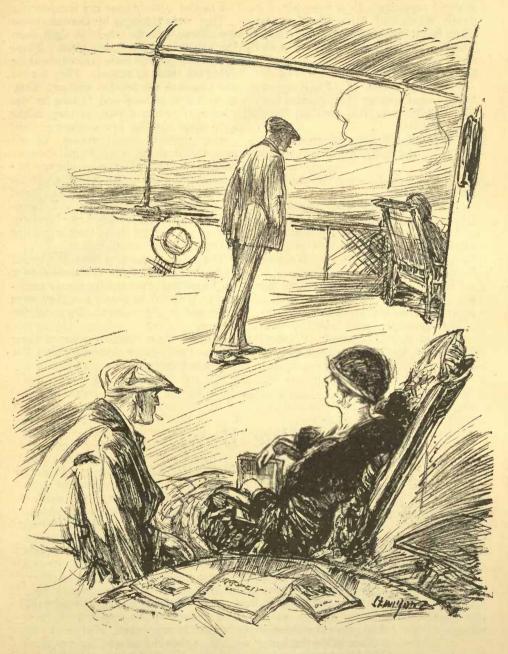
The phantom which we had seen passing to leeward of us had not been without its mate, and the latter, travelling unhurriedly to windward of our course, had borne down upon the poor old Kobe and dealt her the death-blow for which its predecessor had marked her.

In the unspeakable confusion of the next few moments everything was photographed upon my mind in flashlight exposures. In the various kinds of deathgroans emitted from the ship herself as her ribs were torn from her vertebræ and her breast was broken open to the seas, we could hear the commands of the captain and first officer ringing out like bugles in all that bedlam of human and other wreckage. A child had got pinned under one of the stanchions, which had twisted like wire as it fell, and before I could gather my wits together those two. Perseus and Andromeda, were beside it. I joined them and we released the child. and ran to a sailor who had been pierced by a hugh flying splinter of wood. We put them into a lifeboat which was being manned and guarded them from the attacks of those who became frantic in their desire to be saved. Into this boat we put others who had become incapacitated. It was Perseus's hospital ship, that tiny craft reeling forty feet above an abysmal sea; I was its orderly, Andromeda its patron saint. It was the first boat lowered successfully into the water, and when it lay alongside, rising and falling to the swell, its crew quieted by contact with the amazing quality of inherent courage which I have already described in the man, he turned to me and said quietly:

"Slide down the falls. They will need some one of integrity to hold them together. Quick! The old girl may dive any moment." Absurd as it was at my time of life, I felt as if he had knighted me. I felt a colossal independence of fate surging up under my ribs, and I slid. As soon as I was in the boat I immediately shoved clear of the ship and had the crew pull away out of danger in case of a sud-

den plunge.

Other boats were filling and shoving off; the first panic was over, and only the whimpering of some of the women, and the moans of the injured, floated out across the chill heaving swell. One boat going past us in the scud was greatly overladen, and I wondered how far in that night which was to come it would drift



From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

I told her of my name for him, and I added: "The only belittling thing I can find about him is his choice of a mate."—Page 621.

without capsizing. In it were Mr. Ellsworth Watts and Mrs. Albert Sydney. Their faces were rather ghastly with fear. They swam before me on the lift of a wave and swept beyond my gaze forever. I looked back at the *Kobe*.

"Don't get too far off," I told my crew, "God! what courage that operator has!" The wireless was still sending, by the

grace of God.

"There may be some one on the way to us. We'll stand by in case we're needed further."

"No more in this boat, sir," said one of the crew firmly.

"Still we'll stand by!" I answered.

"Keep off!"

A great wave spilling its crest at the urge of a sudden squall sent us surging toward the doomed *Kobe*. We pulled frantically away.

"Better get off, out of danger; 'most everybody's left her by now and there's

one more boat for the others."

My coxswain put his helm hard over. "Damn you!" I cried. "Not yet! Keep clear, but don't pull out of hailing distance!"

I looked quickly over my shoulder.

They were standing by the rail, those two; there were no others in sight from the angle at which I saw them. There could have been no more injured, dead, or dying for them to attend. They turned and looked at one another smiling. They stood there smiling and talking in the most extraordinary way, as they might have stood together in a summer garden. jesting tenderly about matters of the most trivial, the most delightful, the most personal nature. In a word, she was like a woman who has been wooed and won, he like a man who is flattered and softened by the winning. In their superb liberation, their mutual independence of any of the horrors around them, they seemed to me splendid beyond all telling.

They came, a moment later, and leaned upon the rail, shoulder to shoulder, as if they were going on an afternoon's excursion! I waved to them, but they were engrossed in themselves. They did not

see me.

And I have never seen either of them again. I only know that where they live they are together.

Blue Bowl

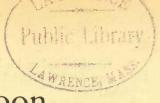
BY FRANCES WYATT BAKER

Now am I quite at peace with my slow days; The hours come gently now, and pass me by; All night in dull, unbroken sleep I lie; There is no thing to change my quiet ways.

Great, starry nights and hoot-owl's eerie cry, Strange music, skies and seas, and dawn of day I see and hear them, every one, and say "How pretty these things are"—and that is all.

And yet—one thing there is that in my heart
Can wake the heavy mem'ries; turn to naught
My brave pretenses, all so dearly bought;
And catch my breath, and make the old tears start,

That cries your name, that brings you to me here, A vision torn from bitterness and dole,
Of all my dreams, most cherished and most dear:
White fingers curving round a small blue bowl.



The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

PART III

I

"CIRCUSES"



N his early boyhood Soames had been given to the circus. He had outgrown it; 'Circuses' were now to him little short of an abomination. Jubilees and pageants,

that recurrent decimal, the Lord Mayor, Earl's Court, Olympia, Wembley-he disliked them all. He could not stand a lot of people with their mouths open. Dressing up was to him a symptom of weakmindedness, and the collective excitement of a crowd an extravagance that offended his reticent individualism. Though not deeply versed in history, he had an idea, too, that nations who went in for 'circuses' were decadent. Queen Victoria's funeral, indeed, had impressed himthere had been a feeling in the air that day; but, ever since, things had gone from bad to worse. They made everything into a 'circus' now! A man couldn't commit a murder without the whole paper-reading population-himself included—looking over each other's shoulders; and as to these football-matches, and rodeos—they interfered with the traffic and the normal course of conversation; people were so crazy about them!

Of course, 'circuses' had their use. They kept the people quiet. Violence by proxy, for instance, was obviously a political principle of some value. It was difficult to gape and shed blood at the same time; the more people stood in rows by day to see others being hurt, the less trouble would they take to hurt others themselves, and the sounder Soames could sleep by night. Still, sensation-hunting

had become a disease, in his opinion, and no one was being inoculated for it, so far as he could see!

As the weeks went on, and the cases before it in the List went off, the 'circus' they were proposing to make of his daughter appeared to him more and more monstrous. He had an instinctive distrust of Scotchmen-they called themselves Scotsmen nowadays, as if it helped their character!—they never let go, and he could not approve in other people a quality native to himself. Besides, 'Scotchmen' were so-so exuberantalways either dour or else hearty-extravagant chaps! Toward the middle of March, with the case in the List for the following week, he took an extreme step and entered the Lobby of the House of Commons. He had spoken to no one of his determination to make this last effort, for it seemed to him that all-Annette, Michael, Fleur herself-had done their best to spoil the chance of settlement.

Having sent in his card, he waited a long while in that lofty purlieu. 'Lobbying,' he knew the phrase, but had never realized the waste of time involved in it. The statues consoled him somewhat. Sir Stafford Northcote—a steady chap; at old Forsyte dinner-parties in the 'eighties his character had been as much a standby as the saddle of mutton. He found even 'that fellow Gladstone' bearable in stucco. or whatever it was up there. You might dislike, but you couldn't sneeze at him, as at some of these modern chaps. He was sunk in coma before Lord Granville when at last he heard the words:

"Sir Alexander MacGown"; and saw a square man with a ruddy face, stiff black hair, and clipped mustache, coming between the railings, with a card in his hand. "Mr. Forsyte?"

"Yes. Can we go anywhere that's not quite so public?"

^{**} A summary of the preceding chapters of "The Silver Spoon" will be found on page 5 of the advertising section. VOL. LXXIX .- 45

The 'Scotchman' nodded, and led him down a corridor to a small room.

"Well?"

Soames smoothed his hat. "This affair," he said, "can't be any more agreeable to you than it is to me."

"Are you the individual who was good enough to apply the word 'traitress' to

the lady I'm engaged to?"

"That is so."

"Then I don't see how you have the impudence to come and speak to me."

Soames bit his lips.

"I spoke under the provocation of hearing your *fiancée* call my daughter a snob, in her own house. Do you want this petty

affair made public?"

"If you think that you and your daughter can get away with calling the lady I'm going to marry 'a snake,' 'a traitress,' 'an immoral person,' you're more mistaken than you ever were in your life. An unqualified apology that her counsel can announce in court is your only way out."

"That you won't get; mutual regret is another thing. As to the question of

damages---'

"Damn the damages!" said MacGown violently. And there was that in Soames which applauded.

"Well," he said, "I'm sorry for you and

her."

"What the devil do you mean, sir?"

"You will know by the end of next week, unless you revise your views in between. If it comes into court, we shall justify."

The 'Scotchman' went so red that for a moment Soames was really afraid he

would have an apoplectic fit.

"You'd better look out what you say in court."

"We pay no attention to bullies in court."

MacGown clinched his fists.

"Yes," said Soames, "it's a pity I'm

not your age. Good evening!"

He passed the fellow and went out. He had noted his way in this 'rabbit-warren,' and was soon back among the passionless statues. Well! He had turned the last stone and could do no more, except make that overbearing fellow and his young woman sorry they'd ever been born. He came out into the chilly mist of Westminster. Pride and temper!

Sooner than admit themselves in the wrong, people would turn themselves into an expensive 'circus' for the gaping and the sneers, the japing and the jeers of half the town! To vindicate her 'honor,' that 'Scotchman' would have his young woman's past dragged out! And fairly faced by the question whether to drag it out or not, Soames stood still. If he didn't, she might get a verdict; if he did. and didn't convince the jury, the damages would be shockingly increased. might run into thousands. He felt the need of definite decision. One had been drifting in the belief that the thing wouldn't come into court! Four o'clock! Not too late, perhaps, to see Sir James Foskisson. He would telephone to very young Nicholas to arrange a conference at once, and if Michael was at South Square, he would take him down to it. . . .

In his study, Michael had been staring with lugubrious relish at Aubrey Greene's cartoon of himself in a Society paper. On one leg, like Guy-or was it Slingsby?in the Edward Lear 'Nonsense' book, he was depicted crying in a wilderness where a sardonic smile was rising on the horizon. Out of his mouth the word 'Foggartism' wreathed like the smoke of a cigar. Above a hole in the middle distance, a meerkat's body supported the upturned face and applauding forepaws of Mr. Blythe. The thing was devastating in treatment and design—not unkind, merely killing. Michael's face had been endowed with a sort of after-dinner rapture, as if he were enjoying the sound of his own voice. Ridicule! Not even a personal friend, an artist, could see that the wilderness was at least as deserving of ridicule as the pelican! The cartoon seemed to write the word futility large across his page. It recalled to him Fleur's words at the outset: "And by the time the Tories go out you'll have your license." She was a born realist! From the first she had foreseen for him the position of an eccentric, picturesquely beating a little private drum! A dashed good cartoon! And no one could appreciate it so deeply as its victim. But why did every one smile at Foggartism? Why? Because among a people who naturally walked, it leaped like a grasshopper; to a nation that felt its way, despising design, it seemed a will-o'-the-wisp. Yes, he was

a fool for his pains! And—just then, Soames arrived.

"I've been to see that Scotchman," he said: "He means to take it into Court."

"Oh! Not really, sir! I always

thought you'd keep it out."

"Only an unqualified apology will do that. Fleur can't give it; she's in the right. Can you come down with me now and see Sir James Foskisson?"

They set out in a taxi for the Temple. The chambers of very young Nicholas Forsyte were in Paper Buildings. Chinny, mild, and nearly forty, he succeeded within ten minutes in presenting to them every possible doubt.

"He seemed to enjoy the prospect of getting tonked," murmured Michael while they were going over to Sir James's.

"A poor thing," Soames responded; "but careful. Foskisson must attend to the case himself."

After those necessary minutes during which the celebrated K. C. was regathering from very young Nicholas what it was all about, they were ushered into the presence of one with a large head garnished by small gray whiskers, and really obvious brains. Since selecting him, Soames had been keeping his eye on the great advocate; had watched him veiling his appeals to a jury with an air of scrupulous equity; very few—he was convinced —and those not on juries, could see Sir James Foskisson coming round a corner. Soames had specially remarked his success in cases concerned with morals or nationality—no one so apt at getting a corespondent, a German, a Russian, or anybody at all bad, non-suited! At close quarters his whiskers seemed to give him an intensive respectability—difficult to imagine him dancing, gambling, or in bed. In spite of his practice, too, he enjoyed the reputation of being thorough; he might be relied on to know more than half the facts of any case by the time he went into Court, and to pick up the rest as he went along—or at least not to show that he hadn't. Very young Nicholas, knowing all the facts, had seemed quite unable to see what line could possibly be taken. Sir James, on the other hand, appeared to know only just enough. Sliding his light eyes from Soames to Michael, he retailed them, and said: "Eminently a case for an amicable settlement."

"Indeed!" said Soames.

Something in his voice seemed to bring Sir James to attention.

"Have you attempted that?"
"I have gone to the limit."

"Excuse me, Mr. Forsyte, but what do

you regard as the limit?"

"Fifteen hundred pounds, and a mutual expression of regret. They'd accept the money, but they ask for an unqualified apology."

The great lawyer rested his chin. "Have you tried the unqualified apology

without the money?"

"No."

"I would almost be inclined. Mac-Gown is a very rich man. The shadow and the substance, eh? The expressions in the letters are strong. What do you say, Mr. Mont?"

"Not so strong as those she used of my

wife."

Sir James Foskisson looked at very young Nicholas.

"Let me see," he said, "those were

--?"

"Lion-huntress, and snob," said Michael, curtly.

Sir James wagged his head precisely as if it were a pair of scales.

"Immoral, snake, traitress, without charm—you think those weaker?"

"They don't make you snigger, sir, the others do. In Society it's the snigger that counts."

Sir Tames smiled.

"The jury won't be in Society, Mr. Mont."

"My wife doesn't feel like making an apology, anyway, unless there's an expression of regret on the other side; and I don't see why she should."

Sir James Foskisson seemed to breathe

more freely.

"In that case," he said, "we have to consider whether to use the detective's evidence or not. If we do, we shall need to subpœna the hall porter and the servants at Mr.—er—Curfew's flat."

"Exactly," said Soames; "that's what we're here to decide." It was as if he had said: 'The conference is now opened.'

Sir James perused the detective's evidence for five silent minutes.

"If this is confirmed, even partially," he said, at last, "we win."

Michael had gone to the window. The

trees in the garden had tiny buds; some pigeons were strutting on the grass below.

He heard Soames say:

"I ought to tell you that they've been shadowing my daughter. There's nothing, of course, except some visits to a young American dangerously ill of pneumonia at his hotel."

"Of which I knew and approved," said

Michael, without turning round.

"Could we call him?"

"I believe he's still in Bournemouth. But he was in love with Miss Ferrar."

Sir Tames turned to Soames.

"If there's no question of a settlement we'd better go for the gloves. Merely to cross-examine as to books and plays and clubs, is very inconclusive."

"Have you read the dark scene in 'The Plain Dealer'?" asked Soames, "and

that novel 'Canthar'?"

"All very well, Mr. Forsyte, but impossible to say what a jury would make of impersonal evidence like that."

Michael had come back to his seat. "I've a horror," he said, "of dragging in Miss Ferrar's private life."

"No doubt. But do you want me to

win the case?"

"Not that way. Can't we go into

court, say nothing, and pay up?"

Sir James Foskisson smiled and looked at Soames. 'Really,' he seemed to say, 'why did you bring me this young man?'

Soames, however, had been pursuing

his own thoughts.

"There's too much risk about that; if we failed there it might be a matter of £20,000. Besides, they would certainly call my daughter. I want to prevent that at all costs. I thought you could turn the whole thing into an indictment of modern morality."

Sir James Foskisson moved in his chair, and the pupils of his light-blue eyes became as pin-points. He nodded almost imperceptibly three times, precisely as if

he had seen the Holy Ghost.

"When shall we be reached?" he said

to very young Nicholas.

"Probably next Thursday—Mr. Justice Brane."

"Very well. I'll see you again on Monday. Good evening." And he sank back into an immobility, which neither Soames nor Michael felt equal to disturbing.

They went away silent—very young

Nicholas tarrying in conversation with Sir James' devil.

Turning at the Temple Station, Mi-

chael murmured:

"It was just as if he'd said: 'Some stunt!' wasn't it? I'm looking in at The Outpost, sir. If you're going back to Fleur, will you tell her?"

Soames nodded. There it was! He had to do everything that was painful.

"NOT GOING TO HAVE IT"

In the office of *The Outpost* Mr. Blythe had just been in conversation with one of those great business men who make such deep impression on all to whom they voice their views in strict confidence. If Sir Thomas Lockit did not precisely monopolize the control of manufacture in Great Britain, he, like others, caused almost any one to think so-his knowledge was so positive and his emphasis so cold. In his view the country must resume the position held before the Great War. It all hinged on coal—a question of this seven hours a day, and they were "not going to have it." A shilling, perhaps two shillings, off the cost of coal. They were "not going to have" Europe doing without British produce. Very few people knew Sir Thomas Lockit's mind; but nearly all who did were extraordinarily gratified.

Mr. Blythe, however, was biting his finger and spitting out the result.

"Who was that fellow with the gray

mustache?" asked Michael.

"Lockit. He's 'not going to have it.' " "Oh!" said Michael, in some surprise.

"One sees more and more, Mont, that the really dangerous people are not the politicians, who want things with public passion—that is, mildly, slowly; but the big business men, who want things with private passion, strenuously, quickly. They know their own minds, and if we don't look out they'll wreck the country."

"What are they up to now?" said

"Nothing for the moment; but it's brewing. One sees in Lockit the futility of will-power. He's not going to have what it's entirely out of his power to prevent. He'd like to break Labor and make it work like a nigger from sheer necessity. Before that we shall be having civil war.

Some of the Labor people, of course, are just as bad—they want to break everybody. It's a bee nuisance. If we're all to be plunged into industrial struggles again, how are we to get on with Foggartism?"

"I've been thinking about the Country," said Michael. "Aren't we beating the air, Blythe? Is it any good telling a man who's lost a lung that what he

wants is a new one?"

Mr. Blythe puffed out one cheek.

"Yes," he said, "the Country had a hundred very settled years—Waterloo to the war-to get into its present state; it's got its line of life so fixed and its habits so settled that nobody—neither editors, politicians, nor business men—can think except in terms of its blasted town industrialism. The Country's got beyond the point of balance in that hundred settled years, and it'll want fifty settled years to get back to that point again. The real trouble is that we're not going to get fifty settled years. Some bee thing or other-war with Turkey or Russia, trouble in India, civil ructions, to say nothing of another general flare-upmay knock the bottom out of any settled plans at any time. We've struck a disturbed patch of history, and we know it in our bones, and live from hand to mouth according."

"Well, then," said Michael, glumly, thinking of what the minister had said to

him at Lippinghall.

Mr. Blythe puffed out the other cheek. "No backsliding, young man! In Foggartism we have the best goods we can see before us, and we must bee well deliver them, as best we can. We've outgrown all the old hats."

"Have you seen Aubrey Greene's car-

toon?"

"I have."

"Good—isn't it? But, what I really came in to tell you, is that this beastly libel case of ours will be on next week."

Mr. Blythe's ears moved.

"I'm sorry for that. Win or lose—nothing's worse for public life than private ructions. You're not going to have it, are you?"

"We can't help it. But our defense is to be confined to an attack on the new

morality."

"One can't attack what isn't," said Mr. Blythe.

"D'you mean to say," said Michael, grinning, "that you haven't noticed the new morality?"

"Certainly not. Formulate it if you

can."

""Don't be stupid, don't be dull."

Mr. Blythe grunted. "The old morality used to be: 'Behave like a gentleman."

"Yes! But in modern thought there

ain't no sich an animal."

"There are fragments lying about! They reconstructed Neanderthal man from half a skull."

"A word that's laughed at can't be

used, Blythe."

"Ah!" said Mr. Blythe. "The chief failings of your generation, young Mont, are sensitiveness to ridicule, and terror of being behind the times. It's bee weakminded."

Michael grinned.

"I know it. Come down to the House. Parsham's Electrification Bill is due. We may get some light on Unemployment."

Having parted from Mr. Blythe in the Lobby, Michael came on his father walking down a corridor with a short bright old man in a trim gray beard.

"Ah! Michael, we've been seeking you. Marquess, my hopeful son! The marquess wants to interest you in electricity."

Michael removed his hat.

"Will you come to the reading-room,

sir?"

This, as he knew, was Marjorie Ferrar's grandfather, and he might be useful. In a remote corner of a room lighted so that nobody could see any one else reading, they sat down in triangular formation.

"You know about electricity, Mr.

Mont?" said the marquess.

"No, sir, except that more of it would

be desirable in this room."

"Everywhere, Mr. Mont. I've read about your Foggartism; if you'll allow me to say so, it's quite possibly the policy of the future; but nothing will be done with it till you've electrified the country. I should like you to start by supporting this Bill of Parsham's."

And, with an engaging distinction of syllable, the old peer proceeded to darken

Michael's mind.

"I see, sir," said Michael, at last. "This Bill ought to add considerably to unemployment."

"Temporarily, of course."

"I wonder if I ought to take on any more temporary trouble. I'm finding it difficult enough to interest people in the future as it is—they seem to think the present so important."

Sir Lawrence whinnied.

"You must give him time and pamphlets, Marquess. But, my dear fellow, while your Foggartism is confined to the stable, you'll want a second horse."

"I've been advised already to take up the state of the traffic or penny postage. And, by the way, sir, that case of ours is

coming into court, next week."

Sir Lawrence's loose eyebrow shot up: "Oh!" he said. "Do you remember, Marquess—your granddaughter and my daughter-in-law? I came to you about it."

"Something to do with lions? A libel, was it?" said the old peer: "My

aunt——"

While Michael was trying to decide whether this was an ejaculation or the beginning of a reminiscence, his father broke in:

"Ah! yes, an interesting case that, Marquess—it's all in Betty Montecourt's

Memoirs."

"Libels," resumed the marquess, "had flavor in those days. The words complained of were: 'Her crinoline covers her considerable obliquity.'"

"If anything's to be done to save scandal," muttered Michael, "it must be done

now. We're at a deadlock."

"Could you put in a word, sir?" said Sir Lawrence.

The marquess's beard quivered.

"I see from the papers that my grand-daughter is marrying a man called Mac-Gown, a Member of this House. Is he about?"

"Probably," said Michael. "But I had a row with him. I think, sir, there would

be more chance with her."

The marquess rose. "I'll ask her to breakfast. I dislike publicity. Well, I hope you'll vote for this Bill, Mr. Mont, and think over the question of electrifying the country. We want young men interested. I'm going to the Peers' Gallery now. Good-by."

When briskly he had gone, Michael said to his father: "If he's not going to have it, I wish he'd ask Fleur to breakfast, too. There are two parties to this quarrel."

SOAMES DRIVES HOME

Soames in the meantime was seated with one of those parties in her 'parlor.' She had listened in silence, but with a stubborn and resentful face. What did he know of the loneliness and frustration she had been feeling? Could he tell that the thrown stone had starred her mirrored image of herself; that the words 'snob,' and 'lion-huntress,' had entered her very soul? He could not understand the spiritual injury she had received, the sudden deprivation of that self-importance, and hope of rising, necessary to all. cerned by the expression on her face, preoccupied with the practical aspects of the 'circus' before them, and desperately involved in thoughts of how to keep her out of it as much as possible, Soames was reduced to the closeness of a fish.

"You'll be sitting in front, next to me," he said. "I shouldn't wear anything too bright. Would you like your mother

there, too?"

Fleur shrugged her shoulders.

"Just so," said Soames. "But if she wants to come, she'd better, perhaps. Brane is not a joking judge, thank goodness. Have you ever been in a court?"

"No."

"The great thing is to keep still, and pay no attention to anything. They'll all be behind you, except the jury—and there's nothing in them really. If you look at them, don't smile!"

"Why? Aren't they safe, Dad?"

Soames put the levity aside.

"I should wear a small hat. Michael must sit on your left. Have you got over that—er—not telling each other things?"
"Yes."

"I shouldn't begin it again. He's very fond of you."

Fleur nodded.

"Is there anything you want to tell me? You know I—I worry about you."

Fleur got up and sat on the arm of his chair; he had at once a feeling of assuagement.

"I really don't care now. The harm's done. I only hope she'll have a bad time."

Soames, who had the same hope, was somewhat shocked by its expression.

He took leave of her soon after and got into his car for the dark drive back to

Mapledurham. The spring evening was cold, and he had the windows up. At first he thought of very little, and then of still less. He had passed a tiring afternoon, and was glad of the slight smell of stephanotis provided by Annette. The road was too familiar to rouse his thoughts, beyond wonder at the lot of people there always seemed to be in the world between six and seven. He dozed his way into the new cut, woke, and dozed again. What was this-Slough? Before going to Marlborough he had been at school there with young Nicholas and Saint John Heyman, and after his time, some other young Forsytes. Nearly sixty years ago! He remembered his first day —a brand-new little boy in a brand-new little top-hat, with a play-box stored by his mother with things to eat, and blessed with the words: "There, Summy dear, it'll make you popular." He had reckoned on having command of that corruption for some woods; but no sooner had he produced a bit of it than they had taken the box, and suggested to him that it would be a good thing to eat the lot. In twenty-two minutes twenty-two boys had materially increased their weight, and he himself, in handing out the contents, had been obliged to eat less than a twenty-third. They had left him one packet of biscuits, and those had caraway seeds for which he had constitutionally no passion whatever. Afterward three other new boys had complained that he was a fool for having it all eaten up like that, instead of saving it for them, and he had been obliged to sit on them one by one. His popularity had lasted twenty-two minutes, and so far as he knew, had never come back. He had been against Communism ever since.

Bounding a little on the cushioned seat, he remembered poignantly his own cousin, Saint John Heyman, pushing him into a gorse-bush and holding him there for an appreciable minute. Horrid little brutes, boys! For the moment he felt quite grateful to Michael for trying to get them out of England. And yet—! He had some pleasant memories even of boys. There was his collection of butterflies—he had sold two Red Admirals in poor condition to a boy for one and threepence. To be a boy again—h'm—and shoot peas at passengers in a train that couldn't stop,

and drink cherry brandy going home, and win a prize by reciting two hundred lines of 'The Lady of the Lake' better than 'Cherry-Tart' Burroughes—Um? What had become of 'Cherry-Tart' Burroughes, who had so much money at school that his father went bankrupt! 'Cherry-Tart'

Burroughes!

The loom of Slough faded. One was in rank country now, and he ground the handle of the window to get a little fresh air. A smell of trees and grass came in. Boys out of England! They had funny accents in those great places overseas. Well, they had funny accents here, too. The accent had been all right at Slough -if it wasn't, a boy got lammed. He remembered the first time his father and mother-James and Emily-came down; very genteel (before the word was flyblown), all whiskers and crinoline, the beastly boys had made personal remarks which had hurt him! Get 'em out of England! But in those days there had been nowhere for boys to go. He took a long breath of the wayside air. They said England was changed, spoiled, some even said 'done for.' Bosh! It still smelled the same! His great-uncle 'Superior Dosset's' brother Simon had gone as a boy to Bermuda at the beginning of the last century, and had he been heard of since? Not he. Young Jon Forsyte and his mother-his own first, unfaithful, still not quite forgotten wife—had gone to the States—would they be heard of again? He hoped not. England! Some day. when he had time and the car was free, he would go and poke round on the border of Dorset and Devon where the Forsytes came from. There was nothing there-he understood, and he wouldn't care to let anybody know of his going; but the earth must be some sort of color, and there would be a graveyard, and-Maidenhead! These sprawling villas and hotels and gramophones spoiled the river. Funny that Fleur had never been very fond of the river; too slow and wet, perhaps—everything was quick and dry now, like America. But had they such a river as the Thames anywhere out of England? Not they! Nothing that ran green and clear and weedy, where you could sit in a punt and watch the cows, and those big elms, and the poplars. Nothing that was safe and quiet, where

thought of Constable and Mason and Walker.

His car bumped something slightly, and came to a stand. That fellow Riggs was always bumping something! looked out. The chauffeur had got down and was examining his mud-guard.

"What was that?" said Soames.

"I think it was a pig, sir."

"Where?"

"Shall I drive on or see?"

Soames looked round. There seemed no habitations in sight.

"Better see."

The chauffeur disappeared behind the car. Soames remained seated. He had never had any pigs. They said the pig was a clean animal. People didn't treat pigs properly. It was very quiet! No cars on the road; in the silence the wind was talking a little in the hedgerows. He noticed some stars.

"It is a pig, sir; he's breathing."

"Oh!" said Soames. If a cat had nine, how many lives had a pig? He remembered his father James' only riddle: "If a herring and a half cost three ha'pence, what's the price of a gridiron?" When still very small, he had perceived that it was unanswerable.

"Where is he?" he said.

"In the ditch, sir."

A pig was property, but if in the ditch, nobody would notice it till after he was "Drive on," he said. "No! Wait!" And, opening the near door, he got out. After all, the pig was in distress. "Show me," he said, and moved in the tail-light of his car to where the chauffeur stood pointing. There, in the shallow ditch, was a dark object emitting cavernous low sounds, as of a man asleep in a club chair.

"It must belong to one of them cottages we passed a bit back," said the chauffeur.

Soames looked at the pig. "Anything broken?"

"No, sir; the mud-guard's all right. fancy it copped him pretty fair."

"In the pig, I mean."

The chauffeur touched the pig with his boot. It squealed, and Soames quivered. Some one would hear! Just like that fellow, drawing attention to it—no gumption whatever! But how, without touching, did you find out whether anything

you called your soul your own and was broken in a pig? He moved a step and saw the pig's eyes; and a sort of fellow-feeling stirred in him. What if it had a broken leg! Again the chauffeur touched it with his foot. The pig uttered a lamentable noise, and, upheaving its bulk, squealing and grunting, trotted off. Soames hastily resumed his seat. "Drive on!" he said. Pigs! They never thought of anything but themselves; and cottagers were just as bad—very unpleasant about cars. And he wasn't sure they weren't right—tearing great things! The pig's eye seemed looking at him again from where his feet were resting. Should he keep some, now that he had those meadows on the other side of the river? Eat one's own bacon, cure one's own hams! After all, there was something in it—clean pigs, properly fed! That book of old Foggart said one must grow more food in England, and be independent if there were another war. And he sniffed-a smell of baking-Reading already! They still grew biscuits in England! Foreign countries growing his food-something unpleasant about living on sufferance like that! After all, English meat and English wheat—as for a potato, you couldn't get one fit to eat in Italy or France. And now they wanted to trade with Russia again! Those Bolshevists hated England. Eat their wheat and eggs, use their tallow and skins? Infra dig, he called it! The car swerved and he was jerked against the side cushions. The village church!-that fellow Riggs was always shying at something. Pretty little old affair, too, with its squat spire and its lichen—couldn't see that out of England -graves, old names, yew-trees. that reminded him: one would have to be buried some day. Here, perhaps. Nothing flowery! Just his name, 'Soames Forsyte,' standing out on rough stone, like that grave he had sat on at Highgate; no need to put 'Here lies'-of course he'd lie! As to a cross, he didn't know. Probably they'd put one, whatever he wished. He'd like to be in a corner, though, away from people-with an apple-tree or something over him. The less they remembered him the better. Except Fleur-and she would have other things to think of!

The car turned down the last low hill to the level of the river. He caught a glimpse of it flowing dark between the poplars, like the soul of England, running hidden. The car rolled into the drive, and stopped before the door. shouldn't tell Annette yet about this case coming into court, she wouldn't feel as he did-she had no nerves!

IV

CATECHISM

MARJORIE FERRAR'S marriage was fixed for the day of the Easter recess; her honeymoon to Lugano; her trousseau with Clothilde; her residence in Eaton Square; her pin-money at two thousand a year; and her affections on nobody. When she received a telephone message: Would she come to breakfast at Shropshire What could House? she was surprised. be the matter with the old boy?

At five minutes past nine, however, on the following day she entered the ancestral precincts, having left almost all powder and pigment on her dressing-table. Was he going to disapprove of her marriage? Or to give her some of her grandmother's lace, which was only fit to be in a museum?

The marguess was reading the paper in front of an electric fire. He bent on her

his bright, shrewd glance.

"Well, Marjorie? Shall we sit down, or do you like to breakfast standing? There's porridge, scrambled eggs, fishah! and grape-fruit-very considerate of them! Pour out the coffee, will you?'

"What'll you have, Grandfather?"

"Thank you, I'll roam about and peck a bit. So you're going to be married. Is that fortunate?"

"People say so."

"He's in Parliament, I see. D'you think you could interest him in this electricity Bill of Parsham's?"

"Oh! yes. He's dead keen on elec-

tricity."

"Sensible man. He's got Works, I suppose. Are they electrified?"

"I expect so."

The marquess gave her another glance. "You know nothing about it," he said. "But you're looking very charming. What's this I hear of a libel?"

She might have known! Grandfather was too frightfully spry! He missed

nothing!

"It wouldn't interest you, dear."

"I disagree. My father and old Sir Lawrence Mont were great friends. Why do you want to wash linen in court?"

"I don't."

"Are you the plaintiff?"

"What do you complain of?" "They've said things about me."

"Fleur Mont and her father."

"Ah! the relation of the tea man. What have they said?"

"That I haven't a moral about me."

"Well, have you?"

"As much as most people."

"Anything else?"

"That I'm a snake of the first water." "I don't like that. What made them say so?"

"Only that I was heard calling her a

snob, and so she is."

The marquess, who had resigned a finished grape-fruit, placed his foot on a chair, his elbow on his knee, his chin on his hand, and said:

"No divinity hedges our Order in these days, Marjorie; but we still stand for something. It's a mistake to forget that."

She sat very still. Everybody respected grandfather; even her father, to whom he did not speak. But to be told that she stood for something was really too dull for anything! All very well for grandfather at his age, and with his lack of temptations! Besides, she had no handle to her name, owing to the vaunted nature of British institutions. Even if she felt that—by Lord Charles out of Lady Ursula—she ought not to be dictated to, she had never put on frills—had always liked to be thought a mere Bohemian. And, after all, she did stand-for not being stuffy, and not being dull.

"Well, Grandfather, I tried to make it

up, but she wouldn't. Coffee?"
"Yes, coffee. But tell me, are you happy about yourself?"

Marjorie Ferrar handed him the cup.

"No. Who is?"

"A hit," said the marquess. "You're going to be very well off, I hear. That means power. It's worth using well, Marjorie. He's a Scotsman, isn't he? Do you like him?" Again the shrewd bright glance.

"At times."

"I see. With your hair, you must be

careful. Red hair is extraordinarily valuable on occasion. In the Eton and Harrow Match, or for speaking after dinner; but don't let it run away with you after you're married. Where are you going to live?"

"In Eaton Square. There's a Scotch

place, too."

"Have your kitchens electrified. I've had it done here. It saves the cook's temper. I get very equable food. But about this libel. Can't you all say you're sorry—why put money into the lawyers' pockets?"

"She won't, unless I do, and I won't

unless she does."

The marquess drank off his coffee.

"Then what is there in the way? I dislike publicity, Marjorie. Look at that suit the other day. Anything of this nature in Society, nowadays, is a nail in our coffins."

"I'll speak to Alec, if you like."

"Do! Has he red hair?"

"No; black."

"Ah! What would you like for a wedding-present—lace?"

"Oh! no, please, dear. Nobody's wear-

ing lace."

With his head on one side, the marquess looked at her. "I can't get that lace off," he seemed to say.

"Perhaps you'd like a colliery. Elec-

trified, it would pay in no time."

Marjorie Ferrar laughed. "I know you're hard up, grandfather; but I'd rather not have a colliery, thanks. They're so expensive. Just give me your blessing."

"I wonder," said the marquess, "if I could sell blessings? Your Uncle Dangerfield has gone in for farming, he's ruining me. If only he'd grow wheat by electricity; it's the only way to make it pay at the present price. Well, if you've finished breakfast, good-by. I must go to work."

Marjorie Ferrar, who had indeed begun breakfast, stood up and pressed his hand. He was a dear old boy, if somewhat rapid!

That same evening in a box at the Saint Anthony, she had her opportunity, when MacGown was telling her of Soames' visit.

"Oh, dear! Why on earth didn't you settle it, Alec? The whole thing's a bore. I've had my grandfather at me about it."

"If they'll apologize," said MacGown, "I'll settle it to-morrow. But an apology they must make."

"And what about me? I don't want to

stand up to be shot at."

"There are some things one can't sit down under, Marjorie. Their whole conduct has been infamous."

Visited by a reckless impulse, she said: "What d'you suppose I'm really like,

Alec?"

MacGown put his hand on her bare arm.

"I don't suppose; I know."

"Well?"

"Defiant."

Curious summary! Strangely good in

a way—only——!

"You mean that I like to irritate people till they think I'm—what I'm not. But suppose"—her eyes confronted his—"I really am."

MacGown's grasp tightened.

"You're not; and I won't have it said."
"You think this case will whitewash
my—defiance?"

"I know what gossip is; and I know it buzzes about you. People who say things are going to be taught, once for all, that they can't."

Marjorie Ferrar turned her gaze toward the still life on the dropped curtain,

laughed and said:

"My dear man, you're dangerously

provincial."

"I know a straight line when I see one."
"Yes; but there aren't any in London.
You'd better hedge, Alec, or you'll be taking a toss over me."

MacGown said simply: "I believe in you more than you believe in yourself."

She was glad that the curtain rose just then, for she felt confused and rather touched.

Instead of confirming her desire to drop the case, that little talk gave her a feeling that by the case her marriage stood or fell. Alec would know where he was when it was over, and so would she! There would be precious little secret about her, and she would either not be married to him or at least not married under false pretences. Let it rip! It was, however, a terrible bore; especially the preparatory legal catechism she had now to undergo. What effect, for instance, had been produced among her friends and acquaint-

ances by those letters? From the point of view of winning, the point was obviously not without importance. But how was she to tell? Two hostesses had cancelled week-end invitations: a rather prim countess, and a Canadian millionairess married to a decaying baronet. It had not occurred to her before that this was the reason, but it might have been. Apart from them she would have to say she didn't know; people didn't tell you to your face what they heard or thought of you. They were going to try and make her out a piece of injured innocence! Good Lord! What if she declared her real faith in court, and left them all in the soup! Her real faith—what was it? Not to let a friend down; not to give a man away! not to funk; to do things differently from other people; to be always on the go; not to be 'stuffy'; not to turvy! Well, one must keep one's head!

V

THE DAY

On the day of the case Soames rose, in Green Street, with a sort of sick impatience. Why wasn't it the day after?

Renewed interviews with very young Nicholas and Sir James Foskisson had confirmed the idea of defense by attack on modern morality. Foskisson was evidently going to put his heart into thatperhaps he'd suffered from it; and if he was anything like old Bobstay, who had just published his reminiscences at the age of eighty-two, that cat would lose her hair and give herself away. Yesterday afternoon Soames had taken an hour's look at Mr. Justice Brane, and been very favorably impressed; the learned judge, though younger than himself-he had often briefed him in other times—looked oldfashioned enough now for anything.

Having cleaned his teeth, put in his plate, and brushed his hair, Soames went into the adjoining room and told Annette she would be late. She always looked terribly young and well in bed, and this, though a satisfaction to him, he could never quite forgive. When he was gone, fifteen years hence perhaps, she would still be under sixty, and might live another twenty years.

Having roused her sufficiently to say: "You will have plenty of time to be fussy

in that court, Soames," he went back and looked out of his window. The air smelled of spring—aggravating! He bathed and shaved with care—didn't want to go into the box with a cut on his chin!—then went back to see that Annette was not putting on anything bright. He found her in pink underclothes.

"I should wear black," he said.

Annette regarded him above her handmirror.

"Whom do you want me to fascinate, Soames?"

"These people will bring their friends, I shouldn't wonder; anything conspicuous——"

"Don't be afraid; I shall not try to be younger than my daughter."

Soames went out again. The French!

Well, she had good taste in dress.

After breakfast he went off to Fleur's. Winifred and Imogen would look after Annette—they, too, were going to the court, as if there were anything to enjoy about this business!

Spruce in his silk hat, he walked across the Green Park, conning over his evidence. No buds on the trees—a late year; and the Royal Family out of town! Passing the Palace, he thought: 'They're very popular!' He supposed they liked this great Empire group in front of them, all muscle and flesh and large animals! The Albert Memorial, and this—everybody ran them down; but, after all, peace and plenty-nothing modern about them! Emerging into Westminster, he cut his way through a smell of fried fish into the parliamentary backwater of North Street, and, between its pleasant little houses, gazed steadily at the Wren church. Never going inside any church except Saint Paul's, he derived a sort of strength from their outsides—churches were solid and stood back, and didn't seem to care what people thought of them! He felt a little better, rounding into South Square. The Dandie met him in the hall. Though he was not overfond of dogs, the breadth and solidity of this one always affected Soames pleasurably—better than that little Chinese abortion they used to have! This dog was a character—masterful and tenacious—you would get very little out of him in a witness-box! Looking up from the dog, he saw Michael and Fleur coming down the stairs. After hurriedly inspecting Michael's brown suit and speckled tie, his eyes came to anchor on his daughter's face. Pale but creamy. nothing modern about it, no lip-salve, powder, or eye-blacking; perfectly made up for her part! In a blue dress, too, very good taste, which must have taken some finding! The desire that she should not feel nervous stilled Soames' private qualms.

"Quite a smell of spring!" he said.

"Shall we start?"

While a cab was being summoned, he

tried to put her at ease.

"I had a look at Brane yesterday; he's changed a good deal from when I used to know him. I was one of the first to give him briefs."

"That's bad, isn't it, sir?" said Mi-

chael.

"How?"

"He'll be afraid of being thought grateful."

Flippant, as usual!

"Our judges," he said, "are a good lot, take them all round."

"I'm sure they are. Do you know if he ever reads, sir?"

"How d'you mean—reads?"

"Fiction. We don't, in Parliament." "Nobody reads novels, except women," said Soames. And he felt Fleur's dress. "You'll want a fur; that's flimsy."

While she was getting the fur, he said to Michael: "How did she sleep?"

"Better than I did, sir."

"That's a comfort, anyway. Here's the cab. Keep away from that Scotchman."

"I see him every day in the House, you

know."

"Ah!" said Soames; "I forgot. You make nothing of that sort of thing there, I believe." And taking his daughter's arm, he led her forth.

"I wonder if old Blythe will turn up," he heard Michael say, when they passed the office of *The Outpost*. It was the first remark made in the cab, and, calling for

no response, it was the last.

The Law Courts had their customary air, and people, in black and blue, were "Beetle-trap!" hurrying into them. muttered Michael. Soames rejected the simile with his elbow-for him they were just familiar echoing space, concealed staircases, stuffy corridors, and the square enclosures of one voice at a time.

Too early, they went slowly up the Really, it was weak-minded! Here they had come—they and the other side—to get—what? He was amazed at himself for not having insisted on Fleur's apologizing. Time and again in the case of others, all this had appeared quite natural—in the case of his own daughter, it now seemed almost incredibly idiotic. He hurried her on, however, past lingering lawyers' clerks, witnesses, what-not. A few low words to an usher, and they were inside, and sitting down. young Nicholas was already in his place, and Soames so adjusted himself that there would only be the thickness of Sir James, when he materialized, between Turning to confer, he lived for a cosey moment in the past again, as might some retired old cricketer taking block once more. Behind young Nicholas he quartered the assemblage with his glance. Yes, people had got wind of it! He knew they would-with that cat always in the public eye-quite a lot of furbelows up there at the back, and more coming. He reversed himself abruptly; the Jury were filing in-special, but a common-looking lot! Why were juries always common-looking? He had never been on one himself. He glanced at Fleur. There she sat, and what she was feeling he couldn't tell. As for young Michael, his ears looked very pointed. And just then he caught sight of Annette. She'd better not come and sit down here, after all—the more there were of them in front, the more conspicuous it would be! So he shook his head at her, and waved toward the back. Ah! She was going! She and Winifred and Imogen would take up room —all rather broad in the beam; but there were still gaps up there. And suddenly he saw the plaintiff with her lawyer and MacGown; very spry they looked, and that insolent cat was smiling! Careful not to glance in their direction, Soames saw them sit down, some six feet off. Ah! and here came Counsel-Foskisson and Bullfry together, thick as thieves. They'd soon be calling each other 'my friend' now, and cutting each other's throats! He wondered if he wouldn't have done better after all to have let the other side have Foskisson, and briefed Bullfry—an ugly-looking customer, broad, competent and leathery. He and Michael with Fleur

between them, and behind—Foskisson and his junior; Settlewhite and the Scotchman with 'that cat' between them, and behind—Bullfry and his junior! Only the Judge wanted now to complete the pattern! And here he came! Soames gripped Fleur's arm and raised her with himself. Bob! Down again! One side of Brane's face seemed a little fuller than the other; Soames wondered if he had toothache, and how it would affect the proceedings.

And now came the usual 'shivaree' about such and such a case, and what would be taken next week, and so on. Well! that was over, and the judge was turning his head this way and that, as if to see where the field was placed. Now

Bullfry was up:

"If it please Your Lordship—"

He was making the usual opening, with the usual flowery description of the plaintiff—granddaughter of a marquess, engaged to a future Prime Minister . . . or so you'd think! . . . prominent in the most brilliant circles, high-spirited, perhaps a thought too high-spirited. . . . Baggage! . . . the usual smooth and subacid description of the defendant! . . . Rich and ambitious young married lady. . . . Impudent beggar! . . . Jury would bear in mind that they were dealing in both cases with members of advanced Society, but they would bear in mind, too, that primary words had primary meanings and consequences, whatever the Society in which they were uttered. H'm! Very sketchy reference to the incident in Fleur's drawing-room—minimized, of course—ha! an allusion to himself—man of property and standing—thank you for nothing! Reading the libellous letters now! Effect of them . . . very madeup, all that! . . . Plaintiff obliged to take action. . . . Bunkum! "I shall now call Mrs. Ralph Ppynrryn."

"How do you spell that name, Mr.

Bullfry?"

"With two p's, two y's, two n's and two r's, my lord."

"I see."

Soames looked at the owner of the name. Good-looking woman of the flibberty-gibbet type! He listened to her evidence with close attention. Her account of the incident in Fleur's drawing-room seemed substantially correct. She had received the libellous letter two

days later; had thought it her duty, as a friend, to inform Miss Ferrar. Should say, as a woman in Society, that this incident and these letters had done Miss Ferrar harm. Had talked it over with a good many people. A public incident. Much feeling excited. Had shown her letter to Mrs. Maltese, and been shown one that she had received. Whole matter had become current gossip. H'm!

Bullfry down, and Foskisson up!

Soames adjusted himself. Now to see how the fellow shaped—the manner of a cross-examiner was important! Well, he had seen worse—the eye, like frozen light, fixed on unoccupied space while the question was being asked, and coming round on to the witness for the answer; the mouth a little open, as if to swallow it; the tongue visible at times on the lower lip, the unoccupied hand clasping something under the gown behind.

"Now, Mrs.—er—Ppynrryn. This incident, as my friend has called it, happened at the house of Mrs. Mont, did it not? And how did you come there? As a friend. Quite so! And you have nothing against Mrs. Mont? No. And you thought it advisable and kind, madam, to show this letter to the plaintiff and to other people—in fact, to foment this little incident to the best of your ability?"

Eves round!

"If a friend of mine received such a letter about me, I should expect her to tell me that the writer was going about abusing me."

"Even if your friend knew of the provocation and was also a friend of the letter-

writer?"

"Yes."

"Now, madam, wasn't it simply that the sensation of this little quarrel was too precious to be burked? It would have been so easy, wouldn't it, to have torn the letter up and said nothing about it? You don't mean to suggest that it made you think any the worse of Miss Ferrar—you knew her too well, didn't you?"

"Ye-es."

"Exactly. As a friend of both parties you knew that these expressions were just spleen, and not to be taken seriously?"

"I can't say that."

"Oh! You regarded them as serious? Am I to take it that you thought they

touched the ham-bone? In other words, that they were true?"

"Certainly not."

"Could they do Miss Ferrar any harm if they were palpably untrue?"

"I think they could."

"Not with you—you were a friend?"

"Not with me."

"But with other people, who would never have heard of them, but for you. In fact, madam, you enjoyed the whole thing. Did you?"

"Enjoyed? No."

"You regarded it as your duty to spread this letter? Don't you enjoy doing your duty?"

The dry cackle within Soames stopped

at his lips.

Foskisson down, and Bullfry up!

"It is, in fact, your experience, Mrs. Ppynrryn, as well as that of most of us not so well constituted, perhaps, as my learned friend, that duty is sometimes painful."

"Yes."

"Thank you. Mrs. Edward Maltese." During the examination of this other young woman, who seemed to be dark and solid, Soames tried to estimate the comparative effect produced by Fleur and 'that cat' on the four jurymen whose eyes seemed to stray toward beauty. He had come to no definite conclusion, when Sir James Foskisson rose to cross-examine.

"Tell me, Mrs. Maltese, which do you consider the most serious allegation

among those complained of?"

"The word 'treacherous' in my letter, and the expression 'a snake of the first water' in the letter to Mrs. Ppynrryn."

"More serious than the others?"

"Yes."

"That is where you can help me, madam. The circle you move in is not exactly the plaintiff's, perhaps?"

"Not exactly."

"Intersecting, um?"

"Yes."

"Now, in which section, yours or the plaintiff's, would you say the expression 'she hasn't a moral about her' would be the more, or shall we say the less, damning?"

"I can't say."

"I only want your opinion. Do you think your section of Society as advanced as Miss Ferrar's?"

"Perhaps not."

"It's well known, isn't it, that her circle is very free and easy?"

"I suppose so."

"Still, your section is pretty advanced—I mean, you're not 'stuffy'?"

"Not what, Sir James?"

"Stuffy, my lord; it's an expression a good deal used in modern Society."

"What does it mean?"
"Strait-laced, my lord."

"I see. Well, he's asking you if you're stuffy?"

"No, my lord. I hope not."

"You hope not. Go on, Sir James."

"Not being stuffy, you wouldn't be exactly worried if somebody said to you: 'My dear, you haven't a moral about you'?"

"Not if it was said as charmingly as

that."

"Now, come, Mrs. Maltese, does such an expression, said charmingly or the reverse, convey any blame to you or to your friends?"

"If the reverse, yes."

"Am I to take it that the conception of morality in your circle is the same as in—my lord's?"

"How is the witness to answer that, Sir

James?"

"Well, in your circle are you shocked when your friends are divorced, or when they go off together for a week in Paris, say, or wherever they find convenient?"

"Shocked? Well, I suppose one needn't be shocked by what one wouldn't do one-

self."

"In fact, you're not shocked?"

"I don't know that I'm shocked by anything."

"That would be being stuffy, wouldn't

it?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, will you tell me, then—if that's the state of mind in your circle; and you said, you know, that your circle is less free and easy than the plaintiff's—how it is possible that such words as 'she hasn't a moral about her' can have done the plaintiff any harm?"

"The whole world isn't in our circles."

"No. I suggest that only a very small portion of the world is in your circles. But do you tell me that you or the plaintiff pay any——?"

"How can she tell, Sir James, what the

plaintiff pays?"

"That you, then, pay any attention to what people outside your circle think?"

Soames moved his head twice. The fellow was doing it well. And his eyes caught Fleur's face turned toward the witness; a little smile was curling her lip.

"I don't, personally, pay much attention even to what anybody in my circle

thinks."

"Have you more independence of character than the plaintiff, should you say?"

"I dare say I've got as much."

"Is she notoriously independent?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maltese." Foskisson down, Bullfry up! "I call the plaintiff, my lord."

Soames uncrossed his legs.

(To be continued.)

Home

BY REUBEN MAURY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS DUER



WEPSTON OUARLES was standing on a front porch in the nine-hundred block on West Park Street in Butte,* Montana. And that, Charlotte Cragg realized with

finality, was the climax of twenty-nine Her life would not be the same henceforth, could not be. This she knew as surely as she knew Quarles to be stand-

ing before her in the flesh.

She had last seen this man in Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1895; had expected never to see him again. Here he was. Flanking his head in her sight, the wall of blue-black mountains to the south of Butte stood up like blurry stage-settings that might shift or fall at any moment. He was extending his right hand and smiling in a way she astonishingly well remembered.

"Why-Swep Quarles!"

It was a well-bred gasp she gave him, and a light, quick handshake; the kind of greeting that glosses over, ignores, forbid-

den excitements pounding in the throat.
"Come in!" she said. "So glad to see you. Just hang your wraps on the rack.

What brings you this way?"

"Jove! This is a cold city you live in!" he exclaimed. She had not heard a man say "Jove" in years.

* Pronounced Bute.

"'Hot afternoons have been in Montana," she forced herself to quote smilingly, "but not in March with the wind off Mount Fleecer. I keep the house warm, though. Come into the front room. They'd call this the parlor back home in Charlottesville, wouldn't they?"

By the time they were seated, with an electric heater spraying its rays over them, Charlotte had recovered her grip. You're Charlotte Cragg, of Butte, Montana, she had told herself; and you're forty-eight, and it's now thirty years since you were Charlotte Bainbridge, telling this man that yes, there was some one else, and though you don't feel that old by ten years or look it, either, still you mustn't have foolish thoughts about him, simply mustn't have them, do you hear?

His blue eyes were unhardened and honest still. Also, they were lighting alarmingly, and his fingers were drumming his watch-pocket. She perceived that chatter, a frustrating cloud of talk,

was what she had to supply.

"Oh, I read your book, Swep," she began; "just last week. The latest, I mean -'Dream's End.' Thought it splendid. Your big success so far, isn't it? Nine large printings in six weeks, I read in some review. You're certainly to be congratulated. I suppose your short work in the magazines is just a pastime for you, isn't it?"

Start them talking about themselves:

that was the way to parry whatever romantic notions they might have brought twenty-five hundred miles with them. There was a clean crispness about his thick, slightly graying hair; the same air about his necktie, and the trouser cuff above his swinging right foot. He looked seasoned. The negroes at home would have called it "quality."

"Thank you for mentioning the book, Charlotte," he was saying uninterestedly. Here was a setback, indeed; a writer refusing a chance to discuss his own work.

"Er-Charlotte-" he began, in a tone which stung her anew into headlong talk-

"I'm so sorry Jim isn't here to-day. He's off hunting another mine, as usual. This one is down near Durant, west of Butte. He's been away since yesterday morning. I told him March in Montana was no time for such trips, but he'd go in December. Has done it any number of times. There's a cabin on his claim, though, so I suppose he'll not freeze."

"A mine?" Quarles's tone said that, since she insisted, they would talk of

mines for a space.

"Yes. A—a mine. Jim has been developing this piece of land for a year or more, with two men and a windlass. He has a pair of mining experts with him on this trip, from one of the local companies. Hopes to interest one or another of them in the ground. I sincerely trust he may."

Behind her forced animation she was frightened by her last words. They seemed to furnish an opening for intimate

questions.

"He will succeed, too, some time," she rushed on. "Jim's a wonderful allaround mining man. 'Your husband, Mrs. Cragg,' one of the high Anaconda Company officials said to me once, 'has a nose for ore deposits—and that's the important thing in this game.' The operators come to him sometimes for his opinion when their regular staffs are puzzled. Jim makes them pay for his services, too, I assure you. Oh, he'll find a mine of his own some day!"

"He isn't on any regular staff, then?"

Quarles said.

She had thought to set at rest any inward curiosities Quarles might have about from Charlottesville to find out. And I the unpretentious brick house and the don't propose to be put off."

plain furniture. He had spied the single weakness in her story. Fear of those level blue eyes was chilling her.

"Why, no. Oh, no. He's a sort of unofficial consulting expert. It's too detailed to explain. Swep, say 'regular' again. Please."

He said it, with some bewilderment.

"Delightful! It's been years since I've heard any one talk without trampling on his r's like a-dray-horse. Tell me, Swep —in Charlottesville, do the people still speak of the University of Virginia simply as 'the University'?"

He smiled then. With Virginians. home is the topic that cannot fail.

"Yes, yes, they do, bless 'em! As if it were the only university in the world. In many ways it is, too. . . . But Charlotte---"

"And Swep. Does Lewis's Mountain in October still look like a big, brilliant Indian blanket hung in the sky to the east of town?"

"It does. Hasn't changed, except that it's called Patterson's Mountain now.

Charlotte--"

It had become a battle, no less. Her ears barely heard the words that streamed

from her tongue.

"I'll warrant everything else has changed, though. The people, I mean. I remember how, when I was a girl, the idea most girls had of the true romance was to marry a Western man, rich-all Westerners were that, of course-come out here, bring up half a dozen children to be tall, blond mining magnates or cowgirls, grow up with the country. All most girls want nowadays is comfort and an automobile and an able bootlegger. Perhaps they're more sensible than we were. Have you ever thought of writing a book on the younger generation, Swep?'

"No," Quarles said succinctly. He said too: "Jim Cragg wasn't rich, then?"

Whereupon her defenses crashed. Striving like mad to hide, she had but clumsily disclosed things that had fermented in her mind for years. Quarles leaped the smashed barriers, blue fires aflicker in those eyes.

"Charlotte! Are you happy, or aren't you? That is what I came to this place

One can always retreat to dignity.

"Have you any right to ask me that, do you think?"

Ouarles was on his feet. She watched his burly grained oxfords shuttling over

"Oh, everything works for the best, looking at it one way. I've knocked around the world, had an experience or two, unloaded a good many hundred thousand words of print on the public. the carpet from stand lamp to hall door If things had come out as—I hoped they



". . . it's something just to have lived in a place like that."—Page 642.

and back, while his words hammered at her bowed forehead.

"Any right? Why, what about the right of forty-nine come back to an old friend? You said we would always be friends, you may remember." Furiously ironic, the tone he used there. "Isn't that enough? Or say, if you prefer, that it must be more than friendship brings me here. I'd admit that much to Cragg himself—wouldn't hesitate a second. uppose I'm talking like nineteen years old; but I tell you, Charlotte, there hasn't been any one else since—that time. Oh, here and there, naturally; what man doesn't? But—any right! Let me ask you this: what right have you to play-act to me? There's a real question."

He was talking about himself now, in all conscience. He waited for no answer.

might, once, why-I'd have settled down in a Courthouse Square law office in Charlottesville and told my brain fevers through the years to you instead of to a typewriter. I'd have been an everyday person, and as happy as most. As it is, I'm a reasonable success in a hard game. But I'm forty-nine—which is the part that matters. I've a little house on the Lynchburg road, out beyond Observatory Mountain. Oh, I won't commit the ancient hokum about the lonely fireside. I have a—an able bootlegger, as you say, up in the Ragged Mountains, and plenty of friends to drop in when those red-clay Albemarle County roads are at all passable."

He drew breath, pounced again on his subject.

"Well, at any rate, Charlotte, here I

Vol. LXXIX.-46

am! Seeing you face to face, I'll admit the motives I left home with seem a bit fantastic. But I think you might at least tell me whether—it's well with you, or not."

The blue fires receded from the surfaces of his eyes, and he sat down again, staring up at the picture-moulding. The blood was churning in Charlotte's throat. She

was not old. Years were liars.

"Since you put it so, Swep . . . no. Tim had a good position, for a young man, waiting for him here after he left the University. That was all. With one of the —I always think of them as pirates. They were fighting in those days to control the Butte Hill and the ores underneath. Jim's pirate finally sold out; some say for ten million, though I doubt that. Whatever it was, it was a big sum for that time, and he never tried to come back for more. Jim's position was good, but not good enough to admit him to the shall we call it the division of the loot in the captain's cabin? The pirate's crew was set adrift."

She drew a cigarette from his proffered case. She seldom used the things, but at this moment she craved their comfort-

ing sting in her throat.

"Don't think I'm complaining, or ever did. We were young then, and I've lived in Butte too long now. It was in the game. Buccaneers all! If you won, you won. If you lost, you didn't whimper. The winners didn't crow, you expected no one's pity, and no one insulted you by trying to extend any. That's Butte, Montana, Swep!—or what I've known of it. It's something, after all—the thought never occurred to me before—but it's something just to have lived in a place like that."

She looked over her shoulder, laughing

uneasily.

"I can almost feel this old town frowning in at my window," she apologized, because I'm being weak enough to breathe my troubles to anybody."

"What happened after that?" Quarles

prompted.

"Oh, we lived along. People do, you know. That's the truth, that Jim's a good mining man. He's made several stakes, as he calls them, in his time. He always puts them back, though, into an-

other hole in the ground. 'Sometime,' he tells me, 'I'll find the big hole.' He thinks he has it now. But he's thought that so often . . ."

"The half-dozen children?" asked Quarles. "All cowgirls or whatever it

was?"

"We've had two. A girl and a boy. He was overseas; rose to a captaincy, and just twenty-two. He passed—he d—oh, why not say it! He was killed, in the last days of the war, just outside Sedan."

"Oh, Charlotte!"

"Yes. Well—the girl. Dorothy Montana Cragg. Jim insisted on the middle name; it was fashionable here, until people realized the cold truth that Montana simply doesn't do as a girl's name. We call her Dorothy. She would study medicine, at Northwestern. Said that was her bent and she had to live her own life. We were able to arrange it; she helped herself considerably after the first year or so. These modern youngsters! Now she's a mayor."

"A what?"

"A mayor. Isn't that too perfectly Western—women governors and the like? She's mayor of Melbane, a little railroad division point over in the prairie part of this State. They elected her to fill out some man or other's term—he died, I believe. We didn't even know she was running. It happened only three or four days ago. She telegraphed us; seldom writes. She's been three years this July on the railroad hospital staff at Melbane."

"Does she ever come home?" Quarles

inquired.

"Why, no. It's so far. One scarcely realizes Montana distances. This is the third largest State, you know."

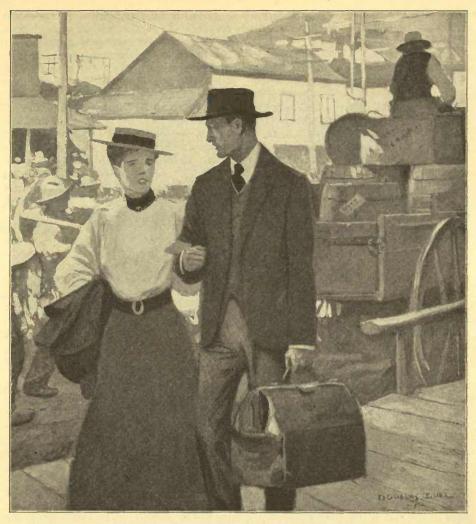
"Ever ask you to come and visit her?"
"Why, she couldn't—entertain us.
She could hardly see us. She's so busy."

"Living her own life, eh?"

His tone again was sarcastic. Instinctively she went to Dorothy's defense.

"We're proud of the child, Swep. Please don't think we're not. I—well, I rather wish sometimes that I'd had the common sense to live mine."

She hadn't intended to say that; she knew it meant nothing, really; it had come out of the desire to set Swep right



They had simply walked, on wood or in mud, when she was a young married woman.—Page 644.

as to the adored Dorothy. Altogether it was an appalling utterance; the more so because it flung Quarles from his chair once more.

"Life's not over yet!" he said, through teeth set as if they challenged time and eternity. "If you think it is, you're wrong. Twenty-five, thirty years yet, maybe forty. We can't tell. What is there you have to live for out here in this hole, Charlotte?"

She was thinking: there were big oaks and rounded hills down Lynchburg way, kindly, soft-voiced people in old Charlottesville, flowers through all that country. She had always felt herself a misfit in this West. Defeat, the boy's death, disappointments; it couldn't be that she belonged here. The front room's walls were pressing in on her like the walls in that Poe-chamber of hideous memory. She rose in her turn, as though stifled.

"I can't stand it inside this house," she said, thick-voiced. "Take me somewhere, Swep. Where we can talk."

"Anywhere!" he muttered.

When they stepped forth on the porch three minutes later, Charlotte's face was composed. She knew her Butte as a gossipy city for all its nerves of steel. A

West Side car was screeching into Park Street at the Emmett Street curb, two blocks away.

"The very place!" Charlotte exclaimed. "Columbia Gardens. A sort of park, east of town. This car runs out there."

The high-slung yellow monster, twothirds a Pullman's length, halted convulsively at the corner of Park and Excelsior. They took a leg-cramping seat near the rear. Talk being impossible in the thunderous interior, Quarles gave himself to scanning the people who got on and off, Charlotte to watching the town stream past the window—her town for twenty-

nine years.

People walked on cement, drove on macadam, in Park Street these days. They had simply walked, on wood or in mud, when she was a young married woman. There had been a bridge at the foot of Park Hill, spanning one of the numerous gulches that gashed Butte's landscape. Smoke from sulphide ores roasting in the open on the Flat had lain like a death's blanket over the city through bitter winters. Ore trains had run up and down Montana Street, the High School was just going up, there was no Phœnix Block, no Metals Bank building, there were log houses close to Main on West Broadway.

This afternoon brisk, prosperous-looking Americans bustled on the West Side. They gave way as the car crashed down East Park to crowds of the South Europeans who latterly manned the copper and zinc mines. Charlotte had come here in the era of the Irish miner, threefifty-a-day, "When Bryan Came to Butte." All those faces outside the car window, though, wore the same expression as formerly the others had worn. All were shrewd, impassive, controlled, yet full of a salty, knowledgeable humor. The mines and the mountains did not change; they ironed their philosophy into the features of whosoever came to their

After Gaylord Street and its stomachstirring nose-dive, the mines for a space lowered on the car on its leftward side. A tangle of gallows-frames, chutes, bins, sheds, and red board fences the mines stepped away up-hill into a sky of aluminum brushed with cotton.

She became conscious of a tenderness for this city. She wished that before leaving she might arrange somehow to put her arms around houses, people, mines, and all, comfortingly. During that ride Charlotte genuinely believed she was about to leave Butte.

The turn at the old Butte-Duluth workings swept the city from view, and the sprawling white dance pavilion stared down at them through a notch in the hills. Behind Columbia Gardens the Main Range gleamed grayly in its patched suit of old snow. Two minutes more and the car stood in the terminal. swaying as if it panted after its climb.

The two people, arm in arm, began to walk aimlessly through the park. Green benches that in summer had held picnicking families were piled along the boardwalk; the nickel arcades were shuttered; the roller-coaster's grind and the hrum of the Ferris wheel were absent from the air. Charlotte had not visited Columbia Gardens since the children were little, but she missed those noises instantly.

Swep pointed to a twenty-foot circular

depression in the snow.

"Looks like a fairy ring," he said, "where the Little People have been."

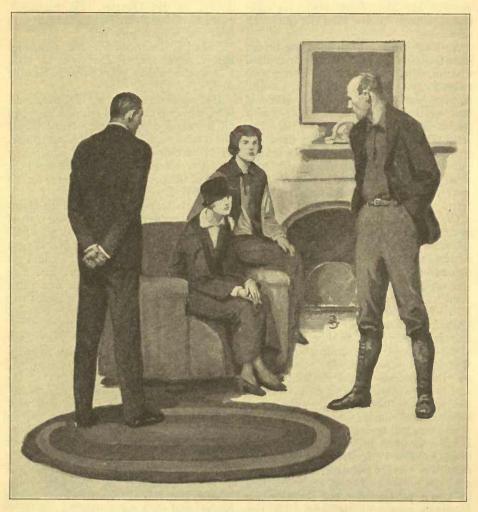
"Why-that's what it is!" Charlotte was thrilled. "They have the merry-goround there in summer."

They were not talking as much as they had expected; but neither were they greatly excited or depressed. Charlotte thought a good deal, as they walked, of the numberless Children's Days in summers gone—Thursdays, no carfares—when she had brought Bob and Dorothy out here. They had always loved the place; she had enjoyed the crowds and the Canadian poplar-trees. That was all long past. But she was not old. She told herself several times that the years lied.

They gravitated to the conservatory, with its bulging maroon domes and its flashing glass roofs. The old German caretaker was genial, as most men are who work with flowers. He introduced them to the two parrots who lived with him, Polly and Mike. They learned that Polly was seventy years of age, while Mike was over a hundred-on hearing which Mike laughed like a banshee and executed a giant swing around his perch.

"Up there," the old German told them, pointing with his pipe, "the fish-hatchery is. But in vinta-time of this place that part they down shut."

Red and purple flowers bloomed in the conservatory, in raised beds, waist-high. The air had a fragrance, a moisture, and a warmth from softly murmuring pipes. "Fish-hatchery?" said Swep. "You which intoxicated the two wanderers



As he talked, Jim Cragg's voice grew more and more hoarse, chesty, he-mannish.—Page 646.

friend?"

"But no-"

"Both of you are wrong," Charlotte announced primly. "He means fitchhashery."

They giggled, tear-stung eyes meeting and clinging. Swep pressed her arm tightly to his side, whispering "My dear! My dear!"

mean hatch-fishery, don't you, my among the flowers. One could almost believe the warmth came from the steelbright sun that glittered above the roofs of glass. They stayed long there, hating to leave. Where the flowers and parrots were was endless false spring.

At last, Charlotte's left arm swept her

wrist-watch up before her eyes.

"Gracious! It's a quarter after four, and dinner's at six, and Jim will be

starved after his trip! We must fly.

Have dinner with us, Swep."

The whole thing took place before she realized what she was doing or saying. Dinner had been at six on ten thousand days of her life. Swep made no comment; perhaps he saw then the end of all this.

As they "flew" down the long bridge from the ball park to the dancing-pavilion, Charlotte had glimpses of Butte, two miles away. The city clung to its hill, lapping over into the ancient lake-bed that was the Flat. Blue haze barred with steely sunshine hung above it. The mountains that ringed it were hard like glass, blue like polar ice, white like refined iron. The sun glanced off sundry windows in town and dazzled her eyes. Outwardly Butte was all hard surfaces, harsh

lights, smoke, stone.

On the homeward car Charlotte thought again about that city. In its way it was a famous place. Newspapers and fictioneers had tacked catch-phrases to it. "The richest hill on earth"... "the city of the copper collar"... "perch of the devil"... "toughest town in America."... What the world knew of Butte, it knew from those tags. And the world's knowledge was about as thorough as that of the cow-county legislator who had once thundered against it in the State capitol as "the Babylon of the Rockies." One had to have lived out long years in Butte to know what the place really was. Charlottesville, of course, was home.

She was still trying to tell herself what Butte was when they reached the brick house in West Park Street a few minutes after five. In the front room they discovered not only Jim Cragg, returned from his two days' questing, but also Dorothy Montana, mayor of Melbane. The two were holding hands and leaning into the

warmth from the electric heater.

"Here she is!" bellowed Jim, seeing Charlotte in the doorway. She had to submit to a double smother of kissing and pawing over. You started out across the world, you got as far as Columbia Gardens, you came back to this.

"Real news, girl!" Jim shouted. Then he saw Quarles, standing uncertainly in

the hall. "Why-why-"

"Surely, Jim, you remember Swepston

Quarles . . . Mr. Quarles, my daughter Dorothy. . . . An old Charlottesville friend of your father's and mine, dear. . . . Just—passing through."

Charlotte carried off the situation deftly, as did Quarles. He managed, even, to throw a convincing warmth into

eyes and a voice gone dull.

"Say!" Jim boomed, the amenities barely over with—"I've got to talk. I've worked thirty years or so to be able to."

Her husband's neck, his big, rough-cut face, the scalp under his thinned hair, had all turned a coppery red. Head thrust down between his shoulders, hands planted in corduroy hip pockets, one heavy boot-toe caressing the carpet, he faced the three of them. But his eyes were for his

wife, shyly.

"Charlotte, old girl, I've got the Hammerhead people and a Utah crowd started to bidding against each other for that hole in the ground down near Durant. Wasn't telling you about the deal till I could get it somewheres near cinched. But I've been hauling rock-peckers for one outfit or the other out there for the past three months. It'll be a mine now, I guess. Thought I—I'd give you a surprise."

As he talked, Jim Cragg's voice grew more and more hoarse, chesty, he-mannish. In this, Charlotte recognized, he was following one of the ways of the West. When you laid your life's achievement at the feet of a person you worshipped, you must make believe that it was nothing, hell's bells! nothing to it at all. Otherwise you were no true West-

erner.

"Oh, wonderful, Jim!" Even that was a little excessive, by Western code. "Now, you two sit down in front of the

heater, and we'll get dinner."

In the kitchen the two women tied each other's aprons. Looking at her daughter's splendidly shaped head and the strong, springing curves of her back and shoulders, Charlotte was swept by a sudden wild exultance. She had achieved this. Out of the years she had wrenched this perfection, to make up for anything the years had withheld from her.

The girl must have sensed her mother's inner triumphing, for she swung about the instant the bow-knot tightened against

her back. She seized Charlotte in a

fierce, hungry embrace.

"It's been so long, mother," she whispered. "I've never got over wanting you. But I had to—show I was worthy of you and dad."

Another Western humbuggery, thought Charlotte. You must put your sacredest loves and adorations on strictly moral grounds, that none might accuse you of out-and-out emotion.

She said aloud: "Dear, we're so proud, so proud"—and meant it, this time.

Altogether, Charlotte had a beautiful evening. If Jim wondered at all about Quarles's presence, his face did not show it. By dessert-time he fell to reminiscing of the wild days and times the city had seen. He told of the big explosion of 1805, of the A. P. A. riots, Bryan's visit in '97, the mine shut-down of 1903, the dynamiting of Miners' Union Hall, followed by martial law in '14, the boom days during the war, when Butte claimed to have reached the hundred-thousand mark, Bloody Wednesday on Anaconda Road, the Speculator Mine disaster. Quarles listened with interest, occasionally making rapid notes in a little pad jerked from his vest-pocket. He seemed largely to have cast off the depression that had weighed on him visibly before dinner.

Red episodes all, these of her husband's telling; they appealed to men. But they were no more the real Butte than were the pictures called up by the catch-phrases. They were merely the things that got into the newspapers. What was Butte, then, now that she knew what it was not?

She had grown up in Charlottesville, in the mellow State of Virginia. In this sere mountain mining town, she had ridden the tides of life. She had brought forth her children here, had lost games and won them, had met death and sorrow and learned to defy those as forces that could not conquer short of killing her. Now, at forty-eight, she was seeing her husband's eyes turning to her incessantly as he talked, that shy look in them as of one laying everything he had in the world at her feet. She was seeing her daughter well started in the way she had chosen and thanking her, Charlotte Cragg, for all she had and was. She was remembering the boy; with pain, true, but she had lived after even that frightful wound.

The place where such things came to people, she concluded, was the place that was meant by the word home. Wherever those things came to any one, would be home for that person. It might be London, Cape Town, Peoria, Unalaska, where-not. For her, Butte was home. It must be the same for thousands of other people who were living their lives there, and who never got into the newspapers.

She was deeply gladdened over her discovery. It brought a feeling of knowing at last exactly where she belonged; a very comforting feeling, she found. She began planning useful years in her own city.

Life was not over yet.

When Quarles took leave of them about nine o'clock, Charlotte accompanied him to the porch. She shut the door and walked with him to the head of the steps. Even night brought no softness to this city: the darkness stretching away from their feet was the ghost of blued steel, stippled with diamond light-points.

"Do you understand, Swep?" she

asked him.

"Yes. I understand," he said. "Well, at forty-nine, a man lives along, no matter what happens. This was a fool's errand I came on—though I don't regret it, Charlotte."

"Shall I see you again?"

"I think not. Spring should be on the way up from Lynchburg. It's warm now, or will be soon, at home—my home. Good-by, Charlotte."

The Mating Season of Co-Education

BY FRANK R. ARNOLD

DECORATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN

If you happen to be a graduate of a monastic New England college and then spend twenty years teaching in a Western co-educational college your point of view on educating the sexes together does much shunting about. You first endure, then pity, but as a rule do not embrace the ambient ardor for putting young men and women through the same cultural mill. Every spring your attitude even becomes that of despair. You sym-



pathize more than ever with Sisyphus as you fight against the triple foe of the college instructor: spring fever, coeducational calf love, and the classic indifference of the eighty-five per cent who, as

Doctor Clarence Little told the Michigan alumni in Boston, attend college for reasons other than those of love of knowledge. You get a co-educational complex far different from that of ordinary citizens.

Their view-point on co-education is mainly traditional, depending largely on whether the ordinary citizen is a man or a woman, on whether he first saw the light on the Atlantic seaboard or in the middle West, and possibly also on whether he is a taxpayer. He does not recognize it as a question that will not down and never can be satisfactorily settled. He usually dismisses co-education as a universal Western college blessing and an occasional Eastern college bane, but it is not so simple as all that. It is a problem as hard to settle, with as much to be said on both sides, as that of the epigeneticists and the preformationists. The taxpayer says that only Ohio can expect taxpayers to support three State universities, that no State can afford to give higher education to men and women separately, that

taxpayers want to see results, that the easiest result for a taxpayer to grasp is size, and that mammoth proportions in a State university are impossible without an attendance made up of both sexes. Simple and incontrovertible argument for the Babbitts and the other Main Streeters. Their point of view is worthy of all respect, but the real persons concerned are the students and teachers, and their opinions on the subject are rarely spread

abroad. All the same, they are God's own appointed spies on coeducation. Most young women students hold the taxpayer's opinion, but from different reasons. According to whether sex blows hot or cold, a girl student becomes an



enemy or an advocate of the system. Sex in the case of normal girls is a bigger business, with more insistent demands, a far more alluring game, than careers or intellectual joys, and so there never has been a girl student who, once having tasted the joys of co-education, desires to forego them. Occasionally a girl of the bisexual college system will admit that co-education was all right for her because she knew how to handle herself, but it would never do for her sister, whose life is one constant sequence of innocent love affairs. However, most girl products of the co-educational system probably hold the same opinion as a graduate of the University of Wisconsin who remarked once that a girl couldn't have a good time in college unless she were engaged. She herself had been engaged four times, once each college year, and was an ardent advocate of co-education. She was a good student and on graduating had become a teacher of Latin in an Iowa high school. She kept up the same engaging procedure all through adolescence until she finally

married a widower with two children. On a European trip a chance acquaintance asked her to wear his diamond, and she wore it all the time on shipboard but gave it back on landing at Liverpool. She didn't care anything about the man, said he was a bore, that when once you had "gone with" a college man you couldn't stand any other kind, and he was the other kind, and yet she would spend hours in his company, "playing the game." She was a girl of the type known to mothers as "thoroughly nice," and nothing in her conduct was open to criticism except possibly the fixed idea that any man's society was more interesting than a woman's. Sex with her was eternally in evidence, though never rampant, eternally calling for mild satisfaction like that of the Western student who went to Harvard to do graduate work and wrote to a chum that he should go crazy if he didn't find pretty soon some nice girl he could kiss.

The male student, however, is less concerned with sex than business. All the time in constant association with young women students, he often feels that coeducation is as distracting as spring fever, as an evil conscience or as a haunting melody, and it is thus because it is so productive of what is known in modern college slang as "female trouble." When you say of a boy student that he has female trouble you mean that he is all upset and unable to work because his girl hasn't written him, or because she is walking past the house, or because she has gone to a dance or a movie with a better man than he the night before, or because she simply will not allow him, in the Shakespearian phrase, to press his suit. How prevalent this distracting female trouble is may be seen by answers to a questionnaire conducted by a Western college paper. Students were asked to send in answers to the query as to whether coeducation is a blessing or a curse. It was a subject that they were all so familiar with they had never before even thought of discussing it. The girls wisely sent in no answers. Some of the men's answers were flippant but favorable. Co-education made a man shave every day. It kept him from being a brute. It broke up the adamantine monotony of classes. Freed from sex obsessions, with his girl

It made it possible to take a girl to the movies without squeamishness, because you could "stand anything" after having sat through a course in sociology with a lot of girls. Most of the answers, however, brought up the distracting side of the question. Co-education turned the college into a matrimonial bureau. No sense in wasting your time with "Janes," but you couldn't help it when you met them at every turn of the road. Ladies were always lying in wait for a student who wanted to study. What was the use of being "Anned" before you were out of college. One married student even said that co-education was a constant reminder that he had married too early. Women take too much of your time both before and after marriage, was the gist of the whole matter.

It was all the paleolithic cry that the woman tempted me and I did eat. Instead of accepting girl students as an integral part of college life, a necessary concomitant for the development of character, like strong drink and sports, to be used without abusing, the students thought they were being subjected to unnecessary and irresistible devourers of time. And though all had been developed fairly successfully under the co-educational régime, the general opinion was that the Amherst or Williams man, with Smith and Mount Holyoke girls within easy reach, but fortunately not within the gates, was far more favorably situated than the middle Western student whose daily fare was flavored with the feminine at every moment of the day.

Thus the student. The professor, on the other hand, can tell you just how distracting in other ways "female trouble" can be. He uses the simple Hamlet device of looking first on this picture and then on that. Two boys, both with high school love affairs on their hands, went to a Western co-educational college. The first two years they worked well and remained faithful to their high school girls. The next year the high school girls graduated and one boy advised his beloved to go to the State university, as he was at the State agricultural college and both realized that if they were to do any college work they would have to live apart. only now and then, the boy made a record in his junior year that showed him to be a good human being even if he were only an average student as far as books go. He bought a Tuxedo, an act of promotion to social virility for a student. He was elected president of his Greek letter fraternity and also of his journalistic club. He wrote and sold five articles for farm papers. He was associate editor of the college paper. Most marvellous of all for



a modern college student, so preoccupied with sex, movies, and sports, he had time for reading and used it to read such unrequired books as "The Plastic Age," "Martha," "The Sun Field," "Yvette," "Arrowsmith," and "The Recreations of a Psychologist," a list far from classical but a marvellous feat for a college student of to-day, who usually reads only because he has required subjects and rarely for his own pleasure. The other boy could not keep his girl from following him to his college and with her passed a purely sexual year. He dropped his fraternity life, studied only enough to get passing marks, let the French and dramatic clubs, of which he had been elected president, die of inanition, and read nothing except absolute essentials, never a book, not even a newspaper or a magazine. He had no thought in his head beyond flight to his best girl's arms, and by the end of the year he had no plans in life except to find a teaching position that would enable him to get married. The girl, who was simply marking time and was meant by nature only for a breeder, whose conversation was restricted entirely to exclamations such as "How nice!" and "That's

one hundred miles away and accessible lovely!" had no conception of her métier de femme that went so far as putting ambition into her future husband or even sharing any that he might have. The two children were helpless in the grip of sex, and co-education was responsible for a year that was wasted by both except as a valuable human experience from which neither had intelligence and will power enough to draw any profit. The young man's case is perhaps exceptional and is due to the opportunities of co-education. to the lack of will power on his side and of brains on the girl's side, but the case will recur constantly as long as colleges find no way of impressing on their students the elementary fact that co-educational colleges exist not as pleasure clubs with sex in the foreground, but as schools for the training of citizens and human beings. Over the doorways of every educational institution should be carved the verse: "There is a spiritual body" or else "You are human beings as well as animals," and from the first day of orientation courses to the commencement address the college should lay emphasis on the derivation and scope of the word "human."

The observing teacher will also note many false standards that spring up in co-educational institutions as upsetting in their way as the distractions of sex. An agricultural college in a far Western state sent one of its graduates to Oxford. After three years he returned to his college town, settled down as a lawyer, and while waiting for clients did much talking about Oxford before clubs of women or students. One of his most damaging statements to the cause of co-education was the fact that at Oxford he had discovered how delightful is the conversation of men.

"We used to study mornings," he said, "and devote our afternoons to outdoor sports until four, when we would gather in various rooms for afternoon tea and talk. It was then I learned for the first time in my life how extremely agreeable is men's conversation. Until then my idea of pleasure had been to take a girl to a dance, to a movie, or to ride in an automobile. All my pleasure had centred about the other sex, and as none of the girls I knew could 'talk,' as I couldn't 'talk' myself, I really discovered that sharpening one's wits against another's

and juggling with ideas is more fun than associating with girls. The French, I understand, consider conversation as a national game, but you'll never get that point of view at a co-educational college. You may have to travel as far as Oxford to understand it in its finest flowering."

Of course co-educational students could not grasp this Oxford message. They just thought the speaker was queer and un-American. Their whole scheme of pleasure was built around sex, with girls for every leisure moment. Such students are, for all practical purposes, married people without first having had the mental explorations and sexless friendships which are so vastly entertaining and valuable in non-co-educational colleges. Married are they also to the point of having the financial responsibilities of matrimony. One of the chief problems that come to a man student in a coeducational college is the price of amusements. Alone he does not mind an elevated seat in the gallery. He enjoys it. The price is within his reach. But he feels he has no right to go to the theatre without taking his "girl." As he cannot afford to take her to the best seats and no others are good enough for a man who would rather fail in every course than run the risk of being thought a "wet one" by a girl, he simply does not go. Besides, he must save his money for dances. He may belong to the dramatic club, he may be studying the drama, he may be a student of sociology or music, but all the same he ignores all major theatrical events such as the coming of Mrs. Fiske, of Jane Cowl, or of the San Carlo opera. He is happy only when second-rate companies come to town and he can "tumesce at four bits," to mingle familiar terms from Havelock Ellis and the West. Once when Olga Petrova wandered into a college town out in the Rockies she was much surprised to play to only half a house and that half all down-stairs. She immediately began to question local reporters and the manager as to the cause. The town was called the Athens of the State, was it not? Where were the Athenians? Why were there no college men and women in the house? Her play was of a see it. Were they not interested in the decreed that love demonstrations should

drama? Was the movie menace responsible? She had hoped to play to a houseful of students. Where were they? When the explanation finally came, she exclaimed: "You say that neither men nor women students go to the theatre alone or in groups? They must pair off like married people? Have they no intellectual courage? Why, they are simply sex automatons! They haven't even the fun of intellectual youth. Long ago I dropped the word 'intolerant' from my vocabulary.



Now, I simply wonder at things. And I must say your college young people drive me to wonder, amazement, awe, disgust. They almost make me intolerant. They are intolerable."

Another false standard is the inherent right which every man feels to show goodfellowship and affection toward college girls in public. It is known in country colleges as "pawing" or to animal-husbandry students by even a more technical name. A Yale student who came to teach in a Rocky Mountain college remarked that the way in which the sexes fondled each other in public was the most remarkable thing about the college. The men were always grabbing the arms or waists of girl students to help them upstairs or down, into chapel or out of lecture rooms. Students never sat demurely side by side but always tipped toward fascinating female curves or strokable necks and arms. And all in a perfectly innocent spirit of playful camaraderie, though subconscious sex must have been boiling below. The Yale man asked a student why so much lovemaking was sociological type and students ought to done in public. Hadn't good breeding



lighten dark corners and private homes rather than bright businesslike college halls?

The student looked at him in perplexity. Finally perception seemed to come. "Hell! That ain't love-making. That's just pawing." All the same, the Yale comment seemed to scatter a great awakening light and evolved an editorial in the college weekly from which we quote the

following cogent sentences:

"There is a pernicious habit among certain love-stricken youths of our college which can most accurately be described as 'pawing.' We have all seen it; the sane denounce it; too many girls permit This method of courtship, while it is no doubt ridiculous, is at the same time pathetic. We have one type of infatuated young man who thinks himself in love and wishes to inform the entire world of it. He meets the feminine object of his affection as she comes through the hallway between classes or elsewhere on the campus, greets her with outstretched arms and lets his hands flutter lightly over her dimpled cheeks, fondles her silken hair, and gazes searchingly into her dark, luminous eves.

"Another kind of girl-enamored swain proceeds in a somewhat different fashion. He sights his maiden on a walk on the campus, calls loudly for her to halt, strides up with a 'Lo, kid,' twines one of his brawny arms firmly about her neck, pinches her cheek, grabs her hand, and after a slight, noisy struggle appropriates her books or vanity case. Finally the class bell rings and the two separate.

herself popular. The fellow, with the spirit of 'conquest' still high, seeks another victim.

"Sex attraction is inborn. It is something we cannot well destroy. However, it can, to a desirable extent, be controlled. This open, unleashed, mauling mode of lifting the safety valve of calf-love is entirely out of date. It is primitive, bar-

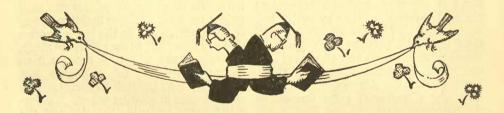
baric, and indecent."

Co-education is certainly distracting and full of false standards for both men and women students, and vet, if college is to be a complete preparation for life, if sex and business must be mingled early in life, there is no better school for mating than that offered by co-education. Most young men and young women are imperfectly polygamous or polyandrous before they settle down to monogamy. The young man enjoys an athletic girl for outdoor companionship, another for dancing, another for mental stimulus, and another still for steady domesticity. He has to learn, preferably before marriage, that no one woman can be all women to him. The young woman student has similar discoveries to make with regard to the young men of her generation. Her life happiness demands that she learn to hold her man with brains as well as sex, to realize that if he should ever murmur to himself with Andrea del Sarto, "Why not a brain?" her goose is cooked. In this respect co-education may be the best training ground for a pre-marital understanding of the opposite sex, but, on the other hand, it holds too constantly alert the mating instinct in woman. The cry-The girl goes to her next class thinking ing need of the world is mental mothers.

Primitive, physical, passionate mothers we have in abundance. But the mothers we need, the mothers who are to stimulate mentally the town, family, and church are all too rare and are not likely to be produced by the co-educational institutions. Such mothers need years of meditative acquisition, mental brooding as well as physical, and the fault of coeducation is that it awakens the mating mother instinct too early. If a woman is to be merely a physical mother, co-education is an admirable preparation. If her main business in life is to be a mentally resourceful human being as well as a mother, then co-education is objectionable for her. Whether you look at it from the point of view of the man or woman, student co-education interferes with the main business of life of the student, which. from eighteen to twenty-two, is preparation for being a good homo rather than I think she is just beginning to have stimulation of the mating impulse.

This point of view was admirably brought out by a superintendent of schools in one of the "cow counties" of a

far Western State. He had moved to the capital to educate his five children, the oldest a girl of sixteen. For her he demanded a private school for girls and gave the following explanation: "I want my daughter to have some girlhood. Coeducation in high school or college won't let her. It eliminates normal girlhood. If I let her go to our country high school she would have to be like other girls, go to dances three times a week and get married when she is seventeen and be a worn-out married woman with four or five children by the time she is twentythree. I want her to associate with girls whose mothers don't want them to marry until they have had an undistracted opportunity to get an education in high school and college. In our cow county we think an unmarried girl of twentythree has every chance to be an old maid. sense enough to venture on marriage. I've known nothing but co-education all my life, and I'd like to try something else for my children."



Nocturne in Erebus

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH

THREE VOICES

I

Mine be only a place to sleep, And dream a neglected dream; Somewhere to see a vanished face In a moon-moving stream.

II

Only be mine to lose the way To all save a lost delight; Forgetting and else forgotten In a star-trailing night.

III

Be mine only to see the sun Rise once, and a finger lay On where to dig into the sky, Against a dying day.

Generally Speaking

ARE AMERICANS "GRASPING MATERIALISTS" OR "SLOPPY IDEALISTS"?

BY T. B. SIMPSON



I was a wise man who said: "No generalizations are true—not even this one." But it is probably true, in general, to say that no country in the world is made the subject of so

many generalizations as the United States. "America is the apex of modern civilization," "America is fifty years behind Europe in education and morality," "Under Prohibition the United States have attained a standard of prosperity hitherto unknown in history," "The country is going to the dogs with drink and dope," "Americans are grasping materialists," "Americans are sloppy idealists"—these and a thousand other sweeping assertions are made every day, alike by native and alien. But, despite the many contradictions that exist between the dogmatists, there still does persist abroad a set of general ideas in common currency about America and the Americans. It is accordingly a matter of great interest to the inquiring visitor to find that, again speaking generally, they are nearly all wrong.

Of course some of the average European's preconceptions about the United States do, on investigation, prove to be correct. There does certainly appear to be a large number of automobiles in daily use, there is a high standard of material prosperity, many of the buildings in New York have attained surprising vertical dimensions, and American hospitality is unique and unforgetable. But until a man has been there he can have no idea what the country and its people are really like, especially if he relies on the typical American of books and anecdotes. A not unfair comparison may be drawn between a visit to the United States and a visit during the war (for business purposes) to the Western Front. During the war we

had the most detailed, accurate, and comprehensive descriptions, by picture and letter-press, of all that was happening in the war, and (perhaps better) one had spoken repeatedly with people who had been there. Yet until he went there himself, a man really did not *know* what it was like. The same considerations apply to an American visit; it is only fair to state that the latter is less dangerous, despite what we read in foreign newspapers about New

York gunmen.

Where then is it that the popular conceptions of America and its inhabitants go so far astray? First and foremost, we have the impression, gleaned perhaps from the restless flicker of the cinematograph, that the Americans are a nation of hustlers. To be disabused of this one need only enter a big business building in any of the great cities. In the large, impressive entrance-hall, whose pillars are made, as likely as not, of marble brought from Mount Pentelicus, fat goldfishes laze round in a tank beneath an immense mosaic executed in glowing colors. A reverential peace pervades the air, and the worshippers—I beg pardon, the men of business—speak in a hushed whisper if they speak at all. In these Cathedrals of Commerce every one has unlimited leisure. The high priest, or chief manager, instead of being immured in an inner holy of holies into which, in Europe, nothing less than a machine-gun section could force its way, sits in the outer office, beside the front door, and is accessible to everybody. He will talk to the casual visitor for an hour and a half, and nothing is farther from his mind than business. Who does the work remains a mystery, but presumably some is done by somebody.

The same absence of hustle impresses itself on the stranger in the places where he would most expect it—the railway-stations. To stand in one of the big New York stations suggests anything rather

than the strain and stress of railway travelling. For one thing, there are no trains in them, and that removes a disturbing element. A few languid travellers and redcaps saunter toward the lifts, while fretted vaults above them rise to unfathomable heights. I lost a train once through failure to appreciate the leisurely nature of American travel. Having deposited my bag to await the hour of departure, I asked for it only a quarter of an hour before my train was due to leave, and it did not appear in time. Naturally, the attendants were unused to my European hustle. Once in the train, our transatlantic traveller will find that it does not, with few exceptions, maintain the high average speed of an English ex-

The same spacious leisureliness characterizes even the speech of the American. It is sometimes supposed, quite wrongly, that in this he inclines to slang. On the contrary, he has time even to eschew contractions. He talks of "automobiles," while the poor Englishman, flustered by the struggle to earn a living in post-war Europe, has only time for "car." "Elevator" takes the place of "lift," and the humble "tram" is elongated into a "trollev-car." He even clings to the old-fashioned "gotten" for "got," regardless of the fate which overtook his countryman in England who, anxious to spend an evening with his loved one at the theatre, telegraphed that he had "gotten tickets.' When she appeared at the rendezvous with eight friends and relations, he must have regretted the employment of an archaic diction, the only meaning of which, to an English telegraph clerk, was that the sender had "got ten tickets" for the entertainment in question. A curious illustration of the ceremonial formality of American modes of speech may be noted in the courts, where the advent of a judge or judges, heralded in brusque and businesslike Britain by a curt "Court," is honored by an official proclaiming "The Honorable the District Court of the United States," or a no less impressive equivalent.

I have used the word "old-fashioned," and that, on mature reflection, is just the word to describe these "hustling moderns," the Americans. In the Eastern

States especially does one find the formal courtesy and Old World speech of eighteenth-century England. An arguable case could be made in favor of the view that New England is far more a relic of the past than old England; the latter has been more thoroughly imbued with the modernism of California than the former. In England I have never seen and would never expect to see the following phenomena, all observed in the United States—a high-wheeled bicycle in use, a plough in use, the sole motive power of which was a man, and a motor-bicycle (partially in use), the sole motive power of which was a horse. In England you would never find the "shoppe" which infests the streets of American cities; nor, be it added, the "hotte dogge" which intrepid observers have reported from a State that shall be nameless. In England I have never seen little girls who curtseyed when they met a stranger; in America it is not uncommon. Nor, even in Scotland, would I expect to find what may be witnessed to this day in the State of New Jersey, a wife who invariably addresses her husband as "Mr. Wallace." Consider two American business men addressing each other, gravely prefixing "Mr." to each other's names. although they have been acquainted for a generation; ponder over the current religious controversies of America; look at the club servants of New York; and reflect on the sad circumstance that fifty per cent of American girls are called "sister" by their brothers—can you then find it possible to deny that America is still in that fine flower of early Victorian culture from which the peoples of the Old World have long since degenerated?

All of a piece with this is the American reverence for tradition. A hasty generalization, current on the eastern side of the Atlantic, would have us believe that "this is a young people, without a long history, and therefore without any regard for tradition." Quite the contrary is the case. Nowhere is reverence for antiquities and historical associations greater; it may be seen even in the controversies which rage interminably among New Yorkers as to which Vanderbilt lived where. Tradition is none the less solemn or valuable because it grows quickly; every President who is re-elected for another term demon-

strates the truth of that assertion. The zeal for the past which finds one outlet in the collection of objects of historic interest (are there not forty-seven hoofs of Napoleon's favorite charger in New York alone?) shows itself in the care bestowed on the country's historic monuments. At Mount Vernon the visitor may behold Washington's home as it was when he lived in it; soon, we hope, he may see Arlington as the home of Robert E. Lee; and the man who could view the manœuvres of America's future officers at West Point in their 1812 uniforms without being profoundly impressed by the national devotion to her historic past must be dull of soul indeed.

A popular delusion about America which takes an unconscionable time a-dying is the belief that it is a democratic country, where all are equal. It is true that there are no hereditary titles, but there is still hereditary wealth, which is an even more powerful creator of a privileged caste. When I was in the States I heard well-educated persons of both sexes use shocking expressions that none in Great Britain would dare employ, except perhaps in a whisper and on a lonely moor. "The lower classes," I heard one lady say, and "common people," while I have heard the member of a highly placed circle refer to his friends and intimates as "born in the purple." In socialistic England this would be simply impossible. In any case a natural deficiency of titles is amply compensated by the vast number of societies which confer the most imposing and high-resounding ranks upon their members. A delightful sense of undemocratic grandeur is imparted by membership of the Elks, Mooses, Maccabees, American Woodmen, Ku Klux Klan, fraternities embellished with all the letters of the (Greek) alphabet, Knights of Jerusalem, Daughters of the Revolution. Pythians, and Masons of every shade and variety. Who would be a mere Sir or Lord when he might be a Most Worshipful Moose, or a Grand Double Eagle with crossed swords? These titles may not actually exist, but they convey the general idea.

Some old-fashioned people still look on the United States as the happy huntingground of "big business," of mammoth

corporations, of trusts. But of course this conception is curiously astray. It is par excellence, again speaking generally. the country of the small enterprise. Concrete instances always carry greater conviction than abstract statements, so in this regard I need only state that in one small country town I discovered no fewer than six banks, all main offices with no other branches. This is one more, broadly speaking, than all England possesses. Despite the fact that big stores seem to figure here and there, America is the country of the small shopkeeper, or, more correctly perhaps, shoppekeeper. There is a nice, homely atmosphere about it

The same atmosphere pervades the much-maligned American newspaper. Far from being too sensational, the daily journal has no "kick" at all for the jaded palate of a European reader. The headlines are bigger, it is true, but the reading matter is set before the reader with a restraint that in some respects is positively puritanical. Again to give the concrete instance. I doubt if this could be equalled in any European newspaper: "Battling for her honor and screaming with terror as she felt herself being overpowered, she was rescued by police when they entered just as the burly brute had forced the woman into an illicit liaison." Even in the reports of legal proceedings (so fruitful of scandal in England) a spade sometimes gets another name, as this extract (not a very old one) from a New York paper will show: "Punching and kicking the said plaintiff (a lady) in, on, and about the plaintiff's head, body, arms, and limbs." The only reproach that can be made against the press, if it be a reproach, is a too friendly interest in other people's affairs. One form of what Mr. Weller would have called this "amable weakness" is the publication of the citizen's income-tax returns. But even Britons, notoriously resentful of interest in their private affairs, would be glad to have such returns broadcast if they could be assured that their income tax would be levied on the same delightful scale. Even a century ago this pleasing feature of American life impressed itself on the overseas visitor. That eccentric but keen observer, Charles Waterton, writing of a

grand scale, except taxation."

Many other instances of these curious for it is the only country in the world they have prohibition or that its atcountry into a gigantic saloon; both these generally speaking, true.

visit in 1824, observed that "in the impressions are entirely wrong. But that United States of America all is upon a is another story, and enough has been said to demonstrate, largely by means of generalizations, how hopeless it is to misconceptions could doubtless be col- generalize about a country of such endlated. It is supposed that Americans are less varieties. Emerson says that "nahasty eaters; this is demonstrably absurd, ture resents generalizing, and insults the philosopher in every moment with a where it is worth while lingering over million of fresh particulars." America is one's food. It is supposed either that doing it all the time with about a hundred and twenty million human beings. Of tempted enforcement has turned the the figure I am not sure; but the fact is,

The Senior

BY IRENE H. WILSON

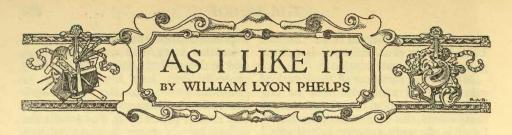
YOU will go out this June from cloistered halls Of academic wisdom, from quiet walks Beneath the campus trees, from starlit talks Of youth and life and God. Your future calls You into the swirl of cities and of men; You will not come this way again.

You touch my hand and speak sweet, awkward words Of thanks and parting. You will remember me As long as singing birds and stars shall be— And vet-You will forget.

I watch you go-I who have trembled for you, hoped, rejoiced, And stretched a careful finger forth to guide you.

Your soul is a clean, white book whose pages glow Scarlet and gold and blue-I shall not know The ending of the story therein voiced. Your soul is a fragile moth with pale gold wings, New-broken from its chrysalis; it clings Vibrant upon youth's stem; I shall not see The beauty of your flight, radiant and free. Your soul is a delicate plant I have watched unfolding Green leaf by clear green leaf; But you will flower far from my beholding, So frail remembrance is, so rare, so brief. Your soul is a small brown bird whose hesitant flying I follow anxiously; I cannot shield You from rough winds and storm. You flutter on, A gleam of sunlight round you prophesying Your soaring strength. Across the ripening field You drift, and lift above the wood-on-on-until You flash beyond the hill-

And you are gone.



CHOLARS in general and students of Browning in particular should hold in grateful remembrance the publisher Alfred Hafner, head of the famous firm of G. E. Stechert & Company, New York. It is owing solely to this firm that the Browning Concordance—a long-awaited work—has finally made its "A Concordance to the appearance. Works of Robert Browning. By Leslie N. Broughton, Assistant Professor of English in Cornell University, and Benjamin F. Stelter, Professor of English in Occidental College." The contents of these two huge quartos, containing more than 2,500 pages, with about 500,000 entries, each entry giving one complete line of poetry, had been ready for some years; but it was impossible to find a publisher who would take the risk or a patron who would defray expenses. Then Mr. Alfred Hafner—the firm of G. E. Stechert & Company-offered, unsolicited, thirty thousand dollars of real money and published the Concordance. The larger public libraries and every college library should have a copy; the steadily increasing number of teachers and students of Browning should make whatever sacrifice is necessary to own it. I have bought two copies, one for my home in New Haven and one for my home in Michigan. can't keep house without it.

It should be said that G. E. Stechert & Company did not invest thirty thousand dollars in this undertaking with the idea of getting it back. They knew that if every copy of the edition were sold, they would still lose money. Why did they do it, then? Well, why does any hero perform an act of self-sacrifice? For the same reason that Mr. Alfred Hafner decided to publish the Browning Concord-

ance.

It is interesting to observe how completely Browning's poetry has entered into common written and oral language. Some time ago I asked the undergraduates to act as Browning scouts and bring to me every quotation they found in contemporary novels, magazines, and newspapers. I receive contributions daily. Day by day in every way Browning's fame is growing.

The operatic season now drawing to a close has added much to my permanent store of happiness, for I have heard nine Wagner operas. This is, however, not the era of great singers. Remember the nineties-Jean and Edouard de Reszké, Plançon, Maurel, Eames, Ternina, Sembrich, Nordica, Calvé, Melba, Lehmann; and let us not forget the faithful Bauermeister, who (I am told) knew more rôles than any other singer in the world. Yet I believe that "Tristan und Isolde" as given in the Metropolitan Opera House in March had the best cast anywhere obtainable to-day —Larsen-Todsen, Branzell, Laubenthal, Bohnen, Schorr. I heard this for the second time this season, and of course enjoyed it even more than in January. I was accompanied by my colleague Karl Young, who reminded me of a strange remark by Matthew Arnold, who wrote to his wife from Munich, March 4, 1886: "I walked about a little and then went to the opera to see 'Tristram and Iseult.' I may say that I have managed the story better than Wagner. The second act is interminable, and without any action." Upon which Karl Young comments: "I regard Arnold as the most useful and instructive critic in our language, for literature and morals. But what incredible insensitiveness to music! 'Interminable' second act! You remember how it passed in one brief moment of concentrated, relentless beauty and passion. Our invaluable Arnold seems to have heard nothing."

Well, Herbert Spencer wrote some books on philosophy that exerted a wide influence; but his remarks on Raphael's paintings are worse than nothing.

Of all the unpleasant persons in story,

myth, and music Alberich is certainly one of the most offensive. I cannot make out why Wagner overlooked him in the general slaughter. Nearly everybody in the Ring meets a violent death; Siegfried is stabbed, Brünnhilde is burned, Hagen is drowned. But, so far as I know, Alberich is yet alive. I shall not have an easy moment until I hear of his demise.

The music critics in New York have a more enviable job than the dramatic critics. Of the new plays only about one in five is worth seeing; the others are mostly contemptible. Thus the play critics have to deal with inanities and vulgarities. But the music critics nearly always hear something elevating. Even if one conductor is not quite so good as another, or if one star differs from another star in glory, it is not depressing to hear Beethoven, Bach, Wagner, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Händel, Chaikovski, Franck, Strauss.

On the night of Thursday, March 11, in Philadelphia, I saw the billiard match between Mr. Schaefer and Mr. Hagenlocher, for the 18.2 championship of the world. It was a thrilling contest; both men were nervous, missing shots that they would not have missed in exhibition play. Mr. Hagenlocher, a pale, refined, high-strung young man, looked exactly as I used to feel in golf and tennis tournaments; he was within a few points of victory, and simply could not score, because he could not re-While he was trying to end the match, Mr. Schaefer made about two hundred points, every point a stab in his opponent's heart. It looked as if the tremendous lead obtained by Mr. Hagenlocher might be overcome. But Mr. Schaefer was also cramped with excitement, and finally, in an attempt at a feathery shot, missed the first ball! This left the globes in perfect position, and his opponent easily ran out, the time being after half-past one in the morning. Thus Mr. Hagenlocher became, for the first time in his career, champion of the world.

It was instructive to see these players in a state of nervous torment; for it shows that the professionals cannot attain perfect ease of body and mind when that condition is most to be desired. In other words, they are not efficient machines, but human beings; and suffer from one of the chief curses of humanity. One's ability to do anything decreases in exact proportion to one's desire to do it. As Browning says:

"Ask that particular devil whose task it is To trip the all-but-at perfection,—slur The line of the painter just where paint leaves off

And life begins,—puts ice into the ode
O' the poet while he cries 'Next stanza—
fire ''

Inscribes all human effort with one word, Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!"

Speaking of Browning, a tiny book (edition limited to 250 copies) by Percy L. Babington, of Cambridge University. published by John Castle, London, and called "Browning and Calverley, or Poem and Parody," will be of great interest to those who enjoy both "The Ring and the Book" and Calverley's classic parody of it. Mr. Babington has three objects in view: "To suggest that Calverley's own attitude to the poem which he parodied was one of delighted interest and keen admiration. . . . To tempt certain lovers of Browning, who tend to be overserious, to relax for a while in the company of one of the great masters of light verse. . . . To remind myself of the many happy hours which I have spent with 'The Ring and the Book' during the last thirty years."

Calverley's parody, "The Cock and the Bull," appears on the left pages, with the line references to the original on the right pages. It is evident that Calverley knew the epic as few have known it.

Another small book comes out of Cambridge; small, but weighty in thought, and of moment to those seriously interested in religion and willing to read something that demands close attention and mental athletics. This is "Miracle and Its Philosophical Presuppositions," by Doctor F. R. Tennant, fellow and lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge.

To those who read German let me recommend "J. P. Eckermann. Sein Leben für Goethe," by H. H. Houben. Eckermann's biography is here told in his diaries and letters. Eckermann was not a liter-

ary genius like Boswell; on the other hand, he talked with a far greater man than Johnson. Let me remind all who are sincerely interested in the life, personality, and works of Goethe that we have at Yale University, thanks to fifty years' labor of Mr. W. A. Speck, the finest Goethe collection anywhere outside of Weimar. Mr. Speck is glad to show the treasures to any intelligent person who wishes to see them.

Doctor Wilfred T. Grenfell, one of the most useful men in the world, has written for the American Library Association a small pamphlet called "Religion in Everyday Life." It is characterized by that combination of spirituality and practical wisdom that we rightly associate with the man himself. It is the twentieth volume in a series published by the American Library Association, called "Reading with a Purpose." Every booklet in the series is written by an authority, and the whole, taken together, offer a liberal education.

Two books, in lighter vein, will give pleasure to every normal mind. Stoddard King, author of the famous song, "The Long, Long Trail," and now columnist of the Spokane Spokesman-Review, has collected his verses in a volume named "What the Queen Said, and Further Facetious Fragments." The engaging humor of the material is matched by the dexterity of the style; and occasionally there are poems of high imagination, like "Notes on a Concert." Do you want a diverting book to read aloud in congenial company? Here it is.

W. Lyon, a publisher of Dublin, who writes "because your name is two-thirds the same as my own," etc., sends me a gay book of parodies called "A Green Jackdaw," by M. J. MacManus. beloved victims of the author are Chesterton, Yeats, James Stephens, Vachel Lindsay, A. E. Housman, and others. The one on Harold Munro, called "Trees

Walking," is a good sample:

"If suddenly a tree should leave the

And towards you come and shake you by the hand,

I wonder what would be your attitude Towards this strange thing you would not understand?

And should this tree, a chestnut, larch, or

Waltz round you to a measure gay and frisky.

What thought would strike you then, I wonder? Mine

Would be to take more soda with my whis-

The United States has been fortunate during the past winter in having among its inhabitants Mr. and Mrs. John Galsworthy, who know where to find a good climate. Mr. Galsworthy wrote a brief and charming letter to a New York newspaper. It seems that this journal had stated that he was writing a novel of American life. Mr. Galsworthy delicately suggested that with the trifling exception that it was not a novel but a play, and not on American but on English life, the news item was absolutely accurate. I hope we shall see the play next season in New York.

Examples of bodily stamina: On March 31 C. W. Hart, an Englishman within two weeks of being 62 years old, ran 180 miles in three days, averaging 6½ miles an hour. In May, 1906, the American, E. P. Weston, walked from Philadelphia to New York, 95 miles, in one day. He was 68 years old. On October 18, 1916, Sidney Hatch, in the prime of life, ran from Milwaukee to Chicago, 95 miles, in 14 hours, 50 minutes, 30 seconds.

I wonder how far a man can run in one day? The amazing fact is that in Madison Square Garden, New York, on February 27, 1882, the Englishman Charles Rowell ran in one day (less than 23 hours) 150 miles. So far as I know, this is the longest distance ever run by a human being in one day. But what makes it doubly amazing is the fact that Rowell was not trying for a day's, but a six-day, record. By Wednesday night—three days—he had covered more than 350 miles, but on Thursday he broke down, and had to withdraw. Now if he had tried on Monday for a day's record, he would have gone even farther than he did, and yet, as it was, he established a day's record that has not yet been equalled.

Tames R. Garvin, of Philadelphia, tells me that not all good headlines are found

in the newspapers. Incredible as it may seem, he found the following headline in a *church bulletin*:

RUTH, WAS SHE A VICTIM OR A VAMP?

Edwin Mims, Jr., a Yale graduate, son of the distinguished professor at Vanderbilt University, enters the Fano Club, with "Tanti saluti, ricordi, ed auguri di Fano." I have also just received Fano Easter greetings from Professor Mabellini, the resident librarian.

It is surprising how many persons have read every word of the "Faerie Queene." New members of the club are: Mrs. Richard T. Blow, of Pasadena, who read the poem at the age of fourteen; Miss Elizabeth S. Kahn, of Cincinnati, when fifteen; Miss Anna A. Price and George O. Price, of Newark, N. J., in their early youth; John A. Rogers, Charles E. Ward, Aldah L. Womble, of the University of Mississippi. Thaddeus Welles Goodridge, a graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, and now living in Paris, read the poem in Santa Barbara during a succession of breakfasts and post-breakfast tobacco; he is going to read it again. Roger S. Boardman enters his father, who always prided himself on having read the entire work: "I have never had the courage to follow the paternal example, but I would fain rejoice in the reflected glory of an inherited membership. Couldn't you arrange it?" I could, can, and shall. He adds: "Can't you direct your powerful [sic] influence against the widely used but pernicious expression win out and lose out? Win and lose are good, virile Anglo-Saxon terms in themselves. Please do something to knock the outs out." Well, they are superfluous and irritating. My powerful influence is against them. I remember how the late William Everett hated the expression "I won't stand for it."

I regret to say that Thomas S. Hayes, of Ponce, Porto Rico, nominates for the Ignoble Prize Franklin's Autobiography! It is one of my favorite books. He does not like it, because he has to teach it to five classes every day. I never taught it five times daily, but I taught it to undergraduates for twenty-five years.

James R. Garvin, of Philadelphia, also nominates the expression "Thundered the lawyer," as found in the reports of court cases. "Don't you find more squeaking than thundering, and don't you think a long-suffering public would be thankful if you could abolish this with a blast of editorial lightning?" If, said the Laconians.

Stanley V. Miller, of Brooklyn, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "The Star-Spangled Banner," remarking: "I dislike the words and hate the tune." I record this expression of opinion, but it so happens that I regard this national anthem as a happy marriage of poetry and music.

Miss Alice M. Creed (good name), of South Bend, Ind., nominates the abbreviation M. E. for Methodist Episcopal. "Our own members are, perhaps, the greatest offenders in this matter, but cannot you educate your readers to the use of Methodist instead of M. E.? We do not say Pres. or Bapt. or Luth."

If you want to read genuine history commingled with thrills, read "The Overbury Mystery: a Chronicle of Fact and Drama of the Law," by His Honor Judge Edward Abbott Parry. Sir Thomas Overbury is chiefly famous in literature for his "Book of Characters" (1614); but his life, political intrigues, and murder are more exciting than his essays. Here is one of those actual happenings that couldn't have occurred.

In the New York World I read a quotation from Samuel Taylor Moore in The Independent: "It is difficult to believe that one-half of the population of the nation's greatest metropolis is one hundred per cent moron, but that is indicated by the circulation statistics of such an impartial organization as the Audit Bureau of Circulations."

I find it quite easy to believe this. Look at the list of plays running in the New York theatres. A large number of them are so abominably indecent that they seem to be written of criminals, for criminals, and by criminals; others are so incredibly inane that they seem to be written of imbeciles, for imbeciles, and by imbeciles. The late William Archer, after praising many things in the New York theatres, said that we were leading the world in indecency; and Mr. Cyril Maude told me that a certain play, now drawing

packed houses in New York, was worse than anything he had ever seen or heard in Paris or London. Neither Mr. Maude nor Mr. Archer could be called squeamish or prudish. Indecency has curious byproducts. A play called "Puppy Love" is praised simply because it is a "clean" farce. True enough, but it appears to be written for idiotic infants.

Mrs. W. S. Case, the literary critic of the Hartford *Courant*, writes me that at a performance of "The Master Builder" in New York: "We had behind us a simply *priceless* pair. As they kept still during the action I have no fault to find with them. While the curtain was down the man, who was the really strong mind of the combination—the girl having apparently no least glimmering of any sort of intelligence—the man remarked: 'Eva Le Gallienne, ah, yes; she has a brother, Richard Le Gallienne, in the movies.'"

The critic, James Agate, recently began a criticism of a play by saying that it was the sort of thing that Polonius would like. Polonius would have a wonderful time in New York this year. If you have forgotten the literary taste of Polonius, it will not hurt you to reread "Hamlet." There are several other good things in that play.

Which reminds me that the eminent Shakespearian scholar, Professor Tucker Brooke, has just published a small book called "Shakespeare of Stratford." This contains every known fact about the life of William Shakespeare, with personal remarks by his contemporaries. I do not know where one can find a better collection of authentic material, as distinguished from conjecture. Mr. Brooke's brief comments are illuminating.

I am not competent to discuss the theory of Evolution, but those who are interested might look up an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1925, by the distinguished novelist Charles D. Stewart, which puts the shoe of heresy on the other foot. "Evolution at first is a supreme act of faith, under the guise of a 'working hypothesis,' and very soon it has become a sort of theology, disbelieving which you are a heretic."

In the April number of Scribner's I printed Mr. George H. Tripp's attack on the word "kid" as used for a child. Miss Anna Fessenden hates it with equal fervor,

but she reminds me that Jane Welsh Carlyle used the word in that sense in 1842.

In the same number of SCRIBNER'S Mrs. Padraic Colum has one of the most penetrating and thoughtful essays in literary criticism that I have read in a long time. It is called "A Critical Credo," and should be read and reread by every one interested in contemporary literature. She believes that our age, with its absorption in sensational novelties, is becoming insensitive to great literature. Our youth read the smart magazines and the "newest" writers, but they apparently cannot enjoy Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe. Her remarks on individual authors like Bernard Shaw are challenging. "He has no real power of creating character; there is no Shaw world as there is an Ibsen world or a Shakespeare world; instead of creating human beings he assembles a series of qualities, opinions, and ideas which he attaches to a lay figure." I persuaded my friend Thomas Sergeant Perry, for whose scholarship and judgment I have immense respect, to read Mrs. Colum's article, and he writes: "It reminds me of good talk that I used to hear when there were living people who cared for such subjects. There is a good deal of thought behind what she says and she says many true things, though if spoken in intelligent company they would meet much contradiction and correction. . . . Thus, where one might put in a word, is for example about Dante. I don't think it was the Italian's devotion to women that set the old man going so much as the B. V. in the church. Men for a time were comparatively indifferent to Shakespeare, because what they were working for was a civilized refinement which he did not represent." When it comes to good talk, I know no better conversationist than Mr. Perry himself. No one will agree with everything that Mrs. Colum says; I am sorry to see her treat Sherwood Anderson and James Joyce with intellectual respect. I have never read Joyce, but Doctor Joseph Collins (between the acts of a New York play) gave me a quotation which is more than sufficient.

It is I think unfortunate that many of our youth are more familiar with the Ulysses of James Joyce than they are with the Ulysses of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Tennyson, or with Ulysses Simpson Grant.

If a foreigner judged America by the "Americana" in *The American Mercury*, he would think we were a nation of blockheads; if he judged America by the "Intelligentsia" in *McNaught's Monthly*, he would think we were maniacs.

Sometimes I feel like Elijah under the juniper-tree—"it is enough." But there are yet seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

Mrs. Colum not only knows how to write an essay, she can also write a laconic telegram. When her distinguished husband lectured at Yale, he showed me half an hour before the lecture a telegram he had just received from his wife:

Forgot dress shirt.-Mollie.

Every old bachelor who reads that telegram will be filled with yearning. Turgenev said he would give all his genius if there were one woman in the world who cared whether or not he were late to dinner.

Speaking of bachelors, one charming maiden writes me that she wishes she had a husband merely for the purpose of reading Scribner's aloud to him. She has a cat—does she know the old story of the virgin who said she had no need of a husband because she had a chimney that smoked, a parrot who swore, and a cat that stayed out all night? Anyhow, she reads Scribner's to Jimmie, the cat, and he purrs whenever a good phrase strikes his ears. And he signed the letter himself!

It is amazing how many cattists there are. Every day it seems that I receive some tribute to the sacred beast. I add one in prose, one in verse. The Boston Herald states that a large tiger cat, Billy Sunday by name, walked or ran 210 miles to reach its former home. "The cat was apparently fatigued." this information to Thomas Dreier, who sends me the following poem, which, I am happy to say, I also received from Miss Mae Trovillion, of Carbondale, Ill., where my friend Lorado Taft and I appeared on the platform in a double bill. The poem particularly impressed me because I once owned a brilliant cat named Ginger, who was eliminated by an automobile. The poem appeared in R. H. L.'s column in the Chicago *Tribune*.

PEDIGREE

"An aunt of mine owns Ginger,
An aristocrat of cats.
He's Persian, golden in the sun,
And pointedly high-hats
My small, mud-colored alley friend
In condescending chats.

Bred in expensive catteries,
The finest to be had,
Were Ginger's hand-picked ancestors.
My kitty says he's glad
That his folks were romanticists:
His mother loved his dad."

B. D. F.

The Manchester Guardian for March 9:

A curiously practical-minded people, these Americans. Last year there was an embargo on the importation of shamrock for St. Patrick's Day, but this year, says Reuter, supplies will be admitted provided the Federal regulations concerning "the danger of the importation of agricultural pests" are strictly observed. Only a naturally poetical mind would have thought of the shamrock as an agricultural pest.

"A shamrock by the river's brim, A mere boll-weevil was to him, And banned upon that score."

But it makes one wonder about those *British nightingales* which "Miscellany" recently announced, on private but authenticated information, had been shipped to the order of a Florida "realtor." Nothing has been yet heard of them on the other side; where are they?

Well, in this morning's New York papers I read that Edward W. Bok has imported for his paradise at Mountain Lake, Fla., a consignment of nightingales. They have just arrived and will be rushed through the New York customs and then sent to Mr. Bok's bird sanctuary.

P. G. Wodehouse, the English humorist, writes stories that combine interesting plots with such sidesplitting fun that I become hysterical. If you want to laugh to the edge of tears, read the two books "Sam in the Suburbs" and "He Rather Enjoyed It."

The mystery novelist, J. S. Fletcher, has

just published a grim novel of English village life, called "The Root of All Evil." The heroine is a money-mad maid, whose career ends in an edifying manner. Archibald Marshall and Horace Vachell have co-operated in a good yarn, "Mote House Mystery." Another English novelist, Victor L. Whitechurch, writes an entertaining novel of cathedral-town life called "The Dean and Jecinora." Jecinora is what I should call a capable woman. Good mystery tales are: "The Golden Beast," by the reliable Oppenheim; "The Dower House Mystery" (ripping), by P. Wentworth; "Inspector French's Greatest Case," by F. W. Crofts; "The Strange Countess," by Edgar Wallace; and "The House of Crimson Shadows," by H. De Vere Stacpoole.

The chief point of interest in Sheila Kaye-Smith's first novel, "Starbrace," just reprinted, lies in the development shown in her later books, which are at least thirty-six times as good as this.

For those who would rather read sound, intelligent, and thoughtful criticism on Shelley than sensational distortions of the truth, I recommend the little book, "Shelley—the Man and the Poet," by the late Mr. Clutton-Brock, who entered into heaven and earthly fame at about the same time.

An extraordinarily interesting book is "The Diary of a Country Parson; the Reverend James Woodforde," edited by John Beresford. These two volumes are extracts from the diary of a country clergyman in England from 1758 to 1803. He was a man of learning and good taste who was content to spend his life in congenial obscurity. After the lapse of more than a century his journal, now published, may well give him immortality. book is simply invaluable for its picture of life at the university and in an English village. The editor, whose previous publications have admirably fitted him for this task, has written a short introduction full of wit, judgment, and insight into human nature. The diary itself is so fascinating that I recommend it to Scribnerians without qualification.

With reference to the vexed question of programme music, story-telling in notation, etc., Henry Wilson Goodrich, of Philadelphia, sends me the following interesting comment:

In a book devoted to the æsthetic arts, a learned professor was demonstrating the mental effect of music. Music originated thus, progressed so, and terminated in this manner. "Therefore," the profound conclusion began—"therefore, music cannot

tell a story."

The professor evidently never heard "Don Quixote" or he would have admitted the possibility of a tone narrative or tonal description as well as a "tone poem." What musician who ever spent from nine A. M. till three the following A. M. hunting for the ending to the elusive strain would deny that music had the power to express every emotion, every thought that could adorn the printed page? What is a military march, but a short story—a narrative—usually in four sentences? Isn't "1812" overture a story? And so on for hundreds of productions. What think you—can music tell a story?

I have asked two musicians if music could tell a story. One had sat under Sousa. The other now sits under Stokowski. One said, "Yes, of course!" The other thought the professor was right, but reluctantly admitted that it might though

"if you knew the story first."

My own feeling is that music can not only express every emotion, every thought that can be expressed in print, but many that are quite beyond the reach of words. The best music is untranslatable.

Of the "first" novels of this season, the best that I have read is "The Hounds of Spring," by Sylvia Thompson. Many a veteran would be glad to have written it. The worst novel I have read is "Dark Laughter."







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The Wandering Minstrel. From the water-color by Edwin A. Abbey.

had from the study of masterpieces springs from the materials in which they are produced. There is something like inevitability about the great artist's choice of a medium. He gravitates by a kind of predestination to the one whose genius is fitted to the expression of his own. Within the experience of the individual artist a given work will call for a specific medium. sculptor, for example, will decide upon marble, stone, terra-cotta, bronze, ivory, wood or wax, according to his mood and his theme. By the same token, certain masters are unthinkable save in a certain medium. Cellini is unquestionably at his best in metal. On the other hand, imagination boggles at the idea of what would have happened if Claus Sluter had been ordered to put into bronze his great figures for the Well at Dijon; they sim-

GOOD part of the pleasure to be ply had to be carved out of stone. In a work of art the material is half the battle. It is a ponderable thing, but it is closely allied with the imponderables.

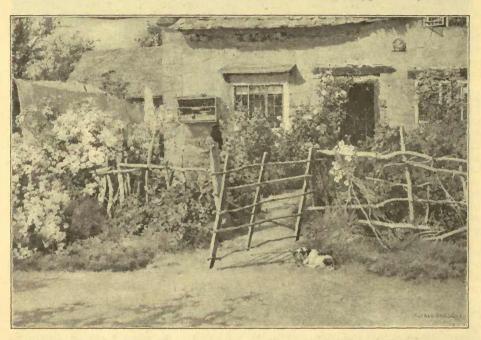
> The student of painting is bound to feel this the moment he begins to retrace the developments of pictorial art. Looking at the Italian Primitives he observes nothing more vividly than the quality of their color, so even, so limpid, so pure. It is a quality singularly decorative, hardly to be characterized as "flat" or "thin," but at the same time absolutely free from rugosities and having its force always delicately tempered, always held in restraint. That quality rests inalienably upon the nature of tempera. It is so beautiful, so exquisitely adapted to the purpose of the colorist, that it would seem as though no change could have been desired. Nevertheless, early in the fifteenth century the change took place,

Vol. LXXIX .- 48

665

and when the Van Eycks made their experiments in Flanders, substituting linseed oil for the white or the volk of egg, they not only perfected a new medium but promoted the development of a new art of painting. I love to visualize in imagination the prodigious stir in Italian Antonello da Messina had got back from

When I read a passage like that I have to smile a little ruefully over the allusions which I have not infrequently made to technique as "only" a means to an end. I have used the word as countless others have used it, justly enough, on occasion. When you are looking, say, at Leonardo's studios when the news flew about that Last Supper it is only as a means to an end that technique appeals to you. But



An English Cottage. From the water-color by Alfred Parsons.

the Low Countries bringing with him the secret of a novel manipulation of paint. He had gone thither and drunk deep of the Van Eyckish spring, and his return with his lore set the minds of the painters aglow. Vasari is delightful on the subject:

This manner of painting kindles the pigments and nothing else is needed save diligence and devotion, because the oil in itself softens and sweetens the colors and renders them more delicate and more easily blended than do the other mediums. While the work is wet the colors readily mix and unite one with the other; in short, by this method the artists impart wonderful grace and vivacity and vigor to their figures, so much so that these often seem to us in relief and ready to issue forth from the panel, especially when they are carried out in good drawing, with invention and a beautiful style.

I see technique. I see the manipulation of paint, in another light, when I am looking at the surfaces of a Velasquez or a Vermeer, when I am savoring the virtuosity of a Rembrandt, a Hals, a Manet, or a Sargent. Then I realize how oil pigment takes on a status of its own, has a genius of its own, in the exploitation of which a master may work a big magic.

T is so with oil and it is so with watercolor. The latter medium in its turn has a genius of its own, one of the most enchanting in the history of art. It is the genius of lightness and spontaneity, of an execution that is fresh, swift, glancing, and brilliant. Fragonard, a master



In St. Mark's, Venice.
From the water-color by Robert Blum in the Cincinnati Museum.

of the craft, has been said to serve in his water-colors "a breakfast of sunshine." It is a pretty saying, but water-color has been susceptible of far more than pretty The old masters used it with things. great seriousness in preliminary studies for their works in oil. Claude employed water-color as a vehicle for gestures in the grand style. With a few linear touches and with broad washes he gave to ground and tree forms positive majesty. The fact is that there is nothing really haphazard about your true water-color. Painting in this medium is one of the most thoughtful of the arts. It is amusing to read the old description of the method of Alexander Cozens, a natural son of Peter the Great by an English mother, who went to study art in Italy at the expense of the Czar and came to England about the middle of the eighteenth century to range himself as one of the fathers of British water-color painting. His mode was to "dash out upon several pieces of paper a number of accidental large blots and loose flourishes, from which he selected forms, and some-

times produced very grand ideas." He undertook to show how the trick was done in a brochure on A New Method of Drawing Original Landscapes. Original indeed! For his pains he got himself called "Blotmaster-General to the Town," and when it comes to actual paternity in the British school he has to yield to Paul Sandby. If I were an Englishman I would pause at this point to launch upon eulogy. The British are inordinately proud of their water-colorists, and I notice that when they write about the medium they are wont tacitly if not explicitly to assign a certain primacy to their own men. I would not so much dispute it as accept it with a few reservations. It was diverting, for example, when the big Sargent show was held at Burlington House last winter, to find one malcontent in London comparing our painter with the old Englishmen to his disadvantage. He had gone off to Italy and the Alps when he might have stayed serene in Surrey. You can't reason with fatuity like that. And yet I can understand how the English feel about their

water-colorists. They make a noble line practising a suavely deliberate method. down through Sandby, Girtin, Turner, Constable, Bonington, Cotman, De Wint, Prout, and Cox. Even that fairly voluminous enumeration omits some names hardly less memorable. And they have all played the game with superb fidelity to a sound tradition.

It is a tradition compounded equally



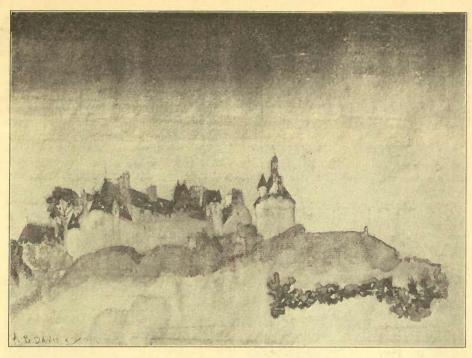
The Library, Venice. From the water-color by John Sargent.

of observation and feeling. It pays a profound respect to the integrity and the sentiment of the English countryside. With a few members of the group an impression takes on notable individuality. It is so with Constable and Bonington, whose naturalism has great original force. It is so with Turner, especially in his later Italian period, when Nature served him more as a peg on which to hang chromatic fantasies. But the school as a school from its beginnings in the eighteenth century well into the nineteenth has been pretty carefully topographical,

more or less minutely realistic. It has more calm than it has nervous energy. It is generally in a rather low key. Its persistent charm lies in its repose, its tenderness, its dignity, and, above all, its simple truth. Where it palls perhaps upon the foreign observer is in its equable tone, which sometimes comes very near

to insipidity. Before a collection of old English watercolors you presently wish that more of the men who made them might have been inclined to let themselves go as Turner and Bonington managed to do. Possibly they couldn't do it, because, after all, they were men of talent rather than men of genius. A traditional type is rarely creative, and the British school is saturated in tradition. In one respect the critic is glad of it, because it happened to mean wonderfully delicate and exact draftsmanship. There is no one like an English watercolorist to interpret the form and character of boughs and leafage. Mr. E. Barnard Lintott, an English practitioner, published the other day an admirable compendium on The Art of Water-Color Painting, a book containing some luminous pages on the technique of the subject. I rejoice to find in it a whole chapter on the importance of drawing, a chapter

starting with laudation of the great saying of Ingres: Le dessin, c'est la probité de l'art. From another Frenchman, Jean Paul Laurens, he quoted these other eloquent words: "Drawing is painting and painting is drawing. The matter cannot be put more clearly, and the true painter draws with a brush, in full and opulent form, while the draftsman of ability suggests color in his drawing." The British have always taken this axiom to heart. They have drawn like gentlemen, in a clear, firm, expressive manner. I include among my illustrations a water-color by Alfred



Chaumont.
From the water-color by Arthur B. Davies.

Parsons, the Englishman whose floral decorations will be remembered from the days when he used to collaborate with Abbey. It is beautifully painted and beautiful in color, but I cite it particularly for its fine drawing, in which it is representative of a whole school. It suggests also the greater freedom which has been developed by the later men. Following the old landscape masters, the Pre-Raphaelites like Rossetti and Burne-Jones adhered to that deliberation to which I have already alluded. But when French influence began to creep in and Whistler came into view English water-color gained in elasticity. The styles of such men as Brangwyn and Sargent also had something to do with it. There is plenty of vivacity in the school to-day, vivacity of the sort that you see in the watercolor portraits by Ambrose McEvoy.

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WATER-COLOR has been widely used of course all over the Continent, ever since its resources were appre-

ciated by men like Dürer, Holbein, and Rembrandt. But, though Claude is a landmark in this field, the moderns in France have hardly revived his magic. Perhaps it is because the light, evanescent intangibility of the medium is but ill adapted to the grim battle for attention that goes on in the Paris Salon. I could cite some good water-colorists in France, but nothing like the school that was developed, for example, in Holland. There was a company of water-colorists to be remembered—Mauve, Bosboom, and the rest! They painted in low tones as they could not help but paint, with their gray skies, dark green landscape, and angry seas. They painted with great simplicity and breadth, and they had the distinction of painting with style, even though it was a style they shared in common. The modern Dutchmen, too, had a virtue linking them to the earlier Englishmen. They had character, the character that an artist draws from painting his own country with sincerity and truth. Seeking elsewhere in

Europe for anything like the same soli- is not the only path to high achievedarity and salience in the exploitation of ment. this medium, the inquirer would linger most sympathetically, I think, in Spain. If a genuinely exhaustive survey of the subject is ever made—as it ought to be —the shrewd historian will have some friendly things to say about Fortuny and his circle. That brilliant Spanish artist



The Piano. From the water-color by Gari Melchers.

was never more brilliant than when he dipped his brush in water-color. fluidity and its transparency were exactly suited to his dazzling sleight-ofhand. He did marvellous things with the medium, and he raised up a whole brood of followers in Spain, in Rome, and in Paris. Many of them turned out to be but the ephemeral exhibitors of a specious dexterity, but the true Fortuny legend still has its vitality. It made itself felt over here, as witness its chief American exemplar, the late Robert Blum. It interests me particularly in this brief examination of movements in water-color because it conspicuously illustrates the truth that the sedate so-

1 HEN our American Water-Color Society was organized, back in the sixties, the parting of the ways was still a long distance off. English precedent endured and the pedestrian habit of the Hudson River School was paramount. The growth of new ideas in the seventies and eighties offers me a tempting subject here, but one too complex to be pursued, and I will touch upon only a single aspect of it. That relates to the earlier disposition of our water-colorists to paint a picture, such a picture as Abbey gave us in The Wandering Minstrel thirtyfive years ago. For a long time that type of composition had a rich popularity among artists and with the public. Men like Abbey and Winslow Homer sought to do much more than appeal to the eye; they aspired also to reach the mind and to touch the emotions. As I look back at the water-color exhibitions of that period I recall them as "anecdotic" to a degree that would excite scant sympathy to-day; but I remember also that much good workmanship went with those now outmoded "painted stories." As a matter of fact it is regrettable that the thought-out picture has virtually disappeared. Subject as subject is never obtrusive save when it is badly handled. As it lost its hold upon the American watercolorist and a cool objectivity reigned in its place we fell for a time upon days of doubtful significance. Water-color, if not precisely neglected, still seemed to move few men to really fruitful ambitions. Meanwhile the rank and file kept up a fair average of technique, and this of late has been steadily maintained and improved. The shows given in recent years by the American Water-Color Society and its junior, the New York Water-Color Club, shows in which both these bodies co-operate, have varied in quality but always preserve a certain honorable standard. I miss in them the type of water-color I have signalized above, the water-color that is an organized picture, but I get quantities of good landscape-painting and an abundance of flashlidity of which the British make so much ing workmanship. The broad impressance.

HE truth is that we deserve to have one, for water-color has been a magnificent instrument in American hands. Some of the veterans used it with extraordinary skill. John La Farge did some of

sion received is one of a kind of Renais- miration from a painter whose splendid bravura is antithetical to everything on which he himself has been trained. "Sargent's mastery of water-color," he says, "is unrivalled among the modern painters of realism; he is alone and apart. The intractable, tricky, subtle medium he tamed to his wishes after years of experience and effort. At first sight the very



Black Ducks in Marsh. From the water-color by Frank W. Benson.

his noblest work in the glowing impressions he brought back from the South Seas. Winslow Homer's blunt naturalism, his intensely American directness, yielded as powerful effects in water-color as in oil, and in the lighter medium he was much more the colorist. Whistler was certain to deviate into the medium and when he did so he was more enchantingly than ever the dainty, elusive butterfly. As for Sargent, he is simply hors concours, the great, incomparable watercolorist of his time. I like the tribute paid to him by Mr. Lintott in the book British tradition, this sincere craftsman, nevertheless, cannot withhold his ad-

exuberance of his brushwork makes the drawing appear a miracle, but when it is carefully examined it will be found that everything has been considered, weighed, allowance is made, and there is nothing left to chance." There is food for thought in this fragment, especially for the artist "commencing water-colorist." The lightest of all the mediums, saving pastel, is one requiring the severest discipline, the weightiest of preparations in respect to study and experience. The stroke of the water-colorist needs to be like the stroke of the fabled steam-hammer that aforementioned. Nurtured in the old comes down upon a watch without breaking the crystal. Sargent had superlative strength, but the force of his stroke was

measured to the last fraction of an inch, in the true spirit of water-color, and so

the last nuance of energy.

Meditating on this theme I naturally draw upon my memories of our watercolorists. I revert to Arthur B. Davies. gathering an amazing sheaf of impressions amongst the châteaux along the Loire.

does a company of American artists that is astonishingly large. Our school has little if any traffic with the older English hypothesis. It is all for the dexterity and the élan of Fortuny and Blum and Sargent. In that I cannot but feel that



On the Chalk Cliffs, Broadstairs. From the water-color by Childe Hassam.

I think of Francis McComas out in the Arizona desert. I think of Dodge Mac-Knight on a Cape Cod marsh or of Frank Benson going after ducks with a brush instead of a gun. Then there is Childe Hassam unforgettably painting the flowers in a famous garden on the Maine coast long ago and making a myriad of beautiful notes up and down the world in later days. Or there is Gari Melchers painting a woman at the piano, painting the subject in a few splashy stenographic touches, and yet saying what he wants to say. They all fill my mind with a sense of craftsmanship, of technique cunningly exercised, of the genius of a mediwith impeccable adroitness. They work beauty of the medium.

it is on the right track, nearer than along any other route to the innermost heart of water-color. I do not underestimate the beauty or the value of a Turner, say, done in his middle period. As well disparage the elegiac splendor of a Claude. But in virtuosity like Sargent's you get, as it seems to me, the essence of watercolor, the peculiar lightness and spontaneity by which it lives. It is a truism that the water-color which simulates the density and force of an oil is a contradiction in terms. By the same process of reasoning we may arrive at the conclusion that the ideal water-color is one exposing with appropriate delicacy and um sensitively understood and managed swiftness the slight, fugitive character and





